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VOL. LXXXI.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. I.

THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REVEREND AMOS BARTON.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

SHEPPERTON CHURCH was a very different-looking building five-and-twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days; but in everything else what changes! Now, there is a wide span of slated roof flanking the old steeple; the windows are tall and symmetrical; the outer doors are resplendent with oak-graining, the inner doors reverentially noiseless with a garment of red baize; and the walls, you are convinced, no lichen will ever again effect a settlement on—they are smooth and in-nutrient as the summit of the Rev. Amos Barton's head, after ten years of baldness and supererogatory soap. Pass through the baize doors and you will see the nave filled with well-shaped benches, understood to be free seats; while in certain eligible corners, less directly under the fire of the clergyman's eye, there are pews reserved for the Shepperton gentility. Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars, and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or aigrette of Shepperton church-adornment—namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on

which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing, by a sacred minuet or an easy "Gloria."

Immense improvement! says the well-regulated mind, which uninter-mittingly rejoices in the New Police, the Tithe Commutation Act, the penny-post, and all guarantees of human advancement, and has no moments when conservative-reforming intellect takes a nap, while imagination does a little Toryism by the sly, revelling in regret that dear, old, brown, crumbling, picturesque inefficiency is everywhere giving place to spick-and-span new-painted, new-varnished efficiency, which will yield endless diagrams, plans, elevations, and sections, but alas! no picture. Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind: it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and topbooted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors. So it is not surprising that I recall with a fond sadness Shepperton church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its

heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the school-children's gallery.

Then inside, what dear old quaintnesses ! which I began to look at with delight even when I was so crude a member of the congregation, that my nurse found it necessary to provide for the reinforcement of my devotional patience by smuggling bread-and-butter into the sacred edifice. There was the chancel, guarded by two little cherubims looking uncomfortably squeezed between arch and wall, and adorned with the escutcheons of the Oldinport family, which showed me inexhaustible possibilities of meaning in their blood-red hands, their death's-heads and cross-bones, their leopards' paws, and Maltese crosses. There were inscriptions on the panels of the singing-gallery, telling of benefactions to the poor of Shepperton, with an involuted elegance of capitals and final flourishes, which my alphabetic erudition traced with ever-new delight. No benches in those days ; but huge roomy pews, round which devout church-goers sat during "lessons," trying to look anywhere else than into each other's eyes. No low partitions allowing you, with a dreary absence of contrast and mystery, to see everything at all moments ; but tall dark panels, under whose shadow I sank with a sense of retirement through the Litany, only to feel with more intensity my burst into the conspicuousness of public life when I was made to stand up on the seat during the psalms or the singing.

And the singing was no mechanical affair of official routine ; it had a drama. As the moment of psalmody approached, by some process to me as mysterious and untraceable as the opening of the flowers or the breaking-out of the stars, a slate appeared in front of the gallery, advertising in bold characters the psalm about to be sung, lest the sonorous announcement of the clerk should still leave the bucolic mind in doubt on that head. Then followed the migration of the clerk to the gallery, where, in

company with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter understood to have an amazing power of singing "counter," and two lesser musical stars, he formed the complement of a choir regarded in Shepperton as one of distinguished attraction, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish. The innovation of hymn-books was as yet undreamed of ; even the New Version was regarded with a sort of melancholy tolerance, as part of the common degeneracy in a time when prices had dwindled, and a cotton gown was no longer stout enough to last a lifetime ; for the lyrical taste of the best heads in Shepperton had been formed on Sternhold and Hopkins. But the greatest triumphs of the Shepperton choir were reserved for the Sundays when the slate announced an ANTHEM, with a dignified abstinence from particularisation, both words and music lying far beyond the reach of the most ambitious amateur in the congregation :—an anthem in which the key-bugles always ran away at a great pace, while the bassoon every now and then boomed a flying shot after them.

As for the clergyman, Mr Gilfil, an excellent old gentleman, who smoked very long pipes and preached very short sermons, I must not speak of him, or I might be tempted to tell the story of his life, which had its little romance, as most lives have between the ages of teetotum and tobacco. And at present I am concerned with quite another sort of clergyman—the Rev. Amos Barton, who did not come to Shepperton until long after Mr Gilfil had departed this life—until after an interval in which Evangelicalism and the Catholic Question had begun to agitate the rustic mind with controversial debates. A Popish blacksmith had produced a strong Protestant reaction by declaring that, as soon as the Emancipation Bill was passed, he should do a great stroke of business in gridirons ; and the disinclination of the Shepperton parishioners generally to dim the unique glory of St Lawrence, rendered the Church and Constitution an affair of their business and bosoms. A zealous evangelical preacher had made the

old sounding-board vibrate with quite a different sort of elocution from Mr Gilfil's; the hymn-book had almost superseded the Old and New Versions; and the great square pews were crowded with new faces from distant corners of the parish, —perhaps from dissenting chapels.

You are not imagining, I hope, that Amos Barton was the incumbent of Shepperton. He was no such thing. Those were days when a man could hold three small livings, starve a curate a-piece on two of them, and live badly himself on the third. It was so with the Vicar of Shepperton; a vicar given to bricks and mortar, and thereby running into debt far away in a northern county — who executed his vicarial functions towards Shepperton by pocketing the sum of thirty-five pounds ten per annum, the net surplus remaining to him from the proceeds of that living, after the disbursement of eighty pounds as the annual stipend of his curate. And now, pray, can you solve me the following problem? Given a man with a wife and six children: let him be obliged always to exhibit himself when outside his own door in a suit of black broadcloth, such as will not undermine the foundations of the Establishment by a paltry plebeian glossiness or an unseemly whiteness at the edges; in a snowy cravat, which is a serious investment of labour in the hemming, starching, and ironing departments; and in a hat which shows no symptom of taking to the hideous doctrine of expediency, and shaping itself according to circumstances; let him have a parish large enough to create an external necessity for abundant shoe-leather, and an internal necessity for abundant beef and mutton, as well as poor enough to require frequent priestly consolation in the shape of shillings and sixpences; and, lastly, let him be compelled, by his own pride and other people's, to dress his wife and children with gentility from bonnet-strings to shoe-strings. By what process of division can the sum of eighty pounds per annum be made to yield a quotient which will cover that man's weekly expenses? This was the problem presented by the position of the Rev. Amos Barton, as

curate of Shepperton, rather more than twenty years ago.

What was thought of this problem, and of the man who had to work it out, by some of the well-to-do inhabitants of Shepperton, two years or more after Mr Barton's arrival among them, you shall hear, if you will accompany me to Cross Farm, and to the fireside of Mrs Patten, a childless old lady, who had got rich chiefly by the negative process of spending nothing. Mrs Patten's passive accumulation of wealth, through all sorts of "bad times," on the farm of which she had been sole tenant since her husband's death, her epigrammatic neighbour, Mrs Hackit, sarcastically accounted for by supposing that "sixpences grew on the bents of Cross Farm;" while Mr Hackit, expressing his views more literally, reminded his wife that "money breeds money." Mr and Mrs Hackit, from the neighbouring farm, are Mrs Patten's guests this evening; so is Mr Pillgrim, the doctor from the nearest market-town, who, though occasionally affecting aristocratic airs, and giving late dinners with enigmatic side-dishes and poisonous port, is never so comfortable as when he is relaxing his professional legs in one of those excellent farmhouses where the mice are sleek and the mistress sickly. And he is at this moment in clover.

For the flickering of Mrs Patten's bright fire is reflected in her bright copper tea-kettle, the home-made muffins glisten with an inviting succulence, and Mrs Patten's niece, a single lady of fifty, who has refused the most ineligible offers out of devotion to her aged aunt, is pouring the rich cream into the fragrant tea with a discreet liberality.

Reader! *did* you ever taste such a cup of tea as Miss Gibbs is this moment handing to Mr Pillgrim? Do you know the dulcet strength, the animating blandness of tea sufficiently blended with real farmhouse cream? No—most likely you are a miserable town-bred reader, who think of cream as a thinnish white fluid, delivered in infinitesimal pennyworths down area steps; or perhaps, from a presentiment of calves' brains, you refrain from any lacteal addition, and rasp your tongue with unmitigated

bohea. You have a vague idea of a milch cow as probably a white-plaster animal standing in a buttermilk window, and you know nothing of the sweet history of genuine cream, such as Miss Gibbs': how it was this morning in the udders of the large sleek beasts, as they stood lowing a patient entreaty under the milking-shed; how it fell with a pleasant rhythm into Betty's pail, sending a delicious incense into the cool air; how it was carried into that temple of moist cleanliness, the dairy, where it quietly separated itself from the meaner elements of milk, and lay in mellowed whiteness, ready for the skimming-dish which transferred it to Miss Gibbs' glass cream-jug. If I am right in my conjecture, you are unacquainted with the highest possibilities of tea; and Mr Pillgrim, who is holding that cup in his hand, has an idea beyond you.

Mrs Hackit declines cream; she has so long abstained from it with an eye to the weekly butter-money, that abstinence, wedded to habit, has begotten aversion. She is a thin woman with a chronic liver-complaint, which would have secured her Mr Pillgrim's entire regard and unreserved good word, even if he had not been in awe of her tongue, which was as sharp as his own lancet. She has brought her knitting—no frivolous fancy knitting, but a substantial woollen stocking; the click-click of her knitting-needles is the running accompaniment to all her conversation, and in her utmost enjoyment of spoiling a friend's self-satisfaction, she was never known to spoil a stocking.

Mrs Patten does not admire this excessive click-clicking activity. Quiescence in an easy-chair, under the sense of compound interest perpetually accumulating, has long seemed an ample function to her, and she does her malevolence gently. She is a pretty little old woman of eighty, with a close cap and tiny flat white curls round her face, as natty and unsoiled and invariable as the waxen image of a little old lady under a glass-case; once a lady's-maid, and married for her beauty. She used to adore her husband, and now she adores her money, cherishing a quiet blood-relation's hatred for her niece,

Janet Gibbs, who, she knows, expects a large legacy, and whom she is determined to disappoint. Her money shall all go in a lump to a distant relation of her husband's, and Janet shall be saved the trouble of pretending to cry, by finding that she is left with a miserable pittance.

Mrs Patten has more respect for her neighbour Mr Hackit than for most people. Mr Hackit is a shrewd substantial man, whose advice about crops is always worth listening to, and who is too well off to want to borrow money.

And now that we are snug and warm with this little tea-party, while it is freezing with February bitterness outside, we will listen to what they are talking about.

"So," said Mr Pillgrim, with his mouth only half empty of muffin, "you had a row in Shepperton church last Sunday. I was at Jem Hood's, the bassoon-man's, this morning, attending his wife, and he swears he'll be revenged on the parson—a confounded, methodistical, meddlesome chap, who must be putting his finger in every pie. What was it all about?"

"O, a passill o' nonsense," said Mr Hackit, sticking one thumb between the buttons of his capacious waistcoat, and retaining a pinch of snuff with the other—for he was but moderately given to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and had already finished his tea; "they began to sing the wedding psalm for a new-married couple, as pretty a psalm an' as pretty a tune as any's in the prayer-book. It's been sung for every new-married couple since I was a boy. And what can be better?" Here Mr Hackit stretched out his left arm, threw back his head, and broke into melody—

"O what a happy thing it is,
And joyful for to see,
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity."

But Mr Barton is all for th' hymns, and a sort o' music as I can't join in at all."

"And so," said Mr Pillgrim, recalling Mr Hackit from lyrical reminiscences to narrative, "he called out Silence! did he? when he got into the

pulpit ; and gave a hymn out himself to some meeting-house tune ?”

“Yes,” said Mrs Hackit, stooping towards the candle to pick up a stitch, “and turned as red as a turkey-cock. I often say, when he preaches about meekness, he gives himself a slap in the face. He’s like me—he’s got a temper of his own.”

“Rather a low-bred fellow, I think, Barton,” said Mr Pillgrim, who hated the Reverend Amos for two reasons—because he had called in a new doctor, recently settled in Shepperton ; and because, being himself a dabbler in drugs, he had the credit of having cured a patient of Mr Pillgrim’s. “They say his father was a dissenting shoemaker ; and he’s half a dissenter himself. Why, doesn’t he preach extempore in that cottage up here, of a Sunday evening ?”

“Tchaw !”—this was Mr Hackit’s favourite interjection—“that preaching without book’s no good, only when a man has a gift, and has the Bible at his fingers’ ends. It was all very well for Parry—he’d a gift ; and in my youth I’ve heard the Ranters out o’ doors in Yorkshire go on for an hour or two on end, without ever sticking fast a minute. There was one clever chap, I remember, as used to say, ‘You’re like the wood-pigeon ; it says do, do, do all day, and never sets about any work itself.’ That’s bringing it home to people. But our parson’s no gift at all that way ; he can preach as good a sermon as need be heard when he writes it down. But when he tries to preach wi’out book, he rambles about, and doesn’t stick to ’s text ; and every now and then he flounders about like a sheep as has cast itself, and can’t get on’ts legs again. You wouldn’t like that, Mrs Patten, if you was to go to church now ?”

“Eh, dear,” said Mrs Patten, falling back in her chair, and lifting up her little withered hands, “what would Mr Gilfil say, if he was worthy to know the changes as have come about in the church in these ten years ? I don’t understand these new sort o’ doctrines. When Mr Barton comes to see me, he talks about nothing but my sins and my need o’ mercy. Now, Mr Hackit, I’ve never been a sinner. From the fust

beginning, when I went into service, I al’ys did my duty by my emplyers. I was a good wife as any’s in the county—never aggravated my husband. The cheese-factor used to say my cheese was al’ys to be depended on. I’ve known women, as their cheeses swelled a shame to be seen, when their husbands had counted on the cheese-money to make up their rent ; and yet they’d three gowns to my one. If I’m not to be saved, I know a many as are in a bad way. But it’s well for me as I can’t go to church any longer, for if th’ old singers are to be done away with, there’ll be nothing left as it was in Mr Patten’s time ; and what’s more, I hear you’ve settled to pull the church down and build it up new ?”

Now the fact was that the Rev. Amos Barton, on his last visit to Mrs Patten, had urged her to enlarge her promised subscription of twenty pounds, representing to her that she was only a steward of her riches, and that she could not spend them more for the glory of God than by giving a heavy subscription towards the rebuilding of Shepperton church—a practical precept which was not likely to smoothe the way to her acceptance of his theological doctrine. Mr Hackit, who had more doctrinal enlightenment than Mrs Patten, had been a little shocked by the heathenism of her speech, and was glad of the new turn given to the subject by this question, addressed to him as churchwarden, and an authority in all parochial matters.

“Ah,” he answered, “the parson’s boddered us into it at last, and we’re to begin pulling down this spring. But we haven’t got money enough yet. I was for waiting till we’d made up the sum, and, for my part, I think the congregation’s fell off o’ late ; though Mr Barton says that’s because there’s been no room for the people when they’ve come. You see, the congregation got so large in Parry’s time, the people stood in th’ aisles ; but there’s never any crowd now, as I can see.”

“Well,” said Mrs Hackit, whose good-nature began to act now that it was a little in contradiction with the dominant tone of the conversation, “I like Mr Barton. I think he’s a

good sort o' man, for all he's not overburthen'd i' th' upper story ; and his wife's as nice a lady-like woman as I'd wish to see. How nice she keeps her children ! and little enough money to do't with ; and a delicate creatur'—six children, and another a-coming. I don't know how they make both ends meet, I'm sure, now her aunt has left 'em. But I sent 'em a cheese and a sack o' potatoes last week ; that's something towards filling the little mouths."

"Ah !" said Mr Hackit, "and my wife makes Mr Barton a good stiff glass o' brandy-and-water, when he comes in to supper after his cottage preaching. The parson likes it ; it puts a bit o' colour into 's face, and makes him look a deal handsomer."

This allusion to brandy-and-water suggested to Miss Gibbs the introduction of the liquor decanters, now that the tea was cleared away ; for in bucolic society five-and-twenty years ago, the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually athirst, and "something to drink" was as necessary a "condition of thought" as Time and Space.

"Now, that cottage preaching," said Mr Pillgrim, mixing himself a strong glass of "cold without," "I was talking about it to our Parson Ely the other day, and he doesn't approve of it at all. He said it did as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching. That was what Ely said—it does as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching."

Mr Pillgrim generally spoke with an intermittent kind of splutter ; indeed, one of his patients had observed that it was a pity such a clever man had a "pediment" in his speech. But when he came to what he conceived the pith of his argument or the point of his joke, he mouthed out his words with slow emphasis ; as a hen, when advertising her accouchement, passes at irregular intervals from pianissimo semiquavers to fortissimo crotchets. He thought this speech of Mr Ely's particularly metaphysical and profound, and the more decisive of the question because it was a generality which represented no particulars to his mind.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mrs Hackit, who had always the courage of her opinion, "but I know, some of our labourers and stockingers as used never to come to church, come to the cottage, and that's better than never hearing anything good from week's end to week's end. And there's that Track Society as Mr Barton has begun—I've seen more o' the poor people with going *tracking*, than all the time I've lived in the parish before. And there'd need be something done among 'em ; for the drinking at them Benefit Clubs is shameful. There's hardly a steady man or steady woman either, but what's a dissenter."

During this speech of Mrs Hackit's Mr Pillgrim had emitted a succession of little snorts, something like the treble grunts of a guinea-pig, which were always with him the sign of suppressed disapproval. But he never contradicted Mrs Hackit—a woman whose "pot luck" was always to be relied on, and who on her side had unlimited reliance on bleeding, blistering, and draughts.

Mrs Patten, however, felt equal disapprobation, and had no reasons for suppressing it.

"Well," she remarked, "I've heard of no good from interfering with one's neighbours, poor or rich. And I hate the sight o' women going about *trapesing* from house to house in all weathers, wet or dry, and coming in with their petticoats dagged and their shoes all over mud. Janet wanted to join in the tracking, but I told her I'd have nobody tracking out o' my house ; when I'm gone, she may do as she likes. I never dagged my petticoats in *my* life, and I've no opinion o' that sort o' religion."

"No," said Mr Hackit, who was fond of soothing the acerbities of the feminine mind with a jocose compliment, "you held your petticoats so high, to show your tight ankles : it isn't everybody as likes to show her ankles."

This joke met with general acceptance, even from the snubbed Janet, whose ankles were only tight in the sense of looking extremely squeezed by her boots. But Janet seemed always to identify herself with her

aunt's personality, holding her own under protest.

Under cover of the general laughter, the gentlemen replenished their glasses, Mr Pillgrim attempting to give his the character of a stirrup-cup, by observing that he "must be going." Miss Gibbs seized this opportunity of telling Mrs Hackit that she suspected Betty, the dairymaid, of frying the best bacon for the shepherd, when he sat up with her to "help brew;" whereupon Mrs Hackit replied, that she had always thought Betty false; and Mrs Patten said, there was no bacon stolen when *she* was able to

manage. Mr Hackit, who always said he "never saw the like to women with their maids—he never had any trouble with his men," avoided listening to this discussion, by raising the question of vetches with Mr Pillgrim. The stream of conversation had thus diverged; no more was said about the Rev. Amos Barton, who is the main object of interest to us just now. So we may leave Cross Farm without waiting till Mrs Hackit, resolutely donning her clogs and wrappings, renders it incumbent on Mr Pillgrim also to fulfil his frequent threat of going.

CHAPTER II.

It was happy for the Rev. Amos Barton that he did not, like us, overhear the conversation recorded in the last chapter. Indeed, what mortal is there of us, who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbours? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air-vessels of our own conceit: alas for us, if we get a few pinches that empty us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. For, tell the most impassioned orator, suddenly, that his wig is awry, or his shirt-lap hanging out, and that he is tickling people by the oddity of his person, instead of thrilling them by the energy of his periods, and you would infallibly dry up the spring of his eloquence. That is a deep and wide saying, that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself, as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greatest part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him.

Let me be persuaded that my neighbour Jenkins considers me a block-head, and I shall never shine in conversation with him any more. Let me discover that the lovely Phoebe thinks my squint intolerable, and I shall never be able to fix her blandly with my disengaged eye again.

Thank heaven, then, that a little

illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking-glass, to show us just the figure we are making, and just what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear friendly illusion, we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little.

Thus it was with Amos Barton on that very Thursday evening, when he was the subject of the conversation at Cross Farm. He had been dining at Mr Farquhar's, the secondary squire of the parish, and, stimulated by unwonted gravies and port wine, had been delivering his opinion on affairs parochial and otherwise with considerable animation. And he was now returning home in the moonlight—a little chill, it is true, for he had just now no greatcoat compatible with clerical dignity, and a fur boa round one's neck, with a waterproof cape over one's shoulders, doesn't frighten away the cold from one's legs; but entirely unsuspecting, not only of Mr Hackit's estimate of his oratorical powers, but also of the critical remarks passed on him by the Misses Farquhar as soon as the drawing-room door had closed behind him. Miss Julia had observed that she

never heard any one sniff so frightfully as Mr Barton did—she had a great mind to offer him her pocket-handkerchief; and Miss Arabella wondered why he always said he was going *for* to do a thing. He, excellent man! was meditating fresh pastoral exertions on the morrow; he would set on foot his lending library, in which he had introduced some books that would be a pretty sharp blow to the dissenters—one especially, purporting to be written by a working man who, out of pure zeal for the welfare of his class, took the trouble to warn them in this way against those hypocritical thieves, the dissenting preachers. The Rev. Amos Barton profoundly believed in the existence of that working man, and had thoughts of writing to him. Dissent, he considered, would have its head bruised in Shepperton, for did he not attack it in two ways? He preached Low-Church doctrine—as evangelical as anything to be heard in the Independent Chapel; and he made a High-Church assertion of ecclesiastical powers and functions. Clearly, the Dissenters would feel that “the parson” was too many for them. Nothing like a man who combines shrewdness with energy. The wisdom of the serpent, Mr Barton considered, was one of his strong points.

Look at him as he winds through the little churchyard! The silver light that falls aslant on church and tomb, enables you to see his slim black figure, made all the slimmer by tight pantaloons, as it flits past the pale gravestones. He walks with a quick step, and is now rapping with sharp decision at the vicarage door. It is opened without delay by the nurse, cook, and housemaid, all at once—that is to say, by the robust maid-of-all-work, Nanny; and as Mr Barton hangs up his hat in the passage, you see that a narrow face of no particular complexion—even the small-pox that has attacked it seems to have been of a mongrel, indefinite kind—with features of no particular shape, and an eye of no particular expression, is surmounted by a slope of baldness gently rising from brow to crown. You judge him, rightly, to be about forty. The house is quiet, for it is half-past ten, and the children

have long been gone to bed. He opens the sitting-room door, but instead of seeing his wife, as he expected, stitching with the nimblest of fingers by the light of one candle, he finds her dispensing with the light of a candle altogether. She is softly pacing up and down by the red fire-light, holding in her arms little Walter, the year-old baby, who looks over her shoulder with large wide-open eyes, while the patient mother pats his back with her soft hand, and glances with a sigh at the heap of large and small stockings lying unattended on the table.

She was a lovely woman—Mrs Amos Barton; a large, fair, gentle Madonna, with thick, close chestnut curls beside her well-rounded cheeks, and with large, tender, short-sighted eyes. The flowing lines of her tall figure made the limpest dress look graceful, and her old frayed black silk seemed to repose on her bust and limbs with a placid elegance and sense of distinction, in strong contrast with the uneasy sense of being no fit, that seemed to express itself in the rustling of Mrs Farquhar’s *gros de Naples*. The caps she wore would have been pronounced, when off her head, utterly heavy and hideous—for in those days even fashionable caps were large and floppy; but surmounting her long arched neck, and mingling their borders of cheap lace and ribbon with her chestnut curls, they seemed miracles of successful millinery. Among strangers she was shy and tremulous as a girl of fifteen; she blushed crimson if any one appealed to her opinion; yet that tall, graceful, substantial presence was so imposing in its mildness, that men spoke to her with an agreeable sensation of timidity.

Soothing, unspeakable charm of gentle womanhood! which supercedes all acquisitions, all accomplishments. You would never have asked, at any period of Mrs Amos Barton’s life, if she sketched or played the piano. You would even perhaps have been rather scandalised if she had descended from the serene dignity of *being* to the assiduous unrest of *doing*. Happy the man, you would have thought, whose eye will rest on her in the pauses of his fireside reading—whose

hot aching forehead will be soothed by the contact of her cool soft hand—who will recover himself from dejection at his mistakes and failures in the loving light of her unreproaching eyes! You would not, perhaps, have anticipated that this bliss would fall to the share of precisely such a man as Amos Barton, whom you have already surmised not to have the refined sensibilities for which you might have imagined Mrs Barton's qualities to be destined by pre-established harmony. But I, for one, do not grudge Amos Barton this sweet wife. I have all my life had a sympathy for mongrel ungainly dogs, who are nobody's pets; and I would rather surprise one of them by a pat and a pleasant morsel, than meet the condescending advances of the loveliest Skye-terrier who has his cushion by my lady's chair. That, to be sure, is not the way of the world: if it happens to see a fellow of fine proportions and aristocratic mien, who makes no *faux pas*, and wins golden opinions from all sorts of men, it straightway picks out for him the loveliest of unmarried women, and says, *There would be a proper match!* Not at all, say I: let that successful, well-shapen, discreet, and able gentleman put up with something less than the best in the matrimonial department; and let the sweet woman go to make sunshine and a soft pillow for the poor devil whose legs are not models, whose efforts are often blunders, and who in general gets more kicks than halfpence. She—the sweet woman—will like it as well; for her sublime capacity of loving will have all the more scope; and I venture to say, Mrs Barton's nature would never have grown half so angelic if she had married the man you would perhaps have had in your eye for her—a man with sufficient income and abundant personal éclat. Besides, Amos was an affectionate husband, and, in his way, valued his wife as his best treasure.

But now he has shut the door behind him, and said, "Well, Milly!"

"Well, dear!" was the corresponding greeting, made eloquent by a smile.

"So that young rascal won't go to

sleep! Can't you give him to Nanny?"

"Why, Nanny has been busy ironing this evening; but I think I'll take him to her now." And Mrs Barton glided towards the kitchen, while her husband ran up-stairs to put on his maize-coloured dressing-gown, in which costume he was quietly filling his long pipe when his wife returned to the sitting-room. Maize is a colour that decidedly did not suit his complexion, and it is one that soon soils; why, then, did Mr Barton select it for domestic wear? Perhaps because he had a knack of hitting on the wrong thing in garb as well as in grammar.

Mrs Barton now lighted her candle, and seated herself before her heap of stockings. She had something disagreeable to tell her husband, but she would not enter on it at once.

"Have you had a nice evening, dear?"

"Yes, pretty well. Ely was there to dinner, but went away rather early. Miss Arabella is setting her cap at him with a vengeance. But I don't think he's much smitten. I've a notion Ely's engaged to some one at a distance, and will astonish all the ladies who are languishing for him here, by bringing home his bride one of these days. Ely's a sly dog; he'll like that."

"Did the Farquhars say anything about the singing last Sunday?"

"Yes; Farquhar said he thought it was time there was some improvement in the choir. But he was rather scandalised at my setting the tune of 'Lydia.' He says he's always hearing it as he passes the Independent meeting." Here Mr Barton laughed—he had a way of laughing at criticisms that other people thought damaging—and thereby showed the remainder of a set of teeth which, like the remnants of the Old Guard, were few in number, and very much the worse for wear. "But," he continued, "Mrs Farquhar talked the most about Mr Bridmain and the Countess. She has taken up all the gossip about them, and wanted to convert me to her opinion, but I told her pretty strongly what I thought."

"Dear me! why will people take so much pains to find out evil about others? I have had a note from the Countess since you went, asking us to dine with them on Friday."

Here Mrs Barton reached the note from the mantel-piece, and gave it to her husband. We will look over his shoulder while he reads it:—

"SWEETEST MILLY,—Bring your lovely face with your husband to dine with us on Friday at seven—do. If not, I will be sulky with you till Sunday, when I shall be obliged to see you, and shall long to kiss you that very moment.—Yours, according to your answer,

"CAROLINE CZERLASKI."

"Just like her, isn't it?" said Mrs Barton. "I suppose we can go?"

"Yes; I have no engagement. The Clerical Meeting is to-morrow, you know."

"And, dear, Woods the butcher called, to say he must have some money next week. He has a payment to make up."

This announcement made Mr Barton thoughtful. He puffed more rapidly, and looked at the fire.

"I think I must ask Hackit to lend me twenty pounds, for it 'is nearly two months till Lady-Day, and we can't give Woods our last shilling."

"I hardly like you to ask Mr Hackit, dear—he and Mrs Hackit have been so very kind to us; they have sent us so many things lately."

"Then I must ask Oldinport. I'm going to write to him to-morrow morning, for to tell him the arrangement I've been thinking of about having service in the workhouse while the church is being enlarged. If he agrees to attend service there once or twice, the other people will come. Net the large fish, and you're sure to have the small fry."

"I wish we could do without borrowing money, and yet I don't see how we can. Poor Fred must have some new shoes; I couldn't let him go to Mrs Bond's yesterday because his toes were peeping out, dear child! and I can't let him walk anywhere except in the garden. He must have a pair before Sunday. Really, boots and shoes are the

greatest trouble of my life. Everything else one can turn and turn about, and make old look like new; but there's no coaxing boots and shoes to look better than they are."

Mrs Barton was playfully undervaluing her skill in metamorphosing boots and shoes. She had at that moment on her feet a pair of slippers which had long ago lived through the prunella phase of their existence, and were now running a respectable career as black silk slippers, having been neatly covered with that material by Mrs Barton's own neat fingers. Wonderful fingers those! they were never empty; for if she went to spend a few hours with a friendly parishioner, out came her thimble and a piece of calico or muslin, which, before she left, had become a mysterious little garment with all sorts of hemmed ins and outs. She was even trying to persuade her husband to leave off tight pantaloons, because if he would wear the ordinary gun-cases, she knew she could make them so well that no one would suspect the sex of the tailor.

But by this time Mr Barton has finished his pipe, the candle begins to burn low, and Mrs Barton goes to see if Nanny has succeeded in lulling Walter to sleep. Nanny is that moment putting him in the little cot by his mother's bedside; the head, with its thin wavelets of brown hair, indents the little pillow; and a tiny, waxen, dimpled fist hides the rosy lips, for baby is given to the infantine peccadillo of thumb-sucking.

So Nanny could now join in the short evening prayer, and all could go to bed.

Mrs Barton carried up-stairs the remainder of her heap of stockings, and laid them on a table close to her bedside, where also she placed a warm shawl, removing her candle, before she put it out, to a tin socket fixed at the head of her bed. Her body was very weary, but her heart was not heavy, in spite of Mr Woods the butcher, and the transitory nature of shoe leather; for her heart so overflowed with love, she felt sure she was near a fountain of love that would care for husband and babes better than she could foresee; so she was

soon asleep. But about half-past five o'clock in the morning, if there were any angels watching round her bed—and angels might be glad of such an office—they saw Mrs Barton rise up quietly, careful not to disturb the slumbering Amos, who was snoring the snore of the just, light her candle, prop herself upright with the pillows, throw the warm shawl round her shoulders, and renew her attack on the heap of undarned stockings. She darned away until she heard Nanny stirring, and then drowsiness came with the dawn; the candle was put out, and she sank into a doze. But at nine o'clock she was at the breakfast-table, busy cutting bread-and-butter for five hungry mouths, while Nanny, baby on one arm, in rosy cheeks, fat neck, and night-gown, brought in a jug of hot milk-and-water. Nearest her mother sits the nine-year-old Patty, the eldest child, whose sweet fair face is already rather grave sometimes, and who always wants to run up-stairs to save mamma's legs, which get so tired of an evening. Then there are four other blond heads—two boys and two girls, gradually decreasing in size down to Chubby, who is making a round O of her mouth to receive a bit of papa's "baton." Papa's attention was divided between petting Chubby, rebuking the noisy Fred, which he did with a somewhat excessive sharpness, and eating his own breakfast. He had not yet looked at Mamma, and did not know that her cheek was paler than usual. But Patty whispered, "Mamma, have you the headache?"

Happily, coal was cheap in the neighbourhood of Shepperton, and Mr Hackit would any time let his horses draw a load for "the parson" without charge; so there was a blazing fire in the sitting-room, and not without need, for the vicarage garden, as they looked out on it from the bow-window, was hard with black frost, and the sky had the white woolly look that portends snow.

Breakfast over, Mr Barton mounted to his study, and occupied himself in the first place with his letter to Mr Oldinport. It was very much the same sort of letter as most clergymen would have written under the

same circumstances, except that instead of *perambulate*, the Rev. Amos wrote *preambulate*, and instead of "if haply," "if happily," the contingency indicated being the reverse of happy. Mr Barton had not the gift of perfect accuracy in English orthography and syntax; which was unfortunate, as he was known not to be a Hebrew scholar, and not in the least suspected of being an accomplished Grecian. These lapses, in a man who had gone through the Eleusinian mysteries of a university education, surprised the young ladies of his parish extremely; especially the Misses Farquhar, whom he had once addressed in a letter as Dear Mads., apparently an abbreviation for Madams. The persons least surprised at the Rev. Amos's deficiencies were his clerical brethren, who had gone through the mysteries themselves.

At eleven o'clock, Mr Barton walked forth in cape and boa, with the sleet driving in his face, to read prayers at the workhouse, euphuistically called the "College." The College was a huge square stone building, standing on the best apology for an elevation of ground that could be seen for about ten miles round Shepperton. A flat ugly district this; depressing enough to look at, even on the brightest days. The roads are black with coal-dust, the brick houses dingy with smoke; and at that time—the time of handloom weavers—every other cottage had a loom at its window, where you might see a pale, sickly-looking man or woman pressing a narrow chest against a board, and doing a sort of treadmill work with legs and arms. A troublesome district for a clergyman; at least to one who, like Amos Barton, understood the "cure of souls" in something more than an official sense; for over and above the rustic stupidity furnished by the farm-labourers, the miners brought obstreperous animalism, and the weavers an acrid Radicalism and dissent. Indeed, Mrs Hackit often observed that the colliers, who many of them earned better wages than Mr Barton, "passed their time in doing nothing but swilling ale and smoking, like the beasts that perish" (speaking, we may

presume, in a remotely analogical sense); and in some of the alehouse corners the drink was flavoured by a dingy kind of infidelity, something like rinsings of Tom Paine in ditch-water. A certain amount of religious excitement, created by the popular preaching of Mr Parry, Amos's predecessor, had nearly died out, and the religious life of Shepperton was falling back towards low-water mark. Here, you perceive, was a terrible stronghold of Satan; and you may well pity the Rev. Amos Barton, who had to stand single-handed and summon it to surrender. We read, indeed, that the walls of Jericho fell down before the sound of trumpets; but we nowhere hear that those trumpets were hoarse and feeble. Doubtless they were trumpets that gave forth clear ringing tones, and sent a mighty vibration through brick and mortar. But the oratory of the Rev. Amos resembled rather a Belgian railway-horn, which shows praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled. He often missed the right note both in public and private exhortation, and got a little angry in consequence. For though Amos thought himself strong, he did not *feel* himself strong. Nature had given him the opinion, but not the sensation. Without that opinion he would probably never have worn cambric bands, but would have been an excellent cabinetmaker and deacon of an Independent church, as his father was before him (he was not a shoemaker, as Mr Pillgrim had reported). He might then have sniffed long and loud in the corner of his pew in Gun Street chapel; he might have indulged in halting rhetoric at prayer-meetings, and have spoken faulty English in private life; and these little infirmities would not have prevented him, honest faithful man that he was, from being a shining light in the dissenting circle of Bridgeport. A tallow dip, of the long-eight description, is an excellent thing in the kitchen candlestick, and Betty's nose and eye are not sensitive to the difference between it and the finest wax; it is only when you stick it in the silver candlestick, and introduce it into the drawing-room, that it seems plebeian, dim, and ineffectual. Alas

for the worthy man who, like that candle, gets himself into the wrong place! It is only the very largest souls who will be able to appreciate and pity him—who will discern and love sincerity of purpose amid all the bungling feebleness of achievement.

But now Amos Barton has made his way through the sleet as far as the College, has thrown off his hat, cape, and boa, and is reading, in the dreary stone-floored dining-room, a portion of the morning service to the inmates seated on the benches before him. Remember, the new poor-law had not yet come into operation, and Mr Barton was not acting as paid chaplain of the Union, but as the pastor who had the cure of all souls in his parish, pauper as well as other. After the prayers he always addressed to them a short discourse on some subject suggested by the lesson for the day, striving if by this means some edifying matter might find its way into the pauper mind and conscience—perhaps a task as trying as you could well imagine to the faith and patience of any honest clergyman. For, on the very first bench, these were the faces on which his eye had to rest, watching whether there was any stirring under the stagnant surface.

Right in front of him—probably because he was stone-deaf, and it was deemed more edifying to hear nothing at a short distance than at a long one—sat "Old Maxum," as he was familiarly called, his real patronymic remaining a mystery to most persons. A fine philological sense discerns in this cognomen an indication that the pauper patriarch had once been considered pithy and sententious in his speech; but now the weight of ninety-five years lay heavy on his tongue as well as in his ears, and he sat before the clergyman with protruded chin and munching mouth, and eyes that seemed to look at emptiness.

Next to him sat Poll Fodge—known to the magistracy of her country as Mary Higgins—a one-eyed woman, with a scarred and seamy face, the most notorious rebel in the workhouse, said to have once thrown her broth over the master's coat-tails, and who, in spite of nature's apparent safeguards against that contingency, had

contributed to the perpetuation of the Fodge characteristics in the person of a small boy, who was behaving naughtily on one of the back benches. Miss Fodge fixed her one sore eye on Mr Barton with a sort of hardy defiance.

Beyond this member of the softer sex, at the end of the bench, sat "Silly Jim," a young man, afflicted with hydrocephalus, who rolled his head from side to side, and gazed at the point of his nose. These were the supporters of Old Maxum on his right.

On his left sat Mr Fitchett, a tall fellow, who had once been a footman in the Oldinport family, and in that giddy elevation had enunciated a contemptuous opinion of boiled beef, which had been traditionally handed down in Shepperton as the direct cause of his ultimate reduction to pauper commons. His calves were now shrunken, and his hair was grey without the aid of powder; but he still carried his chin as if he were conscious of a stiff cravat; he set his dilapidated hat on with a knowing inclination towards the left ear; and when he was on field-work, carted and uncartered the manure with a sort of flunkey grace, the ghost of that jaunty demeanour with which he used to usher in my lady's morning visitors. The flunkey nature was nowhere completely subdued but in his stomach, and he still divided society into gentry, gentry's flunkies, and the people who provided for them. A clergyman without a flunkey was an anomaly, belonging to neither of these classes. Mr Fitchett had an irrepressible tendency to drowsiness under spiritual instruction, and in the recurrent regularity with which he dozed off until he nodded and awaked himself, he looked not unlike a piece of mechanism, ingeniously contrived for measuring the length of Mr Barton's discourse.

Perfectly wide-awake, on the contrary, was his left-hand neighbour, Mrs Brick, one of those hard undying old women, to whom age seems to have given a network of wrinkles, as a coat of magic armour against the attacks of winter, warm or cold. The point on which Mrs

Brick was still sensitive—the theme on which you might possibly excite her hope and fear—was snuff. It seemed to be an embalming powder, helping her soul to do the office of salt.

And now, eke out an audience of which this front benchful was a sample, with a certain number of refractory children, over whom Mr Spratt, the master of the workhouse, exercised an irate surveillance, and I think you will admit that the university-taught clergyman, whose office it is to bring home the gospel to a handful of such souls, has a sufficiently hard task. For, to have any chance of success, short of miraculous intervention, he must bring his geographical, chronological, exegetical mind pretty nearly to the pauper point of view, or of no view; he must have some approximate conception of the mode in which the doctrines that have so much vitality in the plenum of his own brain will comport themselves *in vacuo*—that is to say, in a brain that is neither geographical, chronological, nor exegetical. It is a flexible imagination that can take such a leap as that, and an adroit tongue that can adapt its speech to so unfamiliar a position. The Rev. Amos Barton had neither that flexible imagination, nor that adroit tongue. He talked of Israel and its sins, of chosen vessels, of the Paschal lamb, of blood as a medium of reconciliation; and he strove in this way to convey religious truth within reach of the Fodge and Fitchett mind. This very morning, the first lesson was the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and Mr Barton's exposition turned on unleavened bread. Nothing in the world more suited to the simple understanding than instruction through familiar types and symbols! But there is always this danger attending it, that the interest or comprehension of your hearers may stop short precisely at the point where your spiritual interpretation begins. And Mr Barton this morning succeeded in carrying the pauper imagination to the dough-tub, but unfortunately was not able to carry it upwards from that well-known object to the unknown truths which it was intended to shadow forth.

Alas! a natural incapacity for

teaching, finished by keeping "terms" at Cambridge, where there are able mathematicians, and butter is sold by the yard, is not apparently the medium through which Christian doctrine will distil as welcome dew on withered souls.

And so, while the sleet outside was turning to unquestionable snow, and the stony dining-room looked darker and drearier, and Mr Fitchett was nodding his lowest, and Mr Spratt was boxing the boys' ears with a constant *rinforzando*, as he felt more keenly the approach of dinner-time, Mr Barton wound up his exhortation with something of the February chill at his heart as well as his feet. Mr Fitchett, thoroughly roused now the instruction was at an end, obsequiously and gracefully advanced to help Mr Barton put on his cape, while Mrs Brick rubbed her withered forefinger round and round her little shoe-shaped snuff-box, vainly seeking for the fraction of a pinch. I can't help thinking that if Mr Barton had shaken into that little box a small portion of Scotch high-dried, he might have produced something more like an amiable emotion in Mrs Brick's mind than anything she had felt under his morning's exposition of the unleavened bread. But our good Amos laboured under a deficiency of small tact as well as of small cash; and when he observed the action of the old woman's forefinger, he said, in his brusque way, "So your snuff is all gone, eh?"

Mrs Brick's eyes twinkled with the visionary hope that the parson might be intending to replenish her box, at least mediately, through the present of a small copper.

"Ah, well! you'll soon be going where there is no more snuff. You'll be in need of mercy then. You must remember that you may have to seek for mercy and not find it, just as you're seeking for snuff."

At the first sentence of this admonition, the twinkle subsided from Mrs Brick's eyes. The lid of her box went "click!" and her heart was shut up at the same moment.

But now Mr Barton's attention was called for by Mr Spratt, who was dragging a small and unwilling boy

from the rear. Mr Spratt was a small-featured, small-statured man, with a remarkable power of language, mitigated by hesitation, who piqued himself on expressing unexceptionable sentiments in unexceptionable language on all occasions.

"Mr Barton, sir—aw—aw—excuse my trespassing on your time—aw—to beg that you will administer a rebuke to this boy; he is—aw—aw—most inveterate in ill-behaviour during service-time."

The inveterate culprit was a boy of seven, vainly contending against "candles" at his nose by feeble sniffing. But no sooner had Mr Spratt uttered his impeachment, than Miss Fodge rushed forward and placed herself between Mr Barton and the accused.

"That's *my* child, Muster Barton," she exclaimed, further manifesting her maternal instincts by applying her apron to her offspring's nose. "He's al'ys a-findin' faut wi' him, an' a-poundin' him for nothin'. Let him goo an' eat his roost goose as is a-smellin' up in our noses while we're a-swallowing them greasy broth, an' let my boy allooan."

Mr Spratt's small eyes flashed, and he was in danger of uttering sentiments not unexceptionable before the clergyman; but Mr Barton, foreseeing that a prolongation of this episode would not be to edification, said "Silence!" in his severest tones.

"Let me hear no abuse. Your boy is not likely to behave well, if you set him the example of being saucy." Then stooping down to Master Fodge, and taking him by the shoulder, "Do you like being beaten?"

"No-a."

"Then what a silly boy you are to be naughty. If you were not naughty, you wouldn't be beaten. But if you are naughty, God will be angry, as well as Mr Spratt; and God can burn you for ever. That will be worse than being beaten."

Master Fodge's countenance was neither affirmative nor negative of this proposition.

"But," continued Mr Barton, "if you will be a good boy, God will love you, and you will grow up to be a good man. Now, let me hear

next Thursday that you have been a good boy."

Master Fodge had no distinct vision of the benefit that would accrue to him from this change of courses. But Mr Barton, being aware that Miss Fodge had touched on a delicate subject in alluding to the roast goose, was determined to witness no more polemics between her and Mr Spratt, so, saying good-morning to the latter, he hastily left the College.

The snow was falling in thicker and thicker flakes, and already the vicarage-garden was cloaked in white as he passed through the gate. Mrs Barton heard him open the door, and ran out of the sitting-room to meet him.

"I'm afraid your feet are very wet, dear. What a terrible morning! Let me take your hat. Your slippers are at the fire."

Mr Barton was feeling a little cold and cross. It is difficult, when you have been doing disagreeable duties, without praise, on a snowy day, to attend to the very minor morals. So he showed no recognition of Milly's attentions, but sniffed and said, "Fetch me my dressing-gown, will you?"

"It is down, dear. I thought you wouldn't go into the study, because you said you would letter and number the books for the Lending Library. Patty and I have been covering them, and they are all ready in the sitting-room."

"O, I can't do those this morning," said Mr Barton, as he took off his boots and put his feet into the slippers Milly had brought him; "you must put them away into the parlour."

The sitting-room was also the day-nursery and schoolroom; and while Mamma's back was turned, Dickey, the second boy, had insisted on superseding Chubby in the guidance of a headless horse, of the red-wafered species, which she was drawing round the room, so that when Papa opened the door, Chubby was giving tongue energetically.

"Milly, some of these children must go away. I want to be quiet."

"Yes, dear. Hush, Chubby; go with Patty, and see what Nanny is getting for our dinner. Now, Fred

and Sophy and Dickey, help me—carry these books into the parlour. There are three for Dickey. Carry them steadily."

Papa meanwhile settled himself in his easy-chair, and took up a work on Episcopacy, which he had from the Clerical Book Society; thinking he would finish it, and return it this afternoon, as he was going to the Clerical Meeting at Millby Vicarage, where the Book Society had its headquarters.

The Clerical Meetings and Book Society, which had been founded some eight or ten months, had had a noticeable effect on the Rev. Amos Barton. When he first came to Shepperton, he was simply an evangelical clergyman, whose Christian experiences had commenced under the teaching of the Rev. Mr Johns of Gun Street Chapel, and had been consolidated at Cambridge under the influence of Mr Simeon. John Newton and Thomas Scott were his doctrinal ideals; he would have taken in the *Christian Observer* and the *Record*, if he could have afforded it; his anecdotes were chiefly of the pious-jocose kind, current in dissenting circles; and he thought an Episcopalian Establishment unobjectionable.

But by this time the effect of the Tractarian agitation was beginning to be felt in backward provincial regions, and the Tractarian satire on the Low-Church party was beginning to tell even on those who disavowed or resisted Tractarian doctrines. The vibration of an intellectual movement was felt from the golden head to the miry toes of the Establishment; and so it came to pass that, in the district round Millby, the market-town close to Shepperton, the clergy had agreed to have a clerical meeting every month, wherein they would exercise their intellects by discussing theological and ecclesiastical questions, and cement their brotherly love by discussing a good dinner. A Book Society naturally suggested itself as an adjunct of this agreeable plan; and thus, you perceive, there was provision made for ample friction of the clerical mind.

Now, the Rev. Amos Barton was

one of those men who have a decided will and opinion of their own; he held himself bolt upright, and had no self-distrust. He would march very determinedly along the road he thought best; but then it was wonderfully easy to convince him which *was* the best road. And so, a very little unwonted reading and unwonted discussion made him see that an Episcopalian Establishment was much more than unobjectionable, and on many other points he began to feel that he held opinions a little too far-sighted and profound to be crudely and suddenly communicated to ordinary minds. He was like an

onion that has been rubbed with spices; the strong original odour was blended with something new and foreign. The Low-Church onion still offended refined High-Church nostrils, and the new spice was unwelcome to the palate of the genuine onion-eater.

We will not accompany him to the Clerical Meeting to-day, because we shall probably want to go thither some day when he will be absent. And just now I am bent on introducing you to Mr Bridmain and the Countess Czerlaski, with whom Mr and Mrs Barton are invited to dine to-morrow.

CHAPTER III.

Outside, the moon is shedding its cold light on the cold snow, and the white-bearded fir-trees round Camp Villa are casting a blue shadow across the white ground, while the Rev. Amos Barton and his wife are audibly crushing the crisp snow beneath their feet, as, about seven o'clock on Friday evening, they approach the door of the above-named desirable country residence, containing dining, breakfast, and drawing rooms, &c., situated only half a mile from the market-town of Millby.

Inside, there is a bright fire in the drawing-room, casting a pleasant but uncertain light on the delicate silk dress of a lady who is reclining behind a screen in the corner of the sofa, and allowing you to discern that the hair of the gentleman who is seated in the arm-chair opposite, with a newspaper over his knees, is becoming decidedly grey. A little "King Charles," with a crimson ribbon round his neck, who has been lying curled up in the very middle of the hearth-rug, has just discovered that that zone is too hot for him, and is jumping on the sofa, evidently with the intention of accommodating his person on the silk gown. On the table there are two wax candles, which will be lighted as soon as the expected knock is heard at the door.

The knock is heard, the candles are lighted, and presently Mr and Mrs Barton are ushered in — Mr Barton erect and clerical, in a fault-

less tie and shining cranium; Mrs Barton graceful in a newly-turned black silk.

"Now this is charming of you," said the Countess Czerlaski, advancing to meet them, and embracing Milly with careful elegance. "I am really ashamed of my selfishness in asking my friends to come and see me in this frightful weather." Then, giving her hand to Amos, "And you, Mr Barton, whose time is so precious! But I am doing a good deed in drawing you away from your labours. I have a plot to prevent you from martyring yourself."

While this greeting was going forward, Mr Bridmain, and Jet the spaniel, looked on with the air of actors who had no idea of by-play. Mr Bridmain, a stiff and rather thick-set man, gave his welcome with a laboured cordiality. It was astonishing how very little he resembled his beautiful sister.

For the Countess Czerlaski was undeniably beautiful. As she seated herself by Mrs Barton on the sofa, Milly's eyes, indeed, rested—must it be confessed?—chiefly on the details of the tasteful dress, the rich silk of a pinkish lilac hue (the Countess always wore delicate colours in an evening), the black lace pelerine, and the black lace veil falling at the back of the small closely-braided head. For Milly had one weakness—don't love her any the less for it, it was a pretty woman's weakness—

she was fond of dress ; and often, when she was making up her own economical millinery, she had romantic visions how nice it would be to put on really handsome stylish things—to have very stiff balloon sleeves, for example, without which a woman's dress was nought in those days. You and I too, reader, have our weakness, have we not ? which makes us think foolish things now and then. Perhaps it may lie in an excessive admiration for small hands and feet, a tall lithe figure, large dark eyes, and dark silken braided hair. All these the Countess possessed, and she had, moreover, a delicately formed nose, the least bit curved, and a clear brunette complexion. Her mouth, it must be admitted, receded too much from her nose and chin, and to a prophetic eye threatened “nut-crackers” in advanced age. But by the light of fire and wax-candles that age seemed very far off indeed, and you would have said that the Countess was not more than thirty.

Look at the two women on the sofa together ! The large, fair, mild-eyed Milly is timid even in friendship : it is not easy to her to speak of the affection of which her heart is full. The lithe, dark, thin-lipped Countess is racking her small brain for caressing words and charming exaggerations.

“And how are all the cherubs at home ?” said the Countess, stooping to pick up Jet, and without waiting for an answer. “I have been kept indoors by a cold ever since Sunday, or I should not have rested without seeing you. What have you done with those wretched singers, Mr Barton ?”

“O, we have got a new choir together, which will go on very well with a little practice. I was quite determined that the old set of singers should be dismissed. I had given orders that they should not sing the wedding psalm, as they call it, again, to make a new-married couple look ridiculous, and they sang it in defiance of me. I could put them into the Ecclesiastical Court, if I chose for to do so, for lifting up their voices in church in opposition to the clergyman.”

“And a most wholesome discipline that would be,” said the Countess ; “indeed, you are too patient and forbearing, Mr Barton. For my part, I lose *my* temper when I see how far you are from being appreciated in that miserable Shepperton.”

If, as is probable, Mr Barton felt at a loss what to say in reply to the insinuated compliment, it was a relief to him that dinner was announced just then, and that he had to offer his arm to the Countess.

As Mr Bridmain was leading Mrs Barton to the dining-room, he observed, “The weather is very severe.”

“Very, indeed,” said Milly.

Mr Bridmain studied conversation as an art. To ladies he spoke of the weather, and was accustomed to consider it under three points of view :—as a question of climate in general, comparing England with other countries in this respect ; as a personal question, inquiring how it affected his lady interlocutor in particular ; and as a question of probabilities, discussing whether there would be a change or a continuance of the present atmospheric conditions. To gentlemen he talked politics, and he read two daily papers expressly to qualify himself for this function. Mr Barton thought him a man of considerable political information, but not of lively parts.

“And so you are always to hold your Clerical Meetings at Mr Ely’s ?” said the Countess between her spoonfuls of soup. (The soup was a little over-spiced. Mrs Short of Camp Villa, who was in the habit of letting her best apartments, gave only moderate wages to her cook.)

“Yes,” said Mr Barton, “Millby is a central place, and there are many conveniences in having only one point of meeting.”

“Well,” continued the Countess, “every one seems to agree in giving the precedence to Mr Ely. For my part, I cannot admire him. His preaching is too cold for me. It has no fervour—no heart. I often say to my brother, it is a great comfort to me that Shepperton church is not too far off for us to go to ; don’t I, Edmund ?”

“Yes,” answered Mr Bridmain

"they show us into such a bad pew at Millby—just where there is a draught from that door. I caught a stiff neck the first time I went there."

"O, it is the cold in the pulpit that affects me, not the cold in the pew. I was writing to my friend Lady Porter this morning, and telling her all about my feelings. She and I think alike on such matters. She is most anxious that when Sir William has an opportunity of giving away the living at their place, Dippley, they should have a thoroughly zealous clever man there. I have been describing a certain friend of mine to her, who, I think, would be just to her mind. And there is such a pretty rectory, Milly; shouldn't I like to see you the mistress of it?"

Milly smiled and blushed slightly. The Rev. Amos blushed very red, and gave a little embarrassed laugh—he could rarely keep his muscles within the limits of a smile.

At this moment John, the manservant, approached Mrs Barton with a gravy-tureen, and also with a slight odour of the cow-shed, which usually adhered to him throughout his indoor functions. John was rather nervous; and the Countess happening to speak to him at this inopportune moment, the tureen slipped and emptied itself on Mrs Barton's newly-turned black silk.

"O, horror! Tell Alice to come directly and rub Mrs Barton's dress," said the Countess to the trembling John, carefully abstaining from approaching the gravy-sprinkled spot on the floor with her own lilac silk. But Mr Bridmain, who had a strictly private interest in silks, good-naturedly jumped up and applied his napkin at once to Mrs Barton's gown.

Milly felt a little inward anguish, but no ill-temper, and tried to make light of the matter for the sake of John as well as others. The Countess felt inwardly thankful that her own delicate silk had escaped, but threw out lavish interjections of distress and indignation.

"Dear saint that you are," she said, when Milly laughed, and suggested that, as her silk was not very glossy to begin with, the dim patch would not be much seen; "you don't

mind about these things, I know. Just the same sort of thing happened to me at the Princess Wengstein's one day, on a pink satin. I was in an agony. But you are so indifferent to dress; and well you may be. It is you who make dress pretty, and not dress that makes you pretty."

Alice, the buxom lady's-maid, wearing a much better dress than Mrs Barton's, now appeared to take Mr Bridmain's place in retrieving the mischief, and after a great amount of supplementary rubbing, composure was restored, and the business of dining was continued.

When John was recounting his accident to the cook in the kitchen, he observed, "Mrs Barton's a hamable woman; I'd a deal sooner ha' throwed the gravy o'er the Countess's fine gownd. But laws! what tantrums she'd ha' been in arter the visitors was gone."

"You'd a deal sooner not ha' throwed it down at all, I should think," responded the unsympathetic cook, to whom John did *not* make love. "Who d'you think's to mek gravy anuff, if you're to baste people's gownd's wi' it?"

"Well," suggested John humbly, "you should wet the bottom of the *duree* a bit, to hold it from slippin'."

"Wet your granny!" returned the cook; a retort which she probably regarded in the light of a *reductio ad absurdum*, and which in fact reduced John to silence.

Later on in the evening, while John was removing the tea-things from the drawing-room, and brushing the crumbs from the table-cloth with an accompanying hiss, such as he was wont to encourage himself with in rubbing down Mr Bridmain's horse, the Rev. Amos Barton drew from his pocket a thin green-covered pamphlet, and, presenting it to the Countess, said—

"You were pleased, I think, with my sermon on Christmas Day. It has been printed in *The Pulpit*, and I thought you might like a copy."

"That indeed I shall. I shall quite value the opportunity of reading that sermon. There was such depth in it!—such argument! It was not a sermon to be heard only once. I am delighted that it should become generally known, as it will

be, now it is printed in *The Pul-pit*."

"Yes," said Milly, innocently, "I was so pleased with the editor's letter." And she drew out her little pocket-book, where she carefully treasured the editorial autograph, while Mr Barton laughed and blushed, and said, "Nonsense, Milly!"

"You see," she said, giving the letter to the Countess, "I am very proud of the praise my husband gets."

The sermon in question, by the by, was an extremely argumentative one on the Incarnation; which, as it was preached to a congregation not one of whom had any doubt of that doctrine, and to whom the Socinians therein confuted were as unknown as the Arimaspians, was exceedingly well adapted to trouble and confuse the Sheppertonian mind.

"Ah," said the Countess, returning the editor's letter, "he may well say he will be glad of other sermons from the same source. But I would rather you should publish your sermons in an independent volume, Mr Barton; it would be so desirable to have them in that shape. For instance, I could send a copy to the Dean of Radbrough. And there is Lord Blarney, whom I knew before he was chancellor. I was a special favourite of his, and you can't think what sweet things he used to say to me. I shall not resist the temptation to write to him one of these days *sans façon*, and tell him how he ought to dispose of the next vacant living in his gift."

Whether Jet the spaniel, being a much more knowing dog than was suspected, wished to express his disapproval of the Countess's last speech, as not accordant with his ideas of wisdom and veracity, I cannot say; but at this moment he jumped off her lap, and turning his back upon her, placed one paw on the fender, and held the other up to warm, as if affecting to abstract himself from the current of conversation.

But now Mr Bridmain brought out the chess-board, and Mr Barton accepted his challenge to play a game, with immense satisfaction. The Rev. Amos was very fond of chess, as most people are who can continue through many years to

create interesting vicissitudes in the game, by taking long-meditated moves with their knights, and subsequently discovering that they have thereby exposed their queen.

Chess is a silent game; and the Countess's chat with Milly is in quite an under-tone—probably relating to women's matters that it would be impertinent for us to listen to; so we will leave Camp Villa, and proceed to Millby Vicarage, where Mr Farquhar has sat out two other guests with whom he has been dining at Mr Ely's, and is now rather wearying that reverend gentleman by his protracted small-talk.

Mr Ely was a tall, dark-haired, distinguished-looking man of three-and-thirty. By the laity of Millby and its neighbourhood he was regarded as a man of quite remarkable powers and learning, who must make a considerable sensation in London pulpits and drawing-rooms on his occasional visits to the metropolis; and by his brother clergy he was regarded as a discreet and agreeable fellow. Mr Ely never got into a warm discussion; he suggested what might be thought, but rarely said what he thought himself; he never let either men or women see that he was laughing at them, and he never gave any one an opportunity of laughing at him. In one thing only he was injudicious. He parted his dark wavy hair down the middle; and as his head was rather flat than otherwise, that style of coiffure was not advantageous to him.

Mr Farquhar, though not a parishioner of Mr Ely's, was one of his warmest admirers, and thought he would make an unexceptionable son-in-law, in spite of his being of no particular "family." Mr Farquhar was susceptible on the point of "blood,"—his own circulating fluid, which animated a short and somewhat flabby person, being, he considered, of very superior quality.

"By the by," he said, with a certain pomposity counteracted by a lisp, "what an ath Barton makth of himthelf, about that Bridmain and the Counteth, ath she callth herthelf. After you were gone the other evening, Mithith Farquhar wath telling him the general opinion about them in the neighbourhood, and he got

quitered and angry. Bleth your thoul, he believth the whole thtory about her Polish huthband and hith wonderfuletheapeth; and ath for her—why, he thinkth her perfection, a woman of motht refined feelingth, and no end of thtuff.”

Mr Ely smiled. “Some people would say our friend Barton was not the best judge of refinement. Perhaps the lady flatters him a little, and we men are susceptible. She goes to Shepperton church every Sunday—drawn there, let us suppose, by Mr Barton’s eloquence.”

“Pshaw,” said Mr Farquhar: “Now to my mind, you have only to look at that woman to thee what she ith—throwing her eyth about when she comth into church, and drething in a way to attract attention. I should thay, she’th tired of her brother Bridmain, and looking out for another brother with a thtronger family likeneth. Mithith Farquhar ith very fond of Mithith Barton, and ith quite dithtrethed that she should athotheiate with thuch a woman, tho she attacked him on the thubject purpotherly. But I tell her it’th of no uthe, with a pig-headed fellow like him. Barton’th well-meaning enough, but *tho* contheited. I’ve left off giving him my advithe.”

Mr Ely smiled inwardly and said to himself, “What a punishment!” But to Mr Farquhar he said, “Barton might be more judicious, it must be confessed.” He was getting tired, and did not want to develop the subject.

“Why, nobody vithit-th them but the Bartonth,” continued Mr Far-

quhar, “and why should thuch people come here, unleth they had particular reathonth for preferring a neighbourhood where they are not known? Pooh! it lookth bad on the very fathe of it. *You* called on them, now; how did you find them?”

“O!—Mr Bridmain strikes me as a common sort of man, who is making an effort to seem wise and well-bred. He comes down on one tremendously with political information, and seems knowing about the king of the French. The Countess is certainly a handsome woman, but she puts on the grand air a little too powerfully. Woodcock was immensely taken with her, and insisted on his wife’s calling on her, and asking her to dinner; but I think Mrs Woodcock turned restive after the first visit, and wouldn’t invite her again.”

“Ha, ha! Woodcock hath alwayth a thoft place in hith heart for a pretty fathe. It’th odd how he came to marry that plain woman, and no fortune either.”

“Mysteries of the tender passion,” said Mr Ely. “I am not initiated yet, you know.”

Here Mr Farquhar’s carriage was announced, and as we have not found his conversation particularly brilliant under the stimulus of Mr Ely’s exceptional presence, we will not accompany him home to the less exciting atmosphere of domestic life.

Mr Ely threw himself with a sense of relief into his easiest chair, set his feet on the hobs, and in this attitude of bachelor enjoyment began to read Bishop Jebb’s Memoirs.

CHAPTER IV.

I am by no means sure that if the good people of Millby had known the truth about the Countess Czerlaski, they would not have been considerably disappointed to find that it was very far from being as bad as they imagined. Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue, or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbour is good for nothing, than to enter

into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

Besides, think of all the virtuous declamation, all the penetrating observation, which had been built up entirely on the fundamental position that the Countess was a very objectionable person indeed, and which would be utterly overturned and nullified by the destruction of that premiss. Mrs Phipps, the banker’s wife, and Mrs Landor, the attorney’s wife, had invested part of their reputation for acuteness in the supposi-

tion that Mr Bridmain was not the Countess's brother. Moreover, Miss Phipps was conscious that if the Countess was not a disreputable person, she, Miss Phipps, had no compensating superiority in virtue to set against the other lady's manifest superiority in personal charms. Miss Phipps's stumpy figure and unsuccessful attire, instead of looking down from a mount of virtue with an aureole round its head, would then be seen on the same level and in the same light as the Countess Czerlaski's Diana-like form and well-chosen drapery. Miss Phipps, for her part, didn't like dressing foreeffect—she had always avoided that style of appearance, which was calculated to create a sensation.

Then what amusing inuendoes of the Millby gentlemen over their wine would be entirely frustrated and reduced to nought, if you had told them that the Countess had really been guilty of no misdemeanours which need exclude her from strictly respectable society; that her husband had been the veritable Count Czerlaski, who had had wonderful escapes, as she said, and who, as she did *not* say, but as was said in certain circulars once folded by her fair hands, had subsequently given dancing-lessons in the metropolis; that Mr Bridmain was neither more nor less than her half-brother, who, by unimpeached integrity and industry, had won a partnership in a silk-manufactory, and thereby a moderate fortune, that enabled him to retire, as you see, to study politics, the weather, and the art of conversation, at his leisure. Mr Bridmain, in fact, quadragenarian bachelor as he was, felt extremely well pleased to receive his sister in her widowhood, and to shine in the reflected light of her beauty and title. Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other. Mr Bridmain had put his neck under the yoke of his handsome sister, and though his soul was a very little one—of the smallest description indeed—he would not have ventured to call it his own. He might be slightly recalcitrant now and then, as is the habit of long-eared pachyderms, under the thong of the fair Countess's tongue; but

there seemed little probability that he would ever get his neck loose. Still, a bachelor's heart is an outlying fortress that some fair enemy may any day take either by storm or stratagem; and there was always the possibility that Mr Bridmain's first nuptials might occur before the Countess was quite sure of her second. As it was, however, he submitted to all his sister's caprices, never grumbled because her dress and her maid formed a considerable item beyond her own little income of sixty pounds per annum, and consented to lead with her a migratory life, as personages on the debatable ground between aristocracy and commonalty, instead of settling in some spot where his five hundred a-year might have won him the definite dignity of a parochial magnate.

The Countess had her views in choosing a quiet provincial place like Millby. After three years of widowhood, she had brought her feelings to contemplate giving a successor to her lamented Czerlaski, whose fine whiskers, fine air, and romantic fortunes had won her heart ten years ago, when, as pretty Caroline Bridmain, in the full bloom of five-and-twenty, she was governess to Lady Porter's daughters, whom he initiated into the mysteries of the *pas de bas*, and the lancers' quadrilles. She had had seven years of sufficiently happy matrimony with Czerlaski, who had taken her to Paris and Germany, and introduced her there to many of his old friends with large titles and small fortunes. So that the fair Caroline had had considerable experience of life, and had gathered therefrom, not, indeed, any very ripe and comprehensive wisdom, but much external polish, and certain practical conclusions of a very decided kind. One of these conclusions was, that there were things more solid in life than fine whiskers and a title, and that, in accepting a second husband, she would regard these items as quite subordinate to a carriage and a settlement. Now she had ascertained, by tentative residences, that the kind of bite she was angling for was difficult to be met with at watering-places, which were already preoccupied with abundance of angling beauties, and were chiefly stocked with men whose whis-

kers might be dyed, and whose incomes were still more problematic; so she had determined on trying a neighbourhood where people were extremely well acquainted with each other's affairs, and where the women were mostly ill-dressed and ugly. Mr Bridmain's slow brain had adopted his sister's views, and it seemed to him that a woman so handsome and distinguished as the Countess must certainly make a match that might lift himself into the region of county celebrities, and give him at least a sort of cousinship to the quarter-sessions.

All this, which was the simple truth, would have seemed extremely flat to the gossips of Millby, who had made up their minds to something much more exciting. There was nothing here so very detestable. It is true, the Countess was a little vain, a little ambitious, a little selfish, a little shallow and frivolous, a little given to white lies. But who considers such slight blemishes, such moral pimples as these, disqualifications for entering into the most respectable society? Indeed, the severest ladies in Millby would have been perfectly aware that these characteristics would have created no wide distinction between the Countess Czerlaski and themselves; and since it was clear there *was* a wide distinction—why, it must lie in the possession of some vices from which they were undeniably free.

Hence it came to pass, that Millby respectability refused to recognise the Countess Czerlaski, in spite of her assiduous church-going, and the deep disgust she was known to have expressed at the extreme paucity of the congregations on Ash-Wednesdays. So she began to feel that she had miscalculated the advantages of a neighbourhood where people are well acquainted with each other's private affairs. Under these circumstances, you will imagine how welcome was the perfect credence and admiration she met with from Mr and Mrs Barton. She had been especially irritated by Mr Ely's behaviour to her; she felt sure that he was not in the least struck with her beauty, that he quizzed her conversation, and that he spoke of her with

a sneer. A woman always knows where she is utterly powerless, and shuns a coldly satirical eye as she would shun a gorgon. And she was especially eager for clerical notice and friendship, not merely because that is quite the most respectable countenance to be obtained in society, but because she really cared about religious matters, and had an uneasy sense that she was not altogether safe in that quarter. She had serious intentions of becoming *quite* pious—without any reserves—when she had once got her carriage and settlement. Let us do this one sly trick, says Ulysses to Neoptolemus, and we will be perfectly honest ever after—

ἀλλ' ἤδὺ γὰρ τοι κτήμα τῆς νίκης λαβεῖν
τόλμα· δίκαιοι δ' αὖθις ἐκφανοῦμεθα.

The Countess did not quote Sophocles, but she said to herself, "Only this little bit of pretence and vanity, and then I will be *quite* good, and make myself quite safe for another world."

And as she had by no means such fine taste and insight in theological teaching as in costume, the Rev. Amos Barton seemed to her a man not only of learning—that is always understood with a clergyman—but of much power as a spiritual director. As for Milly, the Countess really loved her as well as the preoccupied state of her affections would allow. For you have already perceived that there was one being to whom the Countess was absorbingly devoted, and to whose desires she made everything else subservient—namely, Caroline Czerlaski, *née* Bridmain.

Thus there was really not much affectation in her sweet speeches and attentions to Mr and Mrs Barton. Still, their friendship by no means adequately represented the object she had in view when she came to Millby, and it had been for some time clear to her that she must suggest a new change of residence to her brother.

The thing we look forward to often comes to pass, but never precisely in the way we have imagined to ourselves. The Countess did actually leave Camp Villa before many months were past, but under circumstances which had not at all entered into her contemplation.

(To be continued.)

MRS BARRETT BROWNING—AURORA LEIGH.

THERE is some necessity, we think, at the present time, of applying the rules of criticism to the critics; for it cannot be denied that many who wear the robes of Aristarchus are no more entitled to the style of literary censors, than is the American Lynch to the title of a legitimate judge. Nothing can more forcibly demonstrate the anarchy which prevails in the republic of letters, than the fact that persons of narrow education, limited views, confined sympathies, and inordinate prejudice, take upon themselves, every day, without hesitation, the responsibilities of the reviewer; and under cover of the editorial "we," pronounce judgment upon the efforts of their superiors. The complaint, no doubt, is an old one, but the evil has been steadily increasing. Formerly critics were scarce, and, in consequence, as well known as mastiffs in a country parish. Their deep bow-wow, even when they were unnecessarily surly, had something in it of power and significance: now, the traveller cannot pass through a village without having a whole pack of curs yelping vociferously at his heels. Powerless to bite, they are numerous enough to annoy; and they seem to consider, perhaps with reason, that incessant barking is an indispensable condition of their existence. Instead of remaining quiet under shelter of the peat-stack or haycock, as well-conditioned animals should do when nobody is attempting to molest them, they dash forward frantically on the advent of each newcomer on the highway, and expend a monstrous deal of unavailing breath before they slink back to their accustomed lurking-places. Possibly, upon more minute acquaintance, some of them may prove to be rather amiable tykes in their way—fellows who attack the passenger more from exuberance of spirits than from malice, and who think that there is something wonderfully clever in the utterance of their canine music. But there are others whose existence is a perpetual snarl—who have snarled from the day they were littered till now; and who

will continue to snarl until they are pitched ignominiously into a quarry-hole with a stone of reasonable weight suspended to their necks. Subaqueous snarling we believe to be impossible, else doubtless they would expend their last energies in snarling at the tadpoles.

When a nuisance becomes so universal as this, most people cease to regard it seriously. Men of strong nerves and equable temperament stride along without regarding their clamorous following, though those of weaker nerve are sometimes startled and disturbed. If indeed there was a common feeling in the pack—if a plausible reason could be assigned why some five-and-twenty animals of different breeds should combine in a general yelp—if it could be shown that your hat was of such a texture or so long in use that they all took offence at it, or that your coat was so monstrously bad that they deemed it their duty to protest against it, or that you walked along the road with the air of a ticket-of-leave man or a thimbligger, their assault might, in a certain measure, be justified. But they have no common motive. One barks at you because he objects to your hat; another, because your breeches are not to his liking; a third, because he thinks you supercilious; a fourth, because you righteously bestowed a kick upon the carcass of a cousin of his own; a fifth, because you come from a different parish; a sixth, because he considers barking a proof of genius; and a seventh, because from puppydom upwards he has had a tendency towards hereditary hydrophobia. Each has a separate motive for dislike, though the cry be general; and even the possession of good qualities will not protect you from their assault. Where there is envy, a very small matter indeed will serve to elicit hatred. Witness the instance of the Athenian, who asked Aristides to inscribe his own name on the shell of banishment, because he was weary of hearing him denominated "the just."

To criticism, however stringent,

we do not object, provided the critic deals fairly and honourably with his subject. For many years *Maga* has been a choice repertory of criticism ; but we shall not go the length of saying that her judgments have been infallible. No individual critic that ever lived has been infallible ; and in a college of critics there must needs be diversity of opinion. *Maga* has erred, sometimes on the side of over-praise, sometimes, though much more rarely, on the side of undue depreciation ; but throughout she has striven to be honest, kindly, and sincere. To be supercilious is not in her nature ; though she may at times have dealt rather sharply with impostors, and indulged in a vein of humour, while noticing the efforts of worthy aspirants, which has wounded their self-conceit. But never has she degraded herself by an unworthy attack ; still less can it besaid that she has allowed extraneous matters to influence her literary verdicts. We swear by the beard of Buchanan, that all of us have tried to hold the balance equally ; and if in any instance we have failed, what wonder is it, since popular fable proclaims that, long ago, *Astræa* has ascended to the heavens ?

The first duty of a critic is to form as near an estimate as may be of the measure of power possessed by the author whom he is reviewing. If he neglects this, his performance will be worthless, because, in art, every individual ought to be judged according to the extent of his gifts. It would be a gross error to institute a comparison between the *Apollo Belvidere* and the *Farnese Hercules*. The one is the embodiment in marble of god-like grace ; the other the incarnation of physical strength. In like manner a poet may have peculiar excellencies of his own, though he is not gifted with the universality of Shakespeare, the majesty of Milton, or the nervous energy of Dryden. To try him by the standard of each or all of these would be manifestly unfair, for he is a worker in another field, and has been differently endowed. There is no analogy between the trades of the embroiderer and the blacksmith. We do not expect a display of power from the one, or delicate workmanship from the other. It is no blame to the

performer on the flute that he is not a master of the bassoon.

We must know, or at all events endeavour to ascertain, what especial talent has been vouchsafed to a man, before we can form a just estimate of the use which he has made of it. For talent, though it may be cultivated to an almost indefinite extent, cannot be acquired—it is a gift from the Creator. No man is so universal a genius that he is not debarred by nature from certain pursuits, in which others, perhaps less gifted, can achieve distinction ; and it is this diversity of talent which makes the world of art so large. Therefore we reject, as utterly spurious and unprincipled, that school of criticism which, in each branch of art, sets up a model, and judges of all new productions according to their likeness to the idol. Work may be better or worse according to the degree of labour bestowed upon it, but we are not entitled to demand impossibilities from any one.

All authors, after they have once gained possession of the public ear, are liable for the future to be tried by their own standard. This is, to a certain extent, a disadvantage ; for it by no means rarely happens that the first work of an author is also his best, either because his earlier impulses have been stronger than his later ones ; because, through flattery, he has been led to suppose that his measure of power is greater than it is in reality ; or because he has adopted false theories of art, and so has gone astray. It may be an uncomfortable thing for a poet to shiver under the shade of his own laurels ; still there is consolation in knowing that he was the planter of the tree. There is no escape from this kind of criticism, which proceeds upon a strictly natural and correct principle, and is moreover calculated to check that intellectual drowsiness which is often the result of success. No author is the worse for being shaken rather roughly by the shoulder when he exhibits symptoms of somnolence. Nay, though he may be a little peevish at first, he will ultimately, if he is a fellow of any sense, be grateful to his monitor for having roused him from a lethargy which might be fatal to his fame.

For the application of his gifts, every author is responsible. He may exercise them well and usefully, or he may apply them to ignoble purposes. He may, by the aid of art, exhibit them in the most attractive form, or his execution may be mean and slovenly. In the one case he is deserving of praise; in the other he is liable to censure. Keeping this principle in view, we shall proceed to the consideration of this new volume from the pen of Mrs Browning,—a lady whose rare genius has already won for her an exalted place among the poets of the age. Endowed with a powerful intellect, she at least has no reason to anticipate the treatment prophesied for her literary heroine, Aurora :—

“ You never can be satisfied with praise
Which men give women when they judge
a book

Not as men's work, but as mere woman's
work,

Expressing the comparative respect
Which means the absolute scorn. ‘ Oh,
excellent !

What grace ! what facile turns ! what
fluent sweeps !

What delicate discernment — almost
thought !

The book does honour to the sex, we hold.
Among our female authors we make room
For this fair writer, and congratulate
The country that produces in these times
Such women, competent to—spell.”

Mrs Browning takes the field like Britomart or Joan of Arc, and declares that she will not accept courtesy or forbearance from the critics on account of her sex. She challenges a truthful opinion, and that opinion she shall have.

Aurora Leigh is a story of the present time in nine books. When we say a story, it must not be understood in the sense of a continuous narrative or rather poem of action, for a great portion of the work is reflective. Still there is a story which we shall trace for the information of the reader, abstaining in the mean time from comment, and not making more quotations than are necessary for its elucidation. The poem is a monologue, and the opening scene is laid in Tuscany.

The father of Aurora Leigh, an Englishman of fortune and a scholar, fell in love with a young Florentine girl, whom he first saw bearing a

taper in a religious procession. They were married; but the wife died shortly after she had given birth to her sole daughter, Aurora. The widower, in a frenzy of grief, withdrew to a cottage among the mountains, and there occupied his time in the education of his child, who soon became a proficient in the classics.

“ The trick of Greek

And Latin he had taught me, as he would
Have taught me wrestling or the game of
fives,

If such he had known,—most like a ship-
wrecked man

Who heaps his single platter with goats'
cheese

And scarlet berries ; or like any man
Who loves but one, and so gives all at once,
Because he has it, rather than because
He counts it worthy. Thus my father
gave ;

And thus, as did the woman formerly
By young Achilles, when they pinned the
veil

Across the boy's audacious front, and swept
With tuneful laughs the silver-fretted
rocks.

He wrapt his little daughter in his large
Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no.”

This mode of tuition—the same, by the way, which Dominic Sampson proposed for the mental culture of Lucy Bertram—had a strong effect upon the character of Aurora, who throughout the poem discourses in a most learned manner. When she was only thirteen her father died, and she was brought away, most reluctantly, from her pleasant Italy, to dwell in foggy England with a virgin aunt, who is thus described :—

“ I think I see my father's sister stand
Upon the hall-step of her country-house
To give me welcome. She stood straight
and calm,

Her somewhat narrow forehead braided
tight

As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses ; brown hair pricked
with grey

By frigid use of life (she was not old,
Although my father's elder by a year),
A nose drawn sharply, yet in delicate lines ;
A close mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited
loves,

Or peradventure niggardly half-truths ;
Eyes of no colour,—once they might have
smiled,

But never, never have forgot themselves
In smiling ; cheeks, in which was yet a rose
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,
Kept more for ruth than pleasure,—if past
bloom,

Past fading also.

She had lived, we'll say,
 A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
 A quiet life, which was not life at all,
 (But that, she had not lived enough to
 know),
 Between the vicar and the county squires,
 The lord-lieutenant looking down some-
 times
 From the empyreal, to assure their souls
 Against chance-vulgarisms, and, in the
 abyss,
 The apothecary looked on once a-year,
 To prove their soundness of humility.
 The poor-club exercised her Christian gifts
 Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,
 Because we are of one flesh after all,
 And need one flannel (with a proper sense
 Of difference in the quality)—and still
 The book-club, guarded from your modern
 trick
 Of shaking dangerous questions from the
 crease,
 Preserved her intellectual. She had lived
 A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
 Accounting that to leap from perch to
 perch
 Was act and joy enough for any bird.
 Dear heaven, how silly are the things that
 live
 In thickets, and eat berries !
 I, alas,
 A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought
 to her cage,
 And she was there to meet me. Very kind.
 Bring the clean water ; give out the fresh
 seed."

This prim old lady was not exactly
 to Miss Aurora's mind ; indeed, there
 was not much love lost between
 them, for Aunt Marjory had been
 sorely incensed, and with good rea-
 son, as will presently appear, at her
 brother's marriage with a foreigner,
 and never thoroughly forgave the
 daughter. However, she did her
 duty by her in her own fashion, sup-
 plementing her education by giving
 her instruction in such things as are
 usually taught to English girls, an
 intellectual regimen which excited
 the profoundest disgust in Aurora.
 However, she had strength enough to
 stand the trial, though occasionally
 threatening to die ; and her patience
 was at length rewarded by finding
 her father's books in a garret. These
 she devoured furtively, and lighting
 upon the poets, at once perceived her
 vocation.

"At last, because the time was ripe,
 I chanced upon the poets.

As the earth
 Plunges in fury, when the internal fires
 Have reached and pricked her heart, and,
 throwing flat

The marts and temples, the triumphal
 gates
 And towers of observation, clears herself
 To elemental freedom—thus, my soul,
 At poetry's divine first finger-touch,
 Let go conventions and sprang up sur-
 prised,
 Convicted of the great eternities
 Before two worlds."

So Aurora began to make verses,
 and found herself all the better for
 the exercise. But there were more
 Leighs in the world than Aurora.
 She had a cousin, Romney Leigh,
 the proprietor of Leigh Hall, who,
 even as a youth, exhibited queer
 tendencies :—

"Romney, Romney Leigh.
 I have not named my cousin hitherto,
 And yet I used him as a sort of friend ;
 My elder by few years, but cold and shy
 And absent—tender, when he thought of
 it,
 Which scarcely was imperative, grave be-
 times,
 As well as early master of Leigh Hall,
 Whereof the nightmare sate upon his
 youth
 Repressing all its seasonable delights,
 And agonising with a ghastly sense
 Of universal hideous want and wrong
 To incriminate possession. When he came
 From college to the country, very oft
 He crossed the hills on visits to my aunt,
 With gifts of blue grapes from the hot-
 houses,
 A book in one hand,—mere statistics (if
 I chanced to lift the cover), count of all
 The goats whose beards are sprouting
 down toward hell,
 Against God's separating judgment-hour.
 And she, she almost loved him,—even al-
 lowed
 That sometimes he should seem to sigh
 my way ;
 It made him easier to be pitiful,
 And sighing was his gift."

This young gentleman, after his
 own odd fashion, has conceived an
 attachment for Aurora ; nor is he an
 object of total indifference to her,
 though her mind is more occupied
 with versification than with love.
 The two characters, male and female,
 are meant to stand in strong contrast
 to each other. Romney is a Social-
 ist, bent on devoting himself to the
 regeneration of mankind, and the
 improvement of the condition of the
 working classes, by carrying into ef-
 fect the schemes of Fourier and
 Owen—the aim of Aurora is, through
 Art, to raise the aspirations of the
 people. The man is physical, the
 woman metaphysical. The one is

for increasing bodily comfort, the other for stimulating the mind. Both are enthusiasts, and both are intolerably dogmatic. Now it so happens that, on the morning of the twentieth anniversary of her birthday, Miss Aurora sallies forth early, with the laudable purpose of crowning herself after the manner of Corinna, and is surprised by Romney in the act of placing an ivy wreath upon her brows. Romney has picked up a volume of her manuscript poems, which he returns, not, however, with any complimentary phrase, but rather sneeringly, and forthwith begins to read her a lecture, in a high puritanical strain, upon the vanity of her pursuits. This, of course, rouses the ire of Aurora, who retorts with great spirit on his materialistic tendencies. In the midst of this discussion he has the bad taste to propose, not so much, as he puts it, through love, but because he wants a helpmate to assist him in the erection of public washing-houses, soup-kitchens, and hospitals; whereupon our high-souled poetess flies off at a tangent :—

“ ‘What you love,
Is not a woman, Romney, but a cause :
You want a helpmate, not a mistress, sir—
A wife to help your ends—in her no end !
Your cause is noble, your ends excellent,
But I, being most unworthy of these and
that,
Do otherwise conceive of love. Farewell.’

‘Farewell, Aurora? you reject me thus?’
He said.

ago. ‘Why, sir, you are married long
You have a wife already whom you love,
Your social theory. Bless you both, I say.
For my part, I am scarcely meek enough
To be the handmaid of a lawful spouse.
Do I look a Hagar, think you?’”

Aunt Marjory, when she hears of this refusal, is frantic, and rates Aurora soundly for rejecting a fortune laid at her feet. She explains that, by a special clause in the Leigh entail, offspring by a foreign wife were cut off from succession—that no sooner was Aurora born than the next heir, Romney Leigh’s father, proposed that a marriage should be arranged between his son and the child, so that the penalties of disinherison might be avoided—and that Romney, by asking her to marry

him, was in fact carrying out that intention. Otherwise Aurora is a beggar, for her aunt has no fortune to leave her. Such suggestions as these, when they occur in romance and poetry, always prove arguments in favour of obstinacy; and Aurora, even though she likes Romney, fixes upon them as insuperable obstacles to the marriage :—

“Romney now was turned
To a benefactor, to a generous man,
Who had tied himself to marry—me, instead

Of such a woman, with low timorous lids
He lifted with a sudden word one day,
And left, perhaps, for my sake.—Ah, self-tied

By a contract,—male Iphigenia, bound
At a fatal Aulis, for the winds to change,
(But loose him—they’ll not change); he
well might seem

A little cold and dominant in love !
He had a right to be dogmatical,
This poor, good Romney. Love, to him,
was made

A simple law-clause. If I married him,
I would not dare to call my soul my own,
Which so he had bought and paid for :
every thought

And every heart-beat down there in the
bill,—

Not one found honestly deductible
From any use that pleased him ! He might
cut

My body into coins to give away
Among his other paupers ; change my sons,
While I stood dumb as Griseld, for black
babes

Or piteous foundlings ; might unquestioned
set

My right hand teaching in the Ragged
Schools,

My left hand washing in the Public Baths,
What time my angel of the Ideal stretched
Both his to me in vain ! I could not claim
The poor right of a mouse in a trap, to
squeal,

And take so much as pity, from myself.”

In short, she will be her own mistress, and work out her own independence. Her aunt dies, leaving Aurora about three hundred pounds. She peremptorily rejects a large sum of money which Romney, with delicate generosity, had attempted to place at her disposal, without allowing her to incur the sense of obligation, and starts for the metropolis :—

“ ‘I go hence
To London, to the gathering-place of
souls,
To live mine straight out, vocally, in
books ;
Harmoniously for others, if indeed

A woman's soul, like man's, be wide enough
To carry the whole octave (that's to prove),
Or, if I fail, still, purely for myself."

Locating herself at Kensington, she begins her literary career, and achieves distinction. One day she is waited on by a certain Lady Waldemar, who gives her the astounding information that her cousin Romney, whom she had not seen for three years, is on the eve of marriage—

"To a girl of doubtful life, undoubtful birth.

Starved out in London, till her coarse-grained hands

Are whiter than her morals."

This Lady Waldemar is personally in love with Romney Leigh, and comes to ask the aid of Aurora in breaking off the ill-assorted marriage. Aurora, however, having conceived a disgust to her visitor (which is not surprising, seeing that her conversation is so flavoured with allusions to garlic, that even the Lady of Shalott would have recoiled from her whispers), refuses to have any participation in the matter, but resolves immediately to see this girl, Marian Erle, who resides in a garret somewhere in the purlieus of St Giles. After passing through the abominations of that quarter, and receiving the maledictions of thief and prostitute, the poetess discovers the object of her search, and hears her story. Marian Erle, the selected bride of Romney Leigh, was the daughter of a tramp and squatter on the Malvern Hills, and her education was essentially a hedge one. Her father drank and beat his wife, and the wife in turn beat her child. When Marian arrived at the age of puberty, her unnatural mother was about to sell her as a victim to the lusts of "a squire," when the girl, in horror, ran away, burst a blood-vessel in her flight, was found senseless on the road by a waggoner, and conveyed to an hospital in a neighbouring town, where Romney Leigh was a visitor. Finding that she was friendless and homeless, he procured her a place in a sowing establishment in London, which she quitted to attend the deathbed of a poor consumptive companion, who had sunk under the pressure of over-work. Here Rom-

ney Leigh again appeared, and, after the death of her friend, proposed to marry her, fashioning his proposal thus :—

"Dear Marian, of one clay God made us all,

And though men push and poke and paddle in't

(As children play at fashioning dirt-pies),
And call their fancies by the name of facts,
Assuming difference, lordship, privilege,
When all's plain dirt,—they come back to it at last;

The first grave-digger proves it with a spade,

And pats all even. Need we wait for this,
You, Marian, and I, Romney?

She, at that, Looked blindly in his face, as when one looks

Through driving autumn-rains to find the sky.

He went on speaking.

Marian, I being born
What men call noble, and you, issued from
The noble people,—though the tyrannous sword

Which pierced Christ's heart, has cleft the world in twain

'Twixt class and class, opposing rich to poor,—

Shall we keep parted? Not so. Let us lean

And strain together rather, each to each,
Compress the red lips of this gaping wound,

As far as two souls can,—ay, lean and league,

I, from my superabundance,—from your want,

You,—joining in a protest 'gainst the wrong

On both sides!"

While Marian is telling her story to Aurora, Romney comes in, looks certainly a little surprised at finding his cousin there, but is by no means disconcerted. Naturally enough, Aurora supposes that he must be influenced by a very strong passion for the girl whom he is about to make his wife, and congratulates him, with what sincerity we need not inquire, on having made choice of so fair and gentle a creature. Romney, however, utterly denies the soft impeachment, in so far as it implies that his affections were any way engaged. Ordinary men contract marriages from love—he is influenced by a far higher principle. He says :—

"You did not, do not, cannot comprehend
My choice, my ends, my motives, nor myself :

No matter now—we'll let it pass, you say.
I thank you for your generous cousinship.

Which helps this present ; I accept for her
Your favourable thoughts. We're fallen
on days,
We two, who are not poets, when to wed
Requires less mutual love than common
love,
For two together to bear out at once
Upon the loveless many. Work in pairs,
In galley-couplings or in marriage-rings,
The difference lies in the honour, not the
work,—
And such we're bound to, I and she. But
love,
(You poets are benighted in this age ;
The hour's too late for catching even
moths,
You've gnats instead), love !—love's fool-
paradise
Is out of date, like Adam's. Set a swan
To swim the Trenton, rather than true
love
To float its fabulous plumage safely down
The cataracts of this loud transition-
time,—
Whose roar, for ever, henceforth, in my
ears,
Must keep me deaf to music."

In short, the man has not an atom
of love for the girl, whom he proposes
to wed entirely from motives of
general philanthropy ! At this Au-
rora is somewhat disgusted ; but,
wishing to show kindness to her
cousin—perhaps to testify her own
indifference, which, however, is
rather feigned than real—she sug-
gests that the marriage should take
place at her house. But Master
Romney will not hear of such an
arrangement, as it might weaken
the effect of the grand moral les-
son which he intends to convey to
society :—

"He answered, 'But it is :—I take my
wife

Directly from the people,—and she comes,
As Austria's daughter to imperial France,
Betwixt her eagles, blinking not her race,
From Margaret's Court, at garret-height,
to meet

And wed me at St James's, nor put off
Her gown of serge for that. The things
we do,

We do: we'll wear no mask, as if we
blushed."

The following sketch of the com-
pany assembled to witness the mar-
riage ceremony is too racy and rich
to be omitted here. As the union
was to be typical of the impending
abolition of all class distinctions,
Romney determined that it should
be celebrated in the presence of high
and low, and issued cards accord-
ingly.

"Well,
A month passed so, and then the notice
came ;
On such a day the marriage at the church.
I was not backward.

Half St Giles in frieze
Was bidden to meet St James in cloth of
gold,
And, after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead
Heath.

Of course the people came in uncompelled,
Lame, blind, and worse—sick, sorrowful,
and worse,

The humours of the peccant social wound
All pressed out, poured out upon Pimlico,
Exasperating the unaccustomed air
With hideous interfusion : you'd suppose
A finished generation, dead of plague,
Swept outward from their graves into the
sun,

The moil of death upon them. What a
sight !

A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of kings.

They clogged the streets, they oozed into
the church
In a dark slow stream, like blood. To see
that sight,

The noble ladies stood up in their pews,
Some pale for fear, a few as red for hate,
Some simply curious, some just insolent,
And some in wondering scorn,—'What
next? what next?'

These crushed their delicate rose-lips from
the smile

That misbecame them in a holy place,
With brodered hems of perfumed hand-
kerchiefs ;

Those passed the salts with confidence of
eyes

And simultaneous shiver of *moiré* silk ;
While all the aisles, alive and black with
heads,

Crawled slowly toward the altar from the
street,

As bruised snakes crawl and hiss out of a
hole

With shuddering involutions, swaying
slow

From right to left, and then from left to
right,

In pants and pauses. What an ugly crest
Of faces rose upon you everywhere

From that crammed mass! you did not
usually

See faces like them in the open day :

They hide in cellars, not to make you mad
As Romney Leigh is.—Faces! O my God,
We call those, faces? men's and women's
—ay,

And children's;—babies, hanging like a
rag

Forgotten on their mother's neck,—poor
mouths,

Wiped clean of mother's milk by mother's
blow,

Before they are taught her cursing.

Faces!—phew,
We'll call them vices festering to despair,
Or sorrows petrifying to vices: not

A finger-touch of God left whole on them ;
 All ruined, lost—the countenance worn
 out
 As the garments, the will dissolute as the
 acts,
 The passions loose and dragging in the
 dirt
 To trip the foot up at the first free step !—
 Those, faces ! 'twas as if you had stirred
 up hell
 To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost
 In fiery swirls of slime,—such strangled
 fronts,
 Such obdurate jaws were thrown up con-
 stantly,
 To twit you with your race, corrupt your
 blood,
 And grind to devilish colours all your
 dreams
 Henceforth,—though, haply, you should
 drop asleep
 By clink of silver waters, in a muse
 On Raffael's mild Madonna of the Bird."

So there they wait—that strangely
 assorted company—the denizens of
 St Giles thronging on the inhabitants
 of St James—both parties curious to
 behold the marriage which is to in-
 augurate the future revolution and
 fusion of society. Romney Leigh
 appears to do the honours ; but time
 rolls on, and still the bride comes
 not. The fashionables stare and talk
 gossip ; the vulgar murmur, and de-
 sire a smoke—until a rumour, to the
 effect that something is amiss, per-
 meates the throng.

" A murmur and a movement drew
 around ;
 A naked whisper touched us. Something
 wrong !
 What's wrong ? The black crowd, as an
 overstrained
 Cord, quivered in vibrations, and I saw—
 Was that *his* face I saw ?—his—Romney
 Leigh's—
 Which tossed a sudden horror like a sponge
 Into all eyes,—while himself stood white
 upon
 The topmost altar-stair, and tried to speak,
 And failed, and lifted higher above his
 head
 A letter,—as a man who drowns and
 gasps.

' My brothers, bear with me ! I am very
 weak.
 I meant but only good. Perhaps I meant
 Too proudly,—and God snatched the cir-
 cumstance,
 And changed it therefore. There's no
 marriage—none.
 She leaves me,—she departs,—she dis-
 appears,—
 I lose her. Yet I never forced her " ay,"
 To have her " no " so cast into my teeth,
 In manner of an accusation, thus.

My friends, you are all dismissed. Go, eat
 and drink
 According to the programme,—and fare-
 well ! "

At this St Giles' rises in insurrec-
 tion, cursing Romney as a seducer,
 and accusing him of having made
 away with the girl. There is a superb
 row, with threats of violence and
 arson, until the police enter and clear
 the church.

Beyond an enigmatical letter of
 leave-taking, which gives no expla-
 nation of her avoiding the marriage
 ceremony, we hear nothing of Marian
 for a long time. Romney retires to
 Leigh Hall, which he has turned into
 a " phalanstery," by which term, we
 presume, is meant an Owenite com-
 munity. Miss Aurora continues her
 devotion to the muses, and becomes
 more notable day by day ; but a hor-
 rid suspicion crosses her that Lady
 Waldemar has found the weak side
 of her wealthy cousin. For, at a con-
 versazione at the house of a certain
 Lord Howe, she learns that the fair
 and intriguing Waldemar is common-
 ly considered as Romney's pet dis-
 ciple—nay, that she is considered as
 his bride intended. In the words of
 Mrs Browning, which we give with-
 out the metrical divisions,—

" You may find her name on all his mis-
 sions and commissions, schools, asylums,
 hospitals. He has had her down with other
 ladies, whom her starry lead persuaded
 from other spheres, to his country-place in
 Shropshire, in the famed phalanstery at
 Leigh Hall, christianised from Fourier's
 own, in which he has planted out his sap-
 ling stocks of knowledge into social burs-
 aries ; and there, they say, she has tarried
 half a week, and milked the cows, and
 churned, and pressed the curd, and said
 ' my sister ' to the lowest drab of all the
 assembled castaways. Such girls ! Ay,
 sided with them at the washing-tub."

Lady Waldemar, in a very spiteful
 speech, confirms this impression ; and
 Miss Aurora, who all this time has
 had a secret hankering for her cousin,
 determines to square her balances
 with her publisher, and to depart for
 Italy.

In Paris she encounters Marian,
 and finds her a mother. The expla-
 nation is, that Lady Waldemar had
 tampered with the girl ; and by re-
 presenting to her that her marriage
 with Romney would be his social
 ruin, induced her to take flight on

the day preceding that which had been arranged for the nuptials. The place of her future destiny was Australia, but her ladyship had confided her to the charge of an unprincipled *soubrette*, who, whether or not by design of her mistress, took Marian over to France, conveyed her to an infamous house, and sold her, while under the influence of drugs, to violation. On awakening to a sense of her situation and wrongs, the unfortunate girl became mad, and was allowed to make her escape, underwent various adventures and vicissitudes, and finally brought into the world a male child, in whom her whole existence was wrapt up, and for whom alone she lived, when she was recognised and challenged by Aurora in the streets of Paris. The sequel may be easily imagined. Miss Leigh, convinced of Marian's innocence, insists that she, with her child, shall accompany her to Florence; and there are some letters and cross purposes, into which, for the mere sake of the story, it is not necessary to enter. In fine, Aurora, in the full belief that Lady Waldemar, to whom she has sent a most insulting letter, is now the wife of her cousin, becomes melancholy and heart-sick, and time drags wearily on, until one night, watching the stars from her terrace, she is startled by the sudden apparition of Romney by her side. Gentler than in his early youth, and far more humble, Romney first pays homage to her genius, and then confesses that his social schemes have proved an utter failure.

"My vain phalanstery dissolved itself;
My men and women of disordered lives,
I brought in orderly to dine and sleep,
Broke up those waxen masks I made them wear,
With fierce contortions of the natural face;
And cursed me for my tyrannous constraint—
In forcing crooked creatures to live straight;
And set the country hounds upon my back
To bite and tear me for my wicked deed
Of trying to do good without the church
Or even the squires, Aurora. Do you mind
Your ancient neighbours? The great
book-club teems
With "sketches," "summaries," and "last
tracts" but twelve,
On socialistic troubleshooters of close bonds
Betwixt the generous rich and grateful
poor.
The vicar preached from "Revelations" (till

The doctor woke) and found me with "the
frogs"
On three successive Sundays; ay, and
stopped
To weep a little (for he's getting old)
That such perdition should o'ertake a man
Of such fair acres,—in the parish, too!
He printed his discourses "by request;"
And if your book shall sell as his did, then
Your verses are less good than I suppose.
The women of the neighbourhood subscribed,
And sent me a copy bound in scarlet silk,
Tooled edges, blazoned with the arms of
Leigh:
I own that touched me."

'What, the pretty ones!
Poor Romney!' 'Otherwise the effect was small.
I had my windows broken once or twice
By liberal peasants, naturally incensed
At such a vexer of Arcadian peace,
Who would not let men call their wives
their own
To kick like Britons,—and made obstacles
When things went smoothly as a baby
drugged,
Toward freedom and starvation; bringing
down
The wicked London tavern-thieves and
drabs,
To affront the blessed hill-side drabs and
thieves
With mended morals, quotha,—fine new
lives!—
My windows paid for't. I was shot at,
once,
By an active poacher who had hit a hare
From the other barrel, tired of springeing
game
So long upon my acres, undisturbed,
And restless for the country's virtue (yet
He missed me)—ay, and pelted very oft
In riding through the village. "There he
goes,
Who'd drive away our Christian gentle-
folks,
To catch us undefended in the trap
He baits with poisonous cheese, and lock
us up
In that pernicious prison of Leigh Hall
With all his murderers! Give another
name,
And say Leigh Hell, and burn it with
fire."
And so they did, at last, Aurora."

The worst of it was, that the garrotters, ticket-of-leave men, and street-walkers, with whom he had filled his house, thought the proceeding rare fun, and joined in the incendiarism; and Will Erle, Marian's father, "tramp and poacher," whom he had attempted to reclaim, struck Romney on the head with a burning brand as he was leaving the house, inflicting an injury which brought him nearly to the verge of the grave. In the course of conversation Romney unde-

ceives Aurora as to his connection with Lady Waldemar, but declares that he considers himself bound, notwithstanding her misfortune, to wed Marian, and to adopt her child. Marian, who has overheard this, comes forward, and after a passionate scene of great beauty, rejects the offer. Here we cannot resist a quotation.

“I have not so much life that I should love
—Except the child. Ah God! I could
not bear

To see my darling on a good man's knees,
And know by such a look, or such a sigh,
Or such a silence, that he thought some-
times,

“This child was fathered by some cursed
wretch” —

For, Romney, —angels are less tender-wise
Than God and mothers; even *you* would
think

What *we* think never. He is ours, the
child;

And we would soonervex a soul in heaven
By coupling with it the dead body's
thought,

It left behind it in a last month's grave,
Than, in my child, see other than—my
child.

We only, never call him fatherless
Who has God and his mother. O my babe,
My pretty, pretty blossom, an ill-wind
Once blew upon my breast! can any think
I'd have another,—one called happier,
A fathered child, with father's love and
race

That's worn as bold and open as a smile,
To vex my darling when he's asked his
name,

And has no answer? What! a happier child
Than mine, my best,—who laughed so loud
to-night

He could not sleep for pastime? Nay, I
swear

By life and love, that, if I lived like some,
And loved like—*some*—ay, loved you,
Romney Leigh,

As some love (eyes that have wept so much,
see clear),

I've room for no more children in my arms;
My kisses are all melted on one mouth;
I would not push my darling to a stool
To dandle babies. Here's a hand, shall
keep

For ever clean without a marriage-ring,
To tend my boy, until he cease to need
One steady finger of it, and desert
(Not miss) his mother's lap, to sit with men.
And when I miss him (not he me) I'll
come

And say, “Now give me some of Romney's
work,

To help our outcast orphans of the world,
And comfort grief with grief.” For you,
meantime,

Most noble Romney, wed a noble wife,
And open on each other your great souls,—
I need not farther bless you. If I dared
But strain and touch her in her upper
sphere,

And say, “Come down to Romney—pay
my debt!”

I should be joyful with the stream of joy
Sent through me. But the moon is in my
face—

I dare not,—though I guess the name he
loves;

I'm learned with my studies of old days,
Remembering how he crush'd his under-lip
When some one came and spoke, or did not
come:

Aurora, I could touch her with my hand,
And fly, because I dare not.

She was gone.”

And so Marian departs. But now comes an awful disclosure—Romney is blind. The blow struck by the poacher had destroyed the visual nerves; and for that unfortunate Lord of Leigh, the glory of the sun, moon, and stars, was but a remembrance. So Aurora, who had always loved him, even though she would not allow it to herself—and whom he had never ceased to love amidst his perverted dreams of duty—gives her whole woman's heart to the helpless; and the poem closes with the interchange of vows and aspirations.

Such is the story, which no admirer of Mrs Browning's genius ought in prudence to defend. In our opinion it is fantastic, unnatural, exaggerated; and all the worse, because it professes to be a tale of our own times. No one who understands of how much value probability is to a tale, can read the foregoing sketch, or indeed peruse the poem, without a painful feeling that Mrs Browning has been perpetrating, in essentials, an extravaganza or caricature, instead of giving to the public a real lifelike picture; for who can accept, as truthful representation, Romney's proposal of marriage to an ignorant uneducated girl whom he does not love; or that scene in the church, which is absolutely of Rabelaisian conception? We must not be seduced by beauty and power of execution from entering our protest against this radical error, which appears more glaring as we pass from the story to the next point, which is the delineation of character. Aurora Leigh is not an attractive character. After making the most liberal allowance for pride, and fanaticism for art, and inflexible independence, she is incongruous and contradictory both in her sentiments and in her actions. She is not a genuine woman; one half

of her heart seems bounding with the beat of humanity, while the other half is ossified. What we miss in her is instinctiveness, which is the greatest charm of women. No doubt she displays it now and then, and sometimes very conspicuously, but it is not made the general attribute of her nature; and in her dealings with Romney Leigh, instinct disappears altogether. For we hold it absolutely impossible that a woman, gifted as she is represented to be, would have countenanced a kinsman, whom she respected only, in the desperate folly of wedding an uneducated girl from the lowest grade of society, whom he did not love, simply for the sake of a theory; thereby making himself a public laughingstock, without the least chance of advancing the progress of his own preposterous opinions. There is nothing heroic in this; there is nothing reconcilable with duty. The part which Aurora takes in the transaction, degrades rather than raises her in our eyes: nor is she otherwise thoroughly amiable; for, with all deference to Mrs Browning, and with ideas of our own perhaps more chivalric than are commonly promulgated, we must maintain that woman was created to be dependent on the man, and not in the primary sense his lady and his mistress. The extreme independence of Aurora detracts from the feminine charm, and mars the interest which we otherwise might have felt in so intellectual a heroine. In fact, she is made to resemble too closely some of the female portraits of George Sand, which never were to our liking. In Romney we fail to take any kind of interest. Though honourable and generous, he is such a very decided noodle that we grudge him his prominence in the poem, do not feel much sympathy for his misfortunes, and cannot help wondering that Aurora should have entertained one spark of affection for so deplorable a milk-sop. Excess of enthusiasm we can allow; and folly, affecting to talk the words of wisdom, meets us at every turning: but Romney is a walking hyperbole. The character of Marian is very beautifully drawn and well sustained, but her thoughts and language are not those of a girl reared in the

midst of sordid poverty, vice, and ignorance. This is an error in art which we are sure Mrs Browning, upon mature consideration, will acknowledge; and it might easily have been avoided by the simple expedient of making Marian's origin and antecedents a few shades more respectable, which still would have left enough disparity between her and Romney to produce the effect which Mrs Browning desires. Lady Waldemar is a disgusting character. Mrs Browning intended her to appear as despicable; but it was not therefore necessary to make her talk coarse and revolting. As an example let us cite the following passage:—

“Of a truth, Miss Leigh,
I have not, without struggle, come to this.
I took a master in the German tongue,
I gamed a little, went to Paris twice;
But, after all, this love!—you eat of
love,
And do as vile a thing as if you eat
Of garlic—which, whatever else you eat,
Tastes uniformly acrid, till your peach
Reminds you of your onion. Am I coarse?
Well, love's coarse, nature's coarse—ah,
there's the rub!
We fair fine ladies, who park out our lives
From common sheep-paths, cannot help
the crows
From flying over,—we're as natural still
As Blowsalinda. Drape us perfectly
In Lyons velvet,—we are not, for that,
Lay-figures, look you! we have hearts
within,
Warm, live, improvident, indecent hearts,
As ready for distracted ends and acts
As any distressed sempstress of them all
That Romney groans and toils for. We
catch love
And other fevers, in the vulgar way.
Love will not be outwitted by our wit,
Not outrun by our equipages:—mine
Persisted, spite of efforts. All my cards
Turned up but Romney Leigh; my Ger-
man stopped
At germane Wertherism; my Paris rounds
Returned me from the Champs Elysées just
A ghost, and sighing like Dido's. I came
home
Uncured,—convicted rather to myself
Of being in love—in love! That's coarse
you'll say.
I'm talking garlic.”

In this there is neither truth, power, nor humour. The offence against taste is so rank that it cannot easily be forgiven.

In poetry, passages such as that which we have quoted are intolerable, because, by juxtaposition with others, exquisite in themselves, they impair our capacity for enjoyment.

Anything very hideous or revolting taints the air around it, and produces a sensation of loathing, from which we do not immediately recover. Hence poets, even when their situations are of the most tragic nature—even when they are dealing with subjects questionable in morality—do, for the most part, sedulously avoid anything like coarseness of expression, and frame their language so as to convey the general idea without presenting special images which are calculated to disgust. Indeed, whilst reading this poem, which abounds in references to art, we have been impressed with a doubt whether, with all her genius, accomplishment, and experience, Mrs Browning has ever thought seriously of the principles upon which art is founded. For genius, as we all know, or ought to know, is not of itself sufficient for the construction of a great poem. Artists, like architects, must work by rule—not slavishly indeed, but ever keeping in mind that there are certain principles which experience has tested and approved, and that to deviate from these is literally to court defeat. Not that we should implicitly receive the doctrines laid down by critics, scholiasts, or commentators, or pin our faith to the formula of Longinus; but we should regard the works of the great masters, both ancient and modern, as profitable for instruction as well as for delight, and be cautious how we innovate. We may consider it almost as a certainty that every leading principle of art has been weighed and sifted by our predecessors; and that most of the theories, which are paraded as discoveries, were deliberately examined by them, and rejected because they were false or impracticable. In the fifth book of this poem there is a dissertation upon poetry, in which Mrs Browning very plainly indicates her opinion that the chief aim of a poet should be to illustrate the age in which he lives.

“ But poets should
Exert a double vision ; should have eyes
To see near things as comprehensively
As if afar they took their point of sight,
And distant things, as intimately deep,
As if they touched them. Let us strive for
this.

I do distrust the poet who discerns

No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred
years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-
court,
Oh not to sing of lizards or of toads
Alive i' the ditch there !—'twere excusable;
But of some black chief, half knight, half
sheep-lifter,
Some beauteous dame, half chattel and
half queen ;
As dead as must be, for the greater part,
The poems made on their chivalric bones.
And that's no wonder : death inherits
death.

Nay, if there's room for poets in the
world

A little overgrown (I think there is),
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's,—this live,
throbbing age,
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates,
aspires,
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
Than Roland with his knights, at Ronces-
valles.
To flinch from modern varnish, coat or
founce,
Cry out for togas and the picturesque,
Is fatal,—foolish too. King Arthur's self
Was commonplace to Lady Guenever ;
And Camelot to minstrels seemed as flat
As Regent Street to poets.

Never flinch,
But still, unscrupulously epic, catch
Upon the burning lava of a song,
The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted
Age :
That, when the next shall come, the men
of that
May touch the impress with reverent hand,
and say,
' Behold,—behold the paps we all have
sucked !
That bosom seems to beat still, or at least
It sets ours beating. This is living art,
Which thus presents, and thus records
true life.' ”

This, in our apprehension, would lead to a total sacrifice of the ideal. It is not the province of the poet to depict things as they are, but so to refine and purify as to purge out the grosser matter; and this he cannot do if he attempts to give a faithful picture of his own times. For in order to be faithful, he must necessarily include much which is abhorrent to art, and revolting to the taste, for which no exactness of delineation will be accepted as a proper excuse. All poetical characters, all poetical situations, must be idealised. The language is not that of common life, which belongs essentially to the domain of prose. Therein lies the dis-

inction between a novel and a poem. In the first, we expect that the language employed by the characters shall be strictly natural, not excluding even imperfections, and that their sentiments shall not be too elevated or extravagant for the occasion. In the second, we expect idealisation—language more refined, more adorned, and more forcible than that which is ordinarily employed; and sentiments purer and loftier than find utterance in our daily speech. Whilst dealing with a remote subject the poet can easily effect this, but not so when he brings forward characters of his own age. We have been told that both the late John Kemble and his sister Mrs Siddons had become so accustomed to the flow of blank verse that they carried the trick of it into private life, and used sorely to try the risible faculties of the company by demanding beef or beer in tragic tones and rhythm. That which would have sounded magnificently on the stage was ludicrous at a modern table. Mrs Browning has evidently felt the difficulty, but she cannot conquer it. In this poem she has wilfully alternated passages of sorry prose with bursts of splendid poetry; and her prose is all the worse because she has been compelled to dislocate its joints in order to make it read like blank verse. Let us again revert to the experiment of exhibiting one or two of these passages printed in the usual form:—

“We are sad to-night. I saw—(good-night, Sir Blaise! ah Smith—he has slipped away) I saw you across the room, and stayed, Miss Leigh, to keep a crowd of lion-hunters off, with faces toward your jungle. There were three; a spacious lady five feet ten, and fat, who has the devil in her (and there’s room) for walking to and fro upon the earth from Chippewa to China; she requires your autograph upon a tinted leaf ’twixt Queen Pomare’s and Emperor Soulouque’s; pray give it; she has energies, though fat; for me, I’d rather see a rick on fire than such a woman angry. Then a youth fresh from the backwoods, green as the underboughs, asks modestly, Miss Leigh, to kiss your shoe, and adds, he has an epic in twelve parts, which when you’ve read, you’ll do it for his boot,—all which I saved you, and absorb next week both manuscript and man.”

Is that poetry? Assuredly not. Is it prose? If so, it is as poor and faulty a specimen as ever was presented to our notice. It would not pass muster even in a third-rate novel, where sense is an element of minor consideration, and style is habitually disregarded. Here is an extract from an epistle by Lady Waldemar:—

“Parted. Face no more, voice no more, love no more! wiped wholly out like some ill scholar’s scrawl from heart and slate—ay, spit on, and so wiped out utterly by some coarse scholar. I have been too coarse, too human. Have we business in our rank with blood in the veins? I will have, henceforth none; not even to keep the colour at my lip. A rose is pink and pretty without blood,—why not a woman? When we’ve played in vain the game, to adore,—who have resources still, and can play on at leisure, being adored: here’s Smith already swearing at my feet that I’m the typic She. Away with Smith!—Smith smacks of Leigh, and, henceforth, I’ll admit no Socialist within three crinolines, to live and have his being. But for you, though insolent your letter and absurd, and though I hate you frankly, take my Smith! For when you have seen this famous marriage tied, a most unspotted Erle to a noble Leigh (his love astray on one he should not love), howbeit you should not want his love, beware, you’ll want some comfort. So I leave you Smith; take Smith!”

What a rare specimen of a rhythmical fashionable letter! Still more singular is the effect when the mob becomes articulate:—

“Then spoke a man, ‘Now look to it, coves, that all the beef and drink be not filched from us like the other fun; for beer’s spilt easier than a woman is. This gentry is not honest with the poor; they bring us up to trick us.’ ‘Go it, Jim,’ a woman screamed back; ‘I’m a tender soul; I never banded a child at two years old, and drew blood from him, but I sobbed for it next moment—and I’ve had a plague of seven. I’m tender; I’ve no stomach even for beef, until I know about the girl that’s lost—that’s killed, mayhap. I did misdoubt, at first, the fine lord meant no good by her or us. He maybe got the upper hand of her by holding up a wedding-ring, and then . . . a choking finger on her throat last night, and just a clever take to keep us still, as she is, poor lost innocent!’”

Reading such passages as these—
so flat, distorted, and unworthy—
shall we not exclaim with Mrs
Browning herself,

“Weep, my Æschylus,
But low and far, upon Sicilian shores?”

It is not the part of critics to strain their vision so as to detect spots on the disc of the sun; but it is their duty to mark the appearance of even a partial eclipse. It is far easier, as it is more pleasant, to praise than to condemn; but praise, injudiciously or indiscriminately bestowed, cannot be commended, since it leads to the perpetuation of error. In dealing with the works of authors of high name and established repute, it is of the utmost importance that the judgment should be clear and calm; for we know by experience that the aberrations or eccentricities of a distinguished artist are immediately copied by a crew of imitators, who, unable to vie with their original in beauties, can at least rival him in his faults. We doubt not that, before a year is over, many poems on the model of *Aurora Leigh* will be written and published; and that conversations in the pot-house, casino, and even worse places, will be reduced to blank verse, and exhibited as specimens of high art. To dignify the mean, is not the province of poetry—let us rather say that there are atmospheres so tainted that in them poetry cannot live. Its course is in the empyrean or in the fresh wholesome air, but if it attempts to descend to pits and charnel-vaults, it is stifled by the noxious exhalations. We by no means confound the humble with the mean. The most sanctified affections, the purest thoughts, the holiest aspirations, are as likely to be found in the cottage as in the castle. Wherever there is a flower, however lowly, beauty may be seen; the prayer of a monarch is not more heeded in heaven than the supplication of an outcast; the cry of a mother is as plaintive from the dungeon as though it sounded from the halls of a palace. This very poem which we are reviewing affords a remarkable illustration of the æsthetical point which we are anxious to enforce. We have already

said that the character of Marian Erle is beautifully drawn and well sustained, and yet it is the humblest of them all. But in depicting her, Mrs Browning has abstained from all meanness. If she errs at all, it is by making the girl appear more refined in thought and expression than is justified by her previous history, but that is an error on the safe side, and one which may be readily excused. Marian, little better than a pariah-girl, does undoubtedly attract our sympathies more than the polished and high-minded Aurora, the daughter of a noble race—not certainly as the bride of Romney, but as the mother of a hapless child. There, indeed, Mrs Browning has achieved a triumph; for never yet—no, not in her “Cry of the Children,” one of the most pathetic and tear-stirring poems in the English language—has she written anything comparable to the passages which refer to Marian and her babe. Take for example this description:—

“I saw the whole room, I and Marian there
Alone.

Alone? She threw her bonnet off,
Then sighing as 'twere sighing the last
time,

Approached the bed, and drew a shawl
away:

You could not peel a fruit you fear to
bruise

More calmly and more carefully than so,—
Nor would you find within, a rosier flushed
Pomegranate—

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist
with life

To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his
cheeks

Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away
into,

The faster for his love. And love was
here

As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it
sucked;

The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould off.

While we stood there dumb,—
For oh, that it should take such innocence
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood
there dumb;

The light upon his eyelids pricked them
wide,

And, staring out at us with all their blue,
 As half perplexed between the angelhood
 He had been away to visit in his sleep,
 And our most mortal presence,—gradually
 He saw his mother's face, accepting it
 In change for heaven itself, with such a
 smile
 As might have well been learnt there,—
 never moved,
 But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
 So happy (half with her and half with
 heaven)
 He could not have the trouble to be
 stirred,
 But smiled and lay there. _Like a rose, I
 said :
 As red and still indeed as any rose,
 That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
 Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life."

Now contrast that with the stuff which we have put into the form of prose, and then tell us, good reader, if we are not justified in feeling annoyed, and even incensed, that a lady capable of producing so exquisite a picture, should condescend to fashion into verse what is essentially mean, gross, and puerile? We must have no evasions here, for this is an important question of art. We may be told that Shakespeare, in his highest tragedies, has introduced the comic element; and his example, so distinguished as almost to amount to an unimpeachable authority, may be cited in defence of Mrs Browning. But, on examination, we shall find that there is no analogy. In the first place, whenever Shakespeare descends to low comedy, he makes his characters discourse in prose, thereby marking broadly the elevation of sentiment and dignity which belongs to verse, and he does so even when low comedy is excluded. When Hamlet is familiar, as with the players, Polonius, the gravediggers, or Osric, he speaks in prose; and the rhythmical periods are reserved for the higher and more impassioned situations. So in *Othello*, in the scenes between Iago, Cassio, and Roderigo. So in *Julius Cæsar* (in which, being a classical play, the temptation lay towards stateliness), whenever the citizens or the cynical Casca are introduced; and in *Henry V.*, in the night-scene before Agincourt, there is even a more remarkable instance of this. It was evidently the view of Shakespeare that verse is the proper vehicle for poetry alone: he would

not dignify ignoble thoughts or common sentiments by admitting them to that lofty chariot. Mrs Browning follows the march of modern improvement. She makes no distinction between her first and her third class passengers, but rattles them along at the same speed upon her rhythmical railway.

There is no instance of a poem of considerable length which is free from faults and blemishes; and whatever may be said to the contrary, the detection of existing faults is the real business of the critic. He either is, or is supposed to be, the holder of the touchstone, by means of which true metal is distinguished from that which is base, and he is bound in duty to declare the result of his investigation. In the present instance, while dealing with *Aurora Leigh*, we have been at some pains to arrive at the metal. Our task has been rather that of an Australian or Californian gold-seeker, who puts into his cradle or his pan a spadeful of doubtful material. From the first shaking there emerges mud—from the second, pebbles—but, after clearance, the pure gold is found at the bottom, and in no inconsiderable quantities.

If we have not been able conscientiously to praise the story, either as regards conception or execution, no such restriction is laid upon us while dealing with isolated passages. Mrs Browning possesses in a very high degree the faculty of description, presenting us often with the most brilliantly coloured pictures. In this respect, if we may be allowed to institute such a comparison, she resembles Turner, being sometimes even extravagant in the vividness of her tints. By this we mean that she has a decided tendency, not only to multiply, but to intensify images, and occasionally carries this so far as to bewilder the reader. The following sketch of London is drawn in her most florid manner:—

"So, happy and unafraid of solitude,
 I worked the short days out,—and watched
 the sun
 On lurid morns or monstrous afternoons,
 Like some Druidic idol's fiery brass,
 With fixed unflickering outline of dead
 heat,
 In which the blood of wretches pent inside

Seemed oozing forth to incarnadine the air,—

Push out through fog with his dilated disk,
And startle the slant roofs and chimney-pots

With splashes of fierce colour. Or I saw
Fog only, the great tawny weltering fog,
Involve the passive city, strangle it
Alive, and draw it off into the void,
Spire, bridges, streets, and squares, as if
a sponge

Had wiped out London,—or as noon and night

Had clapped together and utterly struck out

The intermediate time, undoing themselves
In the act. Your city poets see such things,
Not despicable. Mountains of the south,
When, drunk and mad with elemental
wines,

They rend the seamless mist and stand up bare,

Make fewer singers, haply. No one sings,
Descending Sinai: on Parnassus mount,
You take a mule to climb, and not a muse,
Except in fable and figure: forests chant
Their anthems to themselves, and leave
you dumb.

But sit in London, at the day's decline,
And view the city perish in the mist
Like Pharaoh's armaments in the deep Red
Sea,—

The chariots, horsemen, footmen, all the
host,

Sucked down and choked to silence—then,
surprised

By a sudden sense of vision and of tune,
You feel as conquerors though you did not
fight,

And you and Israel's other singing-girls,
Ay, Miriam with them, sing the song you
choose."

There can be no doubt as to the power which is here exhibited, but in our opinion the passage is overwrought. There is a prodigality of illustration which mars the general effect by creating confusion. In marked contrast to it is our next extract. Aurora, returning to Italy, is watching on deck for the first glimpse of her native land.

"That night we spent between the purple
heaven

And purple water: I think Marian slept;
But I, as a dog a-watch for his master's
foot,

Who cannot sleep or eat before he hears,
I sate upon the deck and watched all night,
And listened through the stars for Italy.

I felt the wind soft from the land of souls;
The old miraculous mountains heaved in
sight,

One straining past another along the shore,
The way of grand dull Odyssean ghosts
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas
And stare on voyagers. Peak pushing peak,

They stood: I watched beyond that Tyrian
belt

Of intense sea betwixt them and the ship,
Down all their sides the misty olive-woods
Dissolving in the weak congenial moon,
And still disclosing some brown convent-
tower

That seems as if it grew from some brown
rock,—

Or many a little lighted village, dropt
Like a fallen star, upon so high a point,
You wonder what can keep it in its place
From sliding headlong with the waterfalls
Which drop and powder all the myrtle-
groves

With spray of silver. Thus my Italy
Was stealing on us. Genoa broke with
day;

The Doria's long pale palace striking out,
From green hills in advance of the white
town.

A marble finger dominant to ships,
Seen glimmering through the uncertain
grey of dawn."

That is poetry—splendid, magnificent poetry—without intermixture of conceits or far-fetched images. Our younger poets, who, as a class, aspire to dazzle rather than to please, might derive a very useful lesson from the study of these extracts. The first is undoubtedly gorgeous, but it is so overlaid with ornament that it leaves no distinct impression on the mind; the second is a perfect picture, which once seen can never be forgotten. To these we are tempted to add a third, descriptive of Florence:—

"I found a house, at Florence, on the hill
Of Belosguardo. 'Tis a tower that keeps
A post of double-observation o'er
The valley of Arno (holding as a hand
The outspread city) straight toward Fiesole
And Mount Morello and the setting sun,—
The Vallombrosan mountains to the right,
Which sunrise fills as full as crystal cups
Wine-filled, and red to the brim because
it's red.

No sun could die, nor yet be born, unseen
By dwellers at my villa: morn and eve
Were magnified before us in the pure
Illimitable space and pause of sky,
Intense as angels' garments blanched with
God,

Less blue than radiant. From the outer
wall

Of the garden, dropped the mystic floating
grey

Of olive-trees (with interruptions green
From maize and vine) until 'twas caught
and torn

On that abrupt black line of cypresses
Which signed the way to Florence. Beauti-
ful

The city lay along the ample vale,
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and
street;

The river trailing like a silver cord

Through all, and curling loosely, both before
 And after, over the whole stretch of land
 Sown whitely up and down its opposite
 slopes,
 With farms and villas."

The reader will find in the volume itself descriptions almost as vivid and charming as the above of English scenery; for Mrs Browning, when her palette is not overcharged with carmine, can paint such things as perfectly as Morland, Gainsborough, or Constable. Witness the few following lines, which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting:—

"I flattered all the beauteous country round,
 As poets use . . the skies, the clouds, the fields,
 The happy violets hiding from the roads
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
 The tangled hedgerows, where the cows
 push out
 Impatient horns and tolerant churning
 mouths
 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows
 all alive
 With birds and gnats and large white
 butterflies
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught
 life
 And palpitated forth upon the wind,—
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
 Farms, granges, doubled up among the
 hills,
 And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
 And cottage-chimneys smoking from the
 woods,
 And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
 Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,'
 I said,
 'And see! is God not with us on the
 earth?
 And shall we put Him down by aught we
 do?
 Who says there's nothing for the poor and
 vile
 Save poverty and wickedness? behold!'
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
 And clapped my hands, and called all very
 fair."

Nor is the great genius of Mrs Browning less conspicuous in other portions of the poem which relate to the natural affections. Once and again, whilst perusing this volume, have we experienced a sensation of regret that one so admirably gifted should have wasted much of her power upon what are, after all, mere artistic experiments, when, by adhering throughout to natural sentiment and natural expression, she might

have produced a work so noble as to leave no room for cavilling or reproach. The tendency to experiment, which is simply a token of a morbid craving for originality, has been the bane of many poets. Their first victory being won, they think it incumbent on them to shift their campaigning-ground, and alter their strategy, forgetful that the method which has brought them success, and which they intuitively adopted because it was most suited to their powers, is precisely that most likely to insure them a future triumph. For ourselves, we are free to confess that we have not much faith in new theories of art; we are rather inclined to class them in the same category with schemes for the regeneration of society. Mrs Browning, beyond all modern poets, has no need of resorting to fantasias for the sake of attracting an audience. For whenever she deserts her theories, and touches a natural chord, we acknowledge her as a mistress of song. In proof of which we cite the description of Marian Erle, the outcast girl, when waking from her trance in the hospital:—

"She stirred;—the place seemed new and strange as death.
 The white strait bed, with others strait and white,
 Like graves dug side by side, at measured lengths,
 And quiet people walking in and out,
 With wonderful low voices and soft steps,
 And appositional equal care for each,
 Astonished her with order, silence, law:
 And when a gentle hand held out a cup,
 She took it, as you do at sacrament,
 Half awed, half melted,—not being used,
 indeed,
 To so much love as makes the form of love
 And courtesy of manners. Delicate drinks
 And rare white bread, to which some dying eyes
 Were turned in observation. O my God,
 How sick we must be, ere we make men
 just!
 I think it frets the saints in heaven to see
 How many desolate creatures on the earth
 Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship
 And social comfort, in a hospital,
 As Marian did. She lay there, stunned,
 half tranced,
 And wished, at intervals of growing sense,
 She might be sicker yet, if sickness made
 The world so marvellous kind, the air so
 hushed,
 And all her wake-time quiet as a sleep;
 For now she understood (as such things
 were)

How sickness ended very oft in heaven,
 Among the unspoken raptures. Yet more
 sick,
 And surelier happy. Then she dropped her
 lids,
 And, folding up her hands as flowers at
 night,
 Would lose no moment of the blessed
 time."

One more quotation, and we have
 done with extracts. We have thought
 it our duty to point out what seemed
 to us egregious faults; but not, on
 that account, are we blind to the
 many beauties of the poem. We
 envy the imagination that can con-
 ceive a sweeter picture than this:—

"Marian's good,
 Gentle and loving,—lets me hold the child,
 Or drags him up the hills to find me
 flowers,
 And fill those vases, ere I'm quite awake,—
 The grandiose red tulips, which grow wild,
 Or else my purple lilies, Dante blew
 To a larger bubble with his prophet-
 breath;
 Or one of those tall flowering reeds which
 stand
 In Arno like a sheaf of sceptres, left
 By some remote dynasty of dead gods,
 To suck the stream for ages and get green,
 And blossom whereso'er a hand divine
 Had warmed the place with ichor. Such
 I've found
 At early morning, laid across my bed,
 And woke up pelted with a childish laugh
 Which even Marian's low precipitous
 'hush'
 Had vainly interposed to put away,—
 While I, with shut eyes, smile and motion
 for
 The dewy kiss that's very sure to come
 From mouth and cheeks, the whole child's
 face at once
 Dissolved on mine,—as if a nosegay burst
 Its string with the weight of roses over-
 blown,
 And dropt upon me. Surely I should be
 glad.
 The little creature almost loves me now,
 And calls my name . . . 'Alola,' stripping
 off
 The *rs* like thorns, to make it smooth
 enough
 To take between his dainty, milk-fed lips,
 God love him!"

It has been well remarked that
 the chief defect of modern British
 poems consists in the carelessness of
 their construction. Plot, arrange-
 ment, and even probability, are re-
 garded as things of minor moment;
 and the whole attention of the artist
 is lavished upon expression. This, if
 we are to judge from antecedents, is
 a symptom of literary decadence.
 The same tendency is observable in

the later literature of Greece and
 Rome; nay, it may be remarked with-
 in a narrower sphere—as, for example,
 in the writings of Euripides—the last
 of the great Hellenic triumvirate.
 Æschylus excelled in energy and mas-
 culine strength; Sophocles in his
 development of the passions; Euri-
 pides in expression—but, with Euri-
 pides, Athenian tragedy declined. It
 is ever an evil sign when mere talk
 is considered by a nation as some-
 thing preferable to action, for it
 shows that sound and pretension are
 becoming more esteemed than sense
 and deliberate purpose. We might,
 upon this text, say something the re-
 verse of complimentary to a large
 body of politicians; but we refrain
 from mingling the political with the
 poetical element. It is, however, im-
 possible to deny the fact that, by
 many, brilliant writing, or writing
 which seems brilliant, is esteemed as
 of the highest kind, without regard
 to congruity or design. This is a
 grievous error, which cannot be ex-
 posed too broadly; and to it we trace
 the almost total extinction, in our
 own day, of the British drama. Our
 great dramatists, with Shakespeare
 at their head, succeeded in gaining
 the attention of the public by the
 interest of their plots, far more than
 by the felicity of their diction; and
 until that truth is again recognised
 and acted on, we need not expect a
 resuscitation of the drama. Also be
 it remembered, that a plot—that is, a
 theme—well-considered, developed,
 and divided, must, to make it effec-
 tive, be adequately and naturally
 expressed. Adequate expression is
 no more than the proper language of
 emotion; and emotion must be trac-
 able to some evident and intelligible
 cause. All this is disregarded by our
 "new poets," as they love to style
 themselves, who come upon their
 imaginary stage, tearing their hair,
 proclaiming their inward wretched-
 ness, and spouting sorry metaphysics
 in still sorrier verse, for no imagin-
 able reason whatever. One of them
 has the curse of genius upon him,
 and seems to think that delirium is
 the normal state of the human mind.
 Another rails at Providence because
 he has not been placed in a situation
 which he supposes commensurate to

his merits. A third, when he sets his characters in motion, pulls the strings so violently as to make them leap like fantoccini. A fourth is a mere crowder, and spins merciless rigmatales about the "heart of the coming age." Now, with the exception of the crowder, each of these men has some intellect and power; but they do not know how to apply it. They think that the public will be content to receive their crude thoughts as genuine notes of issue from the Bank of Genius, if so be that they are dressed up in a gaudy, glittering, and hyperbolic form; and they ransack, not only earth and sea, but heaven itself for ornaments. All this while they forget that there is no meaning in their talk; that people who are desirous to hear a story, do not call the minstrel in for the purpose of listening to his disappointed aspirations, or the bleatings of his individual woes, but because they require of him, as a professed member of the greatest craft since the prophets disappeared, a tale of energy or emotion that shall stir the heart, or open one of the many fountains of our common sympathy.

We could wish—though wishes avail not for the past—that Mrs Browning had selected a more natural and intelligible theme which would have given full scope for the display of her extraordinary powers; and we trust that she will yet reconsider her opinion as to the abstract fitness for poetical use of a subject illustrative of the times in which we live. It may be that there is no difficulty which genius cannot conquer; at the same time, we cannot

commend the wisdom of those who go out of their way on purpose to search for difficulties. It is curious to observe that poets in all ages have shrunk from the task of chronicling contemporaneous deeds. These are first consigned to the tutelage of the muse of history; nor is it until time has done its consecrating office, that poetry ventures to approach them. The bards of old touched their harps, not for the glorification of their compatriots, but in memory of the deeds of their ancestors. No one supposes that the time has yet arrived when the Peninsular War or the sea-victories of Britain can be taken up as proper epical themes, though Nelson and Wellington have both entered into the famous mansions of the dead. This universal repugnance to the adoption of immediate subjects for poetical treatment, seems to us a very strong argument against its propriety; and certainly Mrs Browning has not succeeded, by practice, in establishing her theory. There is sound truth in the observation that no man ever yet was a hero in the eyes of his valet, and the remark is equally just if we extend it from individuals to the masses. We select our demigods from the dead, not from the living. We cannot allow fancy to be trammelled in its work by perpetual reference to realities.

Still, with all its faults, this is a remarkable poem; strong in energy, rich in thought, abundant in beauty; and it more than sustains that high reputation which, by her previous efforts, Mrs Browning has so honourably won.

THE ATHELINGS ; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CHARLIE.

THE next day was the day of Charlie's arrival. His mother and sisters looked for him with anxiety, pleasure, and a little nervousness—much concerned about Papa's opinion, and not at all indifferent to Charlie's own. Rachel, who for two days past had been in a state of perfectly flighty and overpowering happiness, joined the Athelings this evening, at the risk of being "wanted" by Mrs Edgerley, and falling under her displeasure, with a perfectly innocent and unconscious disregard of any possible wish on the part of her friends to be alone with their new-come brother. Rachel could form no idea whatever of that half-wished-for, half-dreaded judgment of Papa, the anticipation of which so greatly subdued Marian, and made Mrs Atheling herself so grave and pale. Louis, with a clearer perception of the family crisis, kept away, though, as his sister wisely judged, at no great distance, chewing the cud of desperate and bitter fancy, almost half-repenting, for the moment, of the rash attachment which had put himself and all his disadvantages upon the judicial examination of a father and a brother. The idea of this family committee sitting upon him, investigating and commenting upon his miserable story, galled to the utmost the young man's fiery spirit. He had no real idea whatever of that good and affectionate father, who was to Marian the first of men,—and had not the faintest conception of the big boy. So it was only an abstract father and brother—the most disagreeable of the species—at whom Louis chafed in his irritable imagination. He too had come already out of the first hurried flush of delight and triumph, to consider the step he had taken. Strangely into the joy and pride of the young lover's dream came bitter and heavy spectres of self-reproach and foreboding—he, who had ventured to

bind to himself the heart of a sensitive and tender girl—he, who had already thrown a shadow over her young life, filled her with premature anxieties, and communicated to these young eyes, instead of their fearless natural brightness, a wistful forecasting gaze into an adverse world—he, who had not even a name to share with his bride! On this memorable evening, Louis paced about by himself, crushing down the rusted fern as he strode through the wood in painful self-communion. The wind was high among the trees, and grew wild and fitful as the night advanced, bringing down showers of leaves into all the hollows, and raving with the most desolate sound in nature among the high tops of the Scotch firs, which stood grouped by themselves, a reserved and austere brotherhood, on one side of Badgeley Wood. Out of this leafy wilderness, the evening lay quiet enough upon the open fields, the wan gleams of water, and the deserted highway; but the clouds opened in a clear rift of wistful, windy, colourless sky, just over Oxford, catching with its pale half-light the mingled pinnacles and towers. Louis was too much engrossed either to see or to hear the eerie sights and sounds of the night, yet they had their influence upon him unawares.

In the mean time, and at the same moment, in the quiet country gloaming, which was odd, but by no means melancholy to him, Charlie trudged sturdily up the high-road, carrying his own little bag, and thinking his own thoughts. And down the same road, one talking a good deal, one very little, and one not at all, the three girls went to meet him, three light and graceful figures, in dim autumnal dresses—for now the evenings became somewhat cold—fit figures for this sweet half-light, which looked pleasant here, though it was

so pale and ghostly in the wood. The first was Rachel, who, greatly exhilarated by her unusual freedom, and by all that had happened during these few days past, almost led the little party, protesting she was sure to know Charlie, and very near giddy in her unthinking and girlish delight. The second was Agnes, who was very thoughtful and somewhat grave, yet still could answer her companion; the third, a step behind, coming along very slow and downcast, with her veil over her drooping face, and a shadow upon her palpitating little heart, was Marian, in whose gentle mind was something very like a heavy and despondent shadow of the tumult which distracted her betrothed. Yet not that either—for there was no tumult, but only a pensive and oppressive sadness, under which the young sufferer remained very still, not caring to say a word. "What would papa say?" that was the only audible voice in Marian Atheling's heart.

"There now, I am sure it is him—there he is," cried Rachel; and it was Charlie, beyond dispute, shouldering his carpet-bag. The greeting was kindly enough, but it was not at all sentimental, which somewhat disappointed Rachel, at whom Charlie gazed with visible curiosity. When they turned with him, leading him home, Marian fell still farther back, and drooped more than ever. Perhaps the big boy was moved with a momentary sympathy—more likely it was simple mischief. "So," said Charlie in her ear, "the Yankee's cut out."

Marian started a little, looked at him eagerly, and put her hand with an appealing gesture on his arm. "Oh, Charlie, what did papa say?" asked Marian, with her heart in her eyes.

Charlie wavered for a moment between his boyish love of torture and a certain dormant tenderness at the bottom of his full man's heart, which this great event happening to Marian had touched into life all at once. The kinder sentiment prevailed after a moment's pause of wicked intention. "My father was not angry, May," said the lad; and he drew his shrinking sister's pretty hand

through his own arm roughly but kindly, pleased to feel his own boyish strength a support to her. Marian was so young too—very little beyond the rapid vicissitudes of a child. She bounded forward on Charlie's arm at the words, drooping no longer, but triumphant and at ease in a moment, hurrying him up the ascending high-road at a pace which did not at all suit Charlie, and outstripping the entire party in her sudden flight to her mother with the good news. That Papa should not be angry was all that Marian desired or hoped.

At the door, in the darkness, the hasty girl ran into Mamma's arms. "My father is not angry," she exclaimed, out of breath, faithfully repeating Charlie's words; and then Marian, once more the most serviceable of domestic managers, hastened to light the candles on the tea-table, to draw the chairs around this kindly board, to warn Hannah of the approach of the heir of the house. Hannah came out into the hall to stand behind Mrs Atheling, and drop a respectful curtsy to the young gentleman. The punctilious old family attendant would have been inconsolable had she missed this opportunity of "showing her manners," and was extremely grateful to Miss Marian, who did not forget her, though she had so many things to think of of her own.

The addition of Rachel slightly embarrassed the family party, and it had the most marvellous effect upon Charlie, who had never before known any female society except that of his sisters. Charlie was full three years younger than the young stranger—distance enough to justify her in treating him as a boy, and him in conceiving the greatest admiration for her. Charlie, of all things in the world, grew actually *shy* in the company of his sister's friend. He became afraid of committing himself, and at last began partly to believe his mother's often repeated strictures on his "manners." He did unquestionably look so big, so *brusque*, so clumsy, beside this pretty little fairy Rachel, and his own graceful sisters. Charlie hitched up his great shoulders, retreated under the shadow of

all those cloudy furrows on his brow, and had actually nothing to say. And Mrs Atheling, occupied with her husband's long and anxious letter, forbore to question him; and the girls, anxious as they still were, did not venture to say anything before Rachel. They were not at all at their ease, and somewhat dull as they sat in the dim parlour, inventing conversation, and trying not to show their visitor that she was in the way. But she found it out at last, with a little uneasy start and blush, and hastened to get her bonnet and say good-night. No one seemed to fear that it would be difficult to find Rachel's escort, who was found ac-

cordingly the moment they appeared in the garden, starting, as he did the first time of their meeting, from the darkness of the angle at the end of the hedge. Marian ran forward to him, giving Charlie's message as it came all rosy and hopeful through the alembic of her own comforted imagination. "Papa is quite pleased," said Marian, with her smiles and her blushes. She did not perceive the suppressed vexation of Louis's brow as he tried to brighten at her news. For Marian could not have understood how this haughty and undisciplined young spirit could scarcely manage to bow itself to the approbation and judgment even of Papa.

CHAPTER XXX.—A CONSULTATION.

"And now, Charlie, my dear boy, I quite calculate on your knowing about it, since you have been so long at the law," said Mrs Atheling: "your father is so much taken up about other matters, that he really says very little about this. What are we to do?"

Charlie, whose mobile brow was shifting up and shifting down with all the marks of violent cogitation, bit his thumb at this, and took time before he answered it. "The first thing to be done," said Charlie, with a little dogmatism, "is to see what evidence can be had—that's what we have got to do. Has nobody found any papers of the old lady's?—she was sure to have a lot—all your old women have."

"No one even thought of looking," said Agnes, suddenly glancing up at the old cabinet with all its brass rings—while Marian, restored to all her gay spirits, promptly took her brother to task for his contempt of old women. "You ought to see Miss Anastasia—she is a great deal bigger than you," cried Marian, pulling a shaggy lock of Charlie's black hair.

"Stuff!—who's Miss Anastasia?" was the reply.

"And that reminds me," said Mrs Atheling, "that we ought to have let her know. Do you remember what she said, Agnes?—she was quite sure my lord was thinking of something—and we were to let her know."

"What about, mother?—and who's

Miss Anastasia?" asked Charlie once more: he had to repeat his question several times before any answer came.

"Who is Miss Anastasia? My dear, I forgot you were a stranger. She is—well, really I cannot pretend to describe Miss Rivers," said Mrs Atheling, with a little nervousness. "I have always had a great respect for her, and so has your father. She is a very remarkable person, Charlie. I never have known any one like her all my life."

"But *who* is she, mother? Is she any good?" repeated the impatient youth.

Mrs Atheling looked at her son with a certain horror. "She is one of the most remarkable persons in the county," said Mrs Atheling, with all the local spirit of a Banburyshire woman, born and bred—"she is a great scholar, and a lady of fortune, and the only child of the old lord. How strange the ways of Providence are, children!—what a difference it might have made in everything had Miss Anastasia been born a man instead of a woman. Indeed," confessed Mamma, breaking off in an under-tone, "I do really believe it would have been more suitable, even for herself."

"I suppose we're to come at it at last," said Charlie despairingly: "she's a daughter of the tother lord—now, I want to know what she's got to do with us."

"My dear," said Mrs Atheling eagerly, and with evident pleasure, "I wrote to your father, I am sure, all about it. She has called upon us twice in the most friendly way, and has quite taken a liking for the girls."

"And she was old Aunt Bridget's pupil, and her great friend; and it was on account of her that the old lord gave Aunt Bridget this house," added Agnes, finding out, though not very cleverly, what Charlie's questions meant.

"And she hates Lord Winterbourne," said Marian in an expressive appendix, with a distinct emphasis of sympathy and approval on the words.

"Now I call that satisfaction," said Charlie,—"*that's something like the thing.* So I suppose she must have had to do with the whole business, and knows all about it—eh? Why didn't you tell me so at once—why, she's the first person to see, of course. I had better seek her out to-morrow morning—first thing."

"You!" Mamma looked with motherly anxiety, mixed with disapproval. It was so impossible, even with the aid of all partialities, to make out Charlie to be handsome. And Miss Anastasia came of a handsome race, and had a prejudice in favour of good looks. Then, though his large loose limbs began to be a little more firmly knitted and less unmanageable, and though he was now drawing near eighteen, he was still only a boy. "My dear," said Mrs Atheling, "she is a very particular old lady, and takes dislikes sometimes, and very proud besides, and might not desire to be intruded on; and I think, after all, as you do not know her, and they do—I think it would be much better if the girls were to go."

"The girls!" exclaimed Charlie with a boy's contempt—"a great deal they know about the business! You listen to me, mother. I've been reading up hard for six months, and I know something about the evidence that does for a court of law—women don't—it's not in reason; for I'd like to see the woman that could stand old Foggo's office, pegging in at these old fellows for precedent, and all that stuff. You don't suppose I mind

what your old lady thinks of me—and I know what I want, which is the main thing, after all. You tell me where she lives—that's all I want to know—and see if I don't make something of it before another day."

"Where she lives?—it is six miles off, Charlie: you don't know the way—and, indeed, you don't know her either, my poor boy."

"Don't you trouble about that—that's my business, mother," said Charlie; "and a man can't lose his way in the country unless he tries—a long road, and a fingerpost at every crossing. When a man wants to lose himself, he had better go to the City—there's no fear in your plain country roads. You set me on the right way—you know all the places hereabout—and just for this once, mother, trust me, and let me manage it my own way."

"I always did trust you, Charlie," said Mrs Atheling evasively; but she did not half like her son's enterprise, and greatly objected to put Miss Anastasia's friendship in jeopardy by such an intrusion as this.

However, the young gentleman now declared himself tired, and was conducted up-stairs in state, by his mother and sisters—first to Mrs Atheling's own room to inspect it, and kiss, half reluctantly, half with genuine fondness, the little slumbering cherub faces of Bell and Beau. Then he had a glimpse of the snowy decorations of that young-womanly and pretty apartment of his sisters, and was finally ushered into the little back-room, his own den, from which the lumber had been cleared on purpose for his reception. They left him then to his repose, and dreams, if the couch of this young gentleman was ever visited by such fairy visitants, and retired again themselves to that dim parlour, to read over in conclave Papa's letter, and hold a final consultation as to what everybody should do.

Papa's letter was very long, very anxious, and very affectionate, and had cost Papa all the leisure of two long evenings, and all his unoccupied hours for two days at the office. He blamed his wife a little, but it was very quietly,—he was grieved for the premature step the young people had

taken, but did not say a great deal about his grief,—and he was extremely concerned, and evidently did not express half of his concern, about his pretty Marian, for whom he permitted himself to say he had expected a very different fate. There was not much said of personal repugnance to Louis, and little comment upon his parentage, but they could see well enough that Papa felt the matter very deeply, and that it needed all his affection for themselves, and all his charity for the stranger, to reconcile him to it. But they were both very young, he said, *and must do nothing precipitate*—which sentence Papa made very emphatic by a very black and double underscoring, and which Mrs Atheling, but fortunately not Marian, understood to mean that it was a possibility almost to be hoped for, that this might turn out one of those boy-and-girl engagements made to be broken, and never come to anything after all.

It was consolatory certainly, and

set their minds at rest, but it was not a very cheering letter, and by no means justified Marian's joyful announcement that "papa was quite pleased." And so much was the good father taken up with his child's fortune, that it was only in a postscript he took any notice of Lord Winterbourne's summons and their precarious holding of the Old Wood Lodge. "We will resist, of course," said Papa. He did not know a great deal more about how to resist than they did, so he wisely left the question to Charlie, and to "another day."

And now came the question, what everybody was to do? which gradually narrowed into much smaller limits, and became wholly concerned with what Charlie was to do, and whether he should visit Miss Anastasia. He had made up his mind to it with no lack of decision. What could his mother and his sisters say, save make a virtue of necessity, and yield their assent.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CHARLIE'S MISSION.

Early on the next morning, accordingly, Charlie set out for Abingford. It was with difficulty he escaped a general superintendence of his toilette and prevailed upon his mother to content herself with brushing his coat, and putting into something like arrangement the stray locks of his hair; but at last, tolerably satisfied with his appearance, and giving him many anxious instructions as to his demeanour towards Miss Anastasia, Mrs Atheling suffered him to depart upon his important errand. The road was the plainest of country roads, through the wood and over the hill, with scarcely a turn to distract the regard of the traveller. A late September morning, sunny and sweet, with yellow leaves sometimes dropping down upon the wind, and all the autumn foliage in a flush of many colours under the cool blue, and floating clouds of a somewhat dullish yet kindly sky. The deep underground of ferns, where they were not brown, were feathering away into a rich yellow, which relieved and

brought out all the more strongly the harsh dark green of these vigorous fronds, rusted with seed; and piles of firewood stood here and there, tied up in big fagots, provision for the approaching winter. The birds sang gaily, still stirring among the trees; and now and then into the still air, and far-off rural hum, came the sharp report of a gun, or the ringing bark of a dog. Charlie pushed upon his way, wasting little time in observation, yet observing for all that, with the novel pleasure of a town-bred lad, and owning a certain exhilaration in his face, and in his breast, as he sped along the country road, with its hedges and strips of herbage; that straight, clear, even road, with its milestones and fingerposts, and one market-cart coming along in leisurely rural fashion, half a mile off upon the far-seen way. The walk to Abingford was a long walk even for Charlie, and it was nearly an hour and a half from the time of his leaving home, when he began to perceive glimpses through the leaves of a little maze of water,

two or three streams, splitting into fantastic islands the houses and roofs before him, and came in sight of an old gateway, with two windows and a high peaked roof over it, which strode across the way. Charlie, who was entirely unacquainted with such peculiarities of architecture, made a pause of half-contemptuous boyish observation, looking up at the windows, and supposing it must be rather odd to live over an archway. Then he bethought him of asking a loitering country lad to direct him to the Priory, which was done in the briefest manner possible, by pointing round the side of the gate to a large door which almost seemed to form part of it. "There it be," said Charlie's informant, and Charlie immediately made his assault upon the big door.

Miss Rivers was at home. He was shown into a large dim room full of books, with open windows, and green blinds let down to the floor, through which the visitor could only catch an uncertain glimpse of waving branches, and a lawn which sloped to the pale little river: the room was hung with portraits, which there was not light enough to see, and gave back a dull glimmer from the glass of its great bookcases. There was a large writing-table before the fireplace, and a great easy-chair placed by it. This was where Miss Anastasia transacted business; but Charlie had not much time, if he had inclination, for a particular survey of the apartment, for he could hear a quick and decided step descending a stair, as it seemed, and crossing over the hall. "Charles Atheling—who's *Charles* Atheling?" said a peremptory voice outside. "I know no one of the name."

With the words on her lips Miss Anastasia entered the room. She wore a loose morning-dress, belted round her waist with a buckled girdle, and a big tippet of the same; and her cap, which was not intended to be pretty, but only to be comfortable, came down close over her ears, snow white, and of the finest cambric, but looking very homely and familiar indeed to the puzzled eyes of Charlie. Not her homely cap, however, nor her odd dress, could make Miss Anastasia less imperative or formi-

dable. "Well, sir," she said, coming in upon him without very much ceremony, "which of the Athelings do you belong to, and what do you want with me?"

"I belong to the Old Wood Lodge," said Charlie, almost as briefly, "and I want to ask what you know about it, and how it came into Aunt Bridget's hands."

"What I know about it? Of course I know everything about it," said Miss Anastasia. "So you're young Atheling, are you? You're not at all like your pretty sisters; not clever either, so far as I can see, eh? What are you good for, boy?"

Charlie did not say "stuff!" aloud, but it was only by a strong effort of self-control. He was not at all disposed to give any answer to the question. "What has to be done in the mean time is to save my father's property," said Charlie, with a boyish flush of offence.

"Save it, boy! who's threatening your father's property? What! do you mean to tell me already that he's fallen foul of Will Atheling?" said the old lady, drawing her big easy-chair to her big writing-table, and motioning Charlie to draw near. "Eh? why don't you speak? tell me the whole at once."

"Lord Winterbourne has sent us notice to leave," said Charlie; "he says the Old Wood Lodge was only Aunt Bridget's for life, and is his now. I have set the girls to look up the old lady's papers; we ourselves know nothing about it, and I concluded the first thing to be done was to come and ask you."

"Good," said Miss Anastasia; "you were perfectly right. Of course it is a lie."

This was said perfectly in a matter-of-course fashion, without the least idea, apparently, on the part of the old lady, that there was anything astonishing in the lie which came from Lord Winterbourne.

"I know everything about it," she continued; "my father made over the little house to my dear old professor, when we supposed she would have occasion to leave me: *that* turned out a vain separation, thanks to *him* again;" and here Miss Rivers grew white for an instant, and pressed

her lips together. "Please Heaven, my boy, he'll not be successful this time. No. I know everything about it; we'll foil my lord in this."

"But there must have been a deed," said Charlie; "do you know where the papers are?"

"Papers! I tell you I am acquainted with every circumstance—I myself. You can call me as a witness," said the old lady. "No, I can't tell you where the papers are. What's about them? eh? Do you mean to say they are of more consequence than me?"

"There are sure to be documents on the other side," said Charlie; "the original deed would settle the question, without needing even a trial: without it Lord Winterbourne has the better chance. Personal testimony is not equal to documents in a case like this."

"Young Atheling," said Miss Rivers, drawing herself up to her full height, "do you think a jury of this county would weigh *his* word against mine?"

Charlie was considerably embarrassed. "I suppose not," he said, somewhat abruptly; "but this is not a thing of words. Lord Winterbourne will never appear at all; but if he has any papers to produce proving his case, the matter will be settled at once; and unless we have counterbalancing evidence of the same kind, we'd better give it up before it comes that length."

He said this half impatient, half despairing. Miss Rivers evidently took up this view of the question with dissatisfaction; but as he persevered in it, came gradually to turn her thoughts to other means of assisting him. "But I know of no papers," she said, with disappointment; "my father's solicitor, to be sure, he

is the man to apply to. I shall make a point of seeing him to-morrow; and what papers I have I will look over. By the by, now I remember it, the Old Wood Lodge belonged to her grandfather or great-grandfather, dear old soul, and came to us by some mortgage or forfeit. It was given back—*restored*, not bestowed upon her; for her life! I should like to find out now what he means by such a lie!"

Charlie, who could throw no light upon this subject, rose to go, somewhat disappointed, though not at all discouraged. The old lady stopped him on his way, carried him off to another room, and administered, half against Charlie's will, a glass of wine. "Now, young Atheling, you can go," said Miss Anastasia. "I'll remember both you and your business. What are they bringing you up to? eh?"

"I'm in a solicitor's office," said Charlie.

"Just so—quite right," said Miss Anastasia. "Let me see you baffle *him*, and I'll be your first client. Now go away to your pretty sisters, and tell your mother not to alarm herself. I'll come to the Lodge in a day or two; and if there's documents to be had, you shall have them. Under any circumstances," continued the old lady, dismissing him with a certain stateliness, "you can call *me*."

But though she was a great lady, and the most remarkable person in the county, Charlie did not appreciate this permission half so much as he would have appreciated some bit of wordy parchment. He walked back again, much less sure of his case than when he set out with the hope of finding all he wanted at Abingford.

CHAPTER XXXII.—SEARCH.

When Charlie reached home again, very tired, and in a somewhat moody frame of mind, he found the room littered with various old boxes undergoing examination, and Agnes seated before the cabinet, with a lapful of letters, and her face bright with interest and excitement, looking them over. At the present moment,

she held something of a very perplexing nature in her hand, which the trained eye of Charlie caught instantly, with a flash of triumph. Agnes herself was somewhat excited about it, and Marian stood behind her, looking over her shoulder, and vainly trying to decipher the ancient writing. "It's something, mamma," cried

Agnes. "I am sure, if Charlie saw it, he would think it something; but I cannot make out what it is. Here is somebody's seal and somebody's signature, and there, I am sure, that is Atheling; and a date, 'xij. of May, M.D.LXXII.' What does that mean, Marian? M. a thousand, D. five hundred; there it is! I am sure it is an old deed—a real something ancestral—1572!"

"Give it to me," said Charlie, stretching his hand for it over her shoulder. No one had heard him come in.

"Oh, Charlie, what did Miss Anastasia say?" cried Marian, and Agnes immediately turned round away from the cabinet, and Mamma laid down her work. Charlie, however, took full time to examine the yellow old document they had found, though he did not acknowledge that it posed him scarcely less than themselves, before he spoke.

"She said she'd look up her papers, and speak to the old gentleman's solicitor. I don't see that *she's* much good to us," said Charlie. "She says I might call her as a witness, but what's the good of a witness against documents? This has nothing to do with Aunt Bridget, Agnes—have you found nothing more than this? Why, you know there must have been a deed of some kind. The old lady could not have been so foolish as to throw away her title. Property without title-deeds is not worth a straw; and the man that drew up her will is my lord's solicitor! I say, he must be what the Yankees call a smart man this Lord Winterbourne."

"I am afraid he has no principle, my dear," said Mrs Atheling with a sigh.

"And a very bad man—everybody hates him," said Marian under her breath.

She spoke so low that she did not receive that reproving look of Mamma which was wont to check such exclamations. Marian, though she had a will of her own, and was never like to fall into a mere shadow and reflection of her lover, as his poor little sister did, had unconsciously imbibed Louis's sentiments. She did not know what it was to *hate*, this innocent girl. Had she seen Lord Winterbourne

thrown from his horse, or overturned out of his carriage, these ferocious sentiments would have melted in an instant into help and pity; but in the abstract view of the matter, Marian pronounced with emotion the great man's sentence, "Everybody hates Lord Winterbourne."

"That is what the old lady said," exclaimed Charlie; "she asked me who I thought would believe him against her? But that's not the question. I don't want to pit one man against another. My father's worth twenty of Lord Winterbourne! But that's no matter. The law cares nothing at all for his principles. What title has he got, and what title have you?—that's what the law's got to say. Now, I'll either have something to put in against him, or I'll not plead. It's no use taking a step in the matter without proof."

"And won't that do, Charlie?" asked Mrs Atheling, looking wistfully at the piece of parchment, signed and sealed, which was in Charlie's hands.

"That! why, it's two hundred and fifty years old!" said Charlie. "I don't see what it refers to yet, but it's very clear it can't be to Miss Bridget. No, mother, that won't do."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs Atheling, "I am very sorry to think of it; but, after all, we have not been very long here, and we might have laid out more money, and formed more attachments to the place, if we had gone on much longer; and I think I shall be very glad to get back to Bellevue. Marian, my love, don't cry; this need not make any difference with *anything*; but I think it is far better just to make up our minds to it, and give up the Old Wood Lodge."

"Mother! do you think I mean that?" cried Charlie; "we must find the papers, that's what we must do. My father's as good an Englishman as the first lord in the kingdom; I'd not give in to the king unless he was in the right."

"And not even then, unless you could not help it," said Agnes, laughing; "but I am not half done yet; there is still a great quantity of letters—and I should not be at all surprised if this romantic old cabinet, like an old bureau in a novel, had a secret drawer."

Animated by this idea, Marian ran to the antique little piece of furniture, pressing every projection with her pretty fingers, and examining into every creak. But there was no secret drawer—a fact which became all the more apparent when a drawer *was* discovered, which once had closed with a spring. The spring was broken, and the once-secret place was open, desolate, and empty. Miss Bridget, good old lady, had no secrets, or at least she had not made any provision for them here.

Agnes went on with her examination the whole afternoon, drawn aside and deluded to pursue the history of old Aunt Bridget's life through scores of yellow old letters, under the pretence that something might be found in some of them to throw light upon this matter; for a great many letters of Miss Bridget's own—careful “studies” for the production itself—were tied up among the others; and it would have been amusing, if it had not been sad, to sit on this little eminence of time, looking over that strange faithful self-record of the little weaknesses, the ladylike pretences, the grand Johnsonian diction of the old lady who was dead. Poor old lady! Agnes became quite abashed and ashamed of herself when she felt a smile stealing over her lip. It seemed something like profanity to ransack the old cabinet, and smile at it. In its way, this, as truly as the grass-mound in Winterbourne churchyard, was Aunt Bridget's grave.

But still nothing could be found. Charlie occupied himself during the remainder of the day in giving a necessary notice to Mr Lewis the solicitor, that they had made up their minds to resist Lord Winterbourne's claim; and when the evening closed in, and the candles were lighted, Louis made his first public appearance since the arrival of the stranger, somewhat cloudy, and full of all his old haughtiness. This cloud vanished in an instant at the first glance. Whatever Charlie's qualities were, criticism was not one of them; it was clear that though his “No” might be formidable enough of itself,

Charlie had not been a member of any solemn committee, sitting upon the pretensions of Louis. He gave no particular regard to Louis even now, but sat poring over the old deed, deciphering it with the most patient laboriousness, with his head very close over the paper, and a pair of spectacles assisting his eyes. The spectacles were lent by Mamma, who kept them, not secretly, but with a little reserve, in her work-basket, for special occasions when she had some very fine stitching to do, or was busy with delicate needle-work by candle-light; and nothing could have been more oddly inappropriate to the face of Charlie, with all the furrows of his brow rolled down over his eyebrows, and his indomitable upper-lip pressed hard upon its fellow, than these same spectacles. Then they made him short-sighted, and were only of use when he leaned closely over the paper—Charlie did not mind, though his shoulders ached and his eyes filled with water. He was making it out!

And Agnes, for her part, sat absorbed with her lapful of old letters, reading them all over with passing smiles and gravities, growing into acquaintance with ever so many extinct affairs,—old stories long ago come to the one conclusion which unites all men. Though she felt herself virtuously reading for a purpose, she had forgotten all about the purpose long ago, and was only wandering on and on by a strange attraction, as if through a city of the dead. But it was quite impossible to think of the dead among these yellow old papers—the littlest trivial things of life were so quite living in them, in these unconscious natural inferences and implications. And Louis and Marian, sometimes speaking and often silent, were going through their own present romance and story; and Mamma, in her sympathetic middle age, with her work-basket, was tenderly overlooking all. In the little dim country parlour, lighted with the two candles, what a strange epitome there was of a whole world and a universal life.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—DOUBTS AND FEARS.

Louis had not been told till this day of the peril which threatened the little inheritance of the Athelings. When he did hear of it, the young man gnashed his teeth with that impotent rage which is agony, desperate under the oppression which makes even wise men mad. He scorned to say a word of any further indignities put upon himself; but Rachel told of them with tears and outcries almost hysterical—how my lord had challenged him with bitter taunts to put on his livery and earn the bread he ate—how he had been expelled from his room which he had always occupied, and had an apartment now among the rooms of the servants—and how Lord Winterbourne threatened to advertise him publicly as a vagabond and runaway if he ventured beyond the bounds of the village, or tried to thrust himself into any society. Poor little Rachel, when she came in the morning faint and heart-broken to tell her story, could scarcely speak for tears, and was only with great difficulty soothed to a moderate degree of calm. But still she shrank with the strangest repugnance from going away. It scarcely could be attachment to the home of her youth, for it had always been an unhappy shelter—nor could it be love for any of the family; the little timid spirit feared she knew not what terrors in the world with which she had so little acquaintance. Lord Winterbourne to her was not a mere English peer, of influence only in a certain place and sphere, but an omnipotent oppressor, from whose power it would be impossible to escape, and whose vigilance could not be eluded. If she tried to smile at the happy devices of Agnes and Marian, how to establish herself in their own room at Bellevue, and lodge Louis close at hand, it was a very wan and sickly smile. She confessed it was dreadful to think that he should remain, exposed to all these insults; but she shrank with fear and trembling from the idea of Louis going away.

The next evening, just before the

sun set, the whole youthful party—for Rachel, by a rare chance, was not to be “wanted” to-night—strayed along the grassy road in a body towards the church. Agnes and Marian were both with Louis, who had been persuaded at last to speak of his own persecutions, while Rachel came behind with Charlie, kindly pointing out for him the far-off towers of Oxford, the two rivers wandering in a maze, and all the features of the scene which Charlie did not know, and amused, sad as she was, in her conscious seniority and womanhood, at the shyness of the lad. Charlie actually began to be touched with a wandering breath of sentiment, had been seen within the last two days reading a poetry book, and was really in a very odd and suspicious “way.”

“No,” said Louis, upon whom his betrothed and her sister were hanging eagerly, comforting and persuading—“no; I am not in a worse position. It stings me at the moment, I confess; but I am filled with contempt for the man who insults me, and his words lose their power. I could almost be seduced to stay when he begins to struggle with me after this downright fashion; but you are perfectly right for all that, and within a few days I must go away.”

“A few days? O Louis!” cried Marian, clinging to his arm.

“Yes; I have a good mind to say to-morrow, to enhance my own value,” said Louis. “I am tempted—ay, both to go and stay—for sake of the clinging of these little hands. Never mind, our mother will come home all the sooner; and what do you suppose I will do?”

“I think indeed, Louis, you should speak to the Rector,” said Agnes, with a little anxiety. “O no; it is very cruel of you, and you are quite wrong; he did not mean to be very kind in that mocking way—he meant what he said—he wanted to do you service; and so he would, and vindicate you when you were gone, if you only would cease to be so very grand for two minutes, and let him know.”

"Am I so very grand?" said Louis, with a momentary pique. "I have nothing to do with your rectors—I know what he meant, whatever he might say."

"It is a great deal more than he does himself, I am sure of that," said Agnes, with a puzzled air. "He means what he says, but he does not always know what he means; and neither do I."

Marian tried a trembling little laugh at her sister's perplexity, but they were rather too much moved for laughing, and it did not do.

"Now, I will tell you what my plan is," said Louis. "I do not know what he thinks of me, nor do I expect to find his opinion very favourable; but as that is all I can look for anywhere, it will be the better probation for me," he added, with a rising colour and an air of haughtiness. "I will not enlist, Marian. I have no longer any dreams of the marshal's *baton* in the soldier's knapsack. I give up rank and renown to those who can strive for them. You must be content with such honour as a man can have in his own person, Marian. When I leave you, I will go at once to your father."

"Oh, Louis, will you? I am so glad, so proud!" and again the little hands pressed his arm, and Marian looked up to him with her radiant face. He had not felt before how perfectly magnanimous and noble his resolution was.

"I think it will be very right," said Agnes, who was not so enthusiastic; "and my father will be pleased to see you, Louis, though you doubt him as you doubt all men. But look, who is this coming here?"

They were scarcely coming here, seeing they were standing still under the porch of the church, a pair of very tall figures, very nearly equal in altitude, though much unlike each other. One of them was the Rector, who stood with a solemn bored look at the door of his church, which he had just closed, listening, without any answer save now and then a grave and ceremonious bow, to the other "individual," who was talking very fluently, and sufficiently loud to be heard by others than the Rector. "Oh, Agnes!" cried Marian, and "Hush, May!"

answered her sister; they both recognised the stranger at a glance.

"Yes, this is the pride of the old country," said the voice; "here, sir, we can still perceive upon the sands of time the footprints of our Saxon ancestors. I say ours, for my youthful and aspiring nation boasts as the brightest star in her banner the Anglo-Saxon blood. *We* preserve the free institutions—the hatred of superstition, the freedom of private judgment and public opinion, the great inheritance developed out of the past; but Old England, sir, a land which I venerate, yet pity, keeps safe in her own bosom the external traces full of instruction, the silent poetry of Time—that only poetry which she can refuse to share with us."

To this suitable and appropriate speech, congenial as it must have been to his feelings, the Rector made no answer, save that most deferential and solemn bow, and was proceeding with a certain conscientious haughtiness to show his visitor some other part of the building, when his eye was attracted by the approaching group. He turned to them immediately with an air of sudden relief.

So did Mr Endicott, to whom, to do him justice, not all the old churches in Banburyshire, nor all the opportunities of speechmaking, nor even half-a-dozen rectors who were within two steps of a peerage, could have presented such powerful attractions as did that beautiful blushing face of Marian Atheling, drooping and falling back under the shadow of Louis. The Yankee hastened forward with his best greeting.

"When I remember our last meeting," said Mr Endicott, bending his thin head forward with the most unusual deference, "that tantalising vision of what might have been, I think myself fortunate indeed to have found you so near your home. I have been visiting your renowned city—one of those twins of learning, whose antiquity is its charm. In my country our antiquities stretch back into the eternities; but we know nothing of the fourteenth or the fifteenth century in our young soil. My friend the Rector has been showing me his church."

Mr Endicott's friend the Rector stared at him with a haughty amazement, but came forward without saying anything to the new-comers; then he seemed to pause a moment, doubtful how to address Louis—a doubt which the young man solved for him instantly by taking off his hat with an exaggerated and solemn politeness. They bowed to each other loftily, these two haughty young men, as two duellists might have saluted each other over their weapons. Then Louis turned his fair companion gently, and, without saying anything, led her back again on the road they had just traversed. Agnes followed silently, and feeling very awkward, with the Rector and Mr Endicott on either hand. The Rector did not say a word. Agnes only answered in shy monosyllables. The gifted American had it all his own way.

"I understand Viscount Winterbourne and Mrs Edgerley are at Winterbourne Hall," said Mr Endicott. "She is a charming person; the union of a woman of fashion and a woman of literature is one so rarely seen in this land."

"Yes," said Agnes, who knew nothing else to say.

"For myself," said Mr Endicott solemnly, "I rejoice to find the poetic gift alike in the palace of the peer and the cottage of the peasant, bringing home to all hearts the experiences of life; in the sumptuous apartments of the Hall with Mrs Edgerley, or in the humble parlour of the worthy and respectable middle class—Miss Atheling, with you."

"Oh!" cried Agnes, starting under this sudden blow, and parrying it with all the skill she could find. "Do you like Oxford, Mr Endicott? Have you seen much of the country about here?"

But it was too late. Mr Endicott caught a shy backward glance of Marian, and, smothering a mortal jealousy of Louis, eagerly thrust himself forward to answer it—and the Rector had caught his unfortunate words. The Rector drew himself up to a still more lofty height, if that was possible, and walked on by Agnes's side in a solemn and stately silence—poor Agnes, who would

have revived a little in his presence but for that arrow of Mr Endicott's, not knowing whether to address him, or whether her best policy was to be silent. She went on by his side, holding down her head, looking very small, very slight, very young, beside that dignified and stately personage. At last he himself condescended to speak.

"Am I to understand, Miss Atheling," said the Rector, very much in the same tone as he might have asked poor little Billy Morrell at school, "Are you the boy who robbed John Parker's orchard?"—"Am I to understand, as I should be disposed to conclude from what this person says, that, like my fashionable cousin at the Hall, you have written novels?—or is it only the hyperbole of that individual's ordinary speech?"

"No," said Agnes, very guilty, a convicted culprit, yet making bold to confess her guilt. "I am very sorry he said it, but it is true; only I have written just one novel. Do you think it wrong?"

"I think a woman's intellect ought to be receptive without endeavouring to produce," said the Rector, in a slightly acerbated tone. "Intelligence is the noblest gift of a woman; originality is neither to be wished nor looked for."

"I do not suppose I am very guilty of that either," said Agnes, brightening again with that odd touch of pugnacity, as she listened once more to this haughty tone of dogmatism from the man who held no opinions. "If you object only to originality, I do not think you need be angry with me."

She was half inclined to play with the lion, but the lion was in a very ill humour, and would see no sport in the matter. To tell the truth, the Rector was very much fretted by this unlooked-for intelligence. He felt as if it were done on purpose, and meant as a personal offence to him, though really, after all, for a superior sister of St Frideswide, this unfortunate gift of literature was rather a recommendation than otherwise, as one might have thought.

So the Rev. Lionel Rivers stalked on beside Agnes past his own door, following Louis, Marian, and Mr

Endicott to the very gate of the Old Wood Lodge. Then he took off his hat to them all, wished them a ceremonious good-night, and went home extremely wrathful, and in a most

unpriestly state of mind. He could not endure to think that the common outer world had gained such a hold upon that predestined Superior of the sisters of St Frideswide.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SOME PROGRESS.

After a long and most laborious investigation of the old parchment, Charlie at last triumphantly made it out to be an old conveyance, to a remote ancestor, of this very little house, and sundry property adjoining, on which the Athelings had now no claim. More than two hundred and fifty years ago!—the girls were as much pleased with it as if it had been an estate, and even Charlie owned a thrill of gratification. They felt themselves quite long-descended and patrician people, in right of the ancestor who had held "the family property" in 1572.

But it was difficult to see what use this could be of in opposition to the claim of Lord Winterbourne. Half the estates in the country at least had changed hands during these two hundred and fifty years; and though it certainly proved beyond dispute that the Old Wood Lodge had once been the property of the Athelings, it threw no light whatever on the title of Miss Bridget. Mrs Atheling looked round upon the old walls with much increase of respect; she wondered if they really could be so old as that; and was quite reverential of her little house, being totally unacquainted with the periods of domestic architecture, and knowing nothing whatever of archaic "detail."

Miss Anastasia, however, remembered her promise. Only two or three days after Charlie's visit to her, the two grey ponies made their appearance once more at the gate of the Old Wood Lodge. She was not exactly triumphant, but had a look of satisfaction on her face, and evidently felt she had gained something. She entered upon her business without a moment's delay.

"Young Atheling, I have brought you all that Mr Temple can furnish me with," said Miss Anastasia—"his memorandum taken from my

father's instructions. He tells me there was a deed distinct and formal, and offers to bear his witness of it, as I have offered mine."

Charlie took eagerly out of her hand the paper she offered to him. "It is a copy out of his book," said Miss Anastasia. It was headed thus: "*Mem.*—To convey to Miss Bridget Atheling, her heirs and assigns, the cottage called the Old Wood Lodge, with a certain piece of land adjoining, to be described—partly as a proof of Lord Winterbourne's gratitude for services, partly as restoring property acquired by his father—to be executed at once."

The date was five-and-twenty years ago; and perhaps nothing but justice to her dead friend and to her living ones could have fortified Miss Anastasia to return upon that time. She sat still, looking at Charlie while he read it, with her cheek a little blanched and her eye brighter than usual. He laid it down with a look of impatience, yet satisfaction. "Some one," said Charlie, "either for one side or for the other side, must have this deed."

"Your boy is hard to please," said Miss Rivers. "I have offered to appear myself, and so does Mr Temple. What, boy, not content!"

"It is the next best," said Charlie; "but still not so good as the deed; and the deed must exist somewhere; nobody would destroy such a thing. Where is it likely to be?"

"Young Atheling," said Miss Anastasia, half amused, half with displeasure, "when I want to collect evidence, you shall do it for me. Has he had a good education?—eh?"

"To you I am afraid he will seem a very poor scholar," said Mrs Atheling, with a little awe of Miss Anastasia's learning; "but we did what we could for him; and he has always been a very industrious boy,

and has studied a good deal himself."

To this aside conversation Charlie paid not the smallest attention, but ruminated over the lawyer's memorandum, making faces at it, and bending all the powers of his mind to the consideration—where to find this deed? "If it's not here, nor in her lawyer's, nor with this old lady, *he's* got it," pronounced Charlie; but this was entirely a private process, and he did not say a word aloud.

"I've read her book," said Miss Rivers, with a glance aside at Agnes; "it's a very clever book: I approve of it, though I never read novels: in my day girls did no such things—all the better for them now. Yes, my child, don't be afraid. I'll not call you unfeminine—in my opinion it's about the prettiest kind of fancy-work a young woman can do."

Under this applause Agnes smiled and brightened; it was a great deal more agreeable than all the pretty sayings of all the people who were dying to know the author of *Hope Hazlewood*, in the brief day of her reputation at the Willows.

"And as for the pretty one," said Miss Anastasia, "she, I suppose, contents herself with lovers—eh? What is the meaning of this? I suppose the child's heart is in it. The worse for her—the worse for her!"

For Marian had blushed deeply, and then become very pale; her heart was touched indeed, and she was very despondent. All the other events of the time were swallowed up to Marian by one great shadow—Louis was going away!

Whereupon Mrs Atheling, unconsciously eager to attract the interest of Miss Anastasia, who very likely would be kind to the young people, sent Marian up-stairs upon a hastily-invented errand, and took the old lady aside to tell her what had happened. Miss Rivers was a good deal surprised—a little affected. "So—so—so," she said slowly, "these reckless young creatures—how ready they are to plunge into all the griefs of life! And what does Will Atheling say to this nameless boy?"

"I cannot say my husband is en-

tirely pleased," said Mrs Atheling, with a little hesitation; "but he is a very fine young man; and to see our children happy is the great thing we care for, both William and me."

"How do you know it will make her happy?" asked Miss Anastasia somewhat sharply. "The child flushes and pales again, pretty creature as she is, like a woman come into her troubles. A great deal safer to write novels! But what is done can't be undone; and I am glad to hear of it on account of the boy."

Then Miss Anastasia made a pause, thinking over the matter. "I have found some traces of my father's wanderings," she said again, with a little emotion: "if the old man was tempted to sin in his old days, though it would be a shame to hear of, I should still be glad to make sure; and if by any chance," continued the old lady, reddening with the maidenly and delicate feeling of which her fifty years could not deprive her—"if by any chance these unfortunate children should turn out to be nearly related to me, I will of course think it my duty to provide for them as if they were lawful children of my father's house."

It cost her a little effort to say this—and Mrs Atheling, not venturing to make any comment, looked on with respectful sympathy. It was very well for Miss Anastasia to say, but how far Louis would tolerate a provision made for him was quite a different question. The silence was broken again by the old lady herself.

"This bold boy of yours has set me to look over all my old papers," said Miss Anastasia, with a twinkle of satisfaction and amusement in her eye, as she looked over at Charlie, still making faces at the lawyer's note. "Now that I have begun for *her* sake, dear old soul, I continue for my own and for curiosity: I would give a great deal to find out the story of these children. Young Atheling, if I some time want your services, will you give them to me?"

Charlie looked up with a boyish flush of pleasure. "As soon as this business is settled," said Charlie. Miss Anastasia, whom his mother

feared to look at lest she should be offended, smiled approvingly; patted the shoulder of Agnes as she passed her, left "her love for the other poor child," and went away. Mrs Atheling looked after her with a not unnatural degree of complacency. "Now, I think it very likely indeed that she will either leave them

something, or try what she can do for Louis," said Mamma; she did not think how impossible it would be to do anything for Louis, until Louis graciously accepted the service; nor indeed, that the only thing the young man could do under his circumstances was to trust to his own exertions solely, and seek service from none.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A GREAT DISCOVERY.

The visit of Miss Rivers was an early one, some time before their mid-day dinner; and the day went on quietly after its usual fashion, and fell into the stillness of a sunny afternoon, which looked like a reminiscence of midsummer among these early October days. Mrs Atheling sat in her big chair, knitting, with a little drowsiness, a little stocking—though this was a branch of art in which Hannah was found to excel, and had begged her mistress to leave to her. Agnes sat at the table with her blotting-book, busy with her special business; Charlie was writing out a careful copy of the old deed. The door was open, and Bell and Beau, under the happy charge of Rachel, ran back and forwards, out and in, from the parlour to the garden, not omitting now and then a visit to the kitchen, where Hannah, covered all over with her white bib and apron, was making cakes for tea. Their merry childish voices and prattling feet gave no disturbance to the busy people in the parlour; neither did the light fairy step of Rachel, nor even the songs she sang to them in her wonderful voice—they were all so well accustomed to its music now. Marian and Louis, who did not like to lose sight of each other in these last days, were out wandering about the fields, or in the wood, thinking of little in the world except each other, and that great uncertain future which Louis penetrated with his fiery glances, and of which Marian wept and smiled to hear. Mamma sitting at the window, between the pauses of her knitting and the breaks of her gentle drowsiness, looked out for them with a little tender anxiety. Marian, the only one of her children who was "in

trouble," was nearest of all at that moment to her mother's heart.

When suddenly a violent sound of wheels from the high-road broke in upon the stillness, then a loud voice calling to horses, and then a dull plunge and heavy roll. Mrs Atheling lifted her startled eyes, drowsy no longer, to see what was the matter, just in time to behold, what shook the little house like the shock of a small earthquake, Miss Anastasia's two grey horses, trembling with unusual exertion, draw up with a bound and commotion at the little gate.

And before the good mother could rise to her feet, wondering what could be the cause of this second visit, Miss Rivers herself sprang out of the carriage, and came into the house like a wind, almost stumbling over Rachel, and nearly upsetting Bell and Beau. She did not say a word to either mother or daughter, she only came to the threshold of the parlour, waved her hand imperiously, and cried, "Young Atheling, I want you!"

Charlie was not given to rapid movements, but there was no misunderstanding the extreme emotion of this old lady. The big boy got up at once and followed her, for she went out again immediately. Then Mrs Atheling, sitting at the window in amaze, saw her son and Miss Anastasia stand together in the garden, conversing with great earnestness. She showed him a book, which Charlie at first did not seem to understand, to the great impatience of his companion. Mrs Atheling drew back troubled, and in the most utter astonishment—what could it mean?

"Young Atheling," said Miss Anastasia abruptly, "I want you to

give up this business of your father's immediately, and set off to Italy on mine. I have made a discovery of the most terrible importance: though you are only a boy, I can trust you. Do you hear me?—it is to bring to his inheritance my father's son!"

Charlie looked up in her face astonished, and without comprehension. "My father's business is of importance to us," he said, with a momentary sullenness.

"So it is; my own man of business shall undertake it; but I want an agent, secret and sure, who is not like to be suspected," said Miss Anastasia. "Young Atheling, look here!"

Charlie looked, but not with enthusiasm. The book she handed him was an old diary of the most commonplace description, each page divided with red lines into compartments for three days, with printed headings for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on, and columns for money. The wind fluttered the leaves, so that the only entry visible to Charlie was one relating to some purchase, which he read aloud, bewildered and wondering. Miss Anastasia, who was extremely moved and excited, looked furious, and as if she was almost tempted to administer personal chastisement to the blunderer. She turned over the fluttered leaves with an impetuous gesture. "Look here," she said, pointing to the words with her imperative finger, and reading them aloud in a low, restrained, but most emphatic voice. The entry was in the same hand, duly dated under the red line—"Twins—one boy—and Giulietta safe. Thank God. My sweet young wife."

"Now go—fly!" cried Miss Anastasia, "find out their birthday, and then come to me for money and

directions. I will make your fortune, boy; you shall be the richest pettifogger in Christendom. Do you hear me, young Atheling—do you hear me! He is the true Lord Winterbourne—he is my father's lawful son!"

To say that Charlie was not stunned by this sudden suggestion, or that there was no answer of young and generous enthusiasm, as well as of professional eagerness in his mind, to the address of Miss Rivers, would have been to do him less than justice. "Is it Italy?—I don't know a word of Italian," cried Charlie. "Never mind, I'll go to-morrow. I can learn it on the way."

The old lady grasped the boy's rough hand, and stepped again into her carriage. "Let it be to-morrow," she said, speaking very low; "tell your mother, but no one else, and do not, for any consideration, let it come to the ears of Louis—Louis, my father's boy!—But I will not see him, Charlie; fly, boy, as if you had wings!—till you come home. I will meet you to-morrow at Mr Temple's office—you know where that is—at twelve o'clock. Be ready to go immediately, and tell your mother to mention it to no creature till I see her again."

Saying which, Miss Rivers turned her ponies, Charlie hurried into the house, and his mother sat gazing out of the window, with the most blank and utter astonishment. Miss Anastasia had not a glance to spare for the watcher, and took no time to pull her rose from the porch. She drove home again at full speed, solacing her impatience with the haste of her progress, and repeating, under her breath, again and again, the same words, "One boy—and Giulietta safe. My sweet young wife!"

NEW FACTS AND OLD FANCIES ABOUT SEA ANEMONES.

SINCE the British mind was all alive and trembling with that zoological fervour which the appearance of the hippopotamus in Regent's Park excited for many months, no animal has touched it to such fine issues and such exuberant enthusiasm as the lovely sea-anemone, now the ornament of countless drawing-rooms, studies, and back parlours, and the delight of unnumbered amateurs. In glass-tanks, and elegant vases of various device, in finger-glasses, and common tumblers, the lovely creature may be seen expanding its coronal of tentacles, on mimic rocks, amid mimic forests of algæ, in mimic oceans of pump-water and certain mixtures of chlorides and carbonates, regulated by a "specific gravity test." Fairy fingers minister to its wants, removing dirt and slime from its body, feeding it with bits of limpet or raw beef; fingers, *not* of fairies, pull it about with the remorseless curiosity of science, and experiment on it, according to the suggestion of the moment. At once pet, ornament, and "subject for dissection," the sea anemone has a well-established popularity in the British family circle; having the advantage over the hippopotamus of being somewhat less expensive, and less troublesome, to keep. Were sea-cows as plentiful as anemones, one could not make pets of them with the same comfort. There would be objections to Potty in the drawing-room. There would be embarrassments in the commissariat. There would be insurgents among the domestics; for the best tempered Betty might find it impossible "to stand" the presence of such a pet, and resolutely refuse to bring up his water, and clean out his crib; whereas, although the red-armed Betty thinks you a little cracked when you introduce "them worm things" into your house, she keeps her opinions within the circle of the kitchen, and consents to receive her wages without a murmur.

It is difficult to say what occa-

sioned this sudden enthusiasm for anemones; lovely, indeed, but by no means the most lovely, and certainly not the most interesting wonders of the deep. Mr Gosse by his pleasant books, and Mr Mitchell by his tanks in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, have mainly contributed to the diffusion of the enthusiasm; and now that enterprise has made a commercial branch of it, we may consider the taste established, for at least some years. One good result of this diffusion will be an extension of our knowledge, not only of this, but of many other of the simpler animals. For many years the writings of zoologists have given a place to observations on the anemones; but the observations have been incomplete, and all hand-books and treatises which repeat these observations are, very naturally, crowded with errors. To give the reader an idea of the state of current opinion on this one topic, it is enough to mention that on the second page devoted by Professor Rymer Jones* to a description of the habits of the anemone, there are six distinct errors: yet this is no fault of his; he states what all preceding writers state, and his excellent summary of what is known bears the date of 1855. If the habits have been so imperfectly observed, you may guess what a chaos the anatomy and physiology of this animal present. Such being the state of the case, we may hope that the wide diffusion of a taste for vivaria will in a little while furnish Science with ample material; and meanwhile, as many of Maga's loving readers are possessors of vivaria, actual or potential, and will certainly not content themselves with blank wonderment, but will do their utmost to rightly understand the anemones, even if they make no wider incursions on the domains of the zoologist, I may hope they will be interested if I group together the results of investigations, pursued at Ilfracombe and Tenby during last

* *General Outline of the Animal Kingdom*, p. 66.

summer, and, with less energy, because with less prodigality of specimens, during the autumn and winter at home. In the present state of knowledge, the independent observations of every one who has had any experience cannot but be welcome.

It must be assumed at starting that the reader knows what a Sea Anemone is, in aspect at least. No description will avail, in default of direct observation; even pictures so admirable as those in Mr Tugwell's charming little book,* only give an approximate idea; while to those who have seen neither picture nor animal it will be of little use to declare that the "Actinia is a fleshy cylinder, attached by one extremity to a rock, while the free end is surmounted by numerous tentacula arranged in several rows, which, when expanded, give the animal the appearance of a flower." Assuming then that you know the general aspect of the Actinia, you may follow my description of the animal's bearing and habits. *How* do I know that it is an animal, and not a flower, which it so much resembles? Well, to be perfectly candid, I do not know it. Nobody does. No one yet has been able to distinguish, in the face of severe critical precision, between the animal and plant-organisation, so as to be able authoritatively to say, "This is exclusively animal." To distinguish a cow from a cucumber requires, indeed, no profound inauguration into biological mysteries; we can "venture fearlessly to assert" (with that utterly uncalled-for temerity exhibited by bad writers in cases when *no* peril whatever is hanging over the assertion) that the cow and cucumber are not allied—no common parentage links them together, even through remote relationship; but to say *what* is an animal, presupposes a knowledge of what is essentially and exclusively animal; and this knowledge unhappily has never yet been reached. Much hot, and not wise, discussion has occupied the hours of philosophers in trying to map out the distinct con-

finer of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, when all the while Nature knows of no such demarcating lines. *The Animal does not exist; nor does the Vegetable*: both are abstractions, general terms, such as Virtue, Goodness, Colour, used to designate certain groups of particulars, but having only a mental existence. Who has been fortunate enough to see the Animal? We have seen cows, cats, jackasses, and camelopards; but the "rare monster" Animal is visible in no menagerie. If you are tempted to call this metaphysical trifling, I beg you to read the discussions published on the vegetable or animal nature of Diatomaceæ, Volvocinæ, &c., or to attend to what is said in any text-book on the distinctions between animals and vegetables, and you will then see there is something more than metaphysics in my paradox. In the simpler organisms there is *no* mark which can absolutely distinguish the animal from the vegetable; and if in the higher organisms a greater amount of characteristic differences may be traced, so that we may, for purposes of convenience, consider a certain group of indications as entitling the object to be classed under the Animal division, we must never forget that such classifications are purely arbitrary, and as the philosophers say—*subjective*.

Now what are the characteristic marks of the Sea Anemone, which entitle it to be removed from the hands of the botanist, and placed in those of the zoologist? Rymer Jones assures us, that its animal nature "is soon rendered evident," and he thinks this evidence is the manifestation of sensibility. "A cloud veiling the sun will cause their tentacles to fold as though apprehensive of danger from the passing shadows." Unhappily, the fact alleged is a pure fiction; and, were it true, would not distinguish the Actiniæ from those plants which close their petals when the sun goes down. A fiction, however, it is, as any one may verify. If Actiniæ have been seen to fold up their tentacles when a cloud has

* *A Manual of the Sea Anemones commonly found on the English Coast.* By the Rev. GEORGE TUGWELL. 1856.

passed before the sun, this has been a coincidence, not a causal relation ; so far from light being the necessary condition of their expansion, they are in perfect expansion in the darkness ; and if the venturous naturalist will imitate Mr Tugwell, and, with the solemn chimes of midnight as accompaniment, take his lantern on the rocks, he will find all the Anemones in full blossom. Then again, although the Anemone entraps its prey, or anything else that may come in contact with its tentacles, this is no proof of animality, for the sensitive plant, known as the Flytrap of Venus (*Dioncæa muscipula*), has a precisely analogous power ; any insect, touching the sensitive hairs on the surface of its leaf, instantly causes the leaf to shut up and enclose the insect, as in a trap ; nor is this all : a mucilaginous secretion acts like a gastric juice on the captive, digests it, and renders it assimilable by the plant, which thus feeds on the victim, as the Actinia feeds on the annelid or crustacean it may entrap. Where, then, is the difference ? Neither seeks its food : place the food within a line's breadth of the tentacles, or sensitive hairs, and so long as actual contact is avoided, the grasping of the food will not take place. But you object, perhaps, that this mode of feeding is normal with the Actinia, exceptional with the Flytrap. The plant, you say, is nourished by the earth and air, the animal depends on what it can secure. I must contradict you ; indeed I must, although with the profoundest respect. For granting—what, in fact, I sturdily dispute—that the Flytrap is in no way dependent upon such insect food as may fall into its clutch, we shall still observe the Actinia in similar independence. Keep the water free from all visible food, and the Actiniae continue to flourish and propagate just as if they daily clutched an unhappy worm. The fact is well known, and is currently, but erroneously, adduced as illustration of the animal's power of fasting. But there is no fasting in the matter. In this water free from visible aliment there is abundance of invisible aliment,—infusoria, spores, organic particles, &c. which the animal assimilates,

much in the same way as plants assimilate the organic material diffused through the soil and atmosphere. Filter the water carefully, and remove from it all growing vegetation, and you will find the animal fasting, but speedily dying, however freely oxygen may be supplied. It is on this account that when we make artificial sea-water, it is necessary to allow algæ to grow in it for some two or three weeks before putting in the animals ; by which time the water has become charged with organic material.

Mere sensibility and capture of food, therefore, are not the distinguishing marks we seek, since the plant is found to possess them as perfectly as the animal. Is spontaneous locomotion a sufficient mark ? No ; and for these two reasons : Some animals have no such power ; some plants, and all spores, have it. There are animals which no botanist has ever claimed—the Ascidians, for example, which can scarcely be said to exhibit any motion at all (the rhythmic contraction and expansion of their orifices not deserving the name), while their whole lives are spent rooted to the rock or shell, as firmly as the plant is rooted in the earth. Nay, even with regard to the anemones, it is said by Dr Landsborough, Dr Carpenter, and others, that they will not move towards the water, should the vessel be gradually emptied, or the water evaporate, not even if their tentacles can reach its surface. This is incorrect ; but I mention it as one of the difficulties which would meet the student in the way of distinguishing the anemone from plants. It is one of the many inaccurate statements, grounded on imperfect observation, which are repeated in hand-books. The original observer probably noticed an anemone some time out of the water, making no effort to return ; had the observation been continued, the doubt would have been solved. Some anemones, especially the common smooth species (*Mesembryanthemum*) are accustomed daily to be left out of water by the receding tide, so that in captivity they may be supposed rather to enjoy an occasional air-bath. I have repeatedly seen mine crawl out of the water

and settle on the edge of the glass or pan, high and dry ; but they descended again after a few hours. The locomotion of the anemones is, however, various in various species. I do not think the "Tregs" ever move ; nor do the "Gems" seem migratory ; but the "Antheas" and the "Smooths" are somewhat restless. "The Actiniae," says Rymer Jones, "possess the power of changing their position ; they often elongate their bodies, and, remaining fixed by the base, stretch from side to side, as if seeking food at a distance ; they can even change their place by gliding upon the disc that supports them, or detaching themselves entirely, and swelling themselves with water, they become nearly of the same specific gravity as the element they inhabit, and the least agitation is sufficient to drive them elsewhere. Reaumur even asserts, that they can turn themselves so as to use their tentacles as feet, crawling upon the bottom of the sea ; but this mode of progression has not been observed by subsequent naturalists." Yes, Dr Johnston once saw it ; I also witnessed an *Anthea* moving thus ; but I suspect it is only the *Anthea* which has the power, and this it probably owes to its more solid tentacles.

Again the question recurs, How then do we know the anemone to be an animal ? in other words, what characteristic marks guide zoologists in classing it in that division ? I really know of none but purely anatomical marks.* These however, suffice, and if you please we will continue to speak of the anemone as an animal, and, what is more, a very carnivorous animal, eating most things that come within reach, from limpets to worms, from fish to roast beef. It has even a reputation for voracity,

not to say *gourmandise* ; in the matter of shell-fish it would put even Dando to the blush. Dr Johnston in his valuable *History of British Zoophytes* relates this anecdote (which you are not bound to believe) : "I had once brought to me a specimen of *Actinia crassicornis* that might originally have been two inches in diameter, and that had somehow contrived to swallow a valve of *Pecten maximus* of the size of an ordinary saucer. The shell fixed within the stomach was so placed as to divide it completely into two halves, so that the body stretched tensely over had become thin and flattened like a pancake. All communication between the inferior portion of the stomach and the mouth was of course prevented ; yet instead of emaciating and dying of an atrophy, the animal had availed itself of what had undoubtedly been a very untoward accident, to increase its enjoyments and its chance of double fare. A new mouth furnished with two rows of numerous tentacles was opened upon what had been the base, and led to the under stomach—the individual had become a sort of Siamese Twin, but with greater intimacy and extent in its unions." Such is the blind voracity of this animal, that anything and everything is carried straightway into its stomach to be there tried, and rejected only on proved indigestibility. One day, while sorting and distributing to their respective jars the animals captured during the morning's hunt, I was called into the balcony by the agitated entreaties of lovely Sixteen, exclaiming, "Oh, do come, Mr Contributor ! do come, and rescue this green anemone from a great nasty beetle." I went to the rescue, and found a large beetle struggling in the clutches of a green

* It is unnecessary to particularise these anatomical marks, which will occur to the mind of every student, as belonging exclusively to that division of animated beings which manifest the group of phenomena baptised by the name of Animality. Wherever you find muscular tissue, or an alimentary canal, you are absolutely certain that nothing belonging to the vegetable kingdom is before you. In function there is often considerable resemblance between Plant and Animal ; but in structure the differences early manifest themselves, growing greater as the scale ascends. Although, therefore, at the bottom of the scale no distinguished characteristic isolates animals from plants, as we ascend the scale we find many definite marks by which the two groups may be known.

Anthea not much larger than himself. "The beetle is the victim," I quietly told Sixteen, who, not having profound sympathies with beetles, was pacified as she saw the struggling insect slowly passing into the stomach of the Anthea, his struggles growing fainter and fainter, and finally ceasing altogether, till at last we saw him with head and thorax engulfed in the ravenous maw, his abdomen sticking up in the air.

A question of great interest and some intricacy here presents itself: Was the beetle paralysed by some peculiar poison secreted from the tentacles of the anemone?—a question which opens into this wider one: Have the polypes the mysterious power, almost universally attributed to them, of paralysing with a touch the victims they may grasp, so that, should the victim escape from the grasp, it is only to die presently from the fatal touch? The powers of fascination possessed by some animals, of poisoning possessed by others, of electrical discharges possessed by others, naturally lead men to interpret certain observations made on the polypes, as proofs that they, too, possess some such power; and this suggestion gains a more ready credence from the tendency in most minds to welcome every unexplained phenomenon as indicating an occult cause. This witch-like power of fascination,—this power of paralysing with a touch, appeals to our imagination, and gains easy access to belief. But the spirit of scientific scepticism forces me to declare that, as far as my observations and experiments extend, there is nothing like evidence in favour of this power, much evidence against it. Some anemones certainly appear to sting—as some jelly-fish sting—although the majority have no such effect upon our hands, which every one knows who has handled them. I never perceived this stinging sensation myself; and Dr Landsborough says: "From my own experience I can say nothing as to this stinging power; for though I have handled not only the commoner Actinæ, but also the larger and less common Anthea, I never felt any-

thing approaching to stinging; but I never touched a tentaculum without perceiving the tip of it had some prehensile property by which it took a slight hold of the skin of the finger, causing a kind of rasping feeling when withdrawn. It may be, however, that the fangs had not fair play with my fingers, if somehow or other they are sting-proof.* He then makes the following quotation from Mrs Pratt's *Chapters on the Common Things of the Sea-side*, which I reproduce as positive and direct testimony: "It appears that different persons are variously affected even by touching the same Actinæ. The author had placed in a vessel of sea-water a fine specimen of the fig marygold sea-anemone, which she was accustomed to touch many times during the day. The tentacula closed immediately round the intruding finger, producing only a slight tingling. Her surprise was great at finding that the same anemone, on being touched by another person, communicated a more powerful sensation, which her friend assured her was felt up the whole of the arm. More than twenty persons touched this anemone; and the writer was amused by observing how variously they were affected, some being only slightly tingled, while others started back as if stung by a nettle." I think, in the face of testimony so precise as this, we may waive all negative evidence, and accept the fact of stinging as proven. But now comes the question: Is this stinging produced by poison vesicles and spicula, as the great majority of writers maintain; or is it no more poisonous than the pricking of a thorn? Those who maintain the former opinion, explain by it the alleged cases of paralysis exhibited by the animals which have escaped in the struggle; and the incident just related of the beetle killed, but not swallowed (he was too large for that), seems entirely to favour such a conclusion. Nevertheless, from subsequent investigations I am led to oppose the opinion *in toto*. Sir John Dalyell—one of the best authorities—thinks that the anemone conquers its prey by mere strength,

* *Popular History of British Zoophytes*, p. 239.

and not by any poisonous fluid. He is somewhat exaggerated, however, in the statement of his opinion. "Nothing," he says, "can escape their deadly touch. Every animated being that comes in slightest contact is instantly caught, retained, and mercilessly devoured." This is mere rhetoric: animals, even such as form their natural prey, constantly touch the tentacles—nay, are even caught, and yet escape. "Neither strength nor size, nor the resistance of the victim, can daunt the ravenous captor. It will readily grasp an animal which, if endowed with similar strength, advantage, and resolution, could certainly rend its body asunder. It is in the highest degree carnivorous. Thence do all the varieties of the smaller finny tribes, the fiercest of the crustacea, the whole vermicular race, and the softer tenants among the testacea, fall a prey to the Actinæ." One is astonished to meet with such a passage from so accurate an observer. It is pure exaggeration, which succeeding writers have accepted as literal truth. Thus, Rymer Jones assures the student that "no sooner are the tentacles touched by a passing animal, than it is seized and held with unfailing pertinacity." Had the professor watched anemones he would know that, so far from the grasp being "unfailing," it as often fails as succeeds, when the captive is of tolerable activity; and very noticeable is the fact, that when the animals escape, they escape *unhurt*: a fact in direct contradiction to the belief in a poison secreted by the tentacles. On the 19th June 1856 I resolved to bring this question to the test, and dropped a tiny crab, rather smaller than a fourpenny piece, on the tentacles of my largest *Crassicornis* (nearly as large as a glass tumbler). He was clutched at once, and the tentacles began to close round him; he struggled vigorously, and freed himself after a few seconds. Placed there a second time, he again got away. I waited to see if any symptoms of paralysis would declare themselves after this contact, but he was as lively as ever. Later in the day I placed him on the tentacles of the voracious *Anthea*, the most powerful

of all the anemones, and the only one which seems to sting; but the crab was too active, or too little appetising: he got away as before. I tried another *Anthea* and a Daisy (*Actinia bellis*), but with the same result. In each case the crab was clutched, but in each case he got away unhurt. I then chose another crab, not more than half the size of the former, and certainly no match in point of strength for the anemone, yet after being embraced and carried to the mouth, I observed the crab slowly appear from the unfolding tentacles, and scuttle away with great activity.

This experiment casts a doubt on what is asserted by all writers, namely, that anemones feed on crabs—Rymer Jones actually recording that "they will devour a crab as large as a hen's egg." Has any one ever *seen* a live crab caught and eaten by an anemone? I confess never to have seen it, and the experiment just related disposes me to doubt: although it is quite possible that my anemones were dainty, because not hungry, and refused food which, under less epicurean conditions, would have been welcome. If any one has *seen* the anemone feeding on live crabs, it would be thus that my observation could be explained. Meanwhile I think it right to propound the doubt, and to add to it this subsequent observation made on the 3d of August: I took a tiny crustacean, of the shrimp family, about half an inch in length, and dropped it in a vase containing some Daisies. It soon touched the tentacles of one of these, was drawn in, but almost immediately escaped. It then swam about until it touched the largest Daisy, and was quickly engulfed. As it had entirely disappeared, I expected it would be certainly killed if not eaten, but in a few moments it made its way out unhurt, and swam away. These Daisies had not been fed for at least a fortnight; they had subsisted entirely on the invisible aliment floating in the water; yet they either could not, or would not, eat this crustacean.

On the question of food we may withhold our opinion till some more

decisive evidence is adduced; but on the question of the paralyzing power said to reside in the tentacles, these experiments surely determine a negative. In spite of the beetle, so completely vanquished, there is the evidence of two crabs and a shrimp being in repeated contact with the tentacles, and in nowise affected.

While preparing these notes for the press, I have been led to extend the experiments; because, although it would by no means necessarily follow that whatever was true of the hydroid polypes must also be true of the anemones, yet a very plausible suspicion might arise—and did indeed arise in my mind—throwing doubt on results which were in contradiction to what was reported of the fresh-water polypes. Read this passage from the last edition of Owen's *Lectures*, bearing the date 1855: "That the tentacula have the power of communicating some benumbing or noxious influence to the living animals which constitute the food of the hydra, is evident from the effect produced, for example, upon an entomostracan, which may have been touched, but not seized, by one of these organs. The little active crustacean is arrested in the midst of its rapid darting motion, and sinks apparently lifeless for some distance; then slowly recovers itself, and resumes its ordinary movements. Siebold states, that when a *Nais*, a *Daphnia*, or the larva of a *Cheironomus*, have been wounded by the darts, they do not recover, but die. These and other active inhabitants of fresh waters, whose powers should be equivalent to rend asunder the delicate gelatinous arms of their low-organised captor, seem paralysed almost immediately after they have been seized, and so countenance the opinion of Corda, that the secretion of a poison enters the wounds." Such statements can only be set aside by direct experiment; and the superiority of *experiment* over mere observation needs no argument. As a matter of observation, I too had been struck with the fact noticed by Owen. I saw the tiny water-fleas drop apparently lifeless to the bottom of the phial, after being some

time held by the tentacle of the hydra; and after intently watching them, saw them at last swim away again lively as before. I removed a hydra from the phial, in a little water, and placing it on a slip of glass, allowed it to settle and expand there for two hours, when I added several water-fleas (*Cypridæ*) to the little pond, and patiently watched them swimming to and fro. Repeatedly they touched the tentacles in their course, but were not hurt, were not arrested. At length one was caught, and held for some seconds; it then fell to the bottom, and remained motionless for at least two minutes, after which it started up, and was off as if its course had never been arrested. Now came the test. With a needle I gently arrested one of these water-fleas; it suddenly sank motionless, remained thus for more than a minute, and then darted off again. Thrice I repeated this act, and each time with similar result. Will any one say the needle had a benumbing poison which was secreted when the animal came in contact with it? And does not the reader at once recognise in this sudden motionlessness of the animal a very familiar phenomenon? The spider, the crab, the oniscus, and very many animals "sham dead," as school-boys know, when danger threatens; these water-fleas "sham dead" when the polype or the needle touches them. I might have rested my incredulity of the alleged paralyzing influence on this one experiment; but I confirmed it in other ways. Dropping the larva of an ephemeron into the phial containing my hydræ, I observed it thrice caught by three different hydræ; it did not "sham dead," but tore itself away without visible hurt. Nay, I also observed one of those animalcules known as "paste-eels" for some time in contact with the tentacle of a hydra, on the stage of the microscope, but, in spite of its having no shell to protect it from the poison, it was unhurt by the contact. Not having a *Nais*, I could not test what Siebold says of it; but what has already been mentioned must, I think, suffice to convince the reader that the current opinion is an error, founded

on observation unverified by experiment. Had I trusted to observation alone, I too should have believed the current opinion; it was only by verification, according to the demands of inductive scepticism, that the error became obvious.*

"But do tell us something about the habits and instincts of these anemones," some light-minded reader suggests, impatient of all discussion, and supremely indifferent to all considerations save those of a moral order. Unhappily my story is not ampler in detail, nor finer in complexity of movement, than the story of Canning's "Knife-grinder"—who had none to tell. The anemone is lovely, but even its warmest admirers must confess it is a little monotonous in its manifestations. Existence suffices it. It expands its coronal of tentacles, eats when chance favours it, produces offspring, which it sends forth, leaving it,

πολλοὺς διαυλοὺς κυμάτων φερόμενοι;

borne by the many currents of the sea, to settle where it lists, without any fear of parental supervision, and thus lives to a good old age, if no one nudges the elbow of Atropos, and causes that grim lady suddenly to cut the thread.† The anemone has little more than beauty to recommend it; the indications of intelligence being of by no means a powerful order. What then? Is beauty nothing? Is it not the subtle charm which draws us from the side of the enlightened Miss Crosser to that of the lovely though "quite unintellectual" Caroline, whose conversation, indeed, is not of a novel or brilliant kind; whereas Miss Crosser has read

a whole Encyclopædia, and is so obliging as to retail many pages of it freely in her conversation. Besides, if the monotony of the anemone wearies you, there is always this variety in reserve: you can eat it! The Italians do; they boil it in seawater with great satisfaction. Thus boiled, it has "a shivering texture somewhat like calf's-foot jelly; the smell is somewhat like that of a warm crab or lobster," and it is eaten with savoury sauce. Mr Gosse describes his frying them in butter, if I remember rightly; and although he felt a little difficulty in swallowing the first mouthful—probably remorse and zoological tenderness gave him what the Italians call a "knot in the throat"—yet, having vanquished his scruples, he ate with some relish. Lady Jane is "horrified" at the idea of eating her pets; but now that horse-flesh is publicly sold in the markets of Vienna and other German towns, and public banquets of hippophagists are frequent in France, will anemones escape the frying-pan?

It was hinted just now that the anemone was but an indifferent parent. Having given birth to her offspring, she spends no anxious hours over the episodes of infancy. When I say She, I might as well say He, or It, for no distinction of sex exists; and probably it is to this cause that the parental indifference may be traced; how can maternal tenderness and ceaseless vigilance be expected, when the maternal individual is as yet undeveloped? The Actinixæ are viviparous. Indeed I suspect they are *only* viviparous, and not at all oviparous. Rymer Jones

* The day this was written I could not rest till I had dredged a favourite pond, and brought home a supply of Naïds, with which, on the following morning, I tested Siebold's statement. First I placed a *Nais filiformis* in a glass cell with a *Hydra viridis*; but although its wriggling constantly brought it into contact with the tentacles, it was never grasped. I then placed a Nais in the phial containing many hydræ; it was instantly caught by one, and held for some time till it struggled itself free. Not only was it apparently unhurt by this contact, but to-day it is as lively as it was three days ago, just before the experiment. With two other Naïds the same result was observed. This completes the overthrow of the current opinion respecting the hydra's paralyzing power.

† The age to which an Actinia may live has not yet been definitely ascertained; but Mr Tugwell communicates in a note that Professor Fleming at Edinburgh has one in his possession, which was taken at North Berwick in 1828; so that, at the very least, it must be twenty-eight years old, that period having been passed in confinement.

seems to hesitate on the point, adding, "but it is asserted by numerous authorities that the young are not unfrequently born alive." I not only assert this, but ask whether any one has ever seen the contrary. It startled me, however, when, on opening an anemone, I for the first time saw a young one drop out, and immediately expand its tentacles; and some days afterwards, as I was carrying home a lovely "gem," I saw first one, then two, three, four, seven young ones issue from its mouth, fix themselves at the bottom of the vase, and make themselves at home; they were of various sizes, and in various stages of development. Since then, I have repeatedly witnessed this mode of birth; and one day, seeing something in the inside of the tentacle of a Daisy, I snipped the tentacle off, and found a young daisy there. Some writers imagine that the young issue through the orifices at the tips of the tentacles—a supposition not very credible. The truth is, that at the bottom of the stomach there is a large opening—not several minute openings as we see figured in books—through which the young pass from the general cavity into the water; and this appears to me the only exit for the young. Without absolutely denying that the ova are extruded, and their early development carried on out of the parent's body, I have never been able to detect ova, except within the parent. The most curious of all my observations on this point was the finding in the visceral cavity of a smooth anemone a young one as large as a cherry; and to complete the marvel, it was faintly striped with green, like the well-known "green-striped variety," although its parent was of a dark-brown hue. Could the old one have swallowed an errant youth by mistake? No. It had been many weeks in captivity, where no such errant youths were within reach: besides, anemones do not swallow each other; cannibalism belongs to a higher grade of development. *Apropos* of this peculiarity of colour, I may remark on the great variations observable in the colour of anemones, and the impropriety of making colour the distinguishing

mark of species. Thus, to select a striking example, Mr Gosse makes two distinct species of the orange-disked and orange-tentacled anemones, naming them *Venusta* and *Aurora*; but as if to prove the indifference of all such characteristics, I brought with me from Tenby an orange-disked—and only one—which, before it had been home a fortnight, I discovered, with great surprise, was changed into an orange-tentacled—disc and tentacles being of a rich orange hue, the only traces of white remaining just at the tips. If there had been any other specimen in the vase I might have doubted; but having only one in company with a white daisy, and a smooth anemone, there was no avoiding the conclusion.

The reader was promised "New Facts," and those already furnished will show him how great an accession to our knowledge may be anticipated from the present direction of so many minds towards these animals; what is written in the best books must be accepted as only suggestions of a few observers, to be controlled by the investigations of succeeding observers. Many problems await solution; many stereotyped assertions must be disproved. Let us here consider one or two accepted "facts" which will turn out to be "fancies" when rigorously examined.

Perhaps nothing has excited more surprise on the part of the public, and nothing has been more unanimously believed by anatomists, than the hypothesis that certain minute organs found in *Polypes*, and variously styled *thread capsules*, *filiferous capsules*, or *urticating cells*, are organs of urtication, or stinging. The uncritical laxity with which this hypothesis has been accepted may point a lesson. I do not allude to the acceptance of the *fact* that certain capsules containing threads are found in *Polypes*, but to the acceptance of the alleged purpose or function of these capsules. The things are there, sure enough; but whether they serve the urtication purpose is another matter. Ever since they were first described by

Wagner,* Erdl,† Quatrefages, and Siebold,‡ they have passed without challenge. They have been detected in the whole group of Polypes, in Jelly-fishes, in the papillæ of Eolids, and, according to Vander Hoeven, in Planariæ; yet, as far as my reading extends, not one single experiment has been made to prove the function so unanimously admitted, not a single test has been applied to strengthen or controvert what was, indeed, very plausible, but only *plausible*, not *proven*. Accordingly, no sooner did I submit the question to that rigorous verification which science imperiously requires, than it became clear to me that my illustrious predecessors—Wagner, Erdl, Siebold, Quatrefages, Ehrenberg, Agassiz, and Owen—men whom the most presumptuous would be slow to contradict, had admitted the point without proof, because it wore so plausible an air. Let me hope the reader will accuse me of no immodesty in thus controverting men so eminent; he will see that whereas they have only hypothesis on their side, I have the accumulated and overwhelming weight of experimental evidence.

What are these “capsules,” or “urticating cells?” The uninstructed reader may be told that the Polypes are supposed to urticate, or sting, like nettles; and the nettling organs, or urticating cells, are supposed to be minute suboval microscopic capsules, quite transparent, containing within them threads coiled up, which, on pressure, dart out to many times the length of the capsule, into which they never return. This thread Agassiz likens to a lasso thrown by the polype to secure its prey. I will not enter here into minute details of structure, which would only confuse the reader, who, if curious, will find all that is known, in the works of Mr Gosse, and the treatises of Owen, Siebold, and Rymer Jones. Any one who has once seen these threads under the microscope darting out with lightning rapidity, especially if he uses a high power, and detects the hooks

with which some of them seem to be furnished, will at once admit that the hypothesis of the “nettling” or “urtication” being performed by these threads is an hypothesis so obvious, an explanation so natural, that—it should be doubted. In all complex matters, we should mistrust the obvious explanation; I do not say that we should disregard or reject it, but mistrust it. When we know, on the one hand, that the jelly-fish stings, and when, on the other hand, we know that it is furnished with numerous cells, in which are coiled threads, to be seen darting out when pressed, the idea of connecting the stinging with these threads is inevitable: but this is not enough for science; it is only a preparatory guess, which *proves* nothing; it may be right, it may be wrong. I believe it is altogether wrong. We have already seen how erroneous was the supposition that Polypes paralysed their victims with a touch; that poison was secreted by their tentacles; yet for this supposition there was at least the evidence of partial observation, whereas, for the supposition we have now to consider, there is absolutely *no* evidence at all.

On a survey of the places where these “urticating cells” are present, we stumble upon an unlucky fact, and one in itself enough to excite suspicion. They are present in a few jelly-fish—which urticate; in actinæ—which urticate; and in all polypes—which, if they do not urticate, are popularly supposed to do so, and at any rate possess some peculiar power of adhesion. In all these cases organ and function may be said to go together. But the cells are also present in the majority of jelly-fish, which do *not* urticate; in Eolids—which do *not* urticate; and in Planariæ—which do *not* urticate. Here, then, we have the organ without any corresponding function; urticating cells, but no urtication. The cautious mind of Owen had already warned us that there was something not quite satisfactory in our supposition; “some super-

* WIEGMANN'S *Archiv.*, 1835, ii. p. 215.

† MULLER'S *Archiv.*, 1841, p. 423.

‡ *Comp. Anat.*, i. p. 39 (English Trans.)

addition to the thread-cell would seem to be essential to the urticating faculty," he says, when speaking of the jelly-fish, "since these cells are present in species and parts that do not sting." It is to be regretted that he was not moved by this doubt to a closer examination of the evidence on which the urticating faculty rested; he would assuredly have been led to the belief that no superaddition to the thread-cell will account for the phenomenon.

But I waive the argument derived from such a source, and, confining myself to the anemones, ask the reader what he thinks of this awkward fact, namely, that these urticating cells are most abundant in parts which do *not* urticate? Only the tentacles have this power, and although they have numerous cells, the urtication cannot well be attributed to *them*, since these cells are more abundant in the convoluted bands, in the lining walls of the stomach, and in the blue spots which surround the oral disc in the smooth anemone—these spots, indeed, being made up of such cells and small granules—yet in not one of these parts can the slightest urtication be traced! How is this? If these cells are the nettling organs, why do they not nettle in those parts where they are most abundant? No one has thought of asking this question.

It thus appears that animals having the cells, have none of the power attributed to the cells; and that even in those animals which have the power, it is only present in the tentacles, where the cells are much less abundant than in parts not manifesting the power: the conclusion, therefore, presses on us that the power does not depend upon these cells. And this conclusion is strengthened every step we take. Thus the *Anthea* is of all anemones the most powerfully urticating; yet, if we compare its cells with those of other anemones, we find them greatly inferior in quantity to those of the *Daisy* and *Dianthus*, and much inferior in size to those of *Crassicornis*, as well as less easily made to uncoil their threads. It has not been remarked, that whereas according to theory the thread should dart out almost instan-

taneously on the slightest pressure; in point of fact it frequently cannot be pressed out at all, even when the whole force of the finger is exerted on the two pieces of glass between which it lies. From the very capricious way in which the threads dart out while under the microscope, and not under pressure, and from the frequent impossibility of pressing them out, I suspect that pressure has really nothing normally to do with the ejection of the thread.

Hitherto we have merely considered facts of observation; we shall now see them confirmed by experiment. Mr Gosse proposes to establish a new genus, named *Sagartia*, on this purely hypothetical function; including in it all those anemones which, like the *Daisy* and *Dianthus*, possess an abundance of peculiar white filaments, visible to the naked eye, which are protruded from the pores of the body and the mouth, when the animal is roughly handled. These filaments are seen, on examination, to be chiefly composed of the "urticating cells." Mr Gosse names the genus *Sagartia*, because Herodotus says of the *Sagartians*, that "when they engage with the enemy they throw out ropes which have nooses at the end, and whatever any one catches he drags towards himself, and they that are entangled in the coils are put to death." The name, you perceive, is aptly chosen,—that is, it would be, if the hypothesis of the filaments were not a figment. The filaments have no such lasso-like and murderous power. This Mr Gosse would deny; and I remember he somewhere records an observation which would perhaps quite satisfy him that his denial has good ground to stand on. He relates that he once saw a small fish in the convulsions of agony, with one of these filaments in its mouth; it shortly expired, and he unhesitatingly concludes from this fact that the *Sagartia* "will attack even vertebrate animals." It is a matter of surprise and regret that Mr Gosse, having once made such an observation, did not feel the imperative necessity of repeating and varying the fact, so as to be sure that the death was not a mere coincidence. If the filament had the power which this single observation fairly

seemed to suggest, nothing could be easier than to establish the fact by experiment. But, I repeat, no one has seen the necessity for the verification of an hypothesis so plausible; and Mr Gosse, like all his predecessors, was content with recording his observation, as if it carried the point. Not being so content, I tested it thus: After irritating a dianthus till it sent out a great many filaments, I dropped a very tiny annelid among them, and entangled it completely in their meshes. Yet lo! these filaments, which are said to possess so powerful a faculty of urtication that even vertebrate animals are killed by them, had no other effect upon a soft annelid than that of detaining it in their meshes, from which it shortly freed itself and wriggled away unhurt. Nor was I yet satisfied; placing a tiny crustacean, of the shrimp family, among the filaments of another dianthus, I saw it remain there enveloped, but apparently quite comfortable, not in the least so desirous of escaping as one would expect if it were being "nettled" all over; and when I lurched the jar it swam away. I have since repeated this experiment with entomostraca and annelids, without once detecting the slightest indication of their being more incommoded by the filaments than they would have been by threads of silk. Mr Gosse, indeed, not only maintains that these filaments are weapons of offence, but he actually goes so far as to suggest that the blue spherules which surround the disc of the *Mesembryanthemum* may "represent the function of these missile filaments" because they are composed of the thread capsules. But I repeat, the hypothesis which assigns to the thread capsules a function of urtication or prehension, is an hypothesis without a single fact to warrant it, and is contradicted by the various facts I have just adduced. Ehrenberg has very unwarrantably given an ideal figure of a hydra in the act of seizing its prey, with the hooks of the thread-cells extended; but, as Siebold truly remarks, the animal is *never* seen thus; and I will add that it is always seen in precisely the

contrary aspect, namely, the blunt end of the cell being in contact with the animal, the hook and thread being turned towards the polype.

I have reserved one fact as the *coup-de-grace*. Having shown that the parts most abundantly supplied with these "urticating cells" do not urticate, I can now remove the last vestige of doubt by the fact that the cell itself from the *tentacle* of an anemone, when seen to eject the thread and touch an animalcule, does *not* kill or disable that animalcule; a fact I witnessed when examining the cells under the microscope. This not only gives the *coup-de-grace* to the general hypothesis, but even sets aside that suggestion of Professor Owen's respecting the probable superaddition to the urticating cell which is to distinguish it from cells in those parts destitute of the power.

The foregoing discussion has had a purpose beyond that of rectifying an universal error—the purpose of pointing a lesson in comparative anatomy. The greatest living experimental physiologist, Claude Bernard, has recently insisted with emphasis on the importance of recognising "anatomical deduction" to be a fruitful source of error.* He warns us against attempting to deduce a function from mere inspection of the organ, without seeing that organ in operation, and applying to it the test of experiment. As a case of pure deduction, this hypothesis of the "urticating cells" seemed to command, and did command, instantaneous assent; but on submitting it to verification, we find the hypothesis to be an error. To the philosophical mind, therefore, there will have been an interest in the foregoing discussion greater than any interest issuing out of the mere conclusion respecting the thread-capsules.

There are other new facts which were yielded to patient investigation, but, having limits necessarily somewhat circumscribed, this Magazine cannot contain all facts, even were its readers of unappeasable appetite; so I will confine myself to the single discovery of the reproductive system in the anemones, that being of some

* *Leçons de Physiologie Experimentale*, vol. ii. 1856.

importance in itself, and helping to illustrate the need there is for rigorous scepticism and extended observation, on the part of zoological students. So long as we unsuspectingly accept what is repeated in books, without being assured that the statements are made on sufficient evidence, and so long as we have eyes but observe not, zoological progress will necessarily be slow, in spite of the vast number of excellent observers and workers, who *do* accelerate our progress by genuine work. When I insist on the necessity for circumspect doubt, and verified observation, the reader must not understand me as implying that this necessity is not vividly present to the mind of many zoologists, and of every real worker; for in truth, only by such methods can any solid result be reached, and no one even superficially acquainted with the present state of zoology will be disposed to underrate the importance and extent of that band of distinguished investigators whose researches daily unfold fresh discoveries. Not, therefore, as throwing any shadow of scorn on these men and their methods; nor as if I were bringing a neglected principle into prominence, am I tempted to insist on the only method of successful pursuit in these studies; but simply to distinguish by it the students of zoology who wish to increase the circle of knowledge by some small addition of new fact, from students who wish merely to ascertain what is known. In zoology, as in all other departments of intellectual activity, there are men contented with "information," whose ambition never passes beyond erudition. They want to know what is known. Others there are who, less solicitous, it may be, about what is known, are intensely moved to know for themselves; and these are the workers who extend the circle of the known.

What is known of the reproductive system of anemones? Not much, and that little confusedly. The text-books are somewhat precise; but the precision is for the most part that of error. I carried with me to the coast this amount of definite error, which gradually revealed itself as error in the course

of a series of investigations. That the reader may follow clearly the course of reasoning presently to be traced, it is necessary to begin with a few explanations which the better instructed will pardon. Let us first fix in our minds a definite idea of the structure of the anemone, as far as it will be involved in the subsequent remarks. Imagine a glove expanded into a perfect cylinder by air, the thumb being removed, and the fingers *encircling*, in two or three rows, the summit of the cylinder, while at the base the glove is closed by a flat surface of leather. If now on that disc which lies within the circle of fingers we press the head of a pencil-case, and so force the elastic leather to *fold inwards*, and form a sort of sac suspended in the cylinder, we have by this means made a mouth and stomach; we then cut a small hole at the bottom of the sac, and thus make a free communication with the general cavity. We then divide this general cavity by numerous partitions of card attached to the wall of the cavity, and form a number of separate chambers called the *interseptal spaces*. Just as the cavity of the finger is continuous with the cavity of the glove, so are the cavities of the tentacles continuous with the interseptal spaces. In these spaces will be found long coils of delicate membrane, which are sometimes seen lolling out of the mouth, and always bulge out when the anemone is cut open; these are called the *convoluted bands*, and to them attention is particularly directed. If the reader will now look at the diagram in Mr Tugwell's *Manual* (Plate II., fig. 4), in Rymer Jones, or indeed in any modern work on zoophytes (wrong as these diagrams are in several details) he will have a tolerably accurate conception of the general structure of an Actinia.

Certain general facts must now be borne in mind. First, let me call attention to the fact that in all animals, the highest as the lowest, the *envelope* is of eminent importance, its predominance bearing a precise ratio to the simplicity of the organism. The simplest organisms breathe, exhale, secrete, absorb, and reproduce by their envelopes alone; and if the

more complex organisms perform each of these functions by a *special* apparatus of organs, yet these organs themselves are originally developed from the envelope. We may, ideally, reduce even a mammal to a cylindrical envelope folded inwards at each end; from the enfolded skin are developed all nutritive and reproductive organs, while the nervous system and its osseous sheath are developed in the space between the outer and inner walls of the envelope. Thus every advance in complexity of organisation takes place through a gradual differentiation, or specialisation, of the general envelope. These important synonyms, *differentiation* and *specialisation*, I will explain by illustrating the law to which they point, namely, the law of animal development first enunciated by Goethe, and strikingly applied by Von Baer: *Development is always from the general to the particular, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex; and this by a gradual series of differentiations.* When we say an organ has been formed out of a tissue, we say a differentiation has taken place; and the function, *e. g.* respiration, which before was performed by the general tissue, is now *specialised*, *i. e.* performed by that special organ. A homogeneous mass of organic matter, such as the *Amœba*, which has no organ whatever, performs all the functions of assimilation, respiration, progression and reproduction, by its general mass, not by any special organs. The process of differentiation by which special organs are gradually developed in the ascending scale of the animal series, is equally exhibited in any particular case of development. Thus if we follow the formation of the human hand, we find first a differentiation between the carpus or wrist, and the metacarpus or hand; next the fingers are differentiated, but, without any division into separate segments—this takes place later; then we have a separation between the soft and hard parts, the cartilage separating from the plastic mass; then these cartilages become osseous; and in the soft plastic mass we distinguish differentiations into muscle, tendon, skin, &c.; when the single

tissues are thus separated we may begin to trace differentiations in the skin, such as the papillæ, the secreting glands, and so forth: till, from a homogeneous mass of cells, we have traced the development of that marvellous and complex structure, the human hand.

Applying this torch to the obscure question of the reproductive system of the anemones, it at once discloses to us that the anemone, being of a very simple organisation, almost entirely envelope, we shall be wrong if we expect to find in it a high complexity of special organs. Anatomists, indeed, have often neglected such a consideration, and have worried themselves in the search after organs, which *a priori* we may decide were not likely to be present. They have sought for and “discovered” nerves and ganglia, each discoverer scornfully rejecting the alleged discovery of his predecessor, and declaring the nerves were in a totally different locality, while no one anatomist could find them anywhere after another. They have worried themselves about the respiration of the anemone, not perceiving that respiration, like circulation and other functions elsewhere dependent on a special apparatus, was here performed in a direct and general manner. They have not suspected that reproduction takes place in the anemone, much in the same way as in the freshwater polype—not in any special and *permanent* apparatus of organs, such as ovary, oviduct, &c., but by a *temporary* specialisation of the general envelope including an accumulation of germ-cells and sperm-cells. I am aware that special organs called ovaries are described in all books, and that some writers describe an oviduct—which only exists in their imagination, for no duct of any kind is found. Of course, no philosophical *a priori* conclusion could be permitted to stand up in contradiction to observed fact; if the organs are there, it is of no use deductively establishing their non-existence. But are they there?

When I first commenced the investigation of anemones, I had no reason whatever to doubt the statement so generally and confidently

made, that the *convoluted bands* were the organs in question. At the end of the first week my doubts began. These convoluted bands contained no trace of ova, but instead thereof they contained vast quantities of those *thread capsules* which I then believed to be urticating cells. This was the last place in the world where one might expect to find offensive weapons; and misled by the belief in these cells, I was led to question the function of the convoluted bands. Questioning, of course, meant something more than supine doubt. I began on the 14th May to examine closely into the evidence, and on the 12th June I was fortunate enough to confirm all doubts by the discovery of the real ovaries (such as they are) in a large *Crassicornis*: here there were no thread capsules, but abundance of unmistakable ova, each with its "vesicle of Purkinje." The thrill of delight with which the assurance broke upon me may be conceived. After exploring several other anemones, to remove all lingering doubt, I hastened to communicate the discovery to my friend Mr Tugwell, in whose presence I again displayed the organs. At that time I, of course, believed that the grapelike cluster in which the ova were lying, were true and permanent ovaries; but having since been frequently unable to detect them in adult specimens, and never in young specimens, I come to the conclusion that these ovaries are *temporary* organs, formed by an accumulation of germ-cells in various parts of the lining membrane of the envelope; that, in fact, they represent the first rudimentary state of what in higher animals becomes the special organ. This conclusion is, however, purely theoretical, and I will now state what any one may see, who examines an adult fresh from the rockpool or tank. With a rapid but not deep incision we lay open the envelope from the outside; the convoluted bands will bulge through the opening; but if we are vigilant and brush these aside, we shall perceive certain lobular or grapelike masses of darker colour, almost entirely hidden by these bands, but growing from the walls of the envelope. They are not situated

in any precise spot; near the base, about the centre, and close to the disc, they may be found: nor are they in every interseptal space; sometimes we may make three or four incisions before detecting them. Once seen, they will easily be distinguished from the convoluted bands, although so difficult is it to remove them without at the same time removing some of the bands, that to this cause alone can I attribute the long continuance of the opinion that the bands were the true ovaries. For it should be observed that several writers have discovered the ova, and one at least (Spix) seems to have seen the ovaries; but that no one had clearly discriminated and described the organs, is evident in the confusion which our text-books exhibit on the topic. I believe I may not only claim the discovery, as having been made independently, and without any knowledge of what Spix had seen, but also as having for the first time discriminated both anatomically and physiologically the ovaries from the convoluted bands, so as to clear up all confusion. I am not even certain that Spix recognised the real organs, since he describes ducts opening into the stomach by several apertures, when in truth there are *no* ducts, and the aperture at the base of the stomach is one, not several. It is from Dr Johnston's *History of British Zoophytes* (for a hasty reading of which I was indebted to Mr Tugwell, after I had made the discovery) that I gather what Spix said. He describes the ovaries "as forming several grapelike clusters situated in the interseptal spaces with ducts which open into the base of the stomach by several apertures, and hence the ova are presumed to gain their freedom by traversing the stomach and mouth. De Blainville doubts this, being led to believe it more probable that the oviducts may open into the labial rim as they do in the asteroid polypes." From this it appears that even if Spix detected the ovaries, he did not accurately discriminate them from the convoluted bands; he did not accurately describe their structure, for he speaks of ducts where no ducts exist; he did not understand their nature, as temporary specialisa-

tions of the membrane, including a mass of germ-cells; and as a consequence of this imperfect discrimination, subsequent writers and anatomists have described the convoluted bands as the ovaries. Mr Teale does so, if I understand the account given by Dr Johnston.

It is needless here to enter into the disputes on this point. The statement of Wagner that he had discovered spermatozoa in the convoluted bands has made several writers dubious respecting the ovarian function of those bands; but by a subsequent discovery I am able to explain, I think, the origin of Wagner's error, as well as to revolutionise the current theories of reproduction in the anemones, bringing that process under much simpler categories. That Wagner did see the spermatozoa, may readily be admitted; but although he thought they were in the convoluted band, I venture to say that they were *in the ovary*, a portion of which he had removed unconsciously with the convoluted band; for let any one snip off a portion of the band as it lolls out of the mouth, and he will find nothing like ova or spermatozoa there. On the discovery of the location of the spermatozoa, which I made at Tenby in July last, I must speak with less confidence than on that of the ovaries: the difficulty of the observation, and the consciousness that I was guided by an *a priori* conviction that the spermatozoa would be where I sought them, together with the fact that since then I have had few opportunities of repeating the observation,—make me hesitate before announcing as absolute, what is at present only a very strong conviction in my mind. Let me say then that I believe the spermatozoa lie imbedded in the same membranous sac which encloses the ova; the two lie *intermingled*, probably isolated by a delicate investing membrane, but at any rate enclosed in the same organ. I believe that it is here the fertilisation takes place, and that the fertilised ovum passes by dehiscence of the membrane into the general cavity, where its subsequent development takes place. On my next visit to the coast I hope to clear up this point; meanwhile it may be

added that the strongest confirmation is to be read in the admirable Memoir on the *Cerianthus*—an animal allied to the *Actinia*—by M. Jules Haime, in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 1854 (4^{ème} série, tome i.), which, on my return home, I found to contain accurate and detailed descriptions of the same disposition of ova and spermatozoa I detected in the *Actiniae*. This paper may rob me indeed of some claim to priority, should the fact be substantiated, but I can very tranquilly waive that, and rejoice in the discovery. The excellent plates which illustrate the Memoir by M. Jules Haime, make it very important for the reader to consult, if he desires an accurate idea of the structure in question.

We thus return to the point from whence we started, and find in the anemone a very simple structure, and a consequent simplicity in its reproductive process. Instead of separate sexes, and elaborate apparatus of organs, we find an accumulation of germ-cells and sperm-cells taking place in certain indeterminate parts of the lining membrane of the envelope, and the union of these cells in these parts, much in the same way as in the simpler plants.

Charles Lamb, in one of his exquisitely humorous letters, refers to the probable feelings of Adam, purchasing a pennyworth of apples from an applewoman's stall, "in Mesopotamia," and thinking of his former plenty in Paradise; and Dr Johnson said, that never but once in his life had he found himself possessor of as much wall-fruit as he could eat. These two lingering retrospects of former abundance appeal to us forcibly; for although in the particular case of apples, a matured taste, fortified by philosophy, and modified by dyspepsia, may pardonably be indifferent—and although also in the particular case of wall-fruit, the unphysiological mind, terrified by absurd rumours as to choleraic influences supposed inevitably to issue from plums, peaches, nectarines, and apricots, may think limitation rather a benefit than an injury; yet every mind must recognise the general

significance there lies in a noble, prodigal, unstinted abundance. Books, for example—can we have too many of them, provided always they are well selected? Dogs—can they be too populous in our court-yards? or horses in our stables? or friends—at convenient distances? or children—in the nursery? or creditors?—no, not creditors, except in a general catastrophe or cataclysm. In a word, is not abundance in and for itself a grand advantage? Painfully this obtrudes itself upon me as I sit eyeing the solitary anemone which mopes in a single vase upon my table, the last rose of

summer, all its blooming companions having been dissected long ago; and my thoughts take wing to Ilfracombe and Tenby, where footpans, pie-dishes, soup-plates and vases were crowded with specimens of every variety of form and colour. I think of that paradisaic abundance, and sigh over this one unhappy animal, the mere pennyworth in Mesopotamia, not simply because I love a liberal prodigality in all things, and fret against niggardly limitations, but also because only with abundance can one hope to get at more "New Facts about Sea Anemones."

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

How to account for this strange adventure, or what explanation to put upon it, I cannot tell, but it began after a very prosaic fashion—rather more commonplace even than the circumstances under which the Laureate meditated his *Legend of Godiva*. After a long drive to a little country station, I found, to my dismay, that I had missed the train.

Missed the train! There was not another till twelve o'clock at noon of the next day, and it was then the afternoon between two and three o'clock; for the place in which I was so fortunate as to find myself, was one of the smallest of country stations on a "branch line." It seems extremely odd, looking back upon it, that there should have been such an unreasonable time to wait; but it did not puzzle, it only discomfited me at the time.

And there was not even a single house, save the half-built little railway house itself, where dwelt the station-master, at this inhospitable station; so I had to be directed by that functionary, and by his solitary porter, how to get to Witcherley village, which lay a mile and a half off across the fields. It was summer, but there had been a great deal of rain, and the roads, as I knew by my morning's experience, were "heavy"—yet I set off with singular equanimity on my journey across the fields. Altogether I took the business very coolly, and made up my mind to it. It is astonishing how

easily one can manage this in a certain frame of mind.

It was rather a pretty country—especially when the sun came glancing down over it, finding out all the rain upon the leaves—when it was only *I* that found them out instead of the sun. When pushing down a deep lane, my hat caught the great overhanging bough of a hawthorn, and shook over me a sparkling shower of water-drops, big and cool like so many diamonds. I cannot say that I entirely enjoyed the impromptu baptism, and the wet matted brambles underfoot were full of treacherous surprises, and the damp path under that magnificent seam of red-brown earth, which had caught my eye half a mile off, caught my foot now with unexampled tenacity. Notwithstanding, the road was pretty; a busy little husbandman of a breeze began to rustle out the young corn, and raise the feeble stalks which had been "laid" by the rain; and everything grew lustily in the refreshed and sweetened atmosphere, through which the birds raised their universal twitter. There appeared white gable-ends, bits of orchard closely planted, a church-spire rising through the trees, and over the next stile I leaped into the extreme end of the little village street of Witcherley—a very rural little village indeed, lying, though within a mile and a half of a railway station, secure and quiet among the old Arcadian fields.

Facing me was a great iron gate

extremely ornamental, as things were made a hundred years ago, with a minute porter's-lodge shut up, plainly intimating that few carriages rolled up that twilight avenue, to which entrance was given by a little postern-door at the side. The avenue was narrow, but the trees were great and old, and hid all appearance of the house to which they led. Then came three thatched cottages flanking at a little distance the moss-grown wall which extended down the road from the manor-house gates; and then the path made a sharp turn round the abrupt corner of a gable which projected into it, the grey wall of which was lightened by one homely bow-window in the upper story, but nothing more. This being the Witcherley Arms, I went no further, though some distant cottages, grey, silent, and rude, caught my eye a little way on. The Witcherley Arms, indeed, *was* the hamlet of Witcherley—it was something between an inn and a farmhouse, with long low rooms, small windows, and an irregular and rambling extent of building, which it was hard to assign any use for, and which seemed principally filled up with long passages leading to closets and cupboards and laundries in a prodigal and strange profusion. A few rude steps led to the door, within which, on one side, was a little bar, and on the other the common room of the inn. Just in front of the house, surrounded by a little plot of grass, stood a large old elm-tree, with the sign swung high among its branches; opposite was the gate of a farmyard, and the dull walls of a half square of barns and offices; behind, the country seemed to swell into a bit of rising-ground, covered with the woods of the manor-house; but the prospect before was of a rude district broken up by solitary roads, crossing the moorland, and apparently leading nowhere. One leisurely country-cart stood near the door, the horse standing still with dull patience, and that indescribable quiet consciousness that it matters nothing to any one how long the bumpkin stays inside, or the peaceable brute without, which is only to be found in the extreme and undisturbed seclusion

of very rural districts. I confess I entered the Witcherley Arms with a little dismay, and no great expectations of its comfort or good cheer. The public room was large enough, lighted with two casement windows, with a low unequal ceiling and a sanded floor. Two small tables in the windows, and one long one placed across the room behind, with a bristling supply of hard high-backed wooden chairs, were all the furniture. A slow country fellow in a smock frock, the driver of the cart, drank his beer sullenly at one of the smaller tables. The landlord loitered about between the open outer door and the “coffee-room,” and I took my seat at the head of the big table, and suggested dinner to the open-eyed country maid.

She was more startled than I expected by the idea. Dinner! there was boiled bacon in the house, she knew, and ham and eggs were practicable. I was not disposed to be fastidious under present circumstances, so the cloth was spread, and the boiled bacon set before me, preparatory to the production of the more savoury dish. To have a better look at me, the landlord came in and established himself beside the bumpkin in the window. These worthies were not at all of the ruffian kind, but, on the contrary, perfectly honest-looking, obtuse, and leisurely: their dialect was strange to my ear, and their voices confused; but I could make out that what they did talk about was the “Squire.”

Of course, the most natural topic in the world in a place so primitive; and I, examining my bacon, which was not inviting, paid little attention to them. By-and-by, however, the landlord loitered out again to the door; and there my attention was attracted at once by a voice without, as different as possible from their mumbling rural voices. This was followed immediately by a quick alert footstep, and then entered the room an old gentleman, little, carefully dressed, precise and particular, in a blue coat with gilt buttons, a spotless white cravat, Hessian boots, and hair of which I could not say with certainty whether it was grey or powdered. He came in as a

monarch comes into a humble corner of his dominions. There could be no doubt about his identity—this was the Squire.

Hodge at the window pulled his forelock reverentially; the old gentleman nodded to him, but turned his quick eye upon me—strangers were somewhat unusual at the Witcherley Arms—and then my boiled bacon, which I still only looked at! The Squire drew near with suave and compassionate courtesy: I told him my story—I had missed the train. The train was entirely a new institution in this primitive corner of the country. The old gentleman evidently did not half approve of it, and treated my detention something in the light of a piece of retributive justice. “Ah, haste, haste! nothing else will please us nowadays,” he said, shaking his head with dignity: “the good old coach, now, would have carried you comfortably, without the risk of a day’s waiting or a broken limb; but novelty carries the day.”

I did not say that the railway was, after all, not so extreme a novelty in other parts of the world as in Witcherley, and I was rewarded for my forbearance. “If you do not mind waiting half an hour, and walking half a mile,” added the Squire immediately, “I think I can promise you a better dinner than anything you have here—a plain country table, sir, nothing more, and a house of the old style; but better than honest Giles’s bacon, to which I see you don’t take very kindly. He will give you a good bed, though—a clean comfortable bed. I have slept myself, sir, on occasion, at the Witcherley Arms.”

When he said this, some recollection or consciousness came for an instant across the old gentleman’s countenance; and the landlord, who stood behind him, and who was also an old man, uttered what seemed to me a kind of suppressed groan. The Squire heard it, and turned round upon him quickly.

“If your gable-room is not otherwise occupied to-night,” said the old gentleman—“mind I do not say it will, or is likely to be—put this gentleman into it, Giles.”

The landlord groaned again a singular affirmative, which roused my curiosity at once. Was it haunted? or what could there be of tragical or mysterious connected with the gable-room?

However, I had only to make my acknowledgments, and accept with thanks the Squire’s proposal, and we set out immediately for the manor-house. My companion looked hale, active, and light of foot—scarcely sixty—a comely well-preserved old gentleman, with a clear frosty complexion, blue eyes without a cloud, features somewhat high and delicate, and altogether, in his refined and particular way, looked like the head of a long-lived patriarchal race, who might live a hundred years. He paused, however, when we got to the corner, to look to the north over the broken country on which the sunshine slanted as the day began to wane. It was a wild solitary prospect, as different as possible from the softer scene through which I had come to Witcherley. Those broken bits of road, rough cart-tracks over the moor, with heaps of stones piled here and there, the intention of which one could not decide upon; fir-trees, all alone and by themselves, growing singly at the angles of the road—sometimes the long horizontal gleam of water in a deep cutting—sometimes a green bit of moss, prophetic of pitfall and quagmire—and no visible moving thing upon the whole scene. The picture to me was somewhat desolate. My new friend, however, gazed upon it with a lingering eye, sighed, did not say anything—but, turning round with a little vehemence, took some highly-flavoured snuff from a small gold box, and seemed, under cover of this innocent stimulant, to shake off some emotion. As he did so, looking back I saw the inmates of the Witcherley Arms at the door, in a little crowd, gazing at *him*. The landscape must have been as familiar to him as he was to these good people. I began to grow very curious. Was anything going to happen to the old Squire?

The old Squire, however, was of the class of men who enjoy conversation, and relish a good listener. He led me down through the noiseless

road, past the three cottages, to the manorial gates, with a pleasant little stream of remark and explanation, a little jaunty wit, a little caustic observation, great natural shrewdness, and some little knowledge of the world. Entering in by that little side-door to the avenue, was like coming out of daylight into sudden night. The road was narrow—the trees tall, old, and of luxuriant growth. I did not wonder that his worship was proud of them, but, for myself, should have preferred something less gloomy. The line was long, too, and wound upwards by an irregular ascent; and the thick dark foliage concealed, till we had almost reached it, the manor-house, which turned its turreted gable-end towards us, by no means unlike the Witcherley Arms.

It was a house of no particular date or character—old, irregular, and somewhat picturesque—built of the grey limestone of the district, spotted over with lichens, and covering here and there the angle of a wall with an old growth of exuberant ivy—ivy so old, thick, and luxuriant, that there was no longer any shapeliness or distinctive character in the big, blunt, glossy leaves. A small lawn before the door, graced with one clipped yew-tree, was the only glimpse of air or daylight, so far as I could see, about the house; for the trees closed in on every side, as if to shut it out entirely from all chance of seeing or being seen. The big hall-door opened from without, and I followed the Squire with no small curiosity into the noiseless house, in which I could not hear a single domestic sound. Perhaps drawing-rooms were not in common use at Witcherley—at all events we went at once to the dining-room, a large long apartment, with an ample fireplace at the upper end—three long windows in one side, and a curious embayed alcove in the corner, projecting from the room like an afterthought of the builder. To this pretty recess you descended by a single step from the level of the dining-room, and it was lighted by a broad, Elizabethan oriel window, with a cushioned seat all round, fastened to the wall. We went here, naturally passing by the long dining-table,

which occupied almost the entire mid-space of the apartment. These three long dining-room windows looked out upon the lawn and the clipped yew-tree—the oriel looked upon nothing, but was closely overshadowed by a group of lime-trees casting down a tender, cold, green light through their delicate wavering leaves. There were old panel portraits on the walls, old crimson hangings,—a carpet, of which all the colours were blended and indistinguishable with old age. The chairs in the recess were covered with embroidery as faded as the carpet; everything bore the same tone of antiquity. At the same time, everything appeared in the most exemplary order, well-preserved and graceful—without a trace of wealth, and with many traces of frugality, yet undebased by any touch of shabbiness. And as the Squire placed himself in the stiff elbow-chair in this pleasant little alcove, and cast his eye with becoming dignity down the long line of the room, I could not but recognise a pleasant and suitable congeniality between my host and his house.

Presently a grave middle-aged man-servant entered the room, and busied himself very quietly spreading the table—the Squire in the mean time entering upon a polite and good-humoured catechetical examination of myself; but pausing now and then to address a word to Joseph, which Joseph answered with extreme brevity and great respectfulness. There was nothing inquisitive or disagreeable in the Squire's inquiries; on the contrary, they were pleasant indications of the kindly interest which an old man often shows in a young one unexpectedly thrown into his path. I was by no means uninterested, meanwhile, in the slowly-completed arrangements of the dinner-table, all accomplished so quietly. When Joseph had nearly finished his operations, a tall young fellow in a shooting-coat, sullen, loutish, and down-looking, lounged into the room, and threw himself into an easy-chair. He did not bear a single feature of resemblance to the courtly old beau beside me, yet was his son notwithstanding.

ing beyond all controversy—the heir of the house. Then came the earlier instalments of the dinner; and simultaneously with the silver tureen appeared an old lady, who dropped me a noiseless curtsy, and took her seat at the head of the table, without a word. I could make nothing whatever of this mistress of the house. She was dressed in some faded rich brocaded dress, entirely harmonising with the carpets and the embroidered chairs, and wore a large faint brooch at her neck, with a half-obliterated miniature, set round with dull yellow pearls. She sent me soup, and carved the dishes placed before her in a noiseless, seemingly motionless way, which there was no comprehending; and was either the most mechanical automaton in existence, or a person stunned and petrified. The young Squire sat opposite myself, one person only at the long vacant side of the table, with his back to the three windows. An uneasy air of shame, sullenness, and half-resentment hung about him, and he, too, never spoke. In spite, however, of this uncomfortable companionship, the Squire, in his place at the foot of the table, kept up his pleasant, lively, vivacious stream of conversation without the slightest damp or restraint,—gave forth his old-fashioned formal witticisms—his maxims of the old world, his dignified country-gentleman reflections upon the errors of the new. Silent sat the presiding shadow at the head—silent the lout in the middle. The old servant, grave, solemn, and almost awe-stricken, moved silently about behind; yet, little assisted by my own discomposed and embarrassed responses, there was quite a lively sound of conversation at the table, kept up by the brave old Squire.

With the conclusion of the dinner, and with another little noiseless curtsy, the old lady disappeared as she came. I had not heard the faintest whisper of her voice during the whole time, nor observed her looking at any one; and it was almost a relief to hear her dress rustle softly as she glided out of the room. It seemed to me, however, that our attendant took an unneces-

sarily long time of arranging the few plates of fruit and placing the wine upon the table; and lingered with visible anxiety, casting stealthy looks of mingled awe and sympathy at his master, and exercising a watchful and jealous observation of the young Squire. The old Squire, however, took no notice, for his part, of the sullenness of his heir, or the watch of Joseph, but pared his apple briskly, and went on with his description of a celebrated old house in the neighbourhood, which, if I had another day to spare, I would find it very much worth my while to see. “At another time,” said the old gentleman, “I might have offered you my own services as guide and cicerone; but present circumstances make that impracticable; however, I advise you sincerely, go yourself and see.”

As he said these words, there seemed a simultaneous start of consciousness on the part of the young man and of the servant. Joseph’s napkin fell out of his hands, and he hurried from the room without picking it up; while the young Squire, with an evidently irrestrainable motion, pushed back his chair from the table, grew violently red, drank half-a-dozen glasses of wine in rapid succession, and cast a furtive and rapid glance at his father, who, perfectly lively and at his ease, talked on without a moment’s discomposure. Then the young man rose up suddenly, walked away from the table, tossed the fallen napkin into the fireplace with his foot, came back again, grasped the back of his chair, cleared his throat, and, turning his flushed face towards his father without lifting his eyes, seemed trying in vain to invent words for something which he had to say.

Whatever it was, it would not bear words. The young Hercules, a fine, manly, full-grown figure, stood exactly opposite me, with his down-looking eyes; but all that he seemed able to articulate was a beginning—“I say, father; father, I say.”

“No occasion for saying another word about the matter, my boy,” said the old gentleman. “I understand you perfectly—come back as early as you please to-morrow, and you’ll find

all right, and everything prepared for you. You may rely upon me."

Not another word was exchanged between them; the lout plunged his hands into his pockets, and left the room as resentful, sullen, and ashamed as ever, yet with an air of relief. The Squire leaned back in his chair for an instant, and sighed—but whether it was over a household mystery, or the excellence of the wine which he held up to the light, it was impossible to tell, for he resumed what he was saying immediately, and rounded off a handsome little sentence about the advantages of travel to young men.

At this point Joseph entered once more, with looks still more awe-stricken and anxious, on pretence of finding his napkin. "And now that we are alone," said the Squire, calling him, "we may as well be comfortable. Take the wine, Joseph, into the oriel. We call it the oriel, though the word is a misnomer; but family customs, sir, family customs, grow strong and flourish in an old house. It has been named so since my earliest recollection, and for generations before that."

"And for generations after, no doubt," said I. "Your grandchildren—"

"*My grandchildren!*" exclaimed the old man with a look of dismay; "but, my good sir, you are perfectly excusable—perfectly excusable," he continued, recovering himself; "you are not aware of my family history, and the traditions of the house. But I observe that you have shown some surprise at various little incidents—understand me, I beg—shown surprise in the most decorous and natural manner consistent with perfect good-breeding. I should be uneasy did you suppose I implied anything more. The fact is, you have come among us at a family crisis. Be seated—and to understand it, you ought to know the history of the house."

I took my seat immediately, with haste and a little excitement. The Squire's elbow-chair had already been placed by Joseph on the other side of the small carved oak table—the wine with its dull ruby glow, and the old-fashioned tall glasses, small goblets, long-stalked and ornamented, stood between us; and overhead a morsel of inquisitive blue sky, looked into

through the close interlacing of those tremulous delicate lime-tree leaves.

The Squire took his seat, paused again, sighed; and then turning round towards the dining-room proper, which began to grow dim as twilight came on, cast a look somewhat melancholy, yet full of dignified satisfaction, upon the array of family portraits, and began his tale.

"We are an old family," said the old gentleman; "I do not need to say to any one acquainted with this district, or with the untitled gentry of the North of England, how long and how unbroken has been our lineal succession. Witcherley Manor-house has descended for centuries, without a single lapse, from father to son; and you will observe, sir, one of the distinguishing peculiarities of our race, and the reason of my amazement when you spoke unguardedly of grandchildren, the offspring of every marriage in this house is one son."

The words were said so solemnly that I started—"One son!"

"One son," continued the Squire with dignity, "enough to carry on the race and preserve its honours—nothing to divide or encumber. In fact, I feel that the existence of the family depends on this wise and benevolent arrangement of nature. If I have a regret," said the old man mildly, with a natural sigh, "regarding the approaching marriage of my boy, it is because he has chosen his wife, contrary to the usage of our house, out of a neighbouring and very large family—yet I ought to have more confidence in the fortunes of the race."

Being somewhat surprised, not to say dumbfounded, by these reflections, I thought it better to make no remark upon them, and prudently held my peace.

"We were once rich, sir," continued the Squire, with a smile, "but that is a period beyond the memory of man. Three centuries ago, an ancestor of mine, a man of curious erudition, a disciple of the Rosy Cross, lost a large amount of the gold he had in search of the mysterious power of making the baser metals into gold. There he hangs, sir, looking down upon us, a most remarkable man. I would call

him the founder of our race, but that such a statement would be untrue, and would abridge our ascertained genealogy by many generations; he was, however, the founder of everything remarkable in our history. In the pursuit of science he was so unfortunate as to risk and lose a large portion of his family inheritance—everything, in short, but the Manor-house and lands of Witcherley—I am not ashamed to say a *small* estate.”

I bent my head to the old man with involuntary respect, as he bowed to me over his wine in his stately old pride and truthfulness; but I made no other interruption, and he immediately resumed his tale.

“In the ordinary course of nature, as people call it, with younger children to be provided for, and daughters to be portioned, the house of Witcherley, sir, must long ago have come to a conclusion. But my ancestor was a wise man; he had purchased his wisdom at no small cost, and knew how to make use of it, and he left to us who came after him the most solemn heirloom of the house, a family vow—a vow which each successive father among us is pledged to administer to his son, and which, I am proud to say, has never been broken in the entire known history of the race.”

“I beg your pardon. I should be grieved to make any impertinent inquiries,” said I—for the Squire came to a sudden pause, and my curiosity was strongly excited—“but might I ask what that was?”

The old gentleman filled his glass and sipped it slowly. The daylight had gradually faded through the soft green lime-leaves; but still the waning rays were cooled and tinted by the verdant medium through which they came. I thought there was a tinge of pallor on my companion’s face; but he sat opposite, in his elbow-chair, with the most perfect calmness, sipping his wine.

“It depends entirely,” he said with deliberation, “upon the providential natural arrangement of succession, which I have already told you of. The family vow is no longer binding upon that Squire of Witcherley who has more than one child—one son.”

“And that contingency, has it

never happened?” cried I, with eagerness.

“It threatened to happen, sir, on one occasion,” said the Squire. “My own grandfather married a wife with some fortune, who brought him a daughter. I am grieved to say of so near a relation that his mind was degenerate. Instead of showing any disappointment, he made an exhibition of unseemly satisfaction at the thought of escaping the fate of his race. He took down the old gateway, sir, and erected the piece of foolishness in iron which disfigures my avenue. But it was shortlived—shortlived. Providence stepped in, and withdrew from him both wife and child; and it was only by a second marriage late in life that he escaped the terrible calamity of being the last of his line. No, I am proud to say that contingency has never occurred, nor that vow been broken, for three hundred years.”

“And the vow?” I grew quite excited, and leaned over the little table to listen, with a thrill of expectation. The Squire cleared his throat, kept his eyes fixed upon the table, and answered me slowly. It was not nervousness, but pure solemnity; and it impressed me accordingly.

“Sir,” he said, at last raising his head, “the lands of Witcherley are insufficient to support two households. When the heir is of age, and is disposed to marry, according to the regulation of the family the father ceases; one generation passes away, and another begins. Sir, my son is on the eve of marriage; *he* will be Squire of Witcherley to-morrow.”

I started to my feet in sudden alarm; then seated myself again, half subdued, half appalled by the composure of the old man. “I beg your pardon,” I said, faltering; “I have misunderstood you, of course. You give up a portion of your authority—a share of your throne. Oh, by no means unusual, I understand.”

“You do not understand *me*,” said the Squire, “nor the ways of this house. I spoke nothing of share or portion; there is no such thing possible at Witcherley. I said, simply, the father ceased and the son suc-

ceeded. These were my words. On these lands there can be but one Squire."

I could not listen in quietness. I rose from my chair again in dismay and apprehension. "You mean to withdraw—to leave the house—to abdicate?" I gasped, scarcely knowing what I said.

"Sir," said the Squire, looking up with authority, "I mean to *cease*."

It is impossible to give the smallest idea of the horror of these words, spoken in this strange silent house in the dark room, with its line of long dull windows letting in a colourless ghostly twilight, and the tremulous limes quivering at the oriel. I cried aloud, yet it was only in a whisper: "Why—what—how is this! Murder—suicide! Good heaven, what do you mean?"

"Be seated, sir," said my companion, authoritatively. "I trust I speak to a gentleman, and a man of honour. Do I betray any unseemly agitation? The means are our secret—the fact is as I tell you. To-morrow, sir, my son will be Squire of Witcherley, and I shall have fulfilled the vow and the destiny of my race."

How I managed to sit down quietly again in this ghastly half-light at the domestic table of a man who had just made a statement so astounding, and under a roof where the implements of murder might be waiting, or the draught of the suicide prepared, I cannot tell; yet I did so, overawed by the quietness of my companion, in presence of whom, though my head throbbed and my veins swelled, it seemed impossible to say a word. I sat looking at him in silence, resolving a hundred wild schemes of rescue. In England, and the nineteenth century! It was not possible; yet I could not help the shuddering sense of reality which crept upon me. "And your son?" I exclaimed, abruptly, with a renewed sense of horror—the son's sullen and guilty shame returning in strong confirmation before my eyes.

"My son," said the Squire, with again a natural sigh—"yes. I confess it has hitherto been the father who has taken the initiative in this matter; but my boy knew his rights.

I was perhaps dilatory. Yes—yes, it is all perfectly right, and I have not the smallest reason to complain."

"But what—what?—for heaven's sake, tell me! You are not about to do anything?—what are you about to do?" cried I.

"Sir, you are excited," said the Squire. "I am about to do nothing which I am not quite prepared for. Pardon me for reminding you. You are a stranger—you are in the country—and in this quiet district we keep early hours. Do me the favour to ring for lights; the bell is close to your hand; and as our avenue is of the darkest, Joseph will guide to the postern."

I rang the bell, as I was desired, with passive obedience. I was struck dumb with amaze and bewilderment, half angry at this sudden dismissal, and half disposed to remain in spite of it; but I *was* a stranger, indebted to my companion's courtesy for my introduction here, and without the slightest claim upon him. Lights appeared, as if by magic, in an instant, and Joseph lingered waiting for orders. "Take your lantern and light the gentleman to the end of the avenue," said the Squire, coming briskly out of the recess, and arranging for himself a chair and a newspaper at the table. Then he held out his hand to me, shook mine heartily, and dismissed me with the condescending but authoritative bow of a monarch. I muttered something about remaining—about service and assistance—but the old gentleman took no further notice of me, and sat down to his newspaper with dignified impenetrability. Having no resource but to follow Joseph, I went out with no small amount of discomposure. And looking back to the placid old figure at the table, with his lamp and his paper, and struck with the overwhelming incongruity of ideas, the mysterious horror of the story, and the composed serenity of the scene, went out after my guide in perfect bewilderment, ready to believe that my senses had deceived me—that my host laboured under some extraordinary delusion—anything rather than that this was true.

The avenue was black as mid-

night ; darkness was no description of the pitchy gloom of this narrow path, with its crowd of overshadowing trees ; and not even the wavering light of Joseph's lantern, cast upon the ground at my feet, secured me from frequent collisions with the big boles of those gigantic elms. The wind too, unlike a summer breeze, came chill and ghostly up the confined road, and rain was beginning to fall. I presume the old servant scarcely heard my questions, amid the universal rustle of the leaves and patter of the rain. He did not answer, at all events, except by directions and injunctions to take care. I caught him by the arm at last, when we came to the door. "Do you know of anything that is about to happen—quick—tell me !" I cried, my excitement coming to a climax. The lantern almost fell from Joseph's hand, but I could not see his face.

"A many things happen nowadays," said Joseph, "but I reckon master wants me more nor you, sir, if that be all."

"Your master ! it is your master I am concerned about," cried I. "You look like an old servant—do you know what all this means ? Is the old man safe ? If there's any danger, tell me, and I'll go back with you and watch all night."

"Danger ! the Squire's in his own house," said Joseph, "and not a servant in it but's been there for twenty years. Thank you all the same ; but mind your own business, young gentleman, and ride betimes in the morning, and never think on't again, whate'er ye may have heard to-night."

Saying which, Joseph closed abruptly in my face the postern-door, at which we had been standing, and through the open ironwork of the closed gates I saw his light gleam hastily, as he hurried up the avenue. His manner and words excited instead of subduing my agitated curiosity. I stood irresolute in the rain and the darkness, gazing through the iron gate, which now I could distinguish only by touch, and could not see, though I was close to it. What was to be done ? What could I do ? Just then I heard a

horse's hoofs upon the road, and turned round eagerly, with the intention of addressing the passenger, whoever it might be. Raising my eyes, though it was impossible to see anything, I cried, "Hold—wait—let me speak to you !" when, with an effect, like a suddenly displayed lantern, the moon broke out through the clouds. My eyes had been straining, in the darkness, to the unseen face ; now, when this fitful illumination revealed it, I started back in confusion. It was the same ashamed sullen resentful face which had lowered upon me at the Squire's table—his son—and instead of pausing when he perceived me, the young man touched his horse smartly with his whip, and plunged away, at a heavy gallop, into the night. I think this last incident filled up the measure of my confused and bewildering excitement. I turned from the gate at once, and pushed back towards the Witcherley Arms.

Reaching them, I went in with the full intention of rousing the country, and returning in force, to gain an entrance to the manor-house, and save the old man in his own despite. But when I went into the dull public room, with its two flaring melancholy candles, its well-worn country paper, which one clown was spelling over, and another listening to—when, in my haste and heat, I came within this cheerless, lifeless atmosphere, heard the fall of the monotonous slow voices, and saw the universal stagnation of life, my excitement relaxed in spite of myself. In this scene, so coldly, dully commonplace—in this ordinary, unvaried stream of existence, it was impossible : there was no room for mysteries and horrors here.

Yet within the little bar on the other side of the passage, the landlord and his wife were peering out at me with a half-scared curiosity, and holding consultations together in an excited and uneasy restlessness, something like my own. Stimulated once more by seeing this, I hastened up to them, and though they both retreated before me, and made vain attempts to conceal their curiosity and eagerness, my own mind was too much roused to be easily deceived. I asked

hastily if there was any constabulary force in the neighbourhood—soldiers, county police, protectors of the peace.

The woman uttered a faint exclamation of terror; but the landlord, with a certain stupid adroitness, which I could not help remarking, took up my question. "Polis! Lord a' mercy! the gentleman's been robbed. I'se a constable mysel'."

"I have not been robbed; but I suspect you know more than I do," cried I, impatiently. "Your old Squire is in some mysterious danger. If you're a constable, rouse half-a-dozen men in the neighbourhood, and come up with me to the manor-house—if you're a constable! I should say, if you're a man, make haste and follow me. Do you hear? At this very moment the old man may be in peril of his life."

"What's wrong, sir? what's wrong? It cannot be rubbers, for rubbers could ne'er reach to the manor-house," said the wife, interposing. "Bless and preserve us! is't the Russians or the French, or the pitmen, or what's wrong? and if he's off and away to the manor, who'll mind his own house?"

"I am sure you know what I mean," cried I. "Your old master is in danger. I cannot tell you what danger. You know better than I do. Can you look on quietly, and see the Squire lose his life?"

"I know nought about the Squire's life," said Giles sullenly, after a pause; "and no more do you, sir, that's a stranger to Witcherley ways. The Squire's got his own about him that won't see wrong to him. It's no ado o' mine, and it's no ado o' yours; and I'm not agoing on a fool's errand for any man, let alone a strange gentleman I never set eyes on afore. Do you think I'd go and anger the Squire in his own house, because summat skeared a traveller? I'm not agoing to do no such foolishness. If the Squire takes notions, what's that to a stranger like you, that'll maybe never see him again?"

"Takes notions?" I caught at this new idea with infinite relief. "What do you mean? Does the Squire take notions? Is it all a delusion of his? Is that what you mean?"

"Sir, it's in the family; they're

queer, that's what they are," said the woman, answering me eagerly, while her husband hung back, and made no response. "It comes strange to the likes of you; for it takes a deal of studyin' to larn Witcherley ways."

"Witcherley ways—in the family—a delusion—a monomania," said I to myself. Certainly this looked the most reasonable explanation. Yes, to be sure; everybody had heard of such. I received the idea eagerly, and calmed down at once. After all, the wonder was, that it had never struck me before; and then the confusion of the young man—the anxiety of Joseph. No doubt, they trembled for the exhibition of this incipient madness—no doubt, they were afraid of the narrative with which the unfortunate old gentleman was sure to horrify a new listener. I became quite "easy in my mind" as I revolved all this. Monomaniacs, too, are so gravely reasonable in most cases, and have so much method in their madness. I returned to the dull public-room with restored composure, and thinking it all over, in the lifeless silence, in this place where it seemed impossible that anything could happen, could almost have laughed at myself for my own fears. By-and-by the house was shut up, and I transferred my quarters to the gable-room, which I was to occupy for the night. It was a well-sized apartment, somewhat bare, but very clean, and sufficiently comfortable, very much like the best bedroom of a humble country inn, which it was. The bow-window—the only window in the room—looked out into sheer darkness, a heavy visible gloom; the night was somewhat wild, and dismal with wind and rain, and, in spite of the homely comfort of my surroundings, I have seldom spent a more miserable night. Dreary old stories revived out of the oblivion of childhood; tales of the creeping stream of blood from some closed door, the appalling pistol-shot, the horror of the death-gasp and cry, forced themselves on my memory; and when I slept, it was only to see visions of the Squire, or of some one better known to me in his place, standing in ghastly solitude with the knife or the poison, struggling with assassins, or stretched

upon a horrible deathbed, red with murder. Through these feverish fancies came the rounds of the night; the creeping silence, which, like the darkness, was not negative, but positive; the dismal creaking of the sign among the great boughs of the elm-tree; the rush of rain against the window; the moaning and sobbing echoes of the wind. These terrors, however, waking and sleeping, did not make me watch for and start up to meet the earliest dawn, as might have been supposed; on the contrary, I fell into a heavy slumber as the morning broke, and slept late and long, undisturbed by the early sounds of rustical awakening. When I roused myself at last, it was ten o'clock—a pale, wet, melancholy morning, the very ghost and shadow of the more dismal night.

I cannot tell whether the story of the evening was the first thing which occurred to my mind when I awoke. Indeed, I rather think not, but that a more everyday and familiar apprehension, the dread of once more losing the train, was the earliest thought which occupied me, despite all the horrors of the night. But my mind immediately rebounded with excitement and eagerness into the former channel, when I looked out from my window. Immediately under it, in the pale drizzle of rain, stood the Squire's son, dressed as his father had been, in a blue coat with gilt buttons, but new, and of the latest fashion, and with a white favour on the breast. His face was flushed with rude half-concealed exultation; his manner seemed arrogant and authoritative, but still he had not lost the downlooking, sullen, resentful shame of the previous night. He was putting money in the hand of Giles, who stood by with a scowl upon his face, and touched his hat with a still more sullen unwillingness. Several other men, a heaving little rustic crowd, lingered around, eyeing the young man askance with looks of scared and unfriendly curiosity. "Let them drink our health, and see that the bells are rung." I heard only these words distinctly, and the young squire strode away towards the manor-house. When he was out of sight, my phlegmatic landlord threw his

money vehemently on the ground with an expression of disgust, and shook his clenched hand after the disappearing figure; but thinking better of it by-and-by, and relenting towards the honest coin, picked it up deliberately, piece by piece, and hastily disappeared within the house. My toilette did not occupy me much after this incident, and as soon as I had hastily completed it, I hurried down stairs. Giles was in the passage, giving directions, intermixed with a low growl of half-spoken curses. When he saw me, he suddenly stopped, and retreated within his little bar. I followed him anxiously. "What has happened?—what of the Squire?"

"The Squire?—it's none o' my business—nor yours neither. Mind your breakfast and your train, young gentleman, and don't you bother about Witcherley—Missus, you're wanted!—I've enow on my own hands."

Saying which Giles fled, and left me unanswered and unsatisfied. Turning to his wife, who appeared immediately with my breakfast, I found her equally impracticable. She, poor woman, seemed able for nothing but to wring her hands, wipe her eyes with an apron, and answer to my eager inquiries, "Don't you meddle in it—don't you, then! O Lord! it's Witcherley ways."

It was impossible to bear this tantalising bewilderment. I took my hat, and rushed out, equally indifferent to train and breakfast. The same bumpkins stood still loitering in the high-road, in the rain; and, scared and awe-stricken as they seemed, were still able to divert the main subject of their slow thoughts, with some dull observation of myself, as I rushed past. I did not pause, however, to ask any fruitless questions of this mazed chorus of spectators, but hurried along the road to the little postern-gate. To my surprise, I found the great gates open, and another little circle of bystanders, children and women, standing by. I hastened up the dark avenue, when the rain pattered and the leaves rustled in the pallid daylight, as they had done in the blank night. Everything remained exactly as it was yesterday, when I passed up this same tortuous

road with the Squire. I rushed on with growing excitement, unable to restrain myself. The hall-door stood slightly ajar. I pushed it open, and entered with a hasty step, which echoed upon the paved hall as though the house were vacant. Roused from a corner by the sound, Joseph rose and came forward to meet me. The poor fellow looked very grave and solemn, and had been sitting in forlorn solitude, reading in this chilly uninhabited hall. But at sight of me the cautiousness of suspicion seemed to inspire Joseph. He quickened his pace, and came forward resolutely, keeping himself between me and the dining-room door.

"I want to see your master—your master—beg him to see me for a moment; I will not detain him," said I.

"My master?" Joseph paused and looked at me earnestly, as if to ascertain how much or how little I knew. "My master, sir, was married this morning. I couldn't make so bold as to disturb him; perhaps you could call another day."

"Married! Now, Joseph," said I, trying what an appeal would do, "you know it is in vain to attempt deceiving me; your master's son is married, but I do not want *him*; I want to see the old Squire."

"There's no old Squire, sir," said Joseph, with a husky voice, "there ain't. I tell you true; you're dreaming. My master's a young gentleman, and married this morning. It's no good coming here," cried the old servant, growing excited, "to make trouble, and disturb a quiet house. My master's a young gentleman—younger than yourself; there can be but one Squire."

"Joseph, what do you mean?" cried I. "Do you forget what I saw and heard—do you forget that I was here and dined with your old master last night? Where is he? What have you done with him? I'll rouse the country. I'll have you all indicted for murder, every soul in the house. Where is the old Squire?"

He laid his hand upon my shoulder fiercely, trembling himself, however, as he did so, with the tremor of weakness. "Will you hold your tongue—will you be quiet—will you leave this house?"

"No," cried I, raising my voice, and shaking the old man off—"No, I'll ascertain the truth before I move a step. I will not leave the house. Here, go call your new master; I'll wait for him where I sate with his father yesterday. His father, poor old man, what have you done with him? I will not move a step till I search this mystery out."

I pushed my way as I spoke into the dining-room, Joseph following and opposing me feebly. The appearance of the silent untenanted room moved me with a new and mysterious thrill of horror. There it lay unaltered, undisturbed, in the very same formal arrangement as when I left it last night; the portraits looking darkly from the walls, the tender lime-leaves flickering round the oriel, the long vacant dining-table shining dully in the subdued light. Every chair stood as it had stood yesterday—the very newspaper lay upon the table. But where was the old Squire?

I turned round upon Joseph suddenly—"He sat there, just there, last night. You are as conscious of it as I am. I want to know where he is now."

A kind of hysteric sob of terror escaped from the old servant's breast. He retreated hastily, covering his eyes with his hand, yet casting looks of horror at the vacant elbow-chair. "I'll go, sir—I'll go—I'll call my master," he said, with a cracked unsteady voice; and he went out of the room, not daring, as I fancied, to turn his back upon the ghostly empty seat. I, in my excitement, paced up and down the room, with all my private sense of wrong and horror, and all my public sentiment of justice, giving authority to my step. It did not occur to me that I had no right to enter another man's house after this fashion, or that I ran any risk in doing so. I was excited beyond the reach of all personal considerations. I thought of nothing but the old Squire; here only last night I had sat at his table, joined him in conversation, and listened to his story, and where—where—ghastly confirmation to that tale of horror—where was he now?

I had heard Joseph's step, timid

and yet hasty, shuffle up the great echoing staircase; but as I stood still to listen, now the silence crept and stagnated around me without a human sound to break it. Nothing but the rain outside, the wet leaves against the window, not even the familiar pulse of a clock to soften the painful stillness. My thoughts were of the blackest. I concluded no better than that murder, cowardly and base, was in this house, which I, alone and unsupported, had come to beard, accuse, and defy in its own stronghold. But, fired with excitement, I feared nothing—thought of nothing but a possible spectacle of horror concealed within one of these unknown rooms, and of the question perpetually on my lips, Where is the Squire?

At length, as I listened, a foot sounded upon the stair, heavy, sometimes rapid, sometimes hesitating, the true step of guilt. I felt assured it was the son, the parricide! My heart beat with choking rapidity, a cold dew rose upon my forehead, and I turned to the door to face the newcomer with the fervour and zeal of an avenger. Now for the solution of this horrible mystery! And now a

suspicious uncertain hand tries the door doubtfully—now it creaks upon its hinges—now—

My dearest friend! you cannot be half or a hundredth part so much disappointed as I was; for as the door creaked, and the guilty step advanced, and my heart beat with wild expectation, I awoke—

I am ashamed to confess the humiliating truth—awoke to find myself in my own crimson easy-chair, after dinner, with the fire glowing into the cosy twilight, and no dark avenue or lonely manor-house within a score of miles. Under the circumstances, I am grieved to add that the deepest mystery, a gloom which I fear I may never be able to penetrate, still hangs darkly over the ways of Witcherley and the fate of the old Squire.

Had Joseph's young master come only five minutes sooner—but fate is inexorable; and though I have made investigations through a primitive nook of country, and missed a train with resignation in the pursuit of knowledge, I have never fallen upon that rainy pathway across the field, nor come to the Witcherley Arms again.

ROUTINE.

PERIODS occur in British history when there is no public grievance. Weary times these are when Bull lies on his back greatly disordered because nothing particular disagrees with him, and repels all attempts to rouse him with wrathful suspicion, as Mr Weller, in his second widowhood, refused the proffered consolation of his handmaiden. The most temptingly bedizened wrong cannot entice him from his torpor. Agitators rack their brains in vain, and contemplate the horrid prospect of being driven to honest courses. O for a good, palpable, working grievance! It were worth more than a new pleasure was to the Persian.

Other periods happen when grievances are as plentiful as blackberries; when a man finds them out without leaving his fireside; when he stumbles over them as he walks abroad;

when he sees them in the dishes with his beef and pudding. These are likewise bad times for agitators. The business is so brisk that the intervention of brokers or middlemen is impossible. Every man does his own grievance-work, and a dreadful Babel there is. They are glorious times nevertheless. Besides the great trunk grievances, there are ramifications and sidings to suit all tastes and capacities. A man may not only feast at the great public ordinaries of grievances, but he may discuss select grievances at his symposium, or pick his own morsel grievance in his chamber, if he be of unsocial temperament. The air is thick with grievances; they fly about like bats. Anon, they begin to arrange themselves in sections, each section being still independent and erratic. The big grievance attracts

and absorbs the smaller fry within its influence, and is itself absorbed into a grievance still greater. At length three or four swollen and mighty grievances contend for empire. Death or proscription disposes of the unsuccessful, and a victorious, despotic grievance reigns autocrat of the minds and acts of Britons. Private grievances are no longer tolerated. The poor man's grievance, which lay in his bosom, and was to him as a daughter, is torn from him, that the monster grievance may be an atom more monstrous. All minor grievances fly to attach themselves to the leviathan grievance, as did the nails of the royal Calender's ship to the exigent mountain.

This is not an everyday phenomenon. It is rare as a grand epic, as the bloom of an aloe, or as when Mrs Fruitful, mindful of the shortness of existence, compresses the work of a lifetime into a few months, and presents the enviable Fruitful with four scions at a birth.

In 1854 and 1855, however, things were much in this case. Every writer in a provincial paper, every toper on an alehouse bench, every beggar under a hedge, set forth his view of our wrongs, and his remedy for the evils that afflicted us. The cries, discordant at first, began soon to sound more and more in unison, till at last they were all modulated to a common note, and syllabled their sounds into the name of *Routine*. Voracious as the rod of Aaron, Routine devoured small abominations, and monopolised the public odium. Routine, as we used to say in Persia, was the father and grandfather of mismanagement. Routine thwarted the design of Smith of Birmingham for the early reduction of Sebastopol, the excellence of which is attested in letters from the Duke of Newcastle to this day in Smith's possession. Routine prevented that great contract calculated at two plums to Brown, not to mention the inestimable benefit to Brown's beloved country. Routine debarred Ensign Robinson, of the *Chronicle*, from proceeding to the East, taking command of the army, and at once gloriously terminating the campaign. Routine brought the cholera to Varna. Routine freighted

the store-ships topsy-turvy; it made the medical officers negligent at Scutari; it left our position before Sebastopol unfortified; and it caused us to be surprised at Inkermann. Whatever evil was done, whatever good was left undone, Routine had to answer for. It was a target for all sorts of missiles. Charity boys fleshed their pens on it; penny-aliners grew fat on it; it was a god-send to stump-orators, and an object of vituperation for everybody. Bull was unmistakably aroused, and determined to be down on something. Had his wrath descended on those whom we take to have been the real culprits, it is probable that they would have received a souvenir that would have hung round their necks to the last day of their lives. But the red cloak was shown to him in the form of Routine: he rushed at the rag, while his cunning tormentors slunk away unscathed.

It is well for a denounced object when it consists of many members, or when, under the name of a scheme or system, all who are in any degree answerable for it are made to divide the odium. Like the corporations felicitated by Lord Thurlow, collective bodies may outlive a degree of popular displeasure which would overwhelm an individual. And it was well for all connected with Routine that when the general fury descended on it their name was Legion. Some were prostrated by the storm; some bent before it; but a large majority repudiated the thing—declared that they had exercised it only under pressure and under protest; and, to evince their zeal in its suppression, initiated and boasted of a wild disorder which would have turned any system into a chaos. Whether any practical improvement took place in the working of the public departments is more than we can answer for. Another Secretary of State has been called to office and pay; the Ordnance has ceased to exist; dozens of new offices have acquired a being, and dozens of others are called by new names. But let any man having a claim, project, or complaint to submit to the authorities, despatch his foolscap to Downing Street, Pall-Mall, or Whitehall,

under the cabalistic H.M.S., and he will learn, we think, though *not soon*, that the course of office is rather more tedious than it was three years ago. Still papers must collect dust on desks while noble lords enjoy deer-stalking, or ignoble officials read the *Times* and consume their forenoon repast. Still they are shuttled forwards and backwards, acquiring a meaningless minute at each tropic, and the writer may, at the end of ten or twelve weeks, get them back, enriched with these briefs, and not improved in general appearance by travelling; but he must repeat the process, and make many trials like this of his patience, before he receives an answer to his communication.

It is not, however, to descant on the doings in public offices that we have now taken up the pen. Our theme is Routine, which we think as much deserving of investigation as it ever was, notwithstanding that the *Times* has ceased to roar at it, and that we have lately stood three or four times preprudentially on a hearth-rug without hearing the subject mentioned. Distance, instead of enchanting, seems rather to clear the view, and the present occasion is more proper for profitably considering the matter than when every man with the word on his lips had prejudged the case in his heart. Hence it is that we are not yet disposed to let the much-belaboured subject drop, but would play out the play, having something to say on behalf of this Routine.

Now, although we admit that the outcry was called for, and that the public dissatisfaction was natural, we cannot consent to regard offending Routine as an incubus. It is to the body politic or military what the blood is to the natural body. It is the means by which vitality is transmitted from the centre through to the extremities of a system, and by which parts and extremities harmoniously respond to the centre. Interrupt it, you disable a limb or a faculty; annihilate it, and you have no longer organisation. Without it there can be no economy in a manufactory, or workshop, or even a household; but to the very existence

of a government, an army or a navy, it is indispensable. Wherever the wills of an individual or of a few are to govern the lives and actions of many, there routine must have place, for Routine is the handmaid of order. An army, to merit the appellation "Exercitus," and to be distinguished from a rabble, must be familiar with established forms of motion, position, dress, habits of living and feeling, not to mention accounts, returns, punishments, rewards, and records. Above all, the habit of obedience must be manifest in every isolated or conjoint proceeding at all connected with military duty. Routine is the sole means by which discipline can exist. It is essential to combined exertion. It is a study for all in authority. It must be respected by all *under* authority. Mr Carlyle, to whom so few existing things are satisfactory, is pleased to commend a 74-gunship in commission. Nay, the learned and implacable censor condescends to be eloquent in admiration of her, and to discourse as follows:—

"It has inarticulate traditions, ancient methods and habitudes in it, stoicisms, noblenesses, *true* rules both of sailing and of conduct; enough to keep it afloat on nature's veridical bosom after all. . . . If it meet with hurricanes, it rides them out; if it meet an enemy's ship, it shivers it to powder; and, in short, it holds on its way, and to a wonderful extent *does* what it means and pretends to do."

She deserves this praise. No mechanism can be more exact than her wondrous parts. She testifies not only of present skill and energy and system all working together in that wooden hive, but of the skill and vigour of years long past. She is a thing for an Englishman to be proud of—but she is the creature of routine. From the day when the axe was laid to the root of the oak to this hour when she floats an epitome of the science, power, and enterprise of the nation and of the age, Routine has produced, maintained, and perfected her.

Having said that Routine is necessary, and that its results are admirable, we shall be expected to explain how

and why we consider it deserving of the clamour which it not long since excited. In doing so we reject the solution frequently hinted at "that it was carried to excess, and so became an impediment." Our opinion is, that the more you extend Routine, the more efficient you are likely to make the department which receives it. We must look deeper for a reason why that which was ordained unto life we have found to be unto death. We believe that Routine has been made odious by ignorance, imbecility, and corruption. No able statesman, general, or admiral, ever waged war with Routine. They understand both the use and the abuse of it. They can distinguish between the means and the end, and will not suffer the former to take the place of the latter. The great Duke and glorious Nelson were friends of Routine. Their achievements could not have been without it. That old Spanish Infantry with which the Marshal could "have gone anywhere and done anything"—that fleet wherein England expected, and not vainly, that every man would do his duty—were the perfection of Routine; and their commanders knew it. It is only when incapable, infirm, or dishonest men are put in situations of responsibility that it appears disadvantageously. One who cannot *do*, must find excuse for his inactivity. He dares not say "I am incompetent," but he can find old orders and regulations, never meant for such cases, which conveniently forbid him to move, or to see, or to decide when he is indisposed or unable to do these things. Routine might have saved the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, or ruined the French army on the plateau of Rivoli; it might have justified the loitering in Hamoaze of the Pallas while a French frigate flaunted at the Mewstone, or have prevented the passage of the Douro. But Nelson and Napoleon, Cochrane and Wellington, were superior to Routine.* It was their servant, not their master.

The authority of the general commanding in the field is absolute and

indisputable. He is supreme, not only in matters of discipline, manœuvring, and operations of offence and defence, but likewise in finance, stores, rations, clothing, and every local arrangement. No doubt he must give account of his proceedings in these respects, but a great and able man will not shrink from responsibility. He cannot, of course, bear the blame of withholding supplies at home, or of indifference there to the wants of his force. But everything on the spot is absolutely under the control of the commander-in-chief; and if *all* is not used to the best advantage, he, and *not Routine*, is to be blamed. We used to hear of stoves being remorselessly retained in store while soldiers starved with cold and hunger; of hay-bales floating in Balaklava harbour while emaciated horses were abandoned by their owners; and of a multitude of similar enormities. Surely such disorders might have been rectified without an Act of Parliament or a national fermentation! Certain are we that under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula they would not have endured two days. If the commander cannot, in cases of great emergency, where there is no time for reference to himself and his immediate subordinates, delegate to colonels of regiments the power of drawing from store what is necessary for their soldiers, especially their sick, he may at least appoint as many officers as are required to execute that service, attaching them to regiments, or even to troops and companies. *Nullum innum abest si sit prudentia*. But where a feeble will arises out of a conscious inability to oversee and to act, everything connected with the service must appear to disadvantage. Probably our military grievances, which were attributed to Routine, may be reduced, or nearly so, to one great defect—the advanced age of the superior officers. It is fair to suppose that if this were corrected, many others, which have been singly assailed, and their remedies attempted, would at once disappear. Take for

* But for the illustrious names in the text we had not forborne to mention the royal palace of Liliput, which must have become a cinder had not the soul of Lemuel Gulliver risen above Routine!

instance the alleged incompetency of the Staff. It is pretty clear how this is caused. Elderly generals have sons and nephews arrived at manhood, for whom they desire well-paid appointments. They think more of placing those relatives in situations which are likely to supply plausible excuses for their promotion, than they do of surrounding themselves with an able and efficient staff. Instead, therefore, of seeking through the army for the most accomplished and energetic aids, they appoint those in whom they feel an interest, whether the officers so selected are qualified or not. The opportunity is too tempting to be missed. The general himself may not last long, and this is perhaps his only chance of putting his beloved kinsmen in the way of promotion. True, one is wild and thoughtless, almost a child; another, though older, understands dogs and horses, and very little else. He would deliver an order of ten words in exceptionable English—never has used a pencil save to book his bets—and, in knowledge of the art of war, would probably bow to Mr Widdicombe. Nevertheless it would be unnatural were they to be set aside on these grounds. They will do as well, no doubt, as others similarly situated. The general has learned in his long service to take care of Number One, if he has learned little besides: he has but small private fortune to leave them, and must, if he can and while he can, push their fortune in the service; therefore, *bon gré mal gré*, the youths are laced up, and placed in the responsible positions of staff-officers—positions which ought to be filled by the élite of the army.*

Now, this is not so likely to occur if generals, instead of being old, are middle-aged men. In the first place, they being younger, are less likely to have grown-up sons and nephews; and, in the second place, if they have these, they have probably a soldier's ambition swelling high in their breasts, which will induce them not only to dare great things, but to avail themselves of all accessories that may

assist in the achievement. What matters it to a man who hopes to transmit a coronet to his eldest son, and an honoured name to all who follow him, whether or not his hopeful's pay be at the present moment increased by ten shillings a-day, or whether a partial despatch gain the lad a brevet-majority? Away with such miserable considerations. "There is goodly work toward" which shall make his name and race illustrious; he sees in the distance the great reward, and can wait awhile for it. Meantime let the youths jog along as they can; better days are in store; but, that the hope be made as sure as possible, let the aid be sought of all those best qualified to secure its fulfilment. This is the rational view of the case. A Wellington or a Napoleon would not barter "the mighty space of his large honours" for paltry or present considerations.

Again, let the leaders be men in the prime of life, and not only will they be likely to select a creditable staff, but they will scarcely tolerate senility or incapacity in any subordinate situation. The *tu quoque* once silenced, they would speedily use the power belonging to their office to remove all who should be unable to execute fairly the duties required of them. Commanders able and determined to *do*, must very soon be followed by a host of their own character. They communicate life to the whole machine. Secure but these at the head, and we feel certain the effect would be as remarkable and as encouraging as when, in the tale, after a series of contradictions and crosses, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to do *his* devoir, and in short, a *Routine* of the most satisfactory nature was established.

It is needless to enlarge upon the increased probability of checking speculation, skulking, or imposture, by a commander not yet past his work. *Ca va sans dire*. In fact, we firmly believe that, but for one deeply rooted evil, of which we shall shortly

* Let it be remembered that we are commenting on a practice—not attacking individuals. All honour to our brave staff-officers who did their work, and they were many. But the system does not tend to the selection of such.

say more, the appointment of able-bodied and intelligent commanders would put an end to the misdirection of which the country has so justly complained, and restore Routine to its proper place and estimation.

Now comes the question, "How are younger commanders to be obtained?"

It is a known fact that, after passing the age of sixty-five, men in general are not capable of enduring much strain on either mind or body. It is equally well known that some men presume to live fifteen, twenty, or even thirty years after they have thus taken leave of their vigour. Soldiers and sailors in this predicament must either continue to be employed, notwithstanding their growing disqualifications, or they must be, for the rest of their days, a burden on the country. It will be seen, by reference to army statistics, that for many years past the age of sixty-five, which we set down as the most advanced which is compatible with the due performance of military duties, is that at which many officers have attained their rank as Major-Generals, and that few officers of sixty-five have attained great seniority in that rank. Many of them will never again be employed; but when we *do* need a general, it is from among these withered elders that he must be selected. At an age when men of other professions are seeking an honourable retirement, he is to encase his shrunk shanks in war-boots, and pipe through palsied throat the ghost of his ancient battle-cry.

Arma diu Senior desueta trementibus
ævo,
Circumdat nequicquam humeris, et
inutile ferrum
Cingitur—

So, at his country's call, he drags his crazed limbs to encounter toil and danger, and essays, with numbed brain and chilled arteries, a task which will tax the vigour of the hardiest!

But suppose we remain at peace. Then numbers of the old generals are clamorous for employment. "Do not," they say, "reproach us with our age. We would have attained our rank younger if you had permitted us. But after compelling us

to spend our youth and manhood in inferior and unprofitable grades, let us, now that we are eligible, enjoy the well-paid appointments. Give us commands—give us governments." And commands and governments they receive. But is it possible that a practice, which was found to be so fatal in war, can be other than an evil in time of peace? Are age and helplessness *ever* desirable in a commander or a governor? An attempt is just now made to mitigate the extent of the evil by pushing forward officers who have distinguished themselves in war. But only a few exceptional individuals are in this way obtained. The old men still remain *somewhere* on the active list—colonels if not generals. Moreover, the principle of promoting generally by selection can never obtain. It is open to immense abuse, and, with such rulers as we have, is certain to be abused; independently of which consideration, long and faithful service *must* in some way be rewarded—if not out of the profession, then by advancement in it. As it is not desirable to use old officers, still less is it possible to cast them off as useless burdens. No; the country would find its account in addressing them on this wise: "My good and true old servants, I am proud to confess that you have for many a long year devoted to me your minds and your bodies; that in all climes, and in all ranks of the service, you have cheerfully faced danger and difficulty, and liberally shed your blood. Far be it from me to deny or forget a tittle of what I owe you. You have given me all, and I am not ungrateful. But let us be reasonable. I cannot, in justice to you, in justice to myself, or to the present generation, give you colonies to torment for the amusement of your declining years. Though sport to you it would be death to them. Neither can I suffer you to disorganise, in your latter age, that army which, in your prime, you contributed to make illustrious. Yet, let not this refusal destroy the feeling that has ever existed between us. If I cannot give exactly what you ask, I have other things to bestow more befitting your wants. I will no longer tax

your strength or intellects, already well worn in my service ; but I will give you a provision for your declining years worthy of you and worthy of me—a fit offering from the richest country in the world to her tried and devoted servants.”

In such an address is contained, in our humble opinion, an expression of the true policy of Great Britain. Hitherto she has endeavoured to derive from that strength which is but labour and sorrow, an equivalent for the allowance which she feels bound to make to her veterans. She has unquestionably paid a thousand per cent on every sum attempted to be so economised. The old men *can* no longer be profitable servants. You must make a merit of that which you cannot prevent. Pay them well for doing nothing, and pay others for doing well that which has hitherto been done so badly, that it had better have been left undone. Make retirement after the age of sixty-five compulsory, but make the pensions so generous that the necessity shall be no grievance. Depend on it, no old man desires work for work's sake. It is the inability to keep himself and his family decently on his present retiring income, and that alone, which drives him to solicit employment. He had rather take his rest, if you will give him the means of doing so.* But he cannot endure to sink below the rank to which he has been accustomed—to retire to a station where he will be separated from all that he has become habituated to in active life. You give, to an unemployed general officer, £450 a-year ; to a clerk who retires from the War Office you give £1500 a-year—*i. e.*, to the man who has passed his life between his desk at Whitehall and his house in the suburbs, who never was required to endure a privation or incur a wetting on your account, you give the large and liberal allowance ; but to the broken soldier, worn with war and climate, whose wounds should open their dumb mouths and plead for him, you can only afford the miserable pittance !

It is essential to the well-working of the plan which we propose, that the retirement be without exception. Let there be no evidence received save the parish register. You can afford to give up any man of sixty-five, however strong for his years. The highest as well as the lower grades, including field-m Marshals, commanders-in-chief, and what not, should cease from all manner of active service on attaining that age. Let them by all means retain their rank and the honour due to it ; give them increased rank, if you please ; but suffer none to evade the rule. Once allow an exception, and you initiate a state of things in which only the poor and unfriended will be made subject to the regulation.

In writing the above remarks, we have not been unmindful of the great argument with which it will be endeavoured to crush our project. We are aware that the announcement of it will incense to madness the broken phalanx of the economists, and well-nigh cause their departed leader to burst his cerements. We are prepared to hear from even moderate and clear-sighted men a remonstrance on the score of expense. We anticipate the objection that, “wealthy as we are, we cannot afford, after paying for our immense amount of active requirements, to keep up constantly a well-paid list of men who no longer yield a return for their salaries.” It has been already said, in reply to this argument, that the advantage of having the different services performed by capable men would compensate for the outlay, great as it is, and possibly effect a pecuniary saving equal to a large portion of the new expense. *We know not what we now pay for senile blundering and indecision !* But, independently of the above argument, we would remind our countrymen, that a few months ago, when there was a prevalent desire to abolish promotion by purchase, they entertained, without faltering, the proposal to indemnify the holders of purchased commissions at an expense of two millions sterling

* We heartily wish this were universally true ; but our experience rather inclines us to believe that aged officials cling to their accustomed occupations as their only refuge from total extinction.

Now, we say that it becomes more apparent every day that the abolition of promotion by purchase is hardly desirable, and would not effect the improvement once expected from it. That scheme will probably fall to the ground. But expend the same amount in clearing the army of its worn-out members, you will then certainly have a force whose officers shall not be too old for their respective ranks. The difficulty arising from the course of nature will be met in the only effective and liberal manner; and, having disposed of this, it will be your own fault if you allow controllable evils to impair the efficiency of Her Majesty's forces.

Let us now say a few words on Routine, as responsible for the shortcomings of the Civil departments of the State. Here, as in the case of the military force, we are persuaded that the system was less in fault than the public servants who were at the head of those departments. Faults of system there undoubtedly were, and many obsolete forms; but we contend that the state of war was not a condition of the country well chosen for making a revolution in the different offices. Slow as they were before, the sudden change tended to paralyse them still more. That an increased stagnation did not result is attributable to the alterations having been cotemporaneous with a decided expression of impatience on the part of the public. Ministers found it expedient to arouse themselves. They began to work; they exerted their authority and made others work. But the same means would have produced the same result without just then disturbing the old system. The improvement was only temporary. The waxing indignation of the country acted on the great officials like brandy on a sinking patient. It wrought them to a momentary effort; but when the stimulus was withdrawn, the bad spirit, backed by seven others, entered in, and the last state is worse than the first. We have nothing to say against making alterations in the public departments, now that the occasion is suitable. The reform is well as far as it goes; but it is beginning at the wrong end. When

the head is sore, and the heart is sick, it is in vain that we would impart health through the extremities. In proof of what we have advanced, let any man, at the present time, observe the manner of doing things, and the time it takes to do them. Routine, or, as the officials call it, *the course of office*, does by no means account for the quantity of twaddle and the unconscionable delay. We admit—nay, we insist, that communications and documents affecting different departments of the Government must be made known to each and every department concerned; but at the most five or six days should suffice for this. What are we to say when we find papers, and simple ones, two and three months on their travels through as many offices? What we said when speaking of military renovation we repeat here: reform the heads, and leave *them* to deal with the members. But in the case of the army, age was the difficulty to be disposed of. In the civil departments are encountered evils of a far more formidable stamp—evils which money can never cure. Delay in transacting business may be regarded as a symptom only of a corroding and alarming disease. The affairs of the nation increase every day in magnitude, and they are conducted by men of whom it is no slander to say that they allot their time, energy, and devotion in the following order:—1st, To the acquisition and abuse of patronage for themselves and their relations; 2d, To extending their political connection; 3d, To the advancement of their party; and 4th (if a few moments remain after caring for the foregoing), To the despatch of the business of the country. If there is in all Britain a dullard who yet requires proof of what we have asserted, we cite the whole national press for the last three years as evidence thereof. Let the *Times*, with its myriad correspondents, suspicious, discontented, desperate, furious, lead the way into court. Not a village exists from Land's End to John o' Groat's which has not furnished its quota of testimony. If a verdict consented to by the whole nation can establish the charges against Ministers, then are they guilty. We

verily believe that no Briton exists who is satisfied that the resources and the arms of the country were wielded to the best advantage, or her wishes fairly contended for, in the late war. Instead of giving her whole attention to the posture of the enemy, she was compelled to watch jealously the proceedings of her own suspected servants. Deficient, however, as they were in matters affecting the national honour and the public weal, none ever accused one of them of neglecting to use his power for the benefit of a relative or a protégé.

Let us try to picture our old Crimean commander on a day of last year. Every hour teems with events of warfare, and the wondrous wire, like the prophet of old, reveals in the city that which befalls in the far distant camp. Our chief is zealous if not able; and his anxieties are inversely proportioned to his ability. Message after message speeds along the momentous cord, carrying homeward tales of daring and glory, failure and death—while back return the awful dicta which prescribe action or delay, and involve the fate of men and nations. A flush rises to the commander's furrowed cheek as it is announced to him that the brazen head is about to speak, for he expects a communication on which may hang the fame and lives of himself and the host. Quicker and quicker beats his heart as the index, letter by letter, delivers up its charge. At length the words are spelled, the sentence is complete, and in the trembling hand of the old man is placed the spirit-stirring legend, "REMEMBER DOWB."

It might have been expected that though there were no patriotism in the soul from which the miserable command proceeded, there might at such a time have flickered some temporary enthusiasm. Alas, no! such spirits know but one desire. Or shame might have forbid the exposure. He has no shame. Or fear might have withheld the expression of the wish! The wretched official was under no apprehension, and was justified in his confidence. The British nation frowned, shrugged, and FORGAVE.

The certainty of impunity for great political offences is one of the most

unhealthy symptoms in the conduct of affairs. Every transgressor is sure, from long experience, that he plays a winning game. However vicious may be his acts, he knows that a temporary unpopularity is the worst that he has to dread. A few months tabooing is the utmost retribution inflicted for even moral depravity; and degradation or severe punishment for the offender is now never thought of. But a year and a half have elapsed since Lord John Russell was chased from office for conduct the most disingenuous, and for imposture attempted on the Parliament and the country. While we write, the public journals are calmly discussing his return to office, and elevation to the peerage. We nowhere meet with such a remark as "that the mental obliquity of this statesman disqualifies him for being intrusted with the direction of affairs." Exposed as he has been, he is nevertheless to be readmitted to office, the nation recklessly taking the risk of his future misdeeds. We have found this plan signally fail with offenders against the common law; and the admission of the *ticket-of-leave system* (as a fair friend of ours aptly termed it) into political life, will, it may be safely predicted, prove a most unfortunate innovation. With good men it is always expedient to keep alive a belief in the certainty of punishment for offences; but when work is done with tools such as it is the pleasure of this country to employ, the withdrawal of this belief is an invitation to betray us. The only restraining power over them is the dread of chastisement. The ticket-of-leave routine we would therefore denounce in the loudest terms.

It is thought a clever stratagem to combine men of tarnished reputation or suspected morality in Boards or Committees where they may check each other, and cannot commit a great crime without consent of the whole body. This method does, without doubt, produce the favourable effects ascribed to it. There is safety in a multitude of counsellors, and, if safety be the main consideration, if we would hide our talent in a napkin and bury it in the earth, then committees are to be preferred. But England, we hope, expects, and has a

right to expect, something more than mere caution. The average opinion, which is the best that can be expected from a committee, dilutes or excludes the perspicacity, the decision, the daring of genius. Therefore, a country that desires to be served in the best manner must not only employ able men, but must leave those able men to a considerable degree unshackled. For a department to work well, its head must be largely trusted. The public must observe him, but not vexatiously interfere with him; and he must direct his subordinates. But we have said that in the present day Ministers do not possess, and ought not to possess, the confidence of the country. How then can they be intrusted with more discretionary power!! The answer is, choose Ministers worthy to be trusted, and then delegate the powers.

We will for a moment refer to one of the favourite comparisons of writers in the newspapers during the distress of the nation, at the shameful misuse of its resources in 1854 and 1855. It was complained constantly, that private speculators or companies can always obtain servants to carry out their designs with skill and credit, while the public, with all appliances and means to boot—a well-filled treasury, a crowd of competitors for employment, and minor assistants *ad libitum*—has continual reason to lament over the mismanagement of its affairs. The merchant and the large contractor were cited perpetually as affording examples of the facility with which great undertakings can systematically and smoothly be carried onward to successful results, so unlike the frequent abortions of Government enterprise. We would here venture to hint that the analogy between the public and the speculator is incomplete. Certes, duties *might* be performed for the nation with the same ability, integrity, and success as for the merchant. But does the public take the same precautions as he? Observe his first step in arranging his establishment. He selects with the utmost caution those who are to be his clerks or his foremen. He promotes to those places none but such as have been proved under his own observation in minor offices—or as have come recom-

mended to him by unimpeachable testimonials. He insists on not only the highest qualification in respect of ability, but at the same time the strictest integrity, and an irreproachable moral character. He knows better than to commit his capital or his professional reputation to persons on whose uprightness he cannot entirely rely. The public, on the contrary, proclaims that it is indifferent about private character—and pays the penalty of its indifference.

Of the fallacies which mislead this our age, none is more deplorable than the doctrine that a man may possess two characters—one public, the other private. In the latter, he may be a voluptuary, a scoffer, a deceiver, grasping, selfish, disloyal; while in the former he is great, patriotic, and honest. He may be unfaithful in that which is little, yet scrupulously trusty in that which is great. Consequently a bad reputation in private life is no bar to public advancement. Complain that a statesman's moral standard is low, or his life disreputable, and you will be laughed at for your objection. Yet, when the corrupt tree brings forth corrupt fruit, the public thinks itself at liberty to complain of its ill-fortune. Is the complaint just, O reader? Would you, in your small principality, set over your larder or your wine-cellar one of whose sobriety and honesty you are not well assured? Would your grocer, think you, leave the key of the till with his idle apprentice? A first-rate charioteer who drinks, an incomparable valet who robbed his last employer, what chance have they of getting places? The truth is but too clear—we are fatally indifferent to our greatest public interests. While the consequences of our indifference are apparent—while we are actually suffering loss or disgrace, or smarting under failure, we call heaven and earth to witness the roguery and incapacity of our servants; but the grievance once past, we relapse into our torpor, till roused by a succeeding calamity. Now, as we before hinted, it is not while there is urgent call for action in a department that it ought to be reformed. The intervals of repose are the proper occasions for calmly and patiently searching defects, and applying re-

medies. For placing our departments on a proper footing, now, and not the heat of the war, is the right time.

Let it not be said, as opposed to these suggestions, that statesmanship, like every other craft, requires a training, and that the departments of the State must be headed by men who have learned the arts of government and diplomacy. We admit that it should be so; but we will not insult our countrymen by conceding that the admission involves the contradiction of our design. We only stipulate that, in addition to, and before, other qualifications, irreproachable moral character shall be insisted on in our rulers. And heaven forbid that it be true, that a dozen men of unimpeachable honesty, and, at the same time, equal to the profoundest requirements of statecraft, cannot be discovered among our immense population. The most recent invention—the Electric Telegraph for instance—is no sooner discovered, than men are found sufficiently skilled and trustworthy to work it for the benefit of others. And why should government present a difficulty which is found in no other science? For our own part, we would rather trust a conscientious man; somewhat unpractised in his craft, than the cleverest knave that ever handled red tape. But it is unnecessary to consider the alternatives. Let the country but give the proper encouragement, and the proper call, and the men will be forthcoming.

Let us not be told that our idea is utopian; and that the attempt to supersede practised rulers by sages and saints, has ever demonstrated the impotency in practical life of wisdom and piety. We fully admit that your statesman should be a practical man, and man of the world. Of all classes of the community, we should expect that the higher and wealthier is, for obvious reasons, the most likely to furnish the right men. We maintain that we have required nothing which is not analogous to the requirement of all private undertakings, and that the dispensing with these qualities, not the insisting on them, forms the anomaly. We have not now the right men, because the

country has never insisted on having them. Far from resisting the will of the nation, when expressed in that unmistakable tone which shows it to be in earnest, our statesmen have shown themselves, to a faulty extent, supple and Protean. They mould themselves and their opinions to any forms which the popular fancy for the moment prescribes. Let there be a determined call for upright men, and not only will the really virtuous come to the front, but those will assume virtues who have them not. Palmerston will bid for the favours of Britannia as Tribulation Spintext, and Lord John, heedless of lithotomy and naval tactics, will appear as a miniature Saul, breathing out threatenings, and denouncing the unregenerate through his nose. Thought, discussion, and combination, on the part of the nation are, we feel persuaded, all that are needed to effect this great object. The nation assuredly has the power if it has but the will. That its decree is irresistible, was made apparent when the aforesaid Lord John made himself obnoxious in the spring of 1855. His colleagues, guilty as himself, had not the manliness to fall with him, or the power to rescue him; his own particular supporters forsook him; there was no appeal from the national verdict, and over the side he went, a Jonah for a sprat. Would that, instead of playing fast and loose with him, the country had inflicted condign punishment to avenge the outrage attempted on its common sense and its morality!

We would fain have you mark, kind reader, that when, in writing the foregoing, we have frequently used the terms "people," "nation," and "country," we are far from intending that blatant and unrighteous section of our countrymen which generally arrogates to itself those titles. Our remarks touch a subject in which our whole population, from the illustrious lady on the throne to him that pasteth broadsides against a wall, are, and must be, interested. We appeal to no class, no estate, no profession. We perceive, as we think and hope, a dawn of unity and co-operation in the parts of our great body politic. Demagogues and im-

postors have passed into that limbo where

“—all who in vain things

Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,”

find their inevitable goal. The mighty disenchanter WAR has torn the veil from our eyes. He was a stern leech, but he has left us sane if debilitated, conscious if palpitating. God grant that from the nettle danger we may have plucked the flower safety!

So far have we considered Routine as ordained by ourselves; but, in order to regard profitably this or any other of our established methods, it is well to reflect on another Routine, not of our appointment, yet to which we are inevitably subject. In the scene which Mirza beheld when gazing on the valley of Bagdat, we are all, perforce, actors; to ourselves is left only the choice, whether we will act heedlessly, or with a purpose. The Chinese sage described our passage in a few words,—“They were born, they were miserable, they died.” And even our English translator of nature hath writ—

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.”

We know little of Tartar temperaments; but of the immortal William we are sure that, when he wrote as above, he had on the previous evening forgotten his relation to all time, and abandoned himself to the allurements of the hour, supping heartily on over-fresh venison, and flushing his inspired gullet with plentiful canaries. The sentiments quoted were, we imagine, penned at early morn, under the influence of most depressing megrim. An hour later, after a dip in the Avon, and a cup of that excellent sherris, to which he has ascribed such invigorating properties, he expressed himself, without doubt, in a more wholesome strain. None knew better than the said William that each man has something appointed for him to do beyond strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage. He executed his own task in such sort, that, as long as our Eng-

lish tongue shall endure, every reader of it will acknowledge a debt to him. Every citizen may do something (though, in many cases, but little) for the age, and for posterity. They who devote time and thought in any degree to public affairs, may profitably consider whether or not they are working to any great end. The consciousness of want of weight is not a sufficient excuse for an individual's carelessness. Professor Faraday, in expounding the supposed mystery of table-turning, asserted that, where many minds willed in concert, a muscular force, capable of generating and maintaining rotation, was exerted, not only unknown to, but in spite of, the experimenters. Who can doubt that this is true in morals, and that the mere direction of honest opinion proceeding from many, though each be of small estimation, may have an effect apparently magical? To nations not less than to individuals attaches the obligation to work for the present and succeeding generations—to leave the country to posterity better than they found it. We must do Britons the justice to say that they have for a century past manifested a disposition to mend the age. But their zeal has not been according to knowledge. Having no just and well ascertained aim themselves, they pinned their faith and gave their powers to schemers who had the assurance, the want of scruple, and the forensic ability to assume a leadership and to promise inordinately. One after another the attempts have failed. The leaders obtained notoriety, patronage, riches; but, for the people, on whose shoulders the leaders were elevated, they had each time to endure disappointment, and betake themselves to another quack. The extent of the nation's patience was astonishing. Instead of becoming more wary, she became more reckless after every failure. At length a moral blindness seemed to smite her, and her last pitiable exhibition was like Titania's—infatuated by an ass's head on the trunk of a weaver! Absurdity could stretch no farther; things appeared to have reached their worst, and they mended. Hearty shame for that last indiscretion, not

yet acknowledged, but undoubtedly felt, together with the powerful tonic imparted by the war, seem to have at length indisposed the people for those partial and spasmodic movements in which they were but tools and dupes. Never did there appear combined so much caution, so little division, and so quiet a determination. They appear to have taken their case into their own hands for rational treatment; and this encouraging belief it is which leads us, in all diffidence, to offer these comments and suggestions.

Remorseless Routine of Fate! How has it dealt with "them who, in these latter days, have troubled the three kingdoms—who, during their periods of noisy notoriety, could command the shouts, direct the energies, and extract the money of their deluded followers? Wilkes, Hunt, Cobbett, O'Connell, Cobden! What memory have the dead left behind them: in what estimation is the living held? Of them it may with truth be said, that they did

"Fret and strut their hour upon the stage,
And then were heard no more."

Their mad denunciations, their unblushing promises, their enormous misrepresentations, their subtle flat-teries, their professed devotion to their compatriots—what remains of all? The dead sleep in unnoted graves; the living has already out-lived his popularity. In his Bezonian arrogance he presumed to point his jeer at "the foremost man of all this world;" now not a pot-boy heeds his opinion. The mighty Duke is dead; but he lives in the hearts and admiration of the world: his dog-faced reviler lives, but only for contempt and mortification. To him the cloud of oblivion is swifter than the shadow of death.

Sagacious reader, you have, like ourself, been accustomed, when indirection or insufficiency has been observed in a branch of the Government, to see the blame sedulously thrown on some subordinate members of that branch, or on the mode of transacting its business. You have rarely or never known the disorder to be attributed to the Minister who

presides over it. You have always found the said Minister most ready and anxious to make changes at the base of his department to suit the public wish, after the evil has been discovered by those without; but you have never known him suggest improvements or changes prior to the discovery. Your impression is, that things might have gone on indefinitely in their old course as far as the Minister was concerned, although his readiness and anxiety to do something to quell the public dissatisfaction are quite captivating. We will take you, oh reader, into our confidence touching this matter. The Minister is but too glad that your suspicion and your indignation should be directed anywhere, save towards himself. He suggests or detects your erring imputation of blame, and, far from endeavouring to lead you back, smoothes the way that you may err farther. A clear perception of the case in *you* would be destruction to *him*. If you must have a victim, he will take care to provide one,—but is on no account inclined to offer himself in that capacity. You, nevertheless, if you are wise, will abandon the pursuit of small deer, whose destruction has never profited you, and select a higher quarry—to wit, the principal himself; at least you will see that the head is guiltless before you consent to transfer the blame lower down. We do not flatter ourself that these our remarks are profound; but we believe that they are unusual. Applied to another subject they would be commonplace; but, for some unknown reason, our Government offices have always been considered independent of commonplace reasoning. Concede to us, however, this much: what you have taken the trouble to read, take the farther trouble to consider. With the utmost confidence we leave the case in your hands, and we hope, the next time we meet, to see you fighting gallantly against strong and saucy criminals in high places, and no longer losing your rest, wasting your energies, and allowing yourself to be gulled, in the endeavour to lay a harmless bogle like ROUTINE.

JOHN DECASTRO : A QUAIN^T RÉCHAUFFÉ.

THERE is a notion abroad, not altogether unfounded, that the world will not willingly let a good book die. The world ought to know its own interests too well for that, and, far from willingly contributing to such a catastrophe, it frequently falls into the opposite extreme of maintaining the rickety offspring of weak or unsound brains in a kind of artificial life by dint of coddling and puffing. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that some rare spark of genius, either from appearing at an unpropitious juncture, or from containing in itself some element hostile to existence, or from some other untoward cause, becomes extinct without having ever attracted the regard even of the discriminating few, far less of that immense court of judicature known as the reading public; and in its untimely end some sense, wit, or pathos, some images which might have occupied permanent niches in the language, or characters that might have become familiar to our regard as personal friends, are lost to the world for ever.

Nobody whose acquaintance with us is not (unfortunately for them) of considerable standing, would suspect that we had ever been a great reader. A more utterly illiterate person than we have been for several years past does not exist, the various causes of which have followed each other in such dire and unrelenting succession as to assume the appearance of fatality. The first of these causes was an idea which occurred to us that we could write a book, and which we immediately acted on, producing a work, of the religious-novel class, so full of passion and pathos as to set all the impressionable females in England weeping. One of these niobes conceived such an attachment to the author that she opened a correspondence with us, and as she possessed considerable charms of person and mind, we returned her passion with all the ardour of our impetuous temperament. Hence arose obstacle the second in the way of our reading;

for what with receiving and returning love-letters, carving her name on walls, trees, and articles of furniture; writing sonnets to her eyebrow, watching for her in shops and at street-corners, meditating deeply on what she had said to us at our last interview, and what we intended to say to her at the next one; quarrelling from jealousy and making it up from love, and the like engrossing occupations—our leisure was so completely monopolised that we remained utterly ignorant of all the most distinguished publications of the day. Our attachment coming suddenly to an unfortunate termination—viz., the marriage of her we loved with another person—we resolved to seek consolation and oblivion in travel, and have left a record of our passion, in the shape of the letters H. H. (the lady's former initials) on the tocador of the Alhambra, on a pillar of the temple at Belbek, on the Great Pyramid, and on a large iceberg at the mouth of Wellington Sound, where they were mistaken by a Polar navigator for a memorial of Franklin's party. Returning quite cured, with the intention of making up our leeway in literature, the war broke out, and our next age shifted into the soldier, "full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;" and through the whole campaign we never looked at any works except those published by Todtleben, which we perused diligently every day through the medium of a telescope. The result of this long-protracted abstinence from books is an utter distaste for reading, and we have pretty nearly made up our mind never to peruse anything more, except our own articles in the Magazine. Meantime we have, of course, fallen altogether behind the age. Schools of religion and philosophy have sprung up, been discussed, opposed, and supplanted, of the principles of which we are unhappily ignorant; wonderful discoveries have been made, of which scarce the faintest echo has reached our ears; and the greatest modern works of fiction—Macaulay's *History*, Thackeray's

novels, and Dickens's later serials—are as unknown to us as if they had been written in cuneiform characters on the walls of a Babylonian temple. So that in the field of modern literature, far from being a match for people of our own class, we should be easily defeated by the least intelligent of those operatives whose minds have been enriched by cheap literature, and by the addresses of Lord Carlisle, M. Kossuth, and other itinerant lecturers.

Though filled at present with this singular aversion to all printed matter, we cling with all the constancy of a first affection to those works which had the love of our youth—and what a reader we were in our boyhood, childhood—nay, in our very infancy ! There are some books the first perusal of which we can by no effort of memory recall—a perfect acquaintance with them seems coeval with our birth. Between two and a half and three we remember meeting with a good many standard works for the first time : we were at that time a profound critic, and we distinctly remember disliking, on artistic grounds, the catastrophe of the *Yellow Dwarf*, and demurring to the plot of *Fortunatus* ; while, on the other hand, we considered (as we do now) *Hop-o'-my-Thumb*, and *Riquet with the Tuft*, works of the highest genius. But, as we have said, there are some creations which seem to us mixed up with a still more remote epoch in our literary life and opinions ; we can no more remember our first knowledge of them than our first glance at our wet-nurse. Two will we mention dearer than the rest, one (which every child has read) being the *Arabian Nights* ; the other (which very few men, women, or children have read), the *History of John Decastro*.

It will perhaps be said that the deep undying regard we still entertain for this latter work is owing to the immaturity of our judgment when we first took a liking to it, and that our persistence in admiring it is the obstinacy of a weak mind unable to free itself from first impressions. To this we reply, first, that we were born a critic—there was no period of our history when we

did not think Doctor Watt a worthy noodle — and had Dickens's works been read to us in the cradle, we should, in our first articulate syllables, have babbled the praises of *Pickwick*, and expressed our utter disgust at *Little Dorrit*. Therefore we think of our infantile decisions with no less respect than a chancellor of the present day accords to the judgments of Burleigh. But another reason we have for believing that we are not blinded by early partiality is, that whenever we have quoted some favourite passage of *Decastro* to an ear and mind capable of appreciating it, applause has seldom failed to follow. Not easily shall we forget that summer morning, in another hemisphere, when, wandering through primeval woods with the chosen friend of our youth, we for the first time spoke to him of the book we had long ago loved ; and, sitting beside him on one of the prostrate fathers of the forest, while before us spread a painted carpet of lupins, trillia, and moccasin flowers, and through the pines flitted the yellow oriole, the scarlet tanager, like a spark of fire, the blue-bird, and the gorgeous woodpecker ; while, too, the bells from a distant church rung in the ears of us two Sabbath-breaking heathens,—we summoned from the past some of the scenes, characters, and passages of the well-remembered chronicle. The pleasure and sympathy he evinced formed another link in our friendship ; frequently he recurred to the subject ; and when, years after, we met again in England, he drew us, within the first five minutes of interview, to a bookcase, and pointed exultingly to a row of volumes, lettered on the back, THE HISTORY OF JOHN DECASTRO. We learned afterwards that the search of Japhet for his father, and of Cœlebs for a wife, had been careless and desultory compared with the unrelenting eagerness with which he had sought these much desired volumes. He had microscopically inspected libraries ; he had been regarded as insane by unsympathising biblioplists ; he had buried himself in museums, and had frequented bookstalls ; till at one of these latter he had secured the prize. Since then he has frequently urged us most

movingly "to say a good word for Brother Bat" (John Decastro's brother), much as if the said Bat were a real person under a cloud, and desirous of obtaining some small situation under Government; and with this request—urged, too, by the prickings of our conscience—we now somewhat tardily comply.

To begin at the beginning. Our first acquaintance with the book was episodic and fragmentary to an unusual extent, for we never remember it otherwise than in perfect tatters. It had descended to us through a line of seniors, all of them professors of apprehension, as Beatrice would say—appreciators of humour and sense wherever met with—and who had so diligently perused the volumes, that backs, covers, and stitches had long since given way, and when we got hold of them, they were in the mutilated condition of the Elgin Marbles. Nevertheless, *ex pede Herculem*—a giant was visible in the scraps. The huge torso of Brother Bat, the grotesque lineaments of Old Comical, the magnificent proportions of Genevieve, all, though in ruins, told of power. But the annals were as fragmentary as the tale of Slawkenbergius—half the first volume, three-fourths of the third, and the whole of the fourth were wanting. To supply this much-to-be-deplored hiatus, we ransacked every corner of the house—cupboards, garrets, closets, and lumber-corners were explored; and when we lit upon a page or so, our soul burned within us, like Mr Knight's when he finds a stray leaf of an early copy of *Hamlet*, or an aged miser's, on discovering a five-pound note between the long-neglected leaves of the family bible. Gradually, and with enormous research, such as would have disinterred whole squadrons of winged bulls from the ruins of Nineveh—have deciphered all the arrowhead inscriptions in Assyria—and have discovered and put together the disjointed fragments of the Erebus and Terror, we completed three volumes of the history; but the fourth had vanished, without leaving a wrack behind. Many years afterwards, at so late a period of our literary career as our

third lustre, our parent, just setting out for London, asked us, like the beneficent fairy of a tale, to name some wish, that he might have the supreme satisfaction of gratifying it. "Bring us," we said, "O pater Æneas, the fourth volume of *John Decastro*,"—which we uttered in a half-sarcastic tone, as if we had been demanding the roc's egg of Aladdin, the lost volumes of Pliny, or the end of Macaulay's History. However, whether with or without the assistance of magical power, we know not, but the complete work was procured by this pearl of parents, and for the first time we traversed it from title-page to colophon. The title-page we transcribe, as being a quaint index to the work:—*The History of Mr John Decastro and his Brother Bat, commonly called Old Crab. In four volumes. The merry matter written by John Mathers; the grave by a Solid Gentleman. London: Printed for T. Egerton, Whitehall—1815.* After which the reader knows as much about the origin, authorship, and history of the work as we do.

To the lover of art in literature the plot of the book will appear partly trivial, partly preposterous. The merits which we imagine we perceive, and to which we mean to direct attention, are the style—quaint, direct, and thoroughly English; the humour, racy, genial, and Rabelaisian; and the characters, grotesque, yet clear and individual, and conveying a vivid idea of reality through a wildly and wilfully exaggerated medium, like the Wellington, Peel, and Brougham of Mr Punch. Possessing such claims to attention as these, we have often wondered at the obscure destiny of the book; marvelling what offence against the gods had caused it to be consigned to oblivion; till one day the reason was suddenly revealed to us. The maiden of our love—our own Musidora—was laughing, with the light musical laughter that belongs to her, sweeter to our ear than the song of the wren, over a volume she had lit on in the antique library we both frequent. Thus distracted, for a moment, from the grave pursuits that incessantly engross us, we looked up, and, stealing

gently behind her to see what pleased our beloved, we saw it was *Decastro*. Now, though our uniform practice is to share with Musidora whatever diverts us, thus quadrupling our pleasure, yet somehow we had never introduced this book of our affections to her notice ; and the same instinct which we had then acted on, induced us, now, gently to draw the volume away. She looked up at us with some wonder in those eyes, where still lingered the light of laughter, till we whispered in her ear that we would rather she read no more ; that perchance some wild witticism or rough jest might pain her or bring a blush to her cheek : and Musidora, ever docile, submitted without a sigh. But at the moment flashed across us the reason why all this fun and sense and humour have failed to secure popularity. The author has some other peculiarities, in common with Rabelais, besides his humour, and the fastidious, not to say squeamish, taste of our times rejects all pleasantry in which there is any tincture of impropriety. He was, we doubt not, some bold unconventional spirit, careless of forms, impatient of restraint—a plain blunt man, who spoke right on—in-different as to whose corns he trod on ; and therefore, though the morality of the book is perfectly unimpeachable, yet we doubt not the breadth of the humour has caused it to be utterly ignored by the “damned disinheriting countenance” of modern decorum. All we can do, then, for our old friend, under these circumstances, is what a man would do if some virtuous sage and humourist, who had known better days, but whose not over clean linen now, in his misfortunes, glimmered through the looped and windowed raggedness of his raiment, were to claim admission to his drawing-room—to patch him up, and, throwing a decent veil over his nakedness, to present him to the public. But we must remind the reader of what we said of the wild and wilful exaggeration of the painting. The writer always takes the shortest way to be graphic, and, if he finds that a stroke of caricature answers his purpose, he dashes it in broadly. But for this caution, some matter-of-fact reader, with too much

of the Solid Gentleman about him to fall readily into the vein of Old Comical, might fancy the writer occasionally insane, and consider us, the sponsor, as mad as our eccentric godchild.

The first chapter begins thus :—*“How Mr Decastro had a great Fortune, but too little Money.”* Now, we gather from the preface that the design of the book is to reprimand the extravagance of the epoch in which it appeared—that is, forty years ago ; and it therefore very properly opens with a picture of the reckless squandering of Mr and Mrs Decastro. But

“His brother Bartholomew, a man of a sour turn, and upon that account called OLD CRAB, was one of another kidney ; he had a little fortune and too much : so they did their best to keep up that variety which makes this world so very pleasant. Now be it known, that Old Crab took his brother’s rents and paid his bills for him as far as money went, and no further, and that for a very good reason. ‘Brother John,’ quoth Old Crab one day to him, in a loud voice, ‘thou’rt outrunning the constable.’ ‘Outrunning the devil ! brother Bat,’ quoth he. ‘No,’ quoth Old Crab, ‘not the devil, but the constable : to outrun the devil will be no such easy matter : you will get his claws on your back one day, if you have not a care : you and your gang have been kicking up a fine dust here in London, this last year, with your balls, cards, and fiddles, and the devil knows what—I can’t pay your bills.’ ‘Can’t pay my bills, brother Bat !’ said Mr Decastro, with a great stare. ‘No,’ quoth Old Crab, rising upon his toes, as his manner was, as if he would fly at a man, ‘I can’t pay your bills, I say ; art deaf, John !’ ‘Better be deaf than hear bad news,’ quoth he. ‘How stands the account, brother Bat ?’ ‘Five thousand pounds upon the wrong side, brother John.’ Upon which Mr Decastro doubled his fist, gave a great knock upon the table, and swore seven great oaths that came out of his mouth as if he had taken an emetic : we would set the oaths down if we were not afraid to raise the devil, and frighten the old ladies. ‘Don’t you swear sometimes, brother John ?’ quoth Old Crab. ‘I never swore an oath in my life, brother Bat.’ ‘No !’ quoth Old Crab, ‘what d’ye call G—d d— my blood !’ ‘An unguarded expression,’ quoth Mr Decastro, and fell to swearing again worse

than before. 'Brother John,' quoth Old Crab, coming in between the claps of thunder, 'hard words pay no bills; it were well if you could swear yourself out of debt, but that is no such easy matter: a word with you by-and-by upon swearing: in the mean time, a word upon your worldly matters; you have an income of twenty thousand pounds a-year, and cannot make both ends meet; the devil is in it if this be not enough to buy meat, drink, and cloth, for a man's family if he had a wife that bred like a rabbit:—you have only two children, brother John, and have got some gravel in your shoes already; you will get into jail, you blockhead.' Mr Decastro asked him, with an oath, if he got all the rents paid in the north, where his estates lay. 'Never made a better gathering, John,' quoth Old Crab; 'there was a little behind last time, but all's paid up to a penny, and that's more than your tradesmen can say, the worse luck for them, brother John.' 'You look at me as if I could help it, brother Bat; if there's no more money the rascals must wait.' 'But they will not wait,' quoth Old Crab; 'they say you're a young man, and it will do you good to stop you in time.' 'They're devilish kind when their own interest lies in the way to serve a man; they will arrest me?' 'There are three of them that only wait to see me again, brother John, and if I come empty-handed they will put executions into your house; they bade me tell you so.' 'A civil message!' said Mr Decastro. 'A civil fool's head!' quoth Old Crab; 'I tell you I have got no more money, what am I to do? drive the disease from one joint to another; borrow?' 'What's five thousand pounds to a man of my property?' said Mr Decastro; 'it is but the prick of a pin, though it smarted a little at first; borrow the money, brother Bat, and pay the scoundrels directly.' 'I have done it,' quoth Old Crab; 'it was but to return it if you did not agree to it.' 'Why didn't you tell me so,' said Mr Decastro; 'what is the good of making a man fret?' 'Some bad liquors get better by fretting; I had a mind to try the experiment upon your constitution,' quoth Old Crab. 'Now, look you, brother John, I have promised to pay this money back again next year with five per cent interest; so that will come upon the shoulders of the next year, it will add to the weight of the next year's expenses—this by way of memorandum, be frugal.' Old Crab was a parson, so a little preaching

came very well in character. 'Brother John,' said he, 'you have got a sad trick of swearing—leave it off, it is vulgar and wicked.' 'It may be vulgar,' said Mr Decastro, 'but as to being wicked, nobody knows what that word means but you parsons.' 'Dost know the reason?' quoth Old Crab. 'No,' said Mr Decastro, 'what is it?' 'Because, brother John, thou art an ass.' 'You parsons,' said Mr Decastro, 'tell men they are wicked, as doctors tell men they are sick, and sell as much nauseous stuff for the soul as they do for the body, to answer the same end, videlicet, to pick people's pockets.' 'The more fool you, brother John,' quoth Old Crab, 'to call in both the physician and the parson when you lay sick of a fever: but more of this another time. I leave London to-morrow for the north, so give us thine hand, brother John: be careful;—and remember these words: upon which Old Crab took a bit of chalk out of his pocket, and wrote the following short sentence upon a large mahogany door, in letters big enough for a man to creep through,

'BE FRUGAL,'

and, shaking hands with his brother John, left the room.

"As soon as Old Crab was gone out of the room, Mrs Decastro came into it, for she heard him go, and so might any who could hear a clap of thunder; for his loud voice, his thick boots, and his heavy oaken towel, made altogether a monstrous noise. 'What is this?' said she, looking at the chalk on the door. Upon which Mr Decastro explained matters. 'What a vulgar beast it is,' said she, which compliment was meant for Old Crab. 'I wish, my dear, you would get something in the likeness of a human being to do your business for you, and turn this huge bear out of the house.' Old Crab was a man of vast stature. 'Can you find an honest man, my dear,' said Mr Decastro, 'that will take all the trouble for nothing as brother Bat does?' 'Well,' said she, 'I had rather pay and be cheated than be plagued with that great bear.'"

Bat's exhortation has, however, very little effect, for we find next year that "if Mr Decastro had played the devil the year before, he had played the devil and his dam in the last; that is to say, he and his wife together, who, instead of making the memorable sentence which Old Crab had chalked

up on the drawing-room door the rule of their conduct—and a better was not to be seen upon the door at Delphos—had squirted money away like kennel water.” Old Crab lets him alone, and the creditors very soon come down on the spendthrift, who

“Drew upon his banker like a dragon : at last he drew a bill which the banker could not answer, and for this reason, viz. he had no more money : so the man who came last drew a blank, and he was not the only one. Mr Decastro had not paid half what he owed before the cat was gone and her skin too, as folks say. It would have puzzled a wiser man than Mr Decastro to pay a bill without money, so those whom he could not pay in money he paid in promises ; which is a sort of payment that is not in full of all demands. Now what Mr Decastro had not in him people could not get out of him, so a great many of the civilist of his tradesmen—for the saucy ones came first—were forced to sit down gentlemen of the future tense, videlicet, those that *shall* or *will* be paid. Time ran on as fast as Mr Decastro ran in debt, and brought round another year with all the encumbrances of the former two upon its back added to its own. At Lady-day Old Crab came as usual, paid his brother's rents into the banker's hands, and left town without seeing him ; he had already seen more than was good of him. When a man gets well into the mud, the exertion one uses to draw one leg up sinks the other still deeper than it was before ; this was Mr Decastro's case, for the first step he took when he got his money from the north was, to pay the civil men who had been so polite as to take promises instead of cash the last year ; now when these were all paid there was nothing left for the saucy ones, who came about Mr Decastro's head and ears like a nest of hornets. Old Crab had an eye upon his brother, and knew how he was going on. ‘Nothing will cure this crack-brained coxcomb but a good smarting,’ quoth he ; ‘John is not in parliament this time, for the electors did not get drunk and of course did not choose him, so the next visit I pay him may be in jail.’ Petticraft the lawyer told Old Crab how matters went on from time to time.”

Brother Bat, coming to town at Lady-day, finds his brother in a terrible state of mind, thinking himself utterly ruined. “‘Come into the library,’ says Bat, ‘we shall have the

women here presently. I would have a little talk with you.’ Upon which Old Crab seized his brother by the arm, as a kite would a lark by the wing, and off he carried him, with as much ease, into the library ; when, having shut the door, he read him a lecture that lasted two hours, the subject of which was profligacy, atheism, and bad company.” Acting upon Bat's advice, who had in vain tried to get him out of London, Mr Decastro calls his debts in, and “his creditors came about him in a full gallop like a troop of horse, and charged him with their bills in a very gallant manner.” All they owed in the world lying “in mountains of paper on the table before them,” Mr and Mrs Decastro, both of them somewhat deficient in arithmetical knowledge, set to work to ascertain the amount.

“They went to work again after dinner, and kept on summing until five o'clock the next day, when they came to a grand total which frightened them both out of their wits ; for they had made it out that Mr Decastro owed more money than would pay off the national debt. Mrs Decastro wrung her hands ; Mr Decastro gave himself a dismal blow on the forehead, and they went to bed very well satisfied in one thing, viz. that they were ruined. The morrow happened to be Sunday, a day in which all tradesmen's shops, and books, and mouths are shut as far as business and money matters go, which made it a day of rest to Mr and Mrs Decastro, who thought they might as well sleep in their beds as at church, so they staid at home and slept soundly without the help of a sermon. This made Mr Decastro fresh for the affairs of the next night, when he put some things into a portmanteau in the middle watch, took a servant and a couple of horses, and rode out of the gayest city in the world as if it had been all on fire, leaving a note to inform Mrs Decastro that he was gone on business into the north.”

Mr Decastro gallops away till he arrives at Oaken Grove, Old Crab's farm in the north, which is close to the family estate and castle. Bat, though the elder brother, has been disinherited by his father in favour of John ; and subsequently taking orders, lives at the rectory of Oaken Grove, and manages his farm.

" 'Hide me, brother Bat, hide me from the world !' says John, 'for I am a beggar.' At which words the poor gentleman wept. Old Crab knew his brother to be in some very great mistake, but was willing to make the best of it, and said, 'Look you, brother John, this comes of not taking my advice in time : if those words which I chalked up upon your door, some years ago, had been made the rule of your conduct, you had no cause to sit by my fireside with your stupid head between your knees sniv'ling like a blockhead.' 'Do not abuse a man in distress, brother Bat,' said he, sobbing. 'O that you had never been disinherited ! O that I had never come to the estates ! I might have lived frugally, like you, upon a little, and never come to want and beggary !'—'Hold up your head, you fool, and answer me some questions : you have called in your debts, you say, and cast up all that you owe ; what is the total ?' When Mr Decastro named the sum, Old Crab fell a-laughing. Mr Decastro said it was inhuman to laugh at his miseries, however he might deserve them all."

Old Crab, however, does not undeceive him as to his exaggerated estimate of his liabilities, but thinks it better to leave him in error—and takes the opportunity, while he is in this state of alarm and despair, to "open a plan of works against his brother's infidelity, and brought his artillery to bear upon his profligate and vicious life." After some argument—

" 'Upon my soul,' said Mr Decastro, 'I had no idea that these parsons had so much to say for themselves ;' and began to think, and wisely enough, that it would be no disparagement to his abilities to be convinced by the same arguments, and believe in the same things, which a Newton, an Addison, and a Locke had been convinced by, and believed in, before him. Old Crab now put some good books into his brother's hands, which gave great furtherance to his arguments, and left him to meditate upon, and to digest, what had been said. He then set off for London, armed at all points, to meet Mr Decastro's creditors."

While Mr Decastro is thus in the way to be converted to Christianity, his wife is in a very unpleasant position in her fine house in London, "to whose relief Old Crab was coming, like a knight-errant, with all speed." The knight-errant finds the dis-

tressed lady sitting with her children in very disconsolate mood, and "bade her prepare to go back with him into the north, but she refused to leave the house." However, Old Crab, being quite resolved to get her out of London, resorted to a very effectual expedient. The house in London had once been a Lord Delamere's, and had passed into Mr Decastro's hands for a play debt ; and Mr Decastro, to be revenged on Lord Delamere for a quarrel, had turned him and his children into the street. However, Lord Delamere was now a rich man, and Old Crab, who knew the story, offering him the refusal of the house, he re-purchases it. Mrs Decastro, on learning this, falls into a terrible fright, for she expects, as she reasonably might, that Lord Delamere will now revenge the injury.

Old Crab and she have a very animated dialogue when they meet ; but she gets very little comfort from him, as he insists on her leaving London forthwith. Her sister-in-law, Lady Budemere, coming in to condole with her, asks if she has not applied to Bat. "I fell into an agony in his presence," says Mrs Decastro, "and I might have kicked and sprawled about the floor in convulsions for anything he cared about the matter ; he stood in the room like the statue of Hercules leaning on his club, and took no more notice of me than if a great cat had squalled."

While poor Mrs Decastro is thus expiating her extravagance in the purgatory of a house filled with workmen, taking down and packing furniture, and making ready for the new proprietor, and of which she has only three rooms left sacred to her privacy, Old Crab is settling with the creditors. One of these, Sir John O., who had lent Mr Decastro four thousand pounds, is so nettled at the parson's sarcastic treatment that he called him an impertinent rascal, and struck him a violent blow on the head.

"It was a little lucky for the baronet that Old Crab had left his oaken towel with his hat and his bundle of papers in the other room, though good fortune was not all on his side, for a doctor had come to visit a patient in the house and left

his hat and came upon a chair at hand, seeing which Old Crab seized Sir John O. by his collar, and gave him the doctor's cane as long as it held out, and to the baronet's cost it was a pretty tough one, and somewhat larger than a man's two thumbs put together. Sir John was miserably beaten, for he could no more contend with a man of Old Crab's vast strength and stature than he could with old Hercules, and was not a little glad to see the cane fly in pieces and get rid of the iron ferrule which armed its point like a thimble, and gave him a great deal of trouble. As soon as Old Crab found nothing to be left of the cane in his hand but the golden head and the silk ribbon, he let his victim go, and asked him if he had a mind to give him another knock on the pate?"

Having accomplished the payment of the creditors to the satisfaction of all, Bat finds no difficulty now in getting Mrs Decastro out of London, for she had had a terrible fright from hearing Lord Delamere in the house; and when Old Crab came thundering up the stairs to tell Mrs Decastro the stage-coach was at the door, "she jumped into it with as much joy as if she could have jumped into Paradise."

Meanwhile Mr Decastro (are you following us, reader? do you catch the humour of the thing?) was in a very perturbed state of mind at Oaken Grove, not entirely about his worldly affairs, for "though he had run away from all other creditors, conscience knocked at his door with a long bill;" and we find him one day in a state of great agony, partly from remorse at his ill-spent life, partly from grief at seeing his paternal woods and fields spread out before him, which he fancies are forfeited for ever, when Old Crab's pretty little daughter Julia brings him the following letter:—

"BROTHER JOHN,

"I have paid all your debts, and set you clear of all the world: but it hath cost you all you were worth in the south to do it: all the property in the north is still your own. A plank hath been saved out of the wreck, it is the furniture of your house in London—it is on the road to the north—I shall set out with your wife and family in three days' time.—Yours,

"BARTHOLOMEW DECASTRO."

The same post which brings Mr Decastro this comfortable news, also brings orders from Old Crab for rendering the castle fit for the reception of its owners. It is described as a magnificent old place, and, as Bat had taken care to keep it in repair, it is soon rendered commodious.

"Matters were now prepared at the old castle for the reception of his family; the beds were all warmed, rooms well aired, owls and jackdaws smoked out of the chimneys, toads as broad as a pair of bellows, and lizards as long as a man's leg, had been driven out of the cellars, and the spiders had all notice to quit with a great broom at their tails. Mr Decastro's dead stock had been come some time, and disposed of in the proper places under the eye and order of himself, and Mrs B. Decastro, when the day came to bring the living. Now Mr Decastro was walking, as usual, on the banks of the lake in a deep muse upon family matters, with more running in his head than was running out of it, his hat pulled over his eyes, his hands thrust into his breeches' pockets, and his cane stuck in his left boot, when, all on a sudden, he ran against Old Crab, who took it into his head to stand still, seeing him a-coming, and put out an elbow to receive the momentum of his brother's body. 'How now, brother John?' quoth he. 'I have brought your wife and family out of the south—hold up thine head, man, and look the world in the face again—all's paid, and your creditors kicked out of the creation.' Mr Decastro was much affected at the sight of his brother, but we have not time to draw his picture, when bouncing upon Old Crab on a sudden made him feel just as if his heart was dipt in cold water. Shaking of hands and many thanks for services now passed, and sundry questions upon divers matters.—'What, is all mine in the north, brother Bat?'

"*Old Crab.* Every acre, John, and the old castle to boot—all's sold in the south: but you will find bread and cheese here, and a good house to eat it in, if you have wit enough in your head to keep a good house over it, and know when you are well. I have just put your wife and family into the castle, and come out to look for you.

"*Mr Decastro.* Well, but how can this be, brother Bat? my wife and I made out the aggregate debt to be—

"*O. C.* A fool's reckoning—and what else could be expected when two fools laid their heads together? I paid away

one hundred and ninety thousand pounds to redeem your body from your creditors, and your soul from the devil, I hope, at the same time, which is more to the purpose; for both were in a hopeful way, this running as fast into hell as that into a jail, and that they might both do at the same time and go the same way.

"*Mr D.* Brother Bat, the talk which we have had together has made another man of me: I believe all that you have told me to be true, because I cannot prove it to be false; and I am apt to think it no very easy matter to deceive me; for, though books and I were never much acquainted, I never heard of a fool being born in our family.

"*O. C.* Peace be to the fools, John! I remember when your mother was brought to bed of an ass; and the way in which you have gone on for some years past puts no great addition to the wisdom of the family: but you are come to be another man, you say; pray what sort of a gentleman is he?

"*Mr D.* One of your own making, brother Bat, as far as opinion goes; I am brought over by your arguments to your creed; there is more in them, I will fairly own, than I ever expected to find, or I can gainsay, which weighs not a little with me: I have got my catechism by heart since you have been gone, can answer any question in it, and understand both question and answer by the help of your little book of explanations: in a word, I am become a Christian, and am willing to be confirmed the first opportunity.

"*O. C.* All's well if you hold in the mind, John; and you have been a stubborn piece of stuff:—be but as obstinate in the right as you were in the wrong, and you shall be made a missionary by order of Government to convert London to Christianity; and it is high time it were looked to before we send out another cargo of parsons to convert the savages, when there is so much work to be done at home. I can't see what the plague can be expected in foreign parts when they have let the devil beat them upon their own dunghill.

"*Mr. D.* The conversion of the place is like to be put off for the present, if it waits till I come into it; for by the glory of the stars I'll never run my head into the smoke of it again, as long as the motion of my body lies under the direction of my will.

"*O. C.* I say again all's well, brother John, if you hold in that mind: you have enough left here in the north, now all's paid, to live like a nobleman

amongst your tenants, and keep up the credit of the family: the old mansion-house is never the worse for wear, and I am sure no gentleman needs be ashamed to live in it: it is a noble place, brother John, the more's the pity the family should ever run away from it.

"*Mr D.* When I leave it, brother Bat, you shall read the burial-service over my body; when I go out of it I'll go out of it with my heels foremost and a wooden suit upon my back. I'll go no more amongst the vipers and scorpions of the world: I have felt their teeth and venom in my flesh. If I go into London again, ram me into a cannon with a charge of gunpowder at my tail and shoot me into it.

"*O. C.* I say again the third time, all's well, brother John, if you hold in the same mind; it is early days with you yet—time will try matters. Let us walk up to the castle; your wife and children will be glad to see you."

Mr and Mrs Decastro are now comfortably settled in the old castle in the north, where the scene for the most part lies, considerably astonished at finding themselves so much richer than they expected. Mr Decastro has, as we have seen, quite made up his mind never to venture back into the gay world, but he is not so confident of his wife's firmness to resist temptation. He hits upon a notable plan to get her to join in his purpose.

"A woman," says he, "is like a weathercock; if she goes stiff, a little sweet oil will sometimes do the business; we must oil her over when we meet, and see how matters will be; then a little breath of wind, perhaps, will turn her like the weathercock aforesaid." In pursuance of this Machiavelian policy, he proceeds, at the first opportunity, to open a conversation, in which he compliments her on her good sense—so much superior, he says, to his own, and of which the readiness with which she left London is a notable sign; pretends to believe that her fondness for pleasure was all assumed merely to humour and indulge him; that she had ever been ready to condemn all fashionable follies; that, being now disgusted with his own folly, he will no longer tax her patience by dragging her into scenes so uncongenial to her, and which he has now resolved

to forsake : and ends by entreating her to help him in his efforts to become more worthy of such a wife. In fact, this shrewd deceiver practises the device known since Samuel Slick's time as soft sawder ; and with such success, that, at the conclusion of the dialogue, Mrs Decastro, after accepting all the virtues he ascribes to her as a matter of course, retires into the drawing-room " with a face so full of smiles that you could not have stuck a pin in it anywhere without running it into a smirk."

Mrs Decastro finds it extremely irksome to act up to the virtuous and self-denying character with which her cunning husband has endowed her, and hankers to return to the scene of her former splendour ; for, as Old Crab says, " it is impossible to wash all the dirt out of a mud-wall."

" The tables and chairs were now all set in their places at the castle, and everybody knew where to look for salt, and where to find the mustard : the old women were put to scrub floors and wash dishes ; and when Mrs Decastro rang her bell, a butler, or a fine footman in a superb livery, made his appearance, and waited her commands : and as for Mr Decastro, his moulting time was over, and he looked sleek and spruce all in new feathers. Mrs Decastro had poked her nose, at least three times over, into every crack and corner of the castle, stared at the magnificent towers without, and the grand painted ceilings within, until her eyes ran with water. As soon as the newness of the old castle was a little rubbed off, Mrs Decastro began to grow restless in the midst of grandeur. What is the good of a fine thing, if one cannot show it to another ? She began to want sadly to see company again, for here was no soul but Old Crab and his wife, and little Julia, her husband, the two boys, and young Genevieve. Poor woman ! she was like to be moped to death ! and, what was worse, was afraid to own it, for her husband had plied her so closely with doses of adulation, that she was quite sick of her own virtues. Mrs Decastro had been blown into such high latitudes by her husband's praises, that she could have been glad at times to have got safe back again with all her heart : she found it very troublesome to be very good and very excellent, and to be made a goddess ; it put such a restraint

upon her, that she was forced to be better than she used to be, at times, to save her credit, though she was willing to make her husband's words good, at as little expense as possible. She was ashamed to say she was dull at Oaken Grove, or show any discontent, because such a sensible woman as she was, forsooth, had too many resources in herself to stand in need of those toys, playthings, and fiddle-faddles that took up the time and attention of women of inferior minds—she would not have gone to a ball, if she had come within hearing of the fiddles, not she—no—she was put far above all such giddy childish trifles ; she was made too wise to regard these things ; she was not as other women were ; she had put her sex under her feet ; she had too much vanity not to be very good, too much pride not to be a piece of excellence. Now she could have been very glad to have got all these fine things for nothing, but the pity of it is that the finer everything is the more it unluckily costs us. Mrs Decastro could have been glad enough to have stood above others, and kept the precedence which her husband gave her, but she did not, and for this reason, viz. because she could not. Some good, however, came of those evil means which Old Crab condemned ; she took it into her head to come to church to shore up the reputation of being both wise and good, since the wisest and best people of all ages have ever been the most religious.—Mr Decastro was got at his old work one day, making his wife some fine compliments, when, having had tickling enough to serve for once, she put a finger into one of her husband's button-holes, and, hooking him to her, spoke as follows : ' My dear, your brother Bat said in his sermon last Sunday, that it was very wicked to have store of good things and keep all to ourselves. This was certainly intended as a hint to us who have store of good things and keep all to ourselves. Now in regard to the pleasures and amusements of the giddy and the loose, you very well know how much I am above them, and how little I set by them, but charity forbids that we should have much and none be the better, for so your brother Bat held forth in the pulpit. ' We have magnificent rooms, but nobody comes into them. We have cellars full of fine wines, but nobody comes to taste a glass. We have a grand park full of fine deer, but nobody comes to eat a bit of venison. We have a train of fine footmen, that are paid to view their persons in the looking-glasses.

We have a butler and an under-butler that have nothing to do : things standing in this posture, what are we doing but wasting those things which others would be happy to partake in the enjoyment of? What is avarice but the worst sort of waste? What is griping all to oneself but avarice? What is charity but a distribution? What is generosity but calling our friends about us, and tasting the good things which heaven has given us together? What is charity but a duty? What generosity but a virtue? If I am to live in the middle of a great wood here, I must beg to make a few conditions.' 'Name them,' quoth Mr Decastro. 'A few friends,' quoth she—'Granted,' quoth he. 'That the boys be bred in the world,' quoth she—'Hum,' quoth he. 'The boys are young at present, but when birds-nesting time is over with them, what can they find to do in a wood?—If I am invited to a friend's house, though it be in London, I must have leave of absence for two or three months in a year. 'Granted,' quoth he. 'Four horses to my carriage.' 'Granted,' quoth he. 'Be allowed the same for pin-money as usual.' 'Granted,' quoth he. 'Well, but the boys,' quoth she. 'What of the boys?' quoth he. 'Send them to a public school,' quoth she. 'Send them to the devil,' quoth he. 'The devil will find them out in private, as well as in public,' quoth she. 'Hum,' quoth he, and 'Hah !' quoth Old Crab, who had just come into the room unobserved; 'you have set up your wife for an idol, so come down upon your knees and worship her, you great blockhead !' 'You will run all risks of my taking your advice?' said Mr Decastro to his wife. 'I will,' quoth she—'all the merit of the thing, if it turn out well, being mine.' 'And all the blame,' quoth he, 'if the thing turn out ill, being yours also?' 'Well,' quoth she, 'but whose fault is it to be, if you are no judge, if my advice should be taken?' 'If the thing turn out well,' quoth he, 'you will have all the merit of the advice; but, if ill, am I to have all the blame for acting upon it?' 'Come,' quoth she, 'we had best leave no stones to break windows, we will share and share alike.' 'But,' quoth he, 'you will not blame me if the thing turn out ill, because I took your advice?' 'Neither,' quoth she, 'if it turns out well shall you carry all the merit—at all events the merit of the advice will be mine.' 'It needs must,' quoth he, 'as well as the blame, if matters come wrong, be yours also. Look you, my dear, I have a right of choice to

do as I please, you know, you must needs lay that down : well, you give advice—I take it or refuse it as I will—if I take it and it falls out ill, you have the blame of the ill advice, and I the blame for taking it. If I take it and it fall out well, I have the merit of taking it, and you the merit of the good advice.' 'Come,' quoth she, 'I'll risk my share, take it.' Mr Decastro did so, and soon afterwards ordered his carriage, and wheeled off his seed to Eton College."

Upon this comfortable understanding, Mr and Mrs Decastro jog pleasantly on, and leave the stage to newer actors; retiring altogether behind the scenes, with the exception of one little episodical farce which they play, amusing enough, but too long to transcribe; and Old Crab, though making frequent appearances, is no longer so prominent a personage as before.

And now one of the most singular characters in the book is introduced, viz. John Mathers, commonly called Old Comical; being no other than the John Mathers who appears on the title-page as the inditer of the merry matter contained in the book; though how he comes to figure in the double capacity of author, and one of the *dramatis personæ*, is a mystery which is not explained. Old Comical, returning home from the University of Gottingen, where he has been bred, finds that his elder brother has succeeded to the whole property, while he is disinherited, or at least said to be so. However, he takes the matter very philosophically, for he "sat down under a hedge and wrote a song, and, begging a bit of board of a carpenter, being asked to pay for it, he put three legs in it, and mounting the stool sung the carpenter his ballad. The carpenter was very well satisfied with the song, and suffered Old Comical to depart in peace." This ballad subsequently stands him in good stead, assisted by the effect of his singular aspect, which is thus described :—

"He was so deeply marked by the small-pox that his face looked like a red honey-comb, so deeply pitted that a towel was of little use to him; and, being a neat man, he used to clean his face with a brush, which very much increased

his natural floridity. Old Comical was as bald as a doll, and his pate was seamed and lined all over like a map of the roads: his eyes were dark blue, clear as crystal and very fine, one of which he almost always kept shut, like one taking aim, so he passed with many for a man of one eye, till he convinced them of their mistake by a sudden stare which had such oddity in it as made people laugh; he had a very wide mouth, and throat, so that when he laughed one might almost see what he had in his stomach.

After a series of extraordinarily facetious adventures, Old Comical arrives at Oaken Grove.

"As people in decay run the farthest from those places wherein they shone the most in their better days, so Old Comical ran out of the south directly into the north, and after begging, ballad-singing, and stealing by turns, he at length came to the ferry at Oaken Grove: and dangling the horn in his hands which hung on the post, not knowing well what to make of it, put it to his mouth at last, and blew it with all his might. The ferryman unchained his boat at the accustomed signal, and when he arrived at the opposite shore, called Old Comical an impudent scoundrel, and asked who was to wait on him? Old Comical humbly begged pardon, and a penny, of the ferryman, and said, had he known the uses of the horn, he had sooner heard the devil blow it than he: the ferryman, struck with the oddity of Old Comical, gave him a penny, and forgave him his trouble, and Old Comical offering some ballads to sale, the ferryman bought sixpenny-worth of Old Comical's poetry. Upon which, 'Is there any charity,' quoth he, 'to be found on the other side of the water?' The ferryman, who loved fun and drolery, upon this took Old Comical into his boat and landed him on the opposite shore; telling him that nobody lived in the old castle, but he would perhaps get a platter of broken meat at Mr Decastro's, describing a farm-house situated on the left hand of it. Upon hearing the name of Decastro, Old Comical called to mind his old friend and fellow-student at the University in Germany, but not much expecting to find him there, he mounted his stool at the door, and began to sing. Old Crab, who was then at dinner with his wife in his little parlour, hearing Old Comical's voice, turned his head, for he sat with his back to the window, and seeing a beggar upon a stool, began to

scold his wife for encouraging a pack of ragged rascals at the farm. 'I should be very sorry,' quoth she, 'to do anything to displease you,' when a trillo from Old Comical threw her into convulsions. It was quite impossible to hear Old Comical sing two verses without laughing, and though Old Crab held it out much longer than his wife, as soon as Old Comical came to a fine shake, Old Crab burst out into a loud peal; and Old Comical, who saw how matters were, followed him up with another quaver, when Old Crab was fain to roar out, 'this is a pleasant scoundrel!'—'Come,' said Mrs B. Decastro, 'I think he deserves some broken victuals,' and knowing the usual cast of Old Crab's countenance when he would assent to a thing, she poured some broken victuals and sixpence, by way of sauce to them, into Old Comical's wallet; whereupon poor Old Comical, who had not eat a morsel that day, sat down upon a stone at the door, and it did Old Crab's heart good, and his wife's too, to see how heartily he ate his breakfast. Old Crab was now going forth to his business on his farm, when staring at Old Comical as he sat at meat, he knew his face in an instant, for it was not very possible for any who had once seen Old Comical's countenance ever to forget it: and Old Comical as soon discovered the face of his old fellow-student: each stared at the other like a post, and for a very good reason, because a post has no eyes. 'What, Mathers!' quoth Old Crab, 'where the plague dost thou come from?' 'Hold hard,' quoth Old Comical, 'and I'll tell you.' He then gave a brief account of himself, and his wretched situation, which did not fail to make an impression upon such a heart as Old Crab's, who took Old Comical by the collar and hauled him into his house in such a rough manner that if it happened a little more to the southward Old Comical would not have been much at a loss to guess some reason for it. As soon as Old Crab had brought him into a little chamber he showed him some old clothes, and bade dress himself as well as he could, out of the best he could find, and stay till he returned in the evening: this he did, and when Old Crab came home at night, he found Old Comical fast asleep by his kitchen fire, with his head upon his stool and a great volume of ballads for his pillow. It now only remains to be said in this place, that ever since that day Old Comical has lived with Old Crab, who, after a due course of instruction, made him his bailiff, and a bailiff of greater honesty and integrity never existed than Old

Comical, as what remains to be said of him will show."

We have no intention of following through its mazes the thread of the story, which, besides being in itself not particularly interesting, and latterly altogether extravagant, proceeds in such an odd desultory fashion, halting for a few chapters, then leaping forward with an immense bound, then back again with a great jerk into a former generation, and pursuing altogether such a zig-zag, devious, erratic course, that one might as well try to give a resumé of the plot of *Tristram Shandy*. If two people wanted to read the book at the same time, one of them might, without losing anything, begin with the second volume, and read alternately backwards and forwards—a method which, as already stated, we were ourself forced to pursue. It is the quaint sense, the quaint humour, and the quaint characters, that give the book its value; and as we hope the reader has by this time a great regard for Old Crab, with his surly good-nature—his rude massive integrity—his rough manners and his fine heart—his good principles and his bad language—we will now extract a scene in which his visit to his Aunt Biddy (a highly diverting old person) forms a tolerably complete episode, though it has very little to do with the story.

"How busy Old Crab was at this time! for what with setting his brother-in-law Lord Budemere's house in order, and darning his estates, and making his aunt Biddy's last will and testament, he scarce knew on what hand to turn him.

"Old Comical was smoking his pipe over his toast and ale and nutmeg in the porch at the farm. 'John!' quoth Old Crab, 'come for orders:' forasmuch as it may be remembered that Old Comical was Old Crab's bailiff and clerk of the parish, and said Amen to all Old Crab said in church o' Sundays—'John!' quoth Old Crab, 'come for orders.' Whereupon Old Comical made his appearance in Old Crab's little parlour with his brown jug in one hand—what! leave such precious liquor all alone in the porch—with his brown jug in one hand, and his pipe in one corner of his mouth, and his wig turned bush for-

wards to keep the flies off his forehead, 'Master,' quoth Old Comical with his pipe stuck in his face, 'here am I.' Old Comical smoked a long-tailed pipe in summer; forasmuch as the vapour, coming through a long vein, came cooler into his mouth, but the aforesaid Old Comical smoked a short pipe in winter to keep his nose warm, which hung over the bowl thereof with a purple chilblain at the end of it, for the frost snap at Old Comical in winter-time as if it would bite his nose off: 'Master,' quoth Old Comical, 'here am I.' 'John,' quoth Old Crab, 'I am called into Northamptonshire to make my aunt Biddy's will, for she hath taken into her head she may die, it appearing by the Register, here, that lies on the table, that she is ninety years of age: this paper contains orders for what I would have done in the farm, and this purse money to pay the men for three weeks: bid the carter give Old Crop a good feed of corn, I shall set out for Northamptonshire tomorrow morning: take these three sermons to Dr Rosybottom, and tell him to serve my church three Sundays. A word with you, John: if you cannot sing psalms without making such faces, you shall sing no more; you have set the people a-laughing these two last Sundays: if you cannot sing psalms without screwing your confounded jaws about in such a manner, you shall not sing at all, but sit still in your desk and let others sing—twisting your chaps about as if you did it on purpose to disturb the congregation.' 'Look you, master,' quoth Old Comical, 'I sing with my quid in my mouth, and that is the cause thereof; the tobacco lies quiet enough in plain singing, but when I come to a shake the quid dances about like a devil.' Old Crab said that he was not at all pleased with Old Comical's behaviour at church, and if he would not behave better in it, he could order the church-wardens to put him out of it, and disgrace him in the presence of the congregation; subjoining, that if he found no better return for the clerkship which he had given him than turning the psalms into ridicule, and setting folks a-laughing in church, Old Comical should be turned out of that too as well as the church, and another take his office.

"Now it came to pass that the next morning at four o'clock Old Crab mounted Old Crop at the *upping-stock* at the house door; whereupon he smote the old mare with his oaken towel, and off trotted Old Crop with Old Crab and his saddle-bags.

"Now, upon the arrival of Old Crop and Old Crab at Skeleton House, for that was the name of his aunt Biddy's palace, he found the old lady's carriage at the door, and her already dressed in her best tackle to go to a ball. Now at that time the clock struck ten, and the cock 'had been upon the perch an hour: 'Aunt Biddy,' quoth Old Crab, after the usual ceremonies of salutation, 'I am come to make your will:' and cast thereupon his eye over a gay knot of artificial flowers stuck with an air into the old lady's cap. 'Hæ, hæ, nephey,' quoth the frisky old lass with a smile, 'it will be time enough for that to-morrow, I am going to a dance in the neighbourhood:' when, giving her people orders to take care of Old Crab and Old Crop, the old lady stepped into her carriage with a little more alacrity than her aged limbs could well afford, that complained in half-a-dozen loud cracks that they were in no such skipping humour. Old Crab sucked up his cheeks at the gay old lady, who scuttled into her coach too quickly to leave him any time for a reply. The next morning at breakfast, 'Aunt Biddy,' quoth Old Crab, 'd'ye mean to dance into your grave with a tabor and pipe? In the devil's name, d'ye know how old you are?' 'Past fifteen, nephey,' quoth the merry old virgin with a smile. 'Past fifteen!' quoth Old Crab; 'd'ye know how many fifteens there are in ninety?' 'I love the age of fifteen so well,' quoth she, 'that I don't care how often it comes over.' 'You have got it in your head it seems,' quoth Old Crab, 'that it is time to make your will; now, look ye, madam, if you can get the fiddles out of your brains I have a world of work on my hands, and could be glad to come to the business:' upon which he went on to tell her that he had a great deal to do for her nephew Lord Budemere, who was running post haste to the devil. 'His lordship should have come there long ago,' quoth she, 'for everybody said that he took the nearest way: whenever he gets there, however, he will be sure to meet with a warm reception, for he and the devil are old friends; hand and glove, nephey Bat, on the best of terms. You have another lame dog to help over a stile, then, it seems, nephey Bat; but John is upon good ground again, you tell me.' 'Yes, but this is the most confounded business of the two by much,' quoth Old Crab; 'I have just written to the blockhead, and told him that I must put him on spare diet these ten years, before I can get this lame dog

upon all fours again. I got disinherited, and kicked out of the kingdom, for giving that very advice, which, if taken, had saved my sister's fortune; that, and all the money the frugal old lord left, is spent: but come to the will—it has been high time any day these last forty years.' 'Accidents may happen, nephey,' quoth she, 'accidents may happen to the youngest of us all.' 'Accidents may happen!' thundered Old Crab; 'ay, you may die in a ball-room, and be fiddled into eternity: the devil take these colt's teeth, how they stick in your mouth, old woman! What d'ye mean to do with your money? 'tis time you thought about it while the spark of life sticks in your old tinder, if a serious thought can come into such a bedlam.' 'Come, come, Old Crab,' quoth aunt Biddy, 'will you never leave off spitting brimstone and sulphur?' 'Will you never leave off galloping, dancing, rigging and romping amongst the boys and girls? answer me that, old female. What money have you in your banker's hands?' 'Not a groat,' said aunt Biddy. 'Not a groat!' quoth Old Crab; 'why, how the plague can you contrive to spend three thousand pounds a-year? answer me that, ye old romp.' 'I never was a miser, nephey,' quoth the old lady; 'but you know, who manage all my money matters, madcap as I am, that I never once outran the constable: and, truly, what is money good for? how can we put a penny to a better use than to call one's friends about one's house, and make them all happy, hæ, nephey Bat? if one is merry and wise, hæ, nephey Bat?' 'You are merry enough,' quoth Old Crab, 'if you were but as wise, and old enough too to be more of the one and less of the other, to my thinking.' 'Why, look you, nephey, the more merry the more wise, that's my motto, though it mayn't be so much to your liking.—I give a ball to-morrow, and to-night I am going to a masquerade, so if you please we will come to parish business as soon as we have done breakfast. I may die, hæ, nephey Bat? I may die; the youngest of us all may die, nephey Bat, hæ, hæ, hæ, nephey Bat!' Whereupon the old lass clapt her hand gaily on Old Crab's shoulder, and sang the following staves:

[We omit the old lady's song as peculiar.]

'What d'ye think of that? hah, hah, nephey Bat?' 'A merry old cat!' quoth Old Crab. 'Merry! ay, nephey,' quoth aunt Biddy, 'I danced

four dances last night, fell in love, and dreamed that I was kissing my partner. Die! why you don't think I mean to die because I sent for you to make my will, Old Crab? I'm not dead yet, nephey Bat—I am not dead yet.' 'I will tell you a piece of my mind,' quoth Old Crab; 'the sooner you are dead the better for the reputation of ages past; you may be taken for a sample of what women were formerly, and bring more disgrace upon our great-grandmothers than their share comes to, galloping about at this time o' day to balls, routs, and masquerades; I wonder what the plague ails you, for my part, or what the devil is come to a parcel of old bones! Come, send the crockery away, if a will is to be made.' Upon which the old lady rang her bell, and having cleared the breakfast table, the butler put an inkstand under Old Crab's nose, who, dipping his pen therein, and taking a sheet of paper, said, 'Now, aunt, what is your will? what d'ye mean to do with your money?' 'Why,' said she, 'folks are apt to part with their money when they can keep it no longer: John, you tell me, is upon good ground, and like to keep so—and a man worth three-and-twenty thousand pounds a-year has enough and to spare for himself and his children; there is my nephew Lamsbroke too is rolling in money; and as for my lord, he would spend Mexico in one day and Peru in another, and not know where to find money to buy a supper before he went to bed; besides, these good folks never come near me, never make any inquiries after me no more than if I had a ton of marble upon my bones—not they; I know as little of them and care as little: they all live at a vast distance from me, certainly, but a kind letter now and then would comfort my old soul: you have always been a kind and dutiful nephey, taken care of my money, done all my business for me, all my little matters, saved me all expense and all trouble, and moreover put three hundred pounds a-year to my income by your skill and knowledge in the money markets—you, therefore, I make my heir, who ought to have all that John enjoys at this moment, if my brother had not listened, like a hot-headed fool, to Lord Budemere, who, to tell you a secret, was the sole cause of your being turned out of your estates: I tell you this that you may take no trouble in that man's matters, who has been the greatest enemy that you ever had to your back.' 'In the first place, aunt,' quoth Old Crab, 'I have to say that this thing is no secret to me, for I

found a packet of letters, and their answers, among John's papers, when I settled his matters, that told me everything: in the next, I have to add that I will have none of your money, madam: what I have done I have done, but I will have none of your money: John lets me have my farm cheap, and I have improved my church: I have enough, and will take none of your money, not I.' 'Highly, tightly,' quoth the old lady, 'none of my money, quoth-a: why, you don't know what is good, nephey—you don't know what is good; not take any of my money! O' my conscience 'tis the first time a bag of gold ever went a-begging! For the shame of the world and the speech of the people! what will folks say if I leave my money to another after all you have done for me! Who will tell my story for me after my bones are dry, when some fleering coxcomb shall lift his foot upon my tombstone and say, here lies an old toad under a slab that deserved to be buried under a dog-kennel—how she used her nephey Bat after all he had done for her, a man that would ride five hundred miles on end upon a full gallop to come and cut her corns for her! an old harridan, to cut such a man off with a shilling! My Lady Wixwax and I had a world of talk upon this matter the other evening over a dish of gunpowder-tea, but I believe neither of us heard one word of what the other said for four hours, for we both talked together the whole time: seeing how matters were like to go, we agreed, at last, to take it by turns to hold one another's tongues in the sugar-nippers: gracious heaven! how Lady Wixwax did run on after the ninth dish of gunpowder! I paid her off, though, when it was my turn to nip, though her tongue quivered all the while between my fingers as if I had got hold of the tail of a snake! Never trust me, nephey Bat, if I think there is a woman beneath the silent sun that can talk so long, so lively, and so loud as the old Countess of Wixwax. We came both of us at last upon one thing dab, *phiz*, that you was the man for my money; and if you will not take it, or take it into your own family, I shall not go out of the world with a quiet soul.' 'What have I done to deserve your money,' quoth Old Crab, 'what the plague have I done to deserve your money? I'll have none of your money.' 'My name,' quoth the old virgin, 'will offend above ground after my body is turned into snuff and my coffin into a snuff-box; I cannot abide ingratitude, nephey Bat: what did I know about worldly matters? I should

have been robbed and ruined but for your services—they ought and shall be rewarded."

Old Crab, however, positively refuses to take any of Aunt Biddy's money; and, at his instance, she leaves it to his brother John's youngest son, the eldest being already provided for. The boys, Frederick and Acerbus, thus introduced, are described at full in the next chapter as students at Oxford. The former, a horrible scamp from boyhood, becomes a most atrocious criminal when he grows up, and consorts with other miscreants as bad as himself, of which there are plenty in the book; many noblemen and gentlemen, near connections of the Decastro family, being in the habit of committing capital crimes. Acerbus, on the contrary, becomes an ornament to the university, and his habits are so studious that he is henceforward generally known as "the philosopher." Frederick's excesses having brought him to death's door, his father comes down out of the north to fetch him at all hazards out of the university.

"But his removal was attended with certain difficulties, which threw the old gentleman into some perplexities; forasmuch as a set of honest worthy men, who lived in the habits of trade with the University, opposed the litter in a close body, and made it known to Mr Decastro, with considerable clamour, how unwilling they were to part with their old acquaintance; and so attached were they to the poor young gentleman in the litter, that Mr Decastro could by no means clear the road of them until such time as he had distributed drafts on his banker to the amount of seven hundred pounds.

"Half a year elapsed before Mr Decastro got his son Frederick on his legs again; the vigour of whose constitution carried the point at last against both medicine and disease. His father now took the advantage of the return of health to read him a lecture in moral philosophy. Frederick heard the peal with patience till his father wrung him upon his debts: 'Why, sir,' interrupted he, 'would you have me sneak about the university as if my father was a rat-catcher; or consult his honour and credit in it, and live like a gentleman?' 'How far my credit was consulted,' quoth Mr Decastro, 'in an arrest in one of the most public streets in the university, I

will not say.' 'But,' interrupted Frederick, 'what father ever had so fine an opportunity to show what he could do for a son in distress? your name, after such an act, will be deathless in the university!' 'I have paid pretty dearly for my immortality,' quoth Mr Decastro."

This promising young gentleman's stay at the university is suddenly terminated by an exploit more than usually imprudent—he fires a pistol at his brother, who receives the balls, not in his breast, but in a folio Plato, which Acerbus has just time to interpose as a shield. Frederick, however, fancying he has killed his brother, flies the country, after a series of adventures worthy of a ticket-of-leave man. Still there is no love in the story, for which the chronicler apologises, stating that the young ladies and gentlemen, whose wooings and distresses are shortly to lend sunshine and cloud to the page, are not yet grown up. Meanwhile we have the following account of Mr and Mrs Grove, neighbours of the Decastros, who live at Hindermark.

"Mr Grove was a very old friend and schoolfellow of Mr Decastro, a very quiet man, and very rarely spoke one loud word—his manner was to carry his nose up to a man's ear, and deliver all he had to say into it in a whisper. Mr Grove had a wife—where on earth could he have picked her up?—Mr Grove had a wife who seldom spoke at all, but made use of signs as far as signs would go, like one born dumb: when she wanted wine, or gin, rum, brandy, or queen's water, she would point at the bottle; when she wanted tea she would point at the canister; and when she would send for the gentlemen into the drawing-room after dinner, she would erect a finger at the butler. One day when her maid offended her, the woman dashed out of the room in a moment, for she said that her mistress put on a terrible frown and pointed at the poker. These two good folks coming together, somehow or other, like flint and steel, struck out a pretty spark, and called his name George, a very excellent young man, and, being an only child, he had like to have got killed with kindness—more of him by-and-by. Mr Grove's estates lay near Mr Decastro's fine old castle, and he lived at a place called Hindermark, a noble place, well known to all in the north of England who are not ignorant of it: Mr Grove was glad

at heart to find his old friend and schoolfellow Decastro was come to live near him, and he cut three capers the first time he heard of it: and Mr Decastro was glad at heart to find that he and his old friend and schoolfellow, Grove, were such near neighbours, and he cut three more capers when he heard of it, which made six capers all together. Mr Grove had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds-a-year, which some give as one reason why he was not a poor man, and it may be a good one, whatever private doubts some may entertain of the matter, for some old cunning stagers have held forth that they are not always the richest men who have got the most money: Mr Grove, however, was very frugal, and never paid away a shilling without looking at it on both sides: but he kept a good house, and called his friends about him, like a noble gentleman, both in town and country, notwithstanding; but he hated noise, and if a servant spoke a loud word he would ring his bell and ask what was the matter; when he and his wife came to a quarrel it was always carried on o' both sides by signs and motions, which grew at times so vehement in every part of their bodies that was movable that they seemed to a looker-on like two people in strong convulsions: by the time all was over they had usually perspired so much that they were fain to call for a change of linen: but of this thus far. Old Crab was the first man to bring Mr Grove the news that his brother was coming to live in the old castle: 'Mr Bartholomew,' quoth Mr Grove, running his long nose into Old Crab's wig, 'Mr Bartholomew, it gives me great joy to hear of this matter,' whereupon Mr Grove cut his three capers as aforesaid. 'Master Grove,' quoth Old Crab, 'what the devil ails ye?' My joy has exhilarated me a little, Mr Bartholomew,' whispered Mr Grove: 'my joy has exhilarated me a little, that is all,' pulling his long nose on one side with his right hand to get nearer to Old Crab's ear. Now it came to pass that Mr Grove had his nose in his hand when Mrs Grove came into the room—yes, Mr Grove had his nose in his hand when Mrs Grove came into the room, for it stood forth like a long pole of flesh to the length of six inches straight out of the middle of his face: 'Sugar of my life,' quoth Mr Grove to his spouse, walking up to his wife with his nose in his hand, and blowing the hairs off her ear for the better conveniency of whispering, 'sugar of my life,' said he, 'Mr Bartholomew Decastro, here, comes

to tell us the good news of my old friend John's coming to live at Oaken Grove—' 'Why the plague can't ye speak out,' thundered Old Crab: 'there's always such a whizzing and whispering amongst ye, as if ye had got something in your heads that ye were ashamed of; speak out!' 'Mr Bartholomew,' said Mr Grove, 'we shall be exceedingly glad to see you to dine with us upon this good news to-day: there was not any mischief done by your brother John when he was a boy for ten years together but I had a hand in it, Mr Bartholomew; not an old woman turned at night with her lanthorn bottom upwards to the stars but I laid hold of one leg, and John, my good friend John, laid hold on the other; no duck knocked on the head but John and I each threw a stone at the same time; no dog canistered but I held his tail while John, my friend John, tied on the canister: ah, good Mr Bartholomew, you must dine with us upon this good news to-day, yes, indeed—' upon which Mrs Grove pointed to a chair, which was as good as to beg Old Crab to sit down. 'I shall be starved to death before your dinner is ready,' quoth Old Crab: 'what time d'ye dine, Master Grove?' Mrs Grove held up three fingers, which was as good as to say they dined that day at three o'clock. 'Well, well,' quoth Old Crab, 'I am going round to some of John's tenants; we have some old leases falling in this Michaelmas, we must try to give them a hoist, ha, Mr Grove, you understand me, the scoundrels have got as fat as hogs upon these old rents:—I'll call and eat a bit of victuals with ye when I come back;—and, d'ye hear? bid your butler put some toast and nutmeg into a tankard of that strong beer I drank of t'other morning, I should like a hair of the old dog, Master Grove.' And Old Crab was as good as his word, for punctually at three o'clock, ay, while Mr Grove's turret-clock was a-striking, the old crop mare trotted up to the house with Old Crab upon her back and a foal running by her side, and stood very quiet at the gate while she got rid of Old Crab on one side and gave her foal suck on the other: 'Take care of the mare and colt,' quoth Old Crab to the groom, who came running in his scarlet and gold jacket, 'take care of the mare and colt, you gold-laced rascal, or I'll embroider your back with my cudgel, and give the tailor a new pattern for the next livery.' We have no time to break out sideways and tell long stories, but Old Crab had picked up the groom that ran for his mare, naked as he lay upon a dunghill, in London,

thrown there and deserted by his mother in one of her good humours, to take his chance for a nurse of a better temper—yes—called by his cries, picked him up, wrapped the baby in his handkerchief, and put him into his great-coat pocket; the lad, knowing Old Crab's way, smiled while Old Crab shook his oaken towel over his head, and had little need be bid to take care of Old Crop and her foal, for he owed Old Crab quite as much as he could ever pay if he lived to the age of Methuselah. 'I hope, Mr Bartholomew,' said Mr Grove, when he came in, 'you have not been beating poor Will; he is one of the best lads in the world.' 'No, no,' quoth Old Crab, 'I've done the scoundrel no hurt, not I.' 'If you were to see the lad weep, and hear him call you his kind father, as poor Will often does in my presence, I am sure you would not hurt him,' said Mr Grove. 'He comes after one of my wenches,' quoth Old Crab, 'and makes the baggage as idle as she can hang together; I'll break his bones next time I catch him in my kitchen. Your second bell has rung, why the devil don't your villains bring in the victuals?' At that moment the butler, with four or five more servants at his tail, came in with the dinner; they all smiled at the sight of Old Crab for some reason or other, who seized a knife and fork, and put half a pound of boiled beef upon his plate the moment after he had said grace. As soon as dinner was over, Old Crab, at the earnest desire of Mr and Mrs Grove, gave a very particular account of all he had done for his brother John, at which Mr and Mrs Grove expressed great satisfaction."

The pretty spark called George is the lover of Julia, Old Crab's daughter, who leadson her reverend parent's farm a most primitive and pastoral life, going a-milking duly at morn and dewy eve. The road from Hindermark to the castle lies through some of Old Crab's meadows, along which George frequently passes, and, somehow or other, Julia's cows never will stand still properly to be milked, except near this road. One day George sees Julia sitting there under a tree busy about something, and, stealing behind her, finds she is drawing his likeness, commenting upon it in an audible soliloquy highly flattering to the original. Of course, spoon as he is (and we are sorry to say that a more contemptible piece of correctness was never brought up under

the auspices of an aged grandmother—except another hero, who appears somewhat later as a lover in the story, a Mr Harry Lamsbroke, who outspoons all other spoons)—spoon as George is, he cannot hear his own warm praises from such pretty lips without making to them his equally warm acknowledgments—much to the surprise of poor Julia. However, the course of their Arcadian loves is far from smooth. Old Crab, coming to the oak, witnesses their endearments, and posts off to apprise Mr Grove, and to propose a match between the young people; but Mr Grove looks higher for George, and Old Crab forbids Julia to see him. However, as we are informed, "fathers and mothers, and duty and obedience, fly like moths about love's torch, and at last into it, and get burned to death." So the lovers often meet at milking time, spite of paternal prohibitions.

Julia and her love, however, are but subordinate to the principal female figure, the most wonderful heroine ever met with in or out of a romance—a Miss Genevieve de Roma—wonderfully rich, wonderfully strong, and wonderfully beautiful. She is six feet high, yet of perfect symmetry—a splendid brunette, with a fortune which, under the fostering care of that universal steward, Old Crab, whose niece and ward she is, has expanded to fabulous dimensions. Of course she has a host of lovers, whose advances she receives more after the fashion of a shepanther, or a man-hating Amazon, than a modern young lady, treating them so roughly, whenever they presume to touch her hand, that they are, for the most part, glad to get out of her presence with whole bones—after which we are not surprised at the honest chronicler telling us that "she was rather to be gazed and wondered at than to be loved." The only man at that time worthy of her love in all England must, we think, have been Tom Cribb, then in the full flush of his youthful strength and science. However, after a succession of lovers as unlike Cribb as possible, fine gentlemen, foreign noblemen, and sentimental young clergymen, Genevieve returns to the north,

at the close of a London season, with her fancy still free, though she has committed awful ravages in the hearts of the other sex. One of Genevieve's conquests is made in very reverend society. Here is the scene :—

“Genevieve fixed her bright eyes on this handsome young clergyman, who had not as yet run his head into a great wig, however a great wig might run in his head; she saw him stare at her, but presently to take his eyes off, and, though he had a fair opportunity of sitting next her, and she gave him one of her sweet glances to coax him to her side, she had the mortification to see him file off, and take a chair close by the old maid on the other side of the table. She felt this very sensibly, but took no notice. Mr Smith was related to the dean, and he had introduced him to her. At this reverend table, Genevieve seemed to be unusually alone, and actually sat silent for want of one to converse with her, after a little talk, and a glass of wine, with the good old dean. On each side of her sat two great wigs, full of powder and very terrible; and Genevieve looked at one, and then at the other, and was sure there must be a great deal in them if she knew how to get it out. The talk, as far as she could hear, ran upon very grave matters, which the Reverend Doctor Blow, who sat on her left, kept pretty much in his own hands, conversing directly across her nose with the Reverend Doctor Boarcole, who sat on her right: now Doctor Boarcole was a little hard of hearing, and Doctor Blow was fain to lean towards him when he spoke, who, out of politeness, met him half way, which inclination on both parts brought their great wigs over Genevieve's face in such a manner as to cast her under a total eclipse of hair, during a great part of the time she sat at the table; for Doctor Blow and Doctor Boarcole presently fell into an argument upon the divine right of tithes, which waxed so warm, that the two doctors, during the heat thereof, frequently gave Genevieve a brush on either cheek with the eaves of their wigs: which, mixing their white powder with her jetty locks on both sides, might induce a belief on one who knew nothing of the matter, that Genevieve had got kissed by both the doctors at once to keep her face steady, for the ladies have a trick of turning their faces away when they are kissed, a thing very well known to all doctors in divinity, who may wear great wigs to hide the ladies' blushes, else what use can they be off! Now if Doctor Blow

had fixed his lips on one cheek, and Doctor Boarcole on the other, their wigs would have met over Genevieve's nose! No such fun for Genevieve, however; who, during the argument, came in for a very small share of attention. It has been said, when there is a contest between two, nobody can long stand neuter, that is, without siding with one or the other of the combatants: Doctor Blow had cast his eyes twice on Genevieve, and Doctor Boarcole four times during the discussion, whereupon Doctor Boarcole was Genevieve's man, and she felt pleased whenever he gave Doctor Blow a shrewd turn; and whether her smiles of applause upon Doctor Boarcole invigorated the doctor's wit and genius, or the loss of them discouraged Doctor Blow, Doctor Boarcole certainly over-turned Doctor Blow, who, converting his attention to a slice of plum-pudding and Madeira sauce, put such a great bit into his mouth at once as might very well make it a doubt whether it had been stopt by argument or by pudding.”

This young clergyman makes some impression on the magnificent amazon's heart; but on finding that a poor young woman is pining to death for love of this faithless son of the church, who had been engaged to her before the sight of her splendid rival caused him to forget his vows, Genevieve takes leave of him, and insists on his marrying his former *fiancée* forthwith, which he does, and shortly after dies of a broken heart. Meantime, Genevieve grows more and more stony-hearted out of suspicion that her admirers are attracted by her fortune—a groundless hallucination which we have known many amiable young women of property labour under.

“‘Ah Beauty,’ quoth Old Comical one day to Genevieve, for so he always called her Radiance, ‘who is to come in at last for all that's between your cap and pattens!’ ‘Why, John,’ said she, ‘what's between my cap and pattens is the least of the matter; if the men could get hold of my money, the sooner I were thrown, cap and pattens, into the next ditch the better; it is what they are all after; how is such a rich gypsy as I am to know who is sincere! and who will offer, after all, that is worth having, while all this money lies in my lap!’ ‘Ah Beauty,’ quoth Old Comical, ‘as music is the *caper sauce* to a country-dance, so it is the chiming of the guineas in a woman's apron that sets the men a-prancing

about her ; who would look at an angel if one of the seraphim came down from heaven with empty pockets ? A woman cannot get on in the water without money ; she had as good be a fish without any fins in it, Beauty.' 'I hate the men,' said Genevieve ; 'they only court me because they want to put their hands into my pocket.'"

At length, however, Genevieve meets her fate, and falls desperately in love ; but her passion does not seem likely to be requited, as the object of it seems perfectly ignorant of his good fortune, till she gets some hints from her cousin, Lady Charlotte Orby, respecting the management of backward lovers.

This Lady Charlotte Orby is the third heroine of the book, and we think we like her best of the three. She is very pretty, very cunning, and very shrewd—which is surprising considering her parentage, for she is the daughter of Lord Budemere, and her noble parent, besides being a shocking rascal, is such a fool that we are told "if Old Crab had combed Lord Budemere's head with a three-legged stool, and combed out brains and all, pouring milk, eggs, and sugar, in the place of them to serve for understanding, it would have altered his lordship's intellects a world for the better, and his soul would have sat much more at her ease in the middle of a custard." This shrewd young lady rightly divines the object of Genevieve's affections to be the philosopher Acerbus, and though Genevieve attempts to deny it, and says she would "as lief marry the wonderful fish that was shown in Piccadilly for a shilling," yet lady Charlotte lays down some hints for entangling his heart in cunning meshes, which her friend acts upon. Here is one of the scenes between her and the philosophic Acerbus (a very handsome as well as very amiable man), in which it appears that, under Old Crab's guardianship, Genevieve has picked up a good smattering of that eccentric ecclesiastic's peculiar vocabulary. However, after the ultra sentiment of the love-scenes of most modern novelists, we find something racy in these, odd as they are—for the same reason that Old Weller liked his son's valentine—"because there

ain't no calling names in it—no angels nor wenuses."

"A few days after this, and some more of the like advice, Genevieve began to open a new plan of works against the philosopher, and it came to pass that he dropt upon her unawares under a hedge in one of Old Crab's meadows. She had a little basket in her hand, and his favourite pointer Ponto was lying by her side as she sat upon the grass. The philosopher saw her very busy with her fingers in her basket, and felt some curiosity to see what she was doing ; and presently she gave Ponto a bit of sweet cake out of it, who put his two paws directly into her lap, and fell to licking her face as if it were something very savoury. She did not seem to take Ponto's kisses much in anger, however, for she caught him in her arms and gave him some in return, and another piece of sweet cake, when the pointer curled himself round and lay down at her feet. Love me love my dog, quoth the philosopher to himself, and, plucking a leaf, put it between the pages of a folio edition of Aristotle to keep his place, and then laid the old Stagirate down under an oak : having so done, he crept round the bush under which Genevieve sat, and saw her pick a great caterpillar off it and put it into her basket. Ponto, smelling his master, jumped up at that moment and began to whine and wag his tail ; Genevieve jumped up too, and saw the philosopher standing behind the bush. 'You great blockhead,' said she, 'what are you come for ?' 'Come for !' said Acerbus, 'why, this is the way I usually walk in an evening—what makes Ponto and you so fond of one another all on a sudden ? what have you got in that basket, Jenny ?' 'What's that to you, you fool !' said she, 'nothing at all.' 'I see some leaves in it,' said he, poking his fingers under its lid. 'Keep your nasty fingers out of my basket, or I'll beat it about your stupid pate,' said she. 'You are very cross this evening, Jenny,' said he —'come, I know what is in it ; there is some cake in it, for I saw you give Ponto a bit of cake out of it—and I saw you put some leaves and a caterpillar into it.' 'Then, if you know, why d'ye ask, ye great ass ?' said she. 'To see if you made any secret of what it had in it,' said he ; 'let me just look at your caterpillar, Jenny.' 'You shall not see it, so get along,' said she. 'I lost a very curious one in that very bush yesterday ; it made its escape among the leaves ; pray tell me, cousin, has it got a horn upon its tail ?' The philosopher, a little too eager to see Genevieve's caterpillar, laid hold

on her basket, upon which she gave him a great push and rolled him upon the grass. Lady Charlotte, who had wandered from her friend in search of wildflowers, came round some trees just as the philosopher was tumbled upon the ground. She ran to him, and asked him kindly if he was hurt? Seeing him laugh, she said, 'I declare, if I were you, cousin, I would go and tumble her down out of pure revenge!' 'If the blockhead comes near me again,' said Genevieve with a haughty frown, 'I will break his neck.' Upon this Acerbus walked away."

While Genevieve is thus wooing the philosopher, and Lady Charlotte putting her own principles in practice with Harry Lamsbroke, who is such a shocking young fool that we will say nothing more about him, Old Crab, by way of effectually separating George and Julia, has brought a new lover to his daughter, one John Cartland, a country bumpkin, who comes a-courting; and all his family are invited to dinner. And this is the way that Old Crab deals with the subject, so interesting to parents and guardians, of marriage settlements.

"Now it came to pass, after the boiled beef and cabbage, the ham and the fowls were removed, and the wine, punch, pipes, and strong beer put upon the table, 'Look ye, Master Cartland,' quoth Old Crab, 'we will have no forcing and driving in this business; we shall be glad to see your son at a leisure hour at the farm, and if he and my wench can agree we'll have a wedding.'—'And if so be that they cannot,' interrupted the old farmer, 'why, there's no harm done.' 'I loves Miss Julee rarely well,' quoth Madam Cartland, 'and if as why she can get the better of her heart and hankerings, for I have been told that the Squire don't care for a match betwixt her and his son, why, as I says, I hopes as how my son John, heaven bless him, may be her man after all, but yet, as why, as I says, I ban't for cramming force-meat into her mouth whether she wool or no.' 'Well, well,' quoth Old Crab, 'we shall see how matters will be; you and I understand one another, Master Cartland, Bullocks-Hatch and the water-meads come with your son, if the thing take place, and three thousand pounds go with my wench. But the homestall must be repaired at your expense, I insist upon that, and I will keep the young folks until the farmhouse be got ready for them.' 'Look you, Master Decastro,'

quoth the old farmer, 'you must bear me half in that matter, it will cost me three hundred pound.' 'Not a penny,' quoth Old Crab, 'I have put five hundred pounds to my wench's fortune in order to take a step towards you, Master Cartland, so now it is your turn to take a step towards me.' 'Come, come,' quoth the old farmer, 'you will build a cow-house!' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'A cart-house?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'A fattening hogsty?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Find me tiles for the wheat-barn?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Be something towards the furniture?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'What, not a bed?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Come,' said Mrs B. Decastro, 'I have feathers enough by me to make a bed, if my husband will allow me to make a little offer on my part.' 'Well, well,' quoth Old Crab, 'I shan't stick out for a few feathers; give us your hand, Master Cartland, if 'tis a bargain.' Upon which Old Crab and the old farmer shook hands."

The bumpkin lover, however, dies by an accident; but another obstacle has arisen, for Mr Grove has commanded George to marry Lady Charlotte Orby (who, not having at that time taken a fancy to the fool Lamsbroke, has no objection), and the worthy young man, in obedience to his parent, is actually at the church door, on his way to be married, when Genevieve, hearing of it, seizes him there, hustles him into her carriage, and makes off with the prize. Eventually, after other hindrances and distresses, Julia and George are happily united about the middle of the third volume. A less sentimental, though perhaps more diverting love-affair than any of the others, is that of Old Comical, whose innamorata is thus described:—

"Now there was a lady in these days named Madam Frances Funstall, who had a duke for her father and a dairy-maid for her mother, and lived at a neat little house in a village called Dillies-piddle: Her noble father, seeing she was not like to be a beauty, left her in his will a legacy of ten thousand pounds, part of which she had laid out in a purchase of a house and garden, and lived upon the interest of the remainder like a gentlewoman of figure: now this was very considerate in his grace, for a woman without beauty and without money may get up before sunrise and look for a husband till 'tis dark, and then go to bed without one. As for beauty, Madam

Funstall had not as much as she could cover with her hand, which was so small, and her fingers so short and thick, that she could not shut it; she had the duke's nose only, all the rest belonged to the dairy-wench."

Old Comical's brother dies and leaves him heir to £3000 a-year, and the manor of Cock-a-doodle. The good news has a singular effect upon him.

"It brought him trouble in his inward parts, however, and what might have turned another man's brains turned Old Comical's stomach into confusion, uproar, and astonishment. Adzooks, what a rumbling and grumbling, what a piping, what a squalling of the bowels! what a quarrelling and noise, what a piece of work there was in his inside! he felt as if he had swallowed a great rebellion and they were fighting for a new constitution in his belly! but he had no mind to run mad for all that; for then he would have been put into a dark room and had his money taken away. 'Now,' said he, shutting Old Crab's garden-door, 'I will see if I can get in time to be chief mourner at my brother's funeral, but as for crying, everybody knows how little water I have to spare that way; folks will be disappointed if they take my eyes for a pair of water-squirts: what! come into three thousand a-year, and put my finger in my eye! A very small bottle will hold all my flittings. No,—as for weeping, we will leave all that to be done by all such as come in for nothing by the death of the departed, they may weep with a better grace, and never be suspected of hypocrisy: no, no,—no weeping, tears have nothing to do in the matter, for my brother is better off, and so am I; then what occasion is there for crying when there is no harm done on either side? A good friend is gone, it is true; but when he has done us all the good he can do, and left a world of troubles for a better, he would call me a fool if he saw me fall a-crying, and tell me so to my face, if he could speak his mind.' Upon which Old Comical shut Old Crab's garden-door, as aforesaid, put on his best suit, and set off for the manor of Cock-a-doodle. Now having settled all matters to his mind, paid his legacies, settled the widow in her jointure house, and put a good tenant into Cock-a-doodle hall, he gat him forthwith into a post-chaise, and galloped into Old Crab's farmyard with four horses and two postillions, a tankard of strong beer in his hand, and a long pipe of tobacco in his

mouth, with the end thereof sticking out of the post-chaise window. Old Crab, hearing a great noise among the pigs, and a cracking of whips, as he sat in his little parlour, came forth at the moment Old Comical drove up to the back of the house, for he had too much modesty to come up to the grand entrance. 'Why, you scoundrel!' quoth Old Crab, 'I expected you to run mad, but this is not the way to Bedlam; what the plague d'ye come here for?' Upon which Old Comical, pulling his head and shoulders out of the tankard, for it was a monstrous jug, big enough for a man to bathe in it, said, 'Look you, master, I am as much your humble servant to command as ever, for all I am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle,' blowing a long pillar of smoke out of his mouth through the chaise window: 'you have been a noble master to me, took me in when I had nothing but rags upon my back and raw turnips in my belly, fed me and clothed me, and 'sume my body if I ever leave your farm as long as you will let me work for you! no, no,—you were my friend when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, and 'sume me if I ever forsake you now I have three thousand pounds a-year and am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle!' —Upon which Old Comical gave his tankard to the post-boys, and a crown a-piece to comfort their constitutions, on the road, as he told them, threw off his coat and waistcoat and went afield with the next empty waggon, for Old Crab was in the middle of his wheat harvest. And this brings us down, as it were by a regular flight of steps, to Old Comical's first visit, as a lover, at Dillies-piddle: It was a Sunday morning, and Madam Funstall sat tackled out in her best apparel at her breakfast-table, when Old Comical rang at her gate with a calf's heart in his hand, a great skewer stuck in it, and the blood all trickling through his fingers: Madam Funstall cast her radiant eyes through her window, as she sat sipping her tea and brandy, saw, and knew him in a moment: for Old Comical, long since her ardent lover, used to stick her pigs and singe her bacon and never told his love: and how should he dare, when he was a day-labourer on Old Crab's farm at a shilling a-day and his victuals?"

Madam Funstall, seeing Old Comical arrive at her gate, and not knowing of the marvellous change in his fortunes, imagines he has come to be paid for the last pig he stuck for her, and sends him, by her maid Keziah, a shilling's worth of halfpence, and a

horn of ale. The lord of Cock-a-doodle, indignant at such treatment of a gentleman of his degree, has a scolding-match, rather too racy for extracting, though highly humorous, with Keziah; the noise of which brings Madam Funstall into the kitchen, whereupon Old Comical, after declaring his passion, as he knelt upon his wig at her feet, "forthwith laid his bald pate upon her foot and groaned." Madam Funstall is at first highly indignant, till Old Comical announces that he is lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle, whereupon "he soon became as sweet to Madam Funstall as a roll of pomatum," and his advances, including the present of the calf's heart, are most graciously accepted.

We will give one more little scene, because it has the double effect of showing how far Genevieve's affection was returned by Acerbus, and how a philosopher proposes to a lady.

" 'What d'ye mean by that, sir?' said Genevieve in confusion. 'Mean!' quoth he, 'why, I saw you throw your glove on the walk after you looked which way I was coming, and then hide yourself in the bush—now, prythee, my pretty cousin, what could you mean by this?' Genevieve was in a pucker, and bit her lips till the blood dropt upon her bosom. —'Well, well,' continued he, 'I will answer the question for you, my pretty kinswoman: you are willing to be my mate, and make signs of what you cannot speak: come, pretty Jenny, for indeed I think you pretty, you shall be my mate, and I will be your mate, my pretty kinswoman, and we will be man and wife together. I found out your love, and will give you love for love: I have broken the matter to my father and my mother, and my good uncle Bartholomew, and my good aunt, and all think well of a wedding between us; and so my sweet pretty Jenny, I will kiss your sweet lips, if you please, upon the bargain.' Upon which he made a mark with his thumb-nail in Plato, lest he lose his place where he left off reading, and shutting up the folio, put it upon a little bench, then folding his arms round Genevieve's waist gave her a hearty kiss upon her lips; after which, taking up Plato, and opening the book, he walked off reading Greek, and left Genevieve to her meditations."

The wonderful incidents contained in the third and fourth volumes—how Julia and Genevieve were spirited away—how they were recovered miraculously, both through the agency of Old Comical—how Genevieve "came back such a figure, that if the crows had got sight of her they would have left the kingdom"—how Frederick and his confederate miscreants all meet the end they merit—how, finally, all the lovers, Old Comical included, are made happy—with much other interesting matter, we refrain from touching on the end we proposed to ourself in this paper being now answered.

Reader, did you never, in the circle of your acquaintance, know or hear of a man of original talent and excellent heart, whose good qualities were rendered nugatory by some ill-habit—tippling, bad language, or some such evil propensity, and who, after being pitied through life by his friends as "nobody's enemy but his own," finally hides in an obscure grave, talents which might have made the fortunes of half his generation? Even such is the character of our dear friend John Decastro—one who, full as he is of kindness and humour, we can only venture to introduce to society in his most guarded moments. His humour is often of a cast belonging to the age of Squire Western and Commodore Trunnion, rather than to ours; and in these times, when even my Uncle Toby is known to the rising generation only through the medium of elegant extracts,—sorely emasculated and worse mutilated than he was in the trenches before Dendermond, John—our good friend John—could scarcely expect a full hearing. But in thus reproducing some of the matter that so won our fancy in infancy, and held it in youth and manhood, we are executing a pleasant duty. The work is virtually defunct, and will not probably rise from its ashes; we, like Old Mortality, have been working lovingly on a tombstone, and we shall be glad to think that this frail memorial may perchance prevent the memory of the Decastros from perishing utterly from the earth.

MAID BARBARA.

Of all the maids of Dynevor, maid Barbara is most fair ;
There's none hath lily cheeks like hers, and none such golden hair :
Her tread is scarcely heavier, amid the garden flowers,
Than dew-drops of the morning, or the gentle summer-showers.

Beside the Dame of Dynevor six maidens ever dwell—
Six maids whose gallant fathers with her lord in battle fell :
There be some for dance and music, and some beguile the time,
Ever chaunting warlike actions in minstrel's warlike rhyme.

But the task of maiden Barbara is from the flowers to choose
Which give out the sweetest fragrance, and which have loveliest hues ;
That with these her master's chamber she fitly may adorn,
She gathers some at sunset, and some at early morn.

The first spring-blown anemone she in his doublet wove,
To keep him safe from pestilence wherever he should rove ;
St John's-wort and fresh cyclamen she in his chamber kept,
From the power of evil angels to guard him while he slept.

The ancient lands of Dynevor spread many a league afar,
Famous were its knights at council, and valiant all in war ;
This young lord is daily longing the king should cross the sea,
And his father's fall avenge upon the Frankish chivalry.

Now knightly deeds and martial tales Dame Dynevor fill with dread,
And to her son she often prays some lady fair to wed ;
But of love he spoke too lightly, and laughed at Beauty's glance,
Aye keeping bright his amour for the battle-fields of France.

Once on a summer evening, his mother, passing by,
Within her young lord's chamber heard many a heavy sigh—
Ah ! who should there with tears deplore the cruelty of fate
That made her love too fondly whom she ne'er might hope to mate ?

'Twas gentle maiden Barbara, with hands across her breast,
That there alone unto herself her hopeless love confessed ;
She slowly through the chamber paced, and many a tear she shed,
Oft stopping to kiss the pillow upon her master's bed.

Then angry waxed Dame Dynevor at son and maiden both ;
She straight before her summoned him, and spake to him in wrath :
" What have ye done, Lord Dynevor, to my maid Barbara,
That she should kiss your pillow, and sigh and weep all day ?"

Up started young Lord Dynevor, with face fast flushing red,
" No love showed I to Barbara by word or look," he said.
" A simple esquire's daughter, son, were never wife for you"—
But in his ire he answered not, and from her straight withdrew.

To his horses and his hounds he betook him from her sight,
To his dogs he whistled loud, and his sword he rubbed more bright ;
Oh ! were the king but ready for the French shores to set forth,
In other than the lists of love he might approve his birth.

But when unconscious Barbara he on the morrow met,
He doubted if those lily cheeks had e'er with tears been wet ;
So, through the day much marvelling at what his mother told,
That in a maid so modest love should show itself so bold,

He hid himself at evening behind his chamber-door,
And waited till she entered with her posies dreeping o'er.
She took the faded flowers away, set new ones in each urn,
Then to herself all wearily her fate began to mourn.

The sunlight through the chamber ran, and o'er her forehead shone—
It sparkled on the dew-drops bright, each trembling rose dropped down.
"O happy sun! O happy flowers! that here may shine and fade;
Ye lifeless leaves, I envy you, that near him have decayed!"

The sunlight through the chamber ran, and o'er the spacious room,
The pictured wall it lighted in its stern ancestral gloom.
"O happy faces! would that I were fixed thereon like you,
Or that I could my aching heart to equal calm subdue!"

As though ashamed the light of day her ecstasy should mark,
She waited till the twilight came, then in the growing dark
She kissed his pillow often o'er, and in her love's excess
Scarcely sought in that lone chamber her fondness to suppress.

She left—he from his hiding-place advanced with silent foot,
And through the chamber long he strode, surprised, irresolute;
A sudden tremor seized him as he in the darkness stood,
And felt where all his pillow with her soft tears was bedewed.

Slow through his chamber on that night Lord Dynevor stepped along,
And as he mused within his mind strange fantasies upsprung;
At what he saw he wondered much, yet on the morrow went
To watch pale Barbara to her flowers pour forth her soft lament.

On the morrow too he came—till it grew his sole delight
To hear her at confessional in the fading summer-light:
Every evening in his covert her coming he awaited,
And to her sobbings listened with a wonder never sated.

But he by daylight through the woods is wandering oft alone;
Rusty hangs his battle-armour, his dogs neglected moan:
Though the king at length has summoned his vassals to the war,
But little now for glory cares the Lord of Dynevor.

Oh! little knew the mother of the change that love had made;
And that he wed—wars let alone—she still unto him prayed,
Till he one day smiling answered, "If you the feast provide,
I pledge upon my wedding-day to show to you my bride."

Then glad arose the mother, and right quickly did she send
To lords and ladies biddance her son's marriage to attend.
Never doubts Dame Dynevor, though the bride be yet unknown,
That noble must the maiden be who mateth with her son.

And soon the halls of Dynevor with revelry resound;
There gather merry minstrels from many a town around,
With gallant knights and beauteous dames of high degree appear,
Bold beggars praying benison at such ungrudged cheer.

With posies fresh must Barbara the nuptial chamber deck,
And weave a bracelet of charmed flowers to grace the fair bride's neck;
But little heeds she what the bells chime in their merry song,
Nor smiles to see the wedding guests march joyfully along.

When the guests were all assembled, and priest and clerks stood ready,
The bridegroom to his mother said, "Now ken ye who's the lady?
I love your maiden Barbara—you may refuse her hand,
To-morrow sails our gallant king to fight on foreign land."

The stately dame of Dynevor awhile in silence stood,
Then thought upon her husband and her lonely widowhood ;
"Take Barbara," she said ; and to the longing company
Returned to tell they shortly should the bride among them see.

From the garden hears maid Barbara the revelry within—
Ah ! 'mid her flowers she vainly tries forgetfulness to win :
Each glad huzza that reaches her but paler makes her cheeks ;
But, hark ! is that her master's voice ? Maid Barbara he seeks.

On seeing him she grew more red than sunrise ere made flower,
But when he took her hands in his, and led her to the bower,
And softly told her how he knew that she had loved him long,
The whitest lily redder was, a gossamer more strong.

Till at length a glance of wonder she dared to throw at him,
And saw his looks were trusty, through her eyes, with doubting dim.
There's a step among the flowers, and her mistress stands beside—
The stately dame of Dynevor has kissed her young son's bride.

With a dim and distant motion the bells strike on her ears,
Unreal looks the wondering crowd that round her there appears ;
The voices too seem airy, and she smiles as though she knew
It were all a dream-pageantry she could not quite break through.

E'en when her maiden sisters her in silken garments dress,
And sparkling gems braid merrily around each golden tress,
Still she stands as one entranced, and never uttered word
Save the low vow at the altar she gave unto her lord.

Right joyous is the bridegroom as the guests with merry voice,
In pledging deep his happiness, approve his gallant choice ;
Till amid soft minstrel music the bride is led away,
And the silken path before her with flowers is sprinkled gay.

They've brought her to the bridal-bed within her master's hall,
On that pillow placed her head where her tears were wont to fall :
Two tapers cast soft light around the dim and lofty room ;
She sees not now the portraits frown in stern ancestral gloom,
Nor heeds the welcome that her flowers show in their warm perfume.

Then the bridegroom straightway entered, and standing by her side,
His arms throws round her, asking, "Art thou happy, oh my bride ?"
"I am happy, I am happy," with closed eyes she murmured o'er ;
Joyful bridegroom at that moment was the Lord of Dynevor.

As to catch those words more closely, he leant upon her breast,
And listened fond—till suddenly her breathing grew suppressed.
He raised his head in wonder as her silence he should chide—
"Say once again, sweet Barbara, thou art happy, oh my bride !"

But her eyes are standing open, her brow is damp with sweat ;—
Faintly heaves her bosom beneath its silken coverlet ;
Though her arms are yet around him, she does not seem to hear,
While slowly through the whitening lips the whiter teeth appear.

"Speak, oh speak, one word, dear Barbara !" The eyes are open still,
Beneath each lid a darkness grows—strange fears rise 'gainst his will.
"One other word speak, Barbara"—her arms have lost their hold,
And backward heavily she falls, more fair, more white, and cold.

A sorrow, sudden, awful, that he dared not yet believe,
There seized that bridegroom as he stood upon his marriage eve :
Ah ! sadly from the banquet-hall the sound of music sped ;
His new-wed wife, maid Barbara, in her happiness is dead.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

SINCE we last wrote, the horizon of foreign politics has only grown darker. Persia, backed by Russia, has attacked Afghanistan and captured Herat, the outer gate of India; and our Indian Government, after declaring war against the Russianised court of Teheran, has despatched an expedition to secure a *point d'appui* for future operations in the Persian Gulf. Meanwhile a Russian army of 40,000 men, which has been slowly concentrating in that quarter since the war closed in Europe, is cantoned on the shores of the Caspian, ready to advance to the support of the Persians; and at the same time a determined effort is being made by another Russian corps to conquer the Circassians, break down the barrier of the Caucasus, and open a broad path for Muscovite aggression into the region of Anatolia. Nearer home, the Neuchâtel question has assumed a grave aspect; and Sicily has given one of those premonitory throes which so frequently prelude more serious commotions. And as to the relations between the great European Powers, what do we find but a rivalry and hostility less disguised than before? The Peace settled nothing. It simply gave Russia the means of getting rid of the Allied armies, and of thereafter acting as fraudulently and defiantly as before. Russia has good reason to believe that the Grand Alliance will not again coalesce to oppose her. France, that fought so gallantly by our side while the war lasted, now anxiously propitiates Russia, and, though refusing to abandon the English alliance, acts rather as a drag than as an auxiliary. The proceedings preliminary to the new Congress expected at Paris, sufficiently indicate the change that has taken place in our relation with the Continental Powers, since the Peace virtually broke up the anti-Russian alliance. When Russia, in August, first proposed to refer the Boundary questions to a new congress, so far from standing alone, it appeared that she had won a clear majority of the Powers to her side! Prussia, who was her covert helper during the war, and her humble slave at

the first Congress, was resolute to vote with Russia again. France was quite willing to take the same course; and her ambassador at Constantinople has acted in concert with the Russian embassy in a vain but violent effort to overthrow Lord de Redcliffe and British influence at the Porte. Sardinia, duped by lying promises of Russian aid against Austria, and duly informed of the course which France meant to take, likewise agreed to favour Russia's non-fulfilment of the treaty. And so the Czar, elated, might have exclaimed in his palace at St Petersburg, like Soult at the battle of Orthes, "At last I have them, those English!" But in both cases the rejoicing was premature. Nowhere does British pluck shine out more strongly than in fighting a lost battle. Russia was triumphant—the battle was lost; but as Hardinge thought at Albuera, there was time to win another. And the British Government, rapidly taking up a strong position, exerted so firm a pressure upon her recalcitrant allies, that the latter thought it better to resume their old position by her side. Whether the renewed allegiance of France and Sardinia to the British side of the question be genuine or feigned, remains to be seen. After what has happened, we cannot believe it hearty; and we wish we felt assured that the British party in the new Congress will prove sufficiently powerful to foil the onset of Muscovite diplomacy.

There are some who fancy that the present difficulties of our national position are merely factitious. With eyes blind to the deeper springs and grander movements of European politics, they profess to regard the gathering troubles abroad as not the product of natural causes, but as all the work of individual conjuring. They fancy that a soothing breath, a soft word from Downing Street, would blow them all away! Alas, they know not the helplessness of the individual when brought face to face with the movements of a continent. The mistake is a serious one; for it

seeks to put the country on a wrong track, and to lull it into a most baseless dream of security. It bids us regard the overcasting of the political horizon as a matter of no moment, as a danger against which we need make no preparation, seeing that a puff of diplomatic courtesy, a soft-worded protocol, is capable of turning the gathering storm to sunshine. The idea is absurd, superbly conceited, eminently dangerous. It may be very popular in the *salons* of the Tuileries, but it will find little acceptance in this country. The French Emperor, surrounded with embarrassments, and bent on peace at any price in order to avoid them, may foster in others views which his own penetration knows to be false, and by professing universal friendship, seek to postpone the evil day. And he does right—for he thereby attends to his own interests. But the very eagerness with which he acts as a balance, leaning now to one side, now to another—now supporting Russia, now acting as a friendly drag on England—shows his sense of the critical nature of the “situation.” He knows the danger, and doubtless is preparing for it as well as he can, but he wrestles against its coming. He has shown himself ready to abandon the terms of the treaty rather than risk a new struggle with Russia. France has assumed, since the Peace, the position which Austria held during the war. It becomes this country to consider these things. Already, since the Peace, there has been a wavering to and fro among the Governments of the Continent. The balance has begun to incline again to the side of Russia. A popular rising, which may happen any day, would probably range all the Absolutist Courts on her side. In these circumstances, what does it become us to do? Clearly to stand well with the Continental Governments as long as we can—as long as they will let us. But do not let Britain delude herself with the belief that she can rely upon any of them for aid, or that meekness on our part will suffice to disarm hostility. Our only security for the future lies in our own strength; and it would be only madness to surrender any outwork or post of van-

tage in the expectation of the weakened citadel being left in security.

Very few persons indeed, in January last, would have anticipated the change that a twelvemonth has wrought on the political aspect of Europe. A man would have found only incredulous hearers had he then ventured to predict that ere January 1857 Russia, despite her defeats, would have emerged so little damaged from the struggle,—her soil freed from the 200,000 soldiers that then encamped around the ruins of Sebastopol, or garrisoned the captured strong points of her Black Sea coasts,—and herself, backed by some of her old foes, stronger than ever in the councils of Europe, and ready to re-enter the lists with us in Asia. How this has come about we have explained in former articles: we simply note the circumstance in order that the country may not be unprepared if changes as great or greater take place before the present year reach its close.

England is prone to peace. The trade-spirit is eminently pacific; it is slow to take offence, and never allows pride to interfere with gain. Commerce is an international communion of *self-interest*, and therefore the most potent antagonist of all wars. England is the workshop and commercial centre of the world. Hence her sympathies are all in favour of a reign of peace, without which her world-wide trade of buying and selling is cramped and rendered less profitable. Therefore it is that, alone of all the countries in the world, England exhibits a Peace Party—a class of politicians whose supreme and distinctive business it is to oppose all war, and advocate peace “at any price.” The error of these men consists in believing that all nations are as far advanced in, and as peculiarly devoted to trade and commerce as ourselves; whereas the refusal of other nations to adopt our principles of Free Trade, and the fact that no other country has a Peace Party but our own, ought to apprise them of the peculiarity of our position. Moreover, they are so ignorant of human nature that they pay no regard to moral differences. Commerce trades as freely with oppressors as oppressed, — it

makes no difference between slave and free; and the Peace Party cannot understand why slave and free should not be equally friendly with one another. Hence they shut their eyes to the fact that between Great Britain and many of the Continental States there is a great gulf fixed. They hold it to be our duty to allow the despotic courts to extinguish, if they can, every spark of liberty on the Continent; and believe that though the regime of absolutism reigned supreme up to the shores of the Channel, free Britain would be let alone. As if, when two opposites come together, the greater will not seek to destroy the less! As if England, which the late Czar called "a *foyer* of revolutions," can ever be other than a thorn in the side of Continental absolutism, a sympathiser with the oppressed, a living example of freedom whose very existence is a constant incentive for other nations to throw off the yoke. Holding their peculiar opinions, indeed, the Peace party are consistent enough when they clamour for disbandment of fleet and army, and urge England to go to sleep unarmed in presence of her foes; but their principles, we trust, are alike too sordid and too Utopian, too utterly inconsistent with the great facts that surround us, to find acceptance with the practical good sense of the community at large.

The end of civilisation is Peace. The goal of civilised progress is peace among the nations, even as peace among individuals is its beginning. What history shows us accomplished in single communities, will ultimately, we trust, be established among the States of Europe. Slowly but steadily the work of national development is going on, elevating the units of the masses from the automatic condition of early society into thinking and self-acting beings; so that nations are becoming more and more conscious of their true wants and interests, and more and more powerful to enforce and secure them. Civilisation, that short phrase for many ideas—for increase of population, improvement of agriculture, growth of commerce, rise of wealth, development of law and justice, spread of knowledge, and increase of locomotion and international com-

munication—ever tends to throw down local barriers, to draw the nations into friendlier bonds, and engage all in a communion of self-interest. Acting first upon individuals and single communities, its tendency is ever to widen its sphere of influence, and ultimately embrace all States belonging to the same platform of national existence. Look at the transition from England under the Heptarchy to the United Kingdom of the present day. Gradually local prejudice and antagonism have disappeared or become subordinated to higher influences: the Heptarchy has merged into a united England—Scotland and England have coalesced into Great Britain—and Ireland, at first welded in by force of arms, has at length voluntarily associated herself with the sister states, forming the United Kingdom. Other countries have experienced similar changes from a similar cause. Burgundy, Normandy, Provence, once separate states, have become merged in a united France; the crowns of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre, are now united on one head in Spain; the Germanic Confederacy and commercial bonds of the Zollverein are the commencement of a corresponding aggregation among the still unconsolidated Teutonic States. As this work of internal consolidation and national development goes on, the civilised energies of a people project themselves beyond the seas or their own frontier, and seek to form commercial union, founded on self-interest, with other countries. For long, English capital has sought and found investment in every country of Europe, thereby increasing our interest in the preservation of tranquillity; and other countries have of late begun to follow in our steps. France, within the last few years, has made an extraordinary start in this direction. Her gigantic Credit Mobilier Company has undertaken to make railways for the whole Continent; and the dread of interrupting and ruining the over-venturous speculations of this enormous financial project, is one of the most potent influences which now bind the French Government to peace at any price. It is easy to see that as this intercommunion of commerce and speculation

extends,—as the surplus capital of each country becomes invested in the others, and as the commercial firms throughout Europe come to depend more on one another, or indeed amalgamate in “European” companies—the various States will approximate to a community, of which the members will be as closely related as provinces of the same country were at the beginning of this century.

Among states so closely related, international war will gradually die out. That is the tendency,—but the end is afar off; and we must beware the error of acting as if we were at the goal, while we are still upon the journey. The end may be seen afar, like a star guiding us homeward; but they are fools who, the moment they catch sight of that distant star, throw off their harness, as if the troubles of the night and the dangers of the way were already over. Such, it appears to us, is the conduct of that section of our politicians who are known by the name of the Peace Party. They do not consider the many obstacles to be overcome, the many shocks to be encountered, ere Europe reach that almost millennial haven of peace. They do not consider the widely diverse circumstances of its component States,—that while one end of Europe is rapidly nearing the goal of civilisation, the other has hardly yet started on the journey; and consequently that the pacific tendencies of the western nations, if unguardedly indulged, only place them more at the mercy of the semi-barbarous population of the eastern half of the continent. Russia has not, and will not for generations have, any surplus capital to invest in other countries; moreover, alone of European powers (owing to her vast extent) she has a self-sufficient internal trade, which renders her comparatively independent of foreign markets: and therefore it will belong indeed before she fairly enters into the commercial system of Europe, and anything like a commercial equilibrium be established over the Continent. Indeed, the pacific tendencies of commerce will for long tell in favour of Russia, by drawing into her vast fields the surplus capital of other States, and thereby giving them a greater interest in maintaining

peace with her than she has in keeping peace with them.

Wars are often nothing but rapids or cataracts in the stream of civilisation, occurring when unyielding matters cross its course, and hastening, not hindering, its progress onward to the goal. Morally considered, the kingdoms of Europe resemble a series of plateaus of different heights, upon which agencies are at work reducing them to a lower level; and convulsions are inevitable as the various States, each for itself, make the transition to a broader and safer basis of power. As the units of the population develop into thinking self-willed beings, they naturally throw off those fetters and leading-strings which suited them in their state of pupillage, and grow into a self-acting community. The British nation has run through this course, not without civil war and political convulsions; but, happily secluded by the sea from foreign intervention, and aided by the practical spirit of compromise natural to the Anglo-Saxon race, they have at length reached the broad level of individual freedom and popular government. The pyramid, once poised unsteadily on its apex, now rests on its base. In this respect we stand alone among the nations of Europe; but each, and all of these are on the road, and will reach the goal in due time, and after their own fashion. Even Russia, where the masses are still serfs and automata, has exhibited an evanescent thrill and convulsion from the popular passion (prematurely caught by contagion from western Europe in 1815-18), and not all the power of the Czars will suffice in the future to stop its onward progress, leavening and descending deeper into the masses of Russian society. Next to Great Britain, if we omit the small states of Switzerland and Belgium, we unhesitatingly place our northern kindred, the Scandinavian Powers, as possessing popular rights fully acknowledged, and a political constitution which works without convulsions. France comes next: there the national will is supreme after a fashion, but as yet it has only learned to make itself felt imperfectly or by revolutions. Spain has virtually no voice

in its own government, and the thoroughly reactionary and absolutist tendencies of its dissolute Court are rapidly hastening on a convulsion. Italy, if we except Sardinia, has no voice at all in its own government; its natural homogeneity is destroyed by the maintenance of antiquated territorial divisions; a large part of it is under foreign domination; and on the whole it is the most unstably conditioned country in Europe. Germany has not arrived at its ultimate natural state; it will never be in stable rest till it obtain the constitutional form of government promised to it in 1815, and simplify the organisation of the Fatherland at the expense of the petty Courts which at present eat up its revenues, divide its energies, and furnish so favourable a field for the influence of Russia's diplomacy. Prussia may part with its present individuality in return for the coveted leadership of Germany; but on the map of the future will there be any abiding place for Austria? She is but a political fabric, with no basis to rest upon, either of nationality or geographical configuration. No community of race or of feeling binds together the varied populations of that empire, and as these populations become more developed by the action of civilisation, will they not draw asunder and range themselves along with the national groups to which they belong—Germanic, Slavonic, and Italian?

We write these things in no idle spirit of conjecture, but to show the fallacy of the Peace-dreamers, and to indicate the insecurity of the basis upon which rests the peace of the Continent. Far be it from us to set a day or a year for the accomplishment of these changes; but come they will, whether we like it or no; and he who thinks that they can all pass off peaceably, alike contradicts the past and very much misconceives the future. England has nothing to gain in Europe, but she has much to defend. She has not only her outposts—Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Islands—lying all round the Continent, and upholding her maritime power and communications with India; but she has a commerce spreading over every sea; and principles and institutions at home not

the less dear to us because the opposite of those prevalent on the Continent. Any keen watcher of events must have perceived that since the suppression of the revolutionary struggles in 1848-9, Popery and Absolutism have alike shown new life on the Continent. Despotism has called to its aid the wiles and terrors of the Romish Church, and both are slowly culminating towards a reaction, shortlived it may prove, but powerful. Once fairly dominant on the Continent, that tide of reactionary opinion cannot fail to burst like a floodtide against our shores; and woe to all that is most truly British if we are not ready to meet the assault.

The plain facts of the case are these. If a popular movement were now to take place in Italy, it would be followed by one in Spain;—if it take place in Spain, it will be instantly caught up in Italy. How would these movements be regarded in this country? Any one who has felt the popular pulse or attended to the signs of the times, can give but one reply—With the liveliest sympathy. Let our Government act as it may, the popular voice and the public journals will vociferate in favour of the insurgents and the cause of liberty. Austrian intervention on the one side would give us a right to intervene on the other. Italy is accessible at all points,—Sicily could be effectually protected by our fleet: will not, then, the popular demand for intervention be almost, perhaps wholly, irresistible? And in any case, if the movement (as is almost certain) be ultimately suppressed, our shores will be a refuge for not a few of the insurgent chiefs; and the vehemence with which our journals at one time assailed Louis Napoleon, and at another King Bomba, will be renewed in one tremendous volley against the general system of imperial despotism, by which the popular cause has been crushed and its leaders immolated. What reply will the despotic Courts make? Will they remain quiet like a set of amiable Quakers, and let us rage our fill? No, truly. England will then indeed be a *foyer* of revolutions—a constant declaimer against absolutism, a living incentive to rebellion; and the Con-

tinental Powers will put us down if they can. It is only natural that they should wish to do so; and it is very certain that in such circumstances they will make the attempt. Will they not form a naval confederacy (as the *Assemblée Nationale* considerably hinted last month), in the hope of extinguishing our supremacy at sea, and with it *everything*? Need we remind our readers of the hatred with which the free press of this country is regarded by the Continental Courts, and of the probability that they will one day give us the curt alternative of suppressing its freedom or accepting war? British statesmen will do well to bear in mind that most suggestive episode of the Conferences in April, where the President proposed that the assembled Plenipotentiaries should unite, on behalf of their Governments, in putting an end to the license of the press in Belgium—the only State on the Continent where the press is really free. Even Mr Gladstone, with all his penchant for peace, was startled by that proceeding, and whispered a hint in the ear of Parliament that the same course might one day be applied to ourselves. “That,” said he, “was the declaration of France. The Prussian representative declared that he would willingly take part in any inquiry into the measures suitable to put an end to such practices. Count Buol went further, and admitted the necessity of repressing the excess of the press in every country of the Continent—perhaps every island too.” This coalition of Governments against the liberty of the press, be it remembered, was proposed in a Congress assembled for entirely other purposes, and yet it met with the above-mentioned countenance. What would the issue have been if Great Britain, instead of being present as the pillar of the Alliance, had been absent, isolated, proscribed? And yet if Mr Cobden or any one else thinks that England would submit to the extinction of her free press at the dictation of the Continental courts, he reckons without his host. He has only to look at the fire and fury excited amongst us by so small a matter as the recent minatory suggestions of the semi-official *Constitutionnel*, to be assured that Britain

will never surrender her freedom of the press as long as she can keep her flag flying on the seas.

Depend upon it, then, howsoever Mr Cobden and his party may desire to spin their cotton or loan their money in perpetual peace, there are causes at work in the world which will ruthlessly demolish their dreams. We take no disconsolate view of the future. We have a sufficiently lively faith in the wisdom of the Divine government to believe that Providence will order the ways of the world a great deal better than the best ideal which Mr Cobden or any of us can suggest. We believe Europe is travelling on a good though rough road, and fancy we can discern a happy goal to her journey. But what we assert again and again is the perilous folly of those who would have this country act as if a millennial peace already existed in the world around us. Even as the end of civilisation is Peace, so the end of religion is Love; and week after week the heavenly doctrines of love, brotherly charity, and universal philanthropy are expounded and enforced from our pulpits. But what sane divine would exhort his hearers to act in their daily life as if the reign of universal love were already established? Who would exhort to love and trust all men everywhere—from the showy adventurer who is ready to swindle whom he can, to the ticket-of-leave reprobate who only waits till your back is turned to garotte you? We have said that international peace is the goal of civilisation; but even social peace, the first-fruit and beginning of civilisation—alas! how frail it is! Who would yet venture to dispense with bolts and bars and police, even in this most advanced country of all the earth?—who dare leave a company's books unaudited, or keep no check even upon the most pious of bankers? Not one. Yet the trust we would not put in one another, the Peace Party think we may safely place in alien powers! Surely the events of the last nine years ought to teach us the visionary nature of such delusions. The rude wars of peoples against their Governments, and of Governments against their peoples and one another, may show us how far off yet is that end of civilisation

which bringeth peace. Peace in Europe is a-coming,—so we trust ; but certainly it is not yet within hail. Its white sails may be seen glimmering on the far horizon, as if coming towards us from the heavens of the future ; but many a wild billow and hurricanous gust will yet break on the European strand, ere that white-winged messenger of glad tidings cast anchor in our havens.

Whenever the dreams of the Peace Party are realised, it will first be among the christianised communities of the White race of Europe,—that “upper crust” of the world, who acknowledge in each other equals and fellows of the same dominant caste. Each of these communities has had its day of power. Greece once conquered by arms, and still conquers by its heirlooms of intellect. Rome subdued, and spread the seeds of civilisation throughout, the ancient world. Spain and Portugal first subjugated the seas, and overran the gold-regions of the New World. France has twice threatened Europe with domination, and is now spreading her sway over Northern Africa. Britain, a little island, has done more than they all. Russia has already done much, and will soon do far more. Even Scandinavia once sent her conquering rovers to every shore, and subsequently turned the tide of battle in Germany in favour of the Reformation. Germany is the sleeping giant of the European system, never having established its unity, but ere long it will take the high place that belongs to it in the community of the White oligarchs. All these peoples—all the members of the far-spread European race—regard each other as equals. Those that are weakest now have at one time been greatest ; and if actual equality of *power* be not present, it is felt that at least the power has been there, and may return. The subtle Greek, more famed now for duplicity than manly virtue or learning, is respected as having once been great, and still makes himself distinguished in the pursuits of commerce. The indolent Spaniard is known to have had his epoch of chivalrous gallantry and far-reaching enterprise, and the manly virtues still live in the population, though its

leaders be corrupt. Neither does any one despise the Italian, once celebrated alike in art, in arms, and in polity,—in whose veins nationality and patriotism are now panting, and whose recovery of freedom may inaugurate a new development of the national genius. Indeed the three peninsular kingdoms of Southern Europe—Greece, Italy, Spain,—after long lying like exhausted fields, seem about to quicken after their fallow, and join again in the race of progress which they once led,—in the stately march of National Development, which, proceeding in early times westwards along the shores of the Mediterranean, thereafter turned northwards, and, after culminating in Britain and France, is now running eastward again through the central region of Europe.

Such may be deemed some leading points and indications in European politics. But in order to embrace the theme even in outline, we must far overpass the territorial limits of Europe, and, following the dominant White race in its distant wanderings and conquests, observe how the interests accruing from its varied positions abroad are reflected back upon the politics of the Continent of its birth. It is a marvellous phenomenon, these migrations of the White race ; and yet they have occurred so gradually, and we have become so habituated to the phenomenon, that it does not adequately impress us. In studying the primordial history of nations we have often felt it hard to believe that a few families, shooting off from one small parent stock, should have grown into mighty nations far apart from each other, and in lands which they at first entered as strangers and aliens. In whatever region we look, we find traces of a quasi-aboriginal race in remote times peopling the country,—then the arrival of straggling bands, belonging to a new wave of population ; and, lo ! when we see again, by a process mysterious because we cannot trace its links, the new-comers have grown into a nation entirely supplanting the old ! The phenomenon is indeed marvellous ; but if we do but open our eyes, we may see it in actual process in our own day, and pre-eminently in the wanderings and conquerings of

our own nation. The British Isles, containing but a hundred thousand square miles of soil, and at first the abode of rude and thinly-scattered tribes, have reared a race which within the last two centuries has spread itself as masters into every region of the world. Wave after wave of population has gone forth, as if the process was inexhaustible, and yet the little Island only grows more densely peopled. Over nearly the entire expanse of North America has the British race spread,—it has colonised Southern Africa,—it is fast peopling the island-world of Australasia,—and it rules as a dominant caste over the vast realms of India. Everywhere the native races have disappeared before it—the Red men of America, the Caffres of the Cape, the aborigines of Australia,—or, like the Hindoos and Negroes, do it reverence and service. A great natural law is marked by the various settlements of the White race. In temperate climates it colonises, and the inferior races die out before it; while in tropical regions, unfavourable to its physical development, it reigns as a dominant caste, making some inferior race act as its hands, while itself forms an “upper crust” and supplies the directing power. At the Cape, over the temperate regions of America, in New Zealand and Australia, the European race has colonised and is covering the land with its own people; but in India it rules, and ever will rule, only as a dominant caste—a mere handful of men compared to the millions of the native population, yet ruling over them by dint of moral, physical, and intellectual superiority. The same principle, in a less pleasing form, is observable in the hot regions of the American continent. The Spaniards, when they first arrived in central America, reduced to slavery the native population, and in acknowledged or virtual slavery that population still remains; while in the Spanish islands, in the vast Portuguese territory of Brazil, and in the southern half of the United States, the negro race has been imported from Africa to act as a slave-caste, and do the work which climate renders impossible to the White conquerors from the North. We enter-

tain little doubt that, as the Anglo-Americans of the Union extend their sway southwards over central America, they will carry negro-slavery with them; and, moreover, while fraternising with the remnant of pure Spaniards in Mexico and elsewhere, will endeavour to reduce the half-breeds and native population into systematic serfdom. Mr Buchanan’s contemplated course in regard to Kansas is still uncertain; but if, as is possible, he conciliate the northern States by letting Kansas declare itself a free member of the Union, we may rely that he will simultaneously take steps to extend the Slave States by encroachments on central America. It is bad policy for the Slave States to extend themselves by encroaching on the limited territory of the Free-soilers, thereby exciting animosity, and necessitating a contest for supremacy. And we have no doubt they will willingly abandon this course whenever a substitute is found, and a gateway of expansion is opened for them into the countries to the south.

The age of territorial conquest in Europe is past. But the overflowing of the European race, and expansion over other regions of the globe, is very far from having reached its term. Compared with what will yet be, it is only beginning. And in the course of this expansion, the leading nations of Europe will come in contact, and find grounds of contention of a kind fast disappearing from the continent of their birth. The territorial limits of the various nations in Europe is now, not quite, but pretty nearly established on a natural and lasting basis; but not so the limits of their power in extra-European regions. We have spoken of the wondrous expansion of the Anglo-Saxons—those lords of the sea, and colonisers of ultra-oceanic regions. The Russian empire will play a similar but less marvellous part by land. It will yet wage a desperate war of principles with Western Europe, but its grand and lasting, because territorial triumphs, await it in the East. Destined to be kept in check by the dense populations of an equal race in Europe, its desire for territorial expansion will find full vent in the vast regions of the

Asiatic continent, thinly peopled by races which cannot contend on equal terms with the European. A broad region of fine country passes across Asia in the latitude of the Altai mountains, with Lake Baikal and its charming scenery in the midst of it; and the tributaries of this lake almost mingle with the headwaters of the great river Amoor, the natural outlet of Siberia, but the whole length of whose course lies at present within the territories of China. The Russians have already commenced their schemes of ambition in this quarter. A flotilla, manned and armed, has just been placed on Lake Baikal; from thence to the main course of the Amoor a chain of military stations has been established; the course of the river itself has been trigonometrically and otherwise surveyed; and we only reiterate an opinion which we expressed before Petropauloffski was heard of, or ever a Russian boat was known to have sailed the Amoor, when we say that ere long the vast valley-region of that river will have passed into the hands of Russia; while a chain of impregnable forts in the Kurile and Aleutian islands will firmly connect the mouth of the Amoor with the Russian territories in North America, and probably shake our Transatlantic brethren of the Union out of the complacency with which they at present regard the progress of Russian power. The Russians are an eminently agricultural people,—they love to till the soil their fathers tilled before them; and they have little of that restlessness which impels the Anglo-Saxon to roam. Nevertheless we cannot doubt that a Russian population will yet spread over the central zone of Asia, and descend as masters to the shores of the Pacific. The Slavonian, in truth, is semi-Oriental. He is a connecting link between Europe and Asia. He stands half-way between the energy and almost infidel self-reliance of the French and British peoples, who care but little for kings, and seldom rely much on Providence, and the fatalism and instinctive reverence of the Oriental nations, which make them adorers of sovereignty on earth, and only too acquiescent in what seem to them the decrees of Divine Fate. Such a

race is well fitted to be the rulers and civilisers of a large portion of Asia. The law of climate will regulate their settlement in that continent, as it has done that of the Anglo-Saxons in all parts of the world. In the temperate regions of Asia the Slavonians will gradually colonise, in the more southerly regions they will spread as a dominant caste. In this latter manner they will extend their power into the Turkish and Persian territories, exerting great influence over the populations of these empires, and coming into contact with British power. In process of time the Russian colonies and settlements in central Asia will surround with a network of civilised power the roving tribes of the desert and the steppes, who will be won or impressed into service or co-operation with them. And then, in all probability, the world will be startled by a series of nomadic invasions such as it has not seen since the days of Attila and Gengis Khan.

The Russians dream of one day dictating the terms of peace to us at Calcutta. But the British and Muscovite powers will have come into collision in another quarter of Asia before their battalions can meet in mortal strife on the banks of the Indus. The peninsula of Syria is the key to the British possessions in the East. Moreover, in the future it will be the most important commercial position in the whole world. It is towards this region that Russia will in the first instance seek to make her way. The hosts now assembling on the shores of the Caspian are not so much designed to measure swords with the British in Afghanistan, as to consolidate Russian influence and power in Persia, in order to secure a basis for future operations. The Russian Government is the most patient and wary in the world. It rarely misses its game by springing at it too soon. Having consolidated its power in Persia, and influenced the Kurdish tribes of Anatolia, it will then press down into the valley of the Euphrates, and measure its strength with us in right good earnest. It is well, then, as we have often before remarked, that the British Government should keep a sharp eye upon Syria, and timeously seek to extend our influence in that important region, as a

preparation for the trial of strength which assuredly awaits us there.

France, too, has begun the work of extra-European expansion and territorial extension. And it is curious to observe how the conquering march of the three leading Powers of Europe, beginning far apart, is converging towards the same point. The French have never been good colonisers, and the supremacy of the British at sea cost them all their transmarine settlements—Acadia, Louisiana, Pondicherry. But they have ever shown much skill and address in adapting themselves to the manners and amalgamating with the population of foreign countries; and in their new colony of Algeria they have a region pre-eminently available for the extension of their power. Algeria is so near to France that reinforcements and supplies can be thrown into it in a week's time, and as speedily recalled. It is a country needing military organisation, in which the French excel, rather than civil statesmanship, in which they are comparatively deficient. The region, though for most part lying waste, is eminently fertile, and was at one time the granary of the Roman world. The possession of Algeria has already greatly added to the military power of France. Its revenues not only suffice to maintain a large body of additional soldiers, located in the colony, but the native Arab tribes, to whom war is at once a business and a pastime, form the raw material of excellent troops, and could be assembled in great numbers around the French eagles. As the army of Algeria could be easily transported to Europe, the military power of France is experiencing an increase just as if a large addition had been made to her own limits; and the command of these Arab legions may yet aid on the battle-fields of Europe to counter-balance the host of Asiatic auxiliaries which Russia may in the future transport on her railways into the heart of Germany. The dream of Gallic ambition, however, is to make the Mediterranean "a French lake," and the schemes of Napoleon upon Egypt have never been forgotten by the French people. It was with a view to establish the influence of France on that invaluable isthmus that M. Thiers and the Court of the Tuileries

supported Mehemet Ali against his liege-lord the Sultan; and nothing could exceed the irritation of the French Government when the successful bombardment of St Jean d'Acre by the British fleet put an end to that dream of ambition. By her settlements in Algeria, France is forming a better and surer road to the goal of her ambition; and her progress in North Africa promises one day to bring her close to Egypt, at the head of a formidable force of fiery Arab troops, drilled, equipped, and led by the best officers of France.

Thus again are we brought back to the frontiers of Syria. Starting from most opposite points, the march of extra-European conquest is bringing Russia, France, and Britain into contact on that most important of all regions, the great Isthmus of the Old World. The necessity of speedy communication with our Indian empire—and with our Australasian colonies, destined to become a most puissant confederacy of States—renders it indispensable that Great Britain secure to herself a passage either across Egypt or Syria. And yet this portion of the earth is the very point towards which both Russia and France are advancing as the goal of their expansion. It is the cynosure of their extra-European policy. Strange region! thus attracting from afar the greatest Powers of the world. Marvellous point! towards which the White oligarchs of the earth, after subduing the greater part of the world in their path, are advancing from opposite quarters, and in rival bodies, to come into collision on its plains. Can their meeting be peaceful? Can such Powers, so mighty in themselves, and each aided by a host of foreign legionaries—Arabs from Algeria, Tartars from Upper Asia, Sepoys from India—settle down in friendly juxtaposition without first trying in battle the strength of their dread armaments?

Such appears to us to be the aspect of the powers and principles at present at work in the world of foreign politics. A consideration of the subject impresses us deeply with a sense of the instability of the basis upon which rests the world's peace and England's security. In truth, Europe does not seem to be at rest.

at all. There is no rest visible anywhere,—only a nightmare sleep or a troubled dream. Peace was signed last spring, but it appears to have broken its engagement. For one symptom of disquiet before the outbreak of the Russian war, there are now half-a-dozen. It is to be feared the Peace of Paris will prove but another Peace of Amiens,—an armed truce. The bugles of truce have sounded, the flag of peace has been displayed, heralds have proclaimed it in every capital,—yet there has been little or no unbuckling of the armour. The harness of war has been but partially taken off, and the weapons are kept within easy reach. What might have been accomplished by the late war, had France not prematurely resiled, and secured good terms for the general foe, it is needless to consider. It is enough to know that the foe has been repulsed, not disabled; and that, not only upon this but upon other accounts, it is impossible for this country to return to the state of defenceless security in which we were surprised by the late war. A few weeks ago we would have said that, despite all the diplomatic battling, there would be no war in Europe until a popular rising—an insurrection or revolution—occurred somewhere; (and how soon that may happen it is impossible to say.) But the recent menaces of the Courts of Berlin and France against Switzerland,—the permission which the former has obtained from the Germanic Confederation to march an army through its territories, with the intention of attacking the Swiss,—and the rumoured co-operation of France, by the projected formation of an army of observation along the French frontier of Switzerland,—bring it “on the cards” that the spark of renewed Continental war may be struck, not by the popular but by the absolutist side. From the extreme caution of the French Emperor, however, we feel entitled to hope that the Neufchatel question will not be allowed to be brought to the arbitrament of the sword. It is a question which ought to admit of easy arrangement; and if a case of this kind cannot be peacefully arranged, we may well despair of the settlement of the infinitely graver

questions now troubling the diplomacy of Europe. The Neufchatel question presents no fair ground for serious dispute; and last month, while naming it, we refused to assign it a place among the symptoms indicative of Continental trouble. It is a mere stray cartridge, compared to the combustible masses which underlie the peace of Europe; but if that cartridge be allowed to explode, the sparks may occasion a most formidable conflagration.

The bearing of Russia continues the same as we described it in detail last month. Nations—popular governments—can carry on a war with a united and terrible earnestness such as is impossible in despotic countries; but they are easily taken by surprise, are slow of getting into fighting order, and ever impatient, once the fighting is over, to get to insouciant rest again. Popular States weary of watching and waiting; when not at war, they are most averse to a state of war-vigilance. The feeling is so in this country. The community was not satisfied with the Peace of Paris; but they are quite willing to abide by that peace, and only ask that its conditions be fulfilled. They are wearied and worried; their natural love of peace is intensified by recent disappointment; and were there any desire upon the part of our late antagonist to keep faith and be peaceful, Great Britain would be only too glad to turn over on her side and go to sleep again to the pleasant roar of her blast-furnaces and hum of her myriad spinning-jennies. But Russia, instead of responding to this feeling, only seeks to turn it to account, and speculates on it as a means of forcing us to resign the little advantage that the Treaty secured. There can be no doubt as to the *animus* of the Russian Government. We have always held that the fine talk, so current last spring, about Russia having abandoned her “hereditary policy,” and being only intent to proceed in the path of peaceful industry, was all stuff and moonshine. Her epoch for that has not yet come. Certainly her proceedings since the peace have been very inconsistent with any such amiable anticipations. Letting alone her bullying, duplicity, and mischief-

making in Europe, just look at this new Persian difficulty which she has got up for England's special embarrassment. Does any man in his senses believe that Persia would have marched a single week's journey against Herat without the approval of Russia? And why has Russia been for months getting ready the army of 40,000 men now assembled on the Persian frontier, but because she knew that England would be forced into war by the aggression of Persia, and that she had resolved beforehand to take part against us? Russia could not attack us in Europe without risking a renewal of the alliance against her; but in the East she could give full effect to her hatred of England. No European State cares a fig for what happens to us there; and Russia knew she could attack us in that quarter without risk to herself, and supported by the vassal forces of the Court of Teheran. Moreover, it was a good way of finding work for us at a distance, and so weakening us for any future combat in Europe. That is the simple explanation of the war into which the Indian Government has been forced with Persia. The wires of the automaton Court of Teheran are worked from St Petersburg. Russia is at the bottom of the whole imbroglio, and, if she choose, can at once put an end to it. Even a French journal, the *Pays*, which is by no means prejudiced in favour of our country, confesses that such is the case. "It must not be dissimulated," says that journal, "that the solution depends above all on the Cabinet of St Petersburg. Persia, in taking possession of the town of Herat, has certainly failed in all her engagements with England, and she cannot re-establish those relations without abandoning her conquest. This policy depends entirely on the advice that the Shah may receive from Russia; and it is consequently to the Emperor Alexander that we must look for the immediate cessation of complications, the extent of which cannot now be defined." That is the truth.

Throughout this article we have

rather set forth general views than sought to advocate any particular acts of policy. What we particularly desire is, to set the country a-thinking on these weighty problems in foreign politics, confident that if the public attention be but timeously secured to these subjects, our end will be fully attained. We have great confidence in the practical sense of the national mind, and are more anxious at present to place suggestions before it than to enter upon questions of detail. This much, however, we may venture to say, as the opinion of every unprejudiced observer of foreign affairs, that the present is no time for indulging dreams of false security, or trusting for national safety to alliances which may fail us in the hour of need. We mistrust the aspect of the times. The gold mines have given a great stimulus to manufactures in many quarters, but inquire into the kind of raw material for which at present there is most competition,—and what is the answer? An ominous one—saltpetre! A decided rise has taken place in the price of this article; and among the causes assigned for this rise, we find it stated in a commercial journal, that "Russia has entered into large contracts for a supply of this commodity, and Austria has engaged the whole produce of Egypt—about 1000 tons annually—for the next five years!" We need not tell our readers what species of manufacture it is that demands saltpetre as its principal and most valuable ingredient. In conclusion, we think there has seldom been a time more suggestive of the old maxim of Roman policy, "*Si vis pacem, prepara bellum.*" If England would be let alone in the unquiet future that seems approaching, she must show herself, or rather *be strong*. And now that we are face to face with another year, about the issue of which it is most reasonable to have misgivings, we would beg to tender alike to rulers and nation the advice which old Noll in critical times used to give to his Ironsides—namely, to "trust in God, and keep our powder dry."

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THE WAR IN ASIA.

THE Russian Empire has two gates, through which her armies may march on their mission of territorial aggrandisement. These are not on her western front. Cossack absolutism, the sway of Muscovite principles, may yet spread to the Atlantic; but, territorially, Russia will never extend her rule westwards in Europe beyond the limits of the Slavonian race. The case is different along her southern frontier. Occupying the vast territories constituting that *officina gentium* from whence issued the invading hordes which overthrow in succession all the old governments of the civilised world—Hindoo, Persian, Roman, Saracenic, Byzantine—the Russian Empire still seeks expansion in the same direction. Half imbedded in its southern frontier lies the Black Sea, forming a barrier to landward progress nearly 800 miles long, and compelling the downward pressure of the colossal empire to divide into an eastern and western stream. Once the Black Sea is fairly enclamped by the dominions of the Czar, and the Bosphorus closed against hostile fleets, this inland sea will be no longer an obstacle, but a facility, to the southern advance of the Muscovite legions: but at present it is as we say,—an impassable expanse which must be turned by marching round its flanks. The regions to the east and west of this sea are the two Gates of Russia,

through which the ambition of the Czars has sought and will continue to seek expansion. The one gate opens into Europe, the other into Asia. The former at present is shut—the latter stands open.

When at war with a restless and ambitious power—with a young and growing state whose rulers and people still prefer territorial extension to commercial development, it is wise, when closing one's own frontier against attack, to leave open some other channel into which the energies of the foe may be directed. This is what the Continental Governments did at the close of the late war. The French Emperor, having served his own immediate purpose in the war, and fearing to face the eventualities which a prosecution of the contest might have produced, resolved abruptly to close it after the fall of Sebastopol. With this end in view, no further blow was allowed to be struck in the Crimea; and, at the same time, not a regiment was allowed to be sent to relieve Kars, or to support Omar Pasha in his important invasion of Georgia. Russia was proud, and would rather push the war to extremities than consent to humiliating terms of peace. The measures of the French Government saved her from such humiliation. The fall of Sebastopol was made a barren victory in the Crimea, and was allowed to be balanced in

some measure by the fall of Kars in Armenia; and these facts, duly improved at the Congress of Peace, resulted in that Treaty of Paris which the *Moniteur* eulogised as "humiliating to none." The fall of Kars, and the withholding of support from Omar Pasha's invasion of Georgia, enabled the Continental Powers, while shutting the door against Russia in Europe, to leave wider open than ever her gate into Asia. The representatives of England, we hope, struggled against this decision, but they struggled vainly: (when it comes to a question of votes, the interests of the Continental Powers must always override those of insulated Britain).^{*} And now we already begin to perceive the consequence. Russian prestige is greater than ever throughout western Asia. The capture of Kars enabled General Mouravieff for ten months to keep possession of that fortress and the surrounding region,—to distribute far and wide hand-bills announcing the triumph of the Czar, and representing it, by a colourable lie, as a victory over the arms of England. The wavering allegiance of the Kurdish tribes of Armenia has been half-won to the Czar. Persia has gone wholly over to the same side. A renewed onset is being made to complete the subjugation of the Caucasus, and render the isthmus between the Euxine and Caspian a broad highway for Russian advance. From Soujouk-kale to Erivan, from Erivan to the mouth of the Araxes, and thence northwards along the

shores and upon the islands of the Caspian, an unusual mustering of troops and din of warlike preparation is going on. The eastern Gate of Russia already creaks on its hinges. Perhaps while we write, the Muscovite battalions are once more entering the thrice-despoiled territories of Persia,—this time all the more dangerously for her, and ominously for us, that they enter not as enemies but in the guise of friends.

It is long since Russia began to foray southwards by her eastern Gate. And it is important to note this, for it is only by the light of the past that we shall properly comprehend the true character of Russian aggression in this quarter. It is needless to rail at such aggression, for it is alike natural and inevitable. Russia lies between Europe and Asia like a vast lake, whose waters are slowly but steadily increasing, and which, hemmed in by steep banks on its western side, must inevitably overflow into the vast unbulwarked regions of Central Asia. As Russian wealth, population, and resources increase, the Muscovite tide will swell out more and more into the territories of Turkistan, and encroach more and more upon the native sovereignty of Persia. The tide will never recede,—for it is but the overflowings of the great fountains of Slavonian life, which promise, for ages to come, to continue pouring forth their populating streams into the half-vacant basins of Asia. Russian domination over the tribes of

^{*} These views are not an after-thought, but will be found expressed in our article on "The Peace," written before the Treaty of Paris was ratified. *Inter alia*, alluding to the probable results of the Treaty, we observed—"By guarding the line of the Danube, while leaving open the Transcaucasian frontier and the shores of Anatolia, you change the main line of Russian advance from the western to the eastern side of the Black Sea. You divert it from Europe into Asia, and by so doing change the Powers by whom such southward progress brings her into collision. On the Danube, Austria has Austria for a rival; but for Asia Minor, Austria has no concern,—there Russia will meet no rival but Great Britain, who will be left to struggle with her single-handed." And we characterised this as "the best method for directing the march of Russia from Europe into Asia, and thereby not only freeing France and her Austrian alliance from the rivalry and pressure of the Czar, but of raising a new and permanent source of antagonism between Russia and England,—every step of the former of those Powers necessarily bringing her nearer to the Indian empire, and line of communication therewith, of the latter. The general public, alive only to the interests of the moment, may underrate the importance of this stipulation, but its consequences will be none the less momentous because not immediate. It is a legacy of hostility between Russia and England which the future will duly honour."—(*May* 1856, p. 617.)

the Steppes and the organised communities of Persia and Anatolia is a mere question of time, which may be as surely predicted as that the Russian population will one day be double and treble what it is now. That population will for centuries have room to spread eastward across the Asiatic continent; but it will take that course reluctantly, and will prefer to foray southwards, until it reach a limit where other portions of the European race have become too firmly consolidated to be driven from their ground.

Commerce and ambition alike impel Russia to go forth conquering through her eastern gates. A century and a half ago the Czar Peter perceived this, and laid down the outlines of a vast plan of Asiatic conquest for the guidance of his imperial successors. By an error common to minds of high speculative and imaginative power—to whom, seeing clearly the future, distant events often appear too near and their realisation too easy—Peter himself does not seem to have adequately appreciated the obstacles to his projects, and by a bold dash at Khiva in 1717, attempted to win a vantage-ground which was not destined to be gained by Russia until the present day. The armed mission which he sent to that Khanate, to establish relations with the natives and to seize a gold mine, easily reached their destination; but being outwitted by the Khivans, they were induced to separate into detached parties, and were then cut to pieces. Six years afterwards witnessed the real commencement of his schemes of aggression. It was in 1723-25, when the power of Persia was prostrated by the revolt of the Affghans and the attacks of the Turks, that Russia first struck her fangs into her prey; and during the dismemberment of Persia which then occurred, the Russian forces seized the territories of the Shah lying between the Caspian and the Black Seas. The martial genius of Nadir Shah temporarily checked the progress of Muscovite ambition, and in 1735 compelled the Empress Anne to resign the captured provinces before they had been Russianised. But in due time the advances of Russia

were resumed in a more subtle form; and in 1774 the Empress Catherine commenced a series of intrigues with the states lying to the south of the Caucasus, with a view to induce them to throw off their allegiance to Persia, and to place themselves under the protectorate of Russia. All the usual Muscovite seductions and threats were had recourse to: missions and subsidies were first employed, then the erection of fortresses, and ultimately the introduction of troops; and so successful were those arts that, in 1773, Mingrelia, Imeritia, and Georgia accepted the Russian protectorate. For twelve years Persia submitted to this unjust domination; and when at length, in 1795, Aga Mahomed Khan attempted to recover the Trans-Caucasian provinces, the Russians were victorious and pushed their way still farther along the shores of the Caspian. Thus, ere the death of Catherine, Russia was paramount all over the isthmus between the Caspian and Black Seas, and had secured for herself the long-coveted gate through which she was to push southwards. The advanced posts of Persia and Turkey had been first sapped and then carried, and now Russia was brought in contact with the main body of those empires. The ten years' war with Persia, which terminated in 1814 by the peace of Gulistan, accomplished apparently little,—Russia having then fighting enough in Europe; but during its continuance Muscovite power was consolidated on the isthmus (the Circassians alone remaining unsubdued), and Persia surrendered the right of having ships of war on the Caspian, which handed over that sea to the exclusive domination of Russia. Twelve years more, and again there was war. The treaty which closed the former war became the occasion for commencing a new one, furnishing fresh triumphs to Russia; and at the close of hostilities in 1828, by the treaty of Turkomanchai, the provinces of Erivan (with the strong fortress of that name) and Nakchivan were ceded to the Czar,—thus extending the Muscovite frontier to the banks of the Araxes; while possession was kept of the province of Talish beyond that river, and a heavy indemnity (!)

was exacted for the expenses of the war. To sum up,—in the period between 1774 and 1828, Russia advanced her frontier a thousand miles into Asia ; so that the Russian regiment stationed at her farthest frontier-post, on the western shore of the Caspian, has as great a distance to march back to Moscow as onward to Attock on the Indus, and is actually farther from St Petersburg than from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab.

Any one who has seen an empty bottle thrown into a river, will have perceived that at first the vessel shows great repugnance to be immersed by the fluid, and ever strives to leap towards, and keep itself buoyant by, the air ; but that at last there comes a moment when, the invading water having fairly overbalanced the rival element, all struggle ceases, and the vessel, losing all motive power of its own, drifts along helplessly as if it were actually part of the engulfing stream. It was in 1828 that this turning-point came to Persia. Prior to that time British influence had been paramount at the Court of Teheran. Of the state of matters before Paskewitch's conquests, we read : " Russia has always viewed with undisguised jealousy the ascendancy of English influence in the councils of Persia. She has not hesitated, at different times, to make it matter of formal complaint even that Persian troops are commanded by English officers, clothed in English uniforms, and supplied with English arms. In short, the whole machinery of the Persian government is put in motion immediately or remotely by English agents and by English influence." How Russia has turned the tables upon us since this was written twenty-seven years ago ! Moral as well as material causes, we are sorry to say, contributed to produce this result. It was inevitable that the influence of Russia, with her contiguous frontier and great military power, should one day predominate over that of Britain in Central Asia ; but it is to be regretted that we ourselves should have furnished discreditable proofs of our inferiority. By the treaty of Gulistan in 1814, England pledged herself that Russia should fulfil the engage-

ment to restore Talish ; but Russia evaded doing so, and, either from weakness or bad faith, we took no steps to compel fulfilment of the promise. Again, at the breaking-out of the war in 1826, England was bound by treaty to assist Persia against any European power with an army from India, or to pay an annual subsidy of £100,000 ; yet England broke her pledge, on the plea that Persia had provoked the war, although a more transparent case of wolf and lamb never existed. Well might Mr Kaye remark of this proceeding, that " the backwardness of England was of dubious honesty, as it doubtless was of dubious expediency." And Sir Harford Jones did not much exaggerate the consequences, when he said, that by the treaty of 1828 " Persia was delivered, bound hand and foot, to the Court of St Petersburg."

The turning-point being passed, then began those demonstrations and expeditions against Herat, which have since, not without reason, occasioned us so much disquietude. To annex Herat is the most natural object of Persian ambition, and it is at the same time one which perfectly coincides with the views of the Russian government. Geographically as well as politically, Herat belongs to Afghanistan, of which it is the door. So far from being an appanage of the Shahs, it was, under the successors of Timour, the seat of a great empire ; and in the early part of last century, the Affghans even extended their rule by conquest over Persia. Nadir Shah, however, when he set free his country, retaliated by capturing Herat, and planting there a Persian colony ; and though the city quickly returned into the possession of its natural owners, the Affghan power no sooner began to decline than the Persian monarchs cast covetous eyes upon this important frontier city. So formidable was the Affghan power even at the commencement of the present century, that the principal object of the treaties between our Indian government and Persia was, that each might help the other if attacked by the dreaded mountaineers ; but the civil wars which thereafter broke into fragments the Affghan empire, and arrayed clan against clan,

and chief against chief, not only destroyed its aggressive power, but exposed the country to the attack of foreign arms and influence. So matters stood when the treaty of Turkomanchai first demonstrated to the Court of Teheran that Russia was more potent than England in Central Asia, and that it was better policy to propitiate the former than the latter. Accordingly, in 1832, Persia commenced preparations to attack Herat, and a Russian officer of engineers was ready to accompany the expedition. An early exertion of British influence succeeded in preventing the enterprise being carried out; but just four years afterwards, in 1836, the project was revived,—the Russian ambassador at the same time urging the Shah to make haste, lest Britain should again interpose. Sir Henry Ellis, who was then our envoy at the Persian court, lost no time in apprising his government of what was in preparation, and of urging them to take vigorous measures to frustrate the project. His own remonstrances with the Persian government were vain; a quarrel was even picked with him *à l'Orientale*—a horseman under his protection being seized by the Persian Government, just as the wife of Mirza Hashem was eighteen months ago; and, ultimately, like Mr Murray, he felt compelled to strike his flag, and withdraw from Teheran. Meanwhile the Shah had set out on his famous expedition against Herat, with the Russian ambassador Simonich in his train; while Captain Vicovich, a secret agent of the Russian government, armed with a holograph letter from the Czar, was busily endeavouring to procure the support of the Afghan chiefs. Fortunately, Eldred Pottinger, a young lieutenant of the Bombay artillery, was then in Herat, and conducted the defence of the place with a courage and ability which have immortalised his name. So interested was Russia in this attack on Herat, that she remitted £25,000 of the debt contracted by Persia in 1828, in order that it might be expended in fitting out the expedition, and engaged to remit the remainder if the expedition proved successful. The Russian Embassy accompanied the expedition, a body of Russian

troops (styled “deserters”) aided in the siege, and the assaults were led by Russian officers. But all was in vain. From the first investment in November 1836 to the final raising of the siege in September 1837, three desperate assaults were made upon the town, and were repulsed by the garrison, led by the heroic Pottinger,—the assailants on one of those occasions losing 1700 men. These bloody repulses, combined with the appearance of a British force in the Persian Gulf, the seizure of the island of Karrah, and a threat of active hostilities on our part, at length led the Shah and his counsellors to abandon the enterprise. Simultaneously with these events in Asia, the dispute arising from the capture of the “Vixen” in the Black Sea showed the irritation subsisting between the British and Russian Governments. And it is instructive to note that all the time that the Russian ambassador was instigating the Shah to attack Herat, and that Russian money, officers, and troops, were assisting him in the enterprise, Count Nesselrode professed to agree with the British Government as to the viciousness of the course pursued by the Persian monarch, and affirmed that the conduct of the Russian ambassador and agents was in opposition to his instructions! A good illustration of the truth of Karamsin’s remark, that it is a maxim of the Russian government to repudiate the conduct of its officers until their project is accomplished,—thus preventing opposition until it is too late for other governments to interfere.

Although this attempt upon Herat was foiled, it naturally occasioned our Indian Government much disquiet; and it was with a view to strengthen our influence in that important region that the ill-fated invasion of Afghanistan was undertaken. Both in a political and military point of view, the expedition was characterised by the grossest blunders; and the disastrous retreat from Cabool only served to augment the ascendancy of Russia at the Court of Teheran. Indeed, to so low an ebb had all other foreign influences sunk at that court, that M. Ferrier records that,

during his residence in Persia, both British and French subjects were in the practice of employing the good offices of the Russian ambassador, as they knew that their own envoys were powerless at court. When war broke out between Russia and the Allies in Europe, and troops from India were being brought to the battle-fields of the Crimea, it was only natural that Russia should seek to convert her ascendancy at the Persian Court into a means of disquieting us on the side of India. Etiquette is everything in the East, and when Asiatic governments become hostile, they almost always choose to testify their feelings by putting a slight on the representative of the Power whom they mean to defy. In this way the "Mrs Hashem affair" was not so unimportant as it appears to European eyes; and from the *animus* displayed on this and previous occasions by the Persian Government, it is clear that had Mr Murray continued at his post, he would only have been subjected to fresh demands and contumely. It was the last of a series of insults directed against the British Government; and to those who assume it as the cause of the present war, it is sufficient to say that not even the Persian Government regards it in that light, or alleges it as a pretext for its attack upon Afghanistan. The fall of Kars, in fact, threw Persia completely into the arms of Russia; and the old design of attacking Herat and extending Persian influence over Afghanistan was eagerly revived. It is alleged that, in prospect of the war in Europe continuing, an arrangement had been made by which a Russian army was to land at Astrabad, and support the Shah in his advance towards our Indian frontier. There is much probability in the statement; and it is certain that Persian vessels on the Caspian assisted the Russians in conveying warlike stores for the use of Mouravieff's army,—thus breaking the neutrality which the Shah professed so greatly to respect. But, leaving the conjectured connivance between Persia and Russia during the war to be revealed at a future time, let us look simply at the overt acts of the former

Power, and endeavour to set forth what actually occurred. With this view we must give our readers a glimpse into Afghan politics and the state of matters at Herat.

At the commencement of the present century, Afghanistan and Cashmere, with parts of Khorassan and Scinde, were united under the rule of Zeeman Shah, grandson of that Ahmed Shah who with his Affghans broke the power of the Mahrattas at the terrible battle of Paniput in 1761. But the days of the Dooraunee Empire were numbered, and an era of suicidal convulsions was about to commence. Zeeman was deposed, and his brother Mahmoud succeeded. The royal family belonged to the Suddozee tribe, whose rivals in the state were the great clan of the Barukzees, headed by Futteh Khan and his twenty brothers, one of the youngest of whom was Dost Mahomed. Futteh Khan was prime-minister, and proved a *maire du palais* to the *roi fainéant*. In the struggles that ensued, Futteh Khan was barbarously murdered by the Suddozees; but finally the Barukzee brothers triumphed, and by 1823 had partitioned the country among themselves,—Dost Mahomed, whose abilities had raised him to the foremost place among his brethren, obtaining Cabool as his share. One corner alone of their old empire remained to the fallen Suddozee race—namely, the principality of Herat, to which place the deposed Mahmoud retired with his son, Prince Kamram. The prince in due course succeeded his father, and was ruling Herat, with one Yar Mahomed for his vizier, when the Persians attacked the place in 1837. On Kamram's death, the sceptre departed from the Suddozees, and fell peaceably into the hands of the old vizier, Yar Mahomed, who had long been the virtual ruler; and who at his decease, a few years ago, transmitted his power to his son, Mahomed Said—a weak and dissolute wretch, willing to barter the independence of Herat for Persian support; but whose myrmidons, seeing him immersed in sensuality, took advantage of his apathy so to tyrannise over the community that all classes wished for a revolution. Persia resolved that the revolution

should come from her side ; and the Persian envoy at Herat became prime director of the enterprise. It was his custom to take a ride of twenty or thirty miles every afternoon, returning to the city about ten at night, the gate being regularly opened to him. On these occasions he was escorted by about a hundred horsemen, and generally rode towards Gorian, on the road to Meshed, the Persian capital of Khorassan. Now, there was stationed between Gorian and Meshed, for the purpose of keeping in check the wild Turkomans, a certain Prince Yusoof, nephew to the departed Shah Kamram, and therefore well fitted to be the instrument for effecting a revolution in Herat. With this prince and Esa Khan, a chief of Herat, the Persian envoy arranged the plans for a surprise ; and when all was ready, he was joined on his ride one afternoon by Prince Yusoof and a body of Persian cavalry. The first quarter of the night was passed when they arrived at the gates of Herat ; and on admission being given to the envoy as usual, his escort sabred the guard, and the Prince with his cavalry rushed in, took possession of the city, and advanced against the Arg citadel. The besotted ruler, in his cups, shot the servant who first reported to him that the enemy was in the city, but at length, arousing himself, ordered a charge when it was too late. The result was that he and all his relatives were captured and put to death ; and Prince Yusoof, a member of the royal Suddozee race, mounted the throne of Herat. His first act was to thank the Shah for his success, and to beg him to continue his protection and freely command his services ;—to which the Shah replied by assuring him of aid against his present or future enemies, and informing him that all the commanders of the Persian forces in Khorassan had been

strictly enjoined to watch over his welfare, and punish the disturbers of his dominion.*

It may easily be believed that Dost Mahomed of Cabool, and his brother chiefs of the Barukzee clan, by no means relished the appearance of a prince of the Suddozee line at Herat. The Persian Government had placed him there as a means of establishing its influence in Afghanistan, and as a thorn in the side of the old Ameer ; and one of the prince's first acts was to push forward a detachment to take possession of Furrah, a town half-way on the road to Candahar. Upon this, the Barukzee chiefs resolved to forget their disagreements, and unite to prevent the encroachments of the common foe. Indeed, the aspect of affairs had begun to look menacing for the independence of Afghanistan. Not only had Herat been revolutionised by Persian agency, but Khiva had fallen under the domination of Persia and Russia ; and the king of Bokhara was so concerned by these menacing events, and by the increasing number of Persian troops in Khorassan, that a letter from Bokhara (Sept. 1855) states that "owing to his disquiet he frequently fails in going to the Friday prayers in the Great Mosque." Kokan, the third and remaining state of Central Asia, was likewise apprehensive of a Muscovite attack ; and several Russian agents were reported to be wandering about in Turkistan as petty traders, professing themselves Jews. The danger had been early descried by the shrewd old Ameer of Cabool, who had sent a friendly embassy and presents to the king of Khiva ; but ere they arrived the king had been killed, the Russians and Persians were in possession, and the Afghan embassy was treated with the utmost contumely. Indeed, the ambitious

* The relation subsisting between Prince Yusoof and the Shah was openly acknowledged by the latter, who, even as reported by the Teheran *Rouz Namé*, or official journal of court news, thus addressed the Prince, when subsequently captured by the Persian army which besieged Herat :—"At that time we considered thee as one of our faithful servants, and thou wert under the shadow of our protection ; and as it was for the advantage of our kingdom, and of the independence of Herat, to resist the overwhelming march of Dost Mahomed Khan, we therefore sent thee the reinforcements which thou didst require."

projects of the Persian government had been revealed to himself by an offer from the Shah to aid him with money and troops against all foreign powers, if he would consent to own the suzerainty of Persia. Turning a deaf ear to the insidious proposal, the old Ameer sent a trusty messenger to Mahomed Said at Herat, a short time before that prince's death, to warn him of his danger from Persia; but that dissolute wretch being in his cups when the messenger arrived, ordered his beard to be shaved, and nearly had him blown out of the mouth of a cannon! Turning to the British, Dost Mahomed contracted with our Indian Government a treaty of general amity, but failed to obtain from it the guarantee which he desired for the independence of Afghanistan and Herat.

It is manifest that the Persian government was resolved to find or make a pretext for the actual invasion of Afghanistan. In December 1855, when Prince Yusoof was still its obedient vassal, the Teheran *Official Gazette* announced the intention of the government to despatch an army to Herat,—alleging in excuse that Dost Mahomed had made himself master of Candahar, to the prejudice of the relatives of the deceased sirdar of that place, Kohendil Khan (a half-brother of Dost Mahomed, who with his family leant much to Persia), and that he meditated an attack upon Herat. In the same article it was insinuated that these proceedings on the part of the Dost were instigated and aided by the British Government; nevertheless the Persian Court, following the usual Muscovite ruse, professed its desire to maintain inviolate its position of neutrality. In a subsequent manifesto, published before despatching the army, the Shah represented Mr Murray's retirement as a mere personal misunderstanding, and explained the Herat expedition as one undertaken at the urgent entreaty of Prince Yusoof, in order to save the place from the threatened attack of Dost Mahomed's forces. In refutation of these allegations, it is sufficient to say that neither the Ameer nor a single soldier of his had been

within 200 miles of Herat, and that he had made no preparations for such an attack. The Persian Government at the same time announced its intention of despatching a corps of 20,000 men to Candahar, to reinstate Kohendil Khan's son in the government.

Last spring the Persian army commenced its march to Herat, and in due course reached its destination. At Gorian, thirty miles to the west of Herat, they met and cut up a body either of Affghans or of Turkoman cavalry coming to the assistance of the menaced city. Prince Yusoof inclined to favour the Persian cause; and with his consent the first Persian detachment that arrived, under Sano Khan, was admitted into the city. But the Barukzee party is strong in Herat; the Alekozee clan, to which Yar Mahomed belonged, and of which Esa Khan is a chief, likewise declared against the Persians; and the result was that Sano Khan was ejected, and preparations made for a vigorous defence. Messengers were sent to Dost Mahomed, then at Candahar, and to the British Commissioner in Scinde, urgently entreating aid; and several successful sorties were made, blowing up the Persian magazines, and destroying their supplies. The defence was conducted jointly by Prince Yusoof and Esa Khan. Meanwhile the main body of the Persian army arrived under Murad Mirza, the commander-in-chief, raising the besieging force to 30,000 men; but it was not till the end of August that any serious action took place. Of the two great sects which divide the Mahomedan world, the Persians belong to one (Sheahs) and the Affghans and Turks to the other (Sunnees). A portion of the population of Herat, probably descendants of the Persian colony planted by Nadir Shah, are Sheeites; and betwixt certain chiefs of this sect and their co-religionists without, a secret correspondence was opened; and it was concerted that about noon, when Esa Khan and his chief officers were at prayers in the mosque, a body of Persians should surprise and take possession of one of the gates and the tower which commanded it.

On the 29th August the attempt was made with success, and the gate and tower were seized by a detachment of the besieging force ; but the main body remained inactive, and Esa Khan, hastily collecting his troops, gallantly led them against the enemy. The *mêlée* was so confused that the Persians were unable to use their muskets, and, overpowered by the rush of the Affghans, armed with hanjars, were driven out with great slaughter. Being pursued by the Affghans beyond the gates, the routed Persians suffered still more severely, till they were carried off by a brigade sent to their rescue. Reinforcements, however, continued to arrive to the besieging army ; intrenchments were thrown up around each gate, to make the blockade complete ; and a native eyewitness states that "the Persians built barracks for their troops, so that there are so many buildings in the camp that it appears to form another city rivalling Herat." M. Buhler, a French officer, who was sent to the camp with special recommendations from the Shah, gave an impulse of energy to the whole army ; and by his advice the trenches were pushed far in advance, till at several points the head of the *boyau* was within from ten to fifteen yards of the ditch. Discouragement began to spread in the city ; provisions were scarce ; the Sheeites were deserting and taking service with the enemy ; the succours promised by Dost Mahomed were not forthcoming, and defections were reported among the Affghan chiefs. Finding his affairs desperate, Prince Yusoof made an attempt to escape from the city—other accounts say he was ejected by the Affghans ; and, being taken by the Persians, was sent as a prisoner to Teheran, where he received the pardon of the Shah.

The defence now devolved wholly upon Esa Khan, who appears to have acted throughout with much gallantry. But it was impossible to avert the fall of the place. By the third week of October a considerable breach had been made at the foot of one of the numerous towers which flank the walls of the town ; but in order to reach that spot it was necessary to carry an advanced work, which had

been erected at a former time by the advice of British officers. The Persian attacking columns, composed of picked troops, rushed forward to the assault with intrepidity ; and the Affghans, though they stood the first shock, were soon obliged to give way. Upon this, seeing that further resistance was impossible, Esa Khan (25th October) surrendered, and Herat was taken possession of by the Persians.

Nor was Herat the goal of Persian aggression. At an early period of the siege, a Persian corps had been pushed forward to Furrah, an Affghan town about 180 miles due south from Herat, at the point where the main road turns eastward towards Candahar. Furrah, although surrounded by a high earthen rampart, appears to have been captured without opposition ; and thereafter a further advance was made towards Geerishk (a town lying between Furrah and Candahar, and within 60 miles of the latter city), where some skirmishing took place between the Persians and the advanced guard of the Ameer's forces,—about 8000 of whom were stationed for the defence of Candahar. The latest intelligence reports that the Persian army has greatly extended itself in Afghanistan. It has pushed southwards from Furrah, taking possession of the province of Seistan—as well as eastwards, threatening Kelat and Candahar. And the result of these successes, following the capture of Herat, has been to induce not a few of the Affghan chiefs to lean to Persia as the winning side,—among others, Sultan Mahomed, the ex-chief of Peshawur, who was caught intriguing with the Persians against his brother the Ameer, and by the latter was summarily ordered off to Cabool.

Independently of any treaty forbidding Persia to invade Afghanistan, it is obvious that *the British had as clear a right to defend that country as the Persians had to attack it*. Our aid, moreover, had been urgently solicited by the Affghans themselves. A proclamation of war, accordingly, was made at Calcutta, on the 1st of November ; and a fortnight afterwards a naval expedition was despatched from Bombay for the Persian Gulf, where the island of Kar-

rak (seized in the former war) has been reoccupied, and the town and port of Bushire taken possession of. In the proclamation of war (as is too commonly the case in diplomatic documents), the reasons of common-sense and national interest are passed over in silence; and the whole ground of hostilities is made to rest upon the convention concluded between Colonel Sheil and the Persian Government in January 1853—of which more anon. As it is important to note the terms of the proclamation, we quote its principal clauses. After referring to the convention of 1853, it proceeds as follows :—

“By those articles the Persian Government engaged not to send troops to Herat on any account, unless foreign troops—that is, troops from the direction of Cabool or Candahar, or other foreign country—should invade Herat. In the event of troops being sent, the Persian Government engaged that the said troops should not enter the city of Herat; and that, on the return of the foreign troops towards their own territory, the Persian troops should be immediately withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Herat to Persian soil.

“The Persian Government also engaged to abstain from all interference whatsoever in the internal affairs of Herat, whether ‘in taking possession, or occupying, or assuming the sovereignty, or governing, except in so far as interference existed between the two parties during the lifetime of the late Yar Mahomed.’

“And, lastly, the Persian Government engaged to relinquish all pretension to and demand for the coinage, or the reading of the Khootbeh, or any other acknowledgment of allegiance or subjection on the part of the people of Herat to the government of Persia.

“It was, at the same time, stipulated that, so long as there should be no interference of any sort whatever on the part of the British Government in the affairs of Herat, the engagements contracted by the Persian Government, as aforesaid, should remain in full force and effect. On the other hand, it was agreed in the name of the British Government, that ‘if any foreign power, such as the Affghans or others,’ should wish to interfere with, or take possession of Herat, the British Government, on the requisition of the Persian Ministers, would not object to restrain such foreign power by friendly advice, ‘so that Herat might remain in its own state of independence.’

“While the British Government has faithfully and constantly adhered to the obligations which it accepted [?] under the agreement of January 1853, the Government of Persia has manifested a deliberate and persevering disregard of the reciprocal engagements, by which at the same time it became bound, and is now endeavouring to subvert by force the independence of Herat, which was the declared object of the agreement in question.”

Herat, the proximate cause of this war, needs a word of description. The *Times* asks, “Where is Herat?” and as it is obvious that every year will give the British nation a livelier interest in that part of the world, it may be useful to give a general sketch of the locality. Let us say, then, that Affghanistan, with its five millions of a warlike race, intervenes like a huge quadrangular mountain-citadel between India and Persia,—and that Herat is the only gate by which entrance can be obtained to this citadel from the west. The lofty Suleiman range of mountains, running parallel with the Indus, bounds Affghanistan on the east; the still more lofty range of the Hindoo Koosh (a continuation of the Himalayas) bounds it on the north; to the south, the sandy plains of Beloochistan stretch between it and the sea; and on the west it is separated from Persia by the deserts of Khorassan. Across those deserts the only passage for an army is to be found at their north side, where two or three routes exist more or less practicable for troops. These routes all converge and unite as they approach the north-west angle of Affghanistan, where stands HERAT. This city, then, is the door which must be opened before entrance can be obtained to the quadrangular mass of mountains, valleys, and waterless plateaus which constitute Affghanistan. Its situation is one of great military and commercial importance. The peaceful files of the caravan, and the dread battalions of war, alike pass through it on their march from India to Persia, or from Persia to India. The long camel-trains from Delhi, Mooltan, and Lahore pass through it, bearing the merchandise of India and the manufactures of England to the

distant towns and oases of Persia and Turkistan; and so completely is Herat a gateway of commerce that it is called *Bunder*, or Port,—although the only sea upon which it borders are seas of sand. The march of conquest has passed through it from time immemorial. The cavalry-host of Timour and the disciplined army of Nadir Shah, in their invasions of India, went and came by this route; and though Alexander the Great, Gengis Khan, and Baber marched by Balkh, and crossed the Hindoo Koosh immediately to the north of Cabool, the route by Herat is the only one practicable for an army with the usual complement of artillery. The country around Herat affords an admirable halting-place for armies. It is a spacious plain, thirty miles long and half as broad, once studded with villages, and still exhibiting a fair expanse of gardens, vineyards, and corn-fields; while the Herat river and “the bright waters of small running streams [canals?] lighten the pleasant landscape,” and fertilise the plain. In the hamlets and gardens around, the celebrated *attar*, or otto of roses, is manufactured; and such is the profusion of this regal flower that Herat has been styled the City of Roses. In the midst of the plain stands the city, now much fallen from its olden prosperity, but still containing a population of about fifty thousand, and destined ever to retain much wealth and importance from lying in the track of the caravans. Its staple commodities are silk, assafoetida, and saffron; and the principal merchants of the place are Hindoos. Like most Asiatic towns, there is much dirt and desolation within; yet water, that prime necessity of Oriental life, is so abundant that almost every house has a fountain, besides the public ones in the bazaars. The city, which forms a square, each side of which is about a mile long, is strongly fortified for an Eastern town, being encircled by a solid bastioned earthen wall and wet ditch; and within there is a citadel, a square castle built of burnt brick, elevated on a mound, sufficiently strong to constitute a rallying-point, but incapable of separate defence. Abundant crops of wheat and barley, and every kind of

fruit known in Persia, are supplied by the fertile region around; and though cattle are not very numerous, there are large flocks of the broad-tailed sheep so well known and prized in Central Asia. Thus no better camping-ground and quarters could be found for an army; and as an intermediate station between the deserts on the west and the Affghan mountains on the east, it is for such a purpose invaluable. It is a vast *place d'armes*, where all assaulting columns from the west must unite and recruit before making their final attack upon the defences of our Indian empire. To speak in miniature, it is just such a place as a skilful defender of India would desire to cover with a horn-work, in order to prevent the enemy from getting possession of a spot where they could collect their forces under cover, and from which they could so advantageously push forward their assault upon our interior works of defence.

“We have a garden, which is India; the walls are the fortified towns of Tartary and Afghanistan. Let the Russians once seize them, and our garden is theirs.” So said Sir Richmond Shakspeare to the Khan of Khiva, in language not more finely figurative than true; and M. Ferrier, the French officer who lately wandered with the caravans throughout that region, and who has elaborately speculated on the future of Russian and Anglo-Indian power in the East, adds, “I believe he is right.” In the imperial policy of Russia, designs upon India have been very long cherished. First sighted by the genius of Peter, and first practically contemplated by the madman Paul; talked of by Alexander and Napoleon, and sketched out like a grand dream by the latter, the invasion of India is a design never laid aside at the Court of St Petersburg. But apart from the question of design, look at the mere facts. Russia is advancing farther and farther into Asia, nearer and nearer to the bulwarks of our Indian empire. “If we go on at this rate,” said Baron Brunow to Sir John Hobhouse, in 1837, “the Cossack and the Sepoy will soon meet on the banks of the Oxus.” They will so meet some day. Russia knows this, and intends this; and it were well that the grand issue

to which things are tending should be timeously perceived in England. Nothing can stop the progress of Russia through Central Asia,—one might as well think of stopping the welling of a fountain or the movement of a glacier. And before this generation pass away, Russia will have organised the forces of Persia on her side, and be sitting in armed leaguer around our mountain outworks of Affghanistan. For we hardly contemplate the possibility of the British Government being so demented as to allow these hostile powers to effect a lodgment in the Afghan territories.

When engaged in a desperate war with Great Britain in Europe, it was most natural for Russia to seek to disquiet us on the side of India. But even before the war, our Government had felt the serious inconveniences resulting from the downfall of British ascendancy at the Court of Teheran. Persia is lastingly covetous of Herat; and knowing that Russia, now the dominant power in Central Asia, is secretly but assuredly in favour of the project, it was with difficulty that the Shah could be induced to keep his hands off the coveted city, or to pay ordinary respect to our embassy, which was always on the watch to thwart him. Rarely has the foreign policy of this country been more actively and beneficially directed than during the nine months that Lord Malmesbury presided at the Foreign Office; and it is to this statesman that we owe the "convention" of January 1853, by which Persia bound herself to abstain from attacking, occupying, or making any claim of sovereignty over Herat. This convention was signed by the Persian Government, but was never ratified by ours. An attempt is being now made to show that this non-ratification is of no importance, as the convention was simply a pledge on the part of Persia, and was duly signed by her. But this is not true,—for it contained a reciprocal agreement on the part of the British Government to restrain any Affghan power from attacking Herat; therefore, not being ratified by our Government, the whole convention is null. The question naturally arises, — *Why* was not the treaty ratified? The explanation of

this unusual and unfortunate circumstance demands consideration. Diplomacy often keeps secret from one generation what is duly revealed to the next, (when the information is useless); and probably it will ere long be known that this country was nearer a rupture with Russia in 1852 than the public are aware of. In an article on the Aberdeen Ministry (July 1855), we mentioned the anti-Russian policy of Lord Derby's Administration as a secret cause of the abrupt overthrow of the Conservative rule. Russian influence prevented the appointment of Lord de Redcliffe to the Foreign Office; and anecdotes are current which indicate that the differences between the two Governments were so great as to threaten even a warlike result. Persia, in fact, was giving us serious provocations, and went the length of officially announcing her intention to regard Herat as an appanage, which she would maintain by force of arms against any Affghan power that might contest her claim. If we are to believe M. Ferrier, a Russian force of 5000 men was simultaneously (autumn of 1852) landed at Astrabad, and advanced eastwards up the river Attruck (which forms the boundary between Persia and Turkistan), and was only recalled upon an *ultimatum* to that effect being presented by England at St Petersburg. At that time the British Government threatened to break off diplomatic relations with the Court of Teheran, and directed Colonel Sheil to intimate that hostile measures would be had recourse to in the event of Persia making any attack upon the independence of Affghanistan. The result of this firmness on the part of the British Government was, that the Persian Government gave up its pretensions to Herat, and signed the terms of treaty required by Colonel Sheil. The treaty was concluded in January 1853, but in the preceding month a change of Ministry had taken place in England. Lord Aberdeen and the "Coalition" had displaced Lord Derby; and philo-Russianism and implicit faith in the word and policy of the Czar had become the order of the day. *Therefore*, say we, the treaty was never ratified. If there

be another explanation, let it be stated, and let blame fall upon the right shoulders. But this much is certain, that in consequence of the non-ratification of that treaty, the proclamation of war with Persia issued by our Government is groundless; for it founds wholly upon a violation of that treaty, and the treaty is utterly null.

When the war in Europe commenced, the Shah, flattered by Russia, saw in it a favourable opportunity for reviving his projects against Herat and Afghanistan; and so he plunged into the present quarrel. Despite his professions of neutrality, the crafty Persian is said to have followed the diplomatic and strategic counsels of the Russian Government; and there is reason to believe that, but for the intervention of the Paris negotiations, a Russian armament would have crossed the Caspian early in spring, and occupied the Persian towns of Amol and Astrabad,—the goal of the expedition being Herat. The Peace of Paris, though it stopped the actual entrance of the Russians into Persia, allowed the Court of St Petersburg to make a great addition to her forces on the Caspian; and at the beginning of November, immediately after the fall of Herat, orders were given at St Petersburg to assemble an army of 40,000 men on the Persian frontiers. Prince Bariatinski was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Caucasian provinces, with ampler powers than his predecessors. All the war-steamers on the Caspian have been fully manned by the arrival of seamen from the naval ports. The war-magazines throughout the whole region, in part exhausted by the war, have been refilled; and it appears that both troops and stores have of late been transported by water to Astrabad, or the islands adjoining it. The “fiery” Chruleff commands the *corps d’armée* echeloned from Bakou to Erivan, along the verge of the Persian frontier; and as the principal weight of the Russian armaments is accumulated in this quarter, it is to be expected that the main intervention (if there be one) will take place from this point. Several staff-officers have been despatched into the adjoining

Persian province of Mazanderan, to reconnoitre the passage for troops and to draw topographical plans; and in the event of invasion, it is designed to occupy strongly the defiles of the Caspian Gates and of Komis, as it is by these two points that the centre of Persia can be approached. While these preparations are in progress, the semi-official letters from St Petersburg which appear in the Continental journals, boast that, despite the noisy demonstrations of England, Russia, owing to her silent preparations, will be able to take the upper hand of us in Persia; and the Russian journal *Le Nord* points to Persia “as a field of battle upon which, one day or other, there will be measured the relative strength of two great powers, which are at the same time European and Asiatic; and where will be ultimately decided the fortunes of Russia.”

The long-debated question as to the possibility of Russia attacking India is now universally regarded as solved in the affirmative. Those who once so stoutly denied it, must have been men who could not look beyond the present hour, and conceived that the world would stand still ever as it was in their day. Every decade of years has been removing some difficulty which these men thought insuperable. In these days of railways, telegraphs, and steam-navigation (of all of which Russia is availing herself), the remaining difficulties will vanish still more rapidly. Russia is not ready for an actual onset upon our Indian empire, but she is both ready and willing to engage with us in warlike rivalry for ascendancy over the intervening region of Persia, and will push forward her Asiatic vassals against the Indian ramparts which she herself is not yet ready to assail. The policy of Russia is a game of centuries. She will not spring too soon; she has learnt that grand secret of success—to wait. But waiting, with her, is not inaction; and her approaches towards India are now sufficiently far advanced to cause us active disquietude. She has begun in earnest to push forward her *tirailleurs* against us preparatory to the pitched battle. She will continue to throw Persia against

our first parallel of defence, Afghanistan; and, if unopposed, will carry the sap of bribery and coercion through that mountain-rampart up to the very plains of India. Henceforth we may look for a series of harassing attacks, increasing in magnitude—wandering Turkomans and civilised Persians being alike pressed into the service, until Russia descend herself into the arena, and press the assault with all her forces. It is at present only an affair of outposts; but such skirmishes often decide the issue of the ensuing battle, by allowing one side or other to seize posts of vantage which dominate over the rest of the field. Such a post is Herat; and if we do not get the Persians quickly expelled from it, we shall give them time to fortify and maintain it until the Russians also may arrive on the scene,—in which case the contest around its walls would at once assume most formidable proportions.

It is important to note the means and routes by which the Russians may advance to Afghanistan. It has been far too much the custom of geographers, as well as of the multitude, to regard all unknown regions as desert. Blank expanses in maps, undotted by the tiny circles which represent towns, we are too apt to look upon as uninhabitable solitudes, forgetful that the ignorance of the chart-maker may have as much to do with the matter as any want of population and fertility in the region itself. In this way we have been accustomed, from our school-days upwards, to regard the whole interior of Africa as an expanse of arid sand, whereas the recent explorations of Dr Livingstone and others show it to be in many parts one of the most luxuriant regions of the earth. We suspect that a larger portion of Central Asia will be found habitable and fertile than is now believed; and we shall see immediately, on the testimony of M. Ferrier and others, corroborated by the inductions of common sense, that not only the routes from the Caspian to Herat, but also those *viâ* Khiva and the Oxus, do not lie through such arid wastes as is commonly supposed. *Omne ignotum pro deserto* seems to

be as common a notion in geography, as is the tendency in other sciences to make synonymous terms of the unknown and the wonderful.

In describing the routes by which Russia is advancing towards the mountain-portals of India, let us start from the heart of the Czar's empire, viz., St Petersburg and Moscow,—twin capitals, already united to one another by railway, and soon about to be similarly united with the western and southern frontiers of the empire. From Moscow, the ancient and semi-Asiatic capital of Russia, the route stretches north-east to the banks of the Volga at Nishni-Novgorod,—the water-gate to Central Asia, and the scene of the great fair to which traders annually repair from all parts of northern and central Asia. The projected Moscow and Novgorod railway will encounter no engineering difficulties; for the country is an undulating plain, diversified by low hills, none of which rise more than five hundred feet above the sea-level. From Novgorod the route to Asia is by water, on the broad and vast stream of the Volga, upon which ply steamboats and craft of all kinds, in numbers already great, and yearly increasing; and by this cheapest of all kinds of conveyance, stores and troops are annually transported to and from the Persian frontiers. Sixteen or seventeen hundred miles of this watery highway, running south-eastwards, bring us to Astrakan, where the Volga debouches into the Caspian Sea. Here a long sheet of water opens out, extending nearly 700 miles from north to south, and varying from 100 to 250 miles in breadth. With the exception of a part of the western coast adjoining the mouth of the Terek, the shores are said to be bold, and the water so deep that in some places 450 fathoms will not reach the bottom. This inland sea is in the exclusive possession of Russia. No ship of war can sail its waters unless it bear the Russian flag. Indeed Persia, forbidden by treaty to have armed vessels of her own in that sea, has for a long time been compelled to invoke the assistance of the Russian war-ships, as a means of coercing the Turkomans on the eastern coast;

the consequence of which has been, that not only the Turkomans, but the population of the Persian provinces adjoining the Caspian, have learnt to stand more in awe of the Russians than of their natural rulers. The islands of the Caspian virtually belong to Russia, and two important insular groups, one in the bay of Balkan, half-way down the eastern side of the sea, and another in the bay of Astrabad, in the south-eastern corner, have just been seized by the Muscovites, as if in preparation for ulterior movements on the adjoining portions of the mainland.

From the shores of the Caspian, Russia is preparing to advance by two grand converging lines upon Affghanistan. Of these lines, one sets out from the north-eastern shores of the Caspian, the other from its south-eastern extremity. The latter, starting from Astrabad and proceeding straight to Herat, seems to us designed for the main attack; the former, proceeding *via* Khiva and the Oxus, as a supporting flank-movement. Along either of these lines Russian corps may make an early advance for the purpose of skirmishing, causing disquiet, and weakening British prestige in Affghanistan; or even, in concert with Persia, of taking permanent possession of Herat, if we are so tardy in our movements as to allow of her doing so. But the real attack, the solid and deliberate charge which meditates no recoiling, will not be made by Russia until she have converted Persia into a vassal state, and efficiently organised her forces and resources. This she will seek to do by keeping the Shah on the throne, but subjecting the Persian army to Russian officers and drill, and pulling the wires of the puppet government from St Petersburg. The accomplishment of all this by Russia is, in our opinion, a mere question of time; and, once accomplished, it will be found that in absorbing Persia our great Asiatic rival has most formidably added to his strength. The Persian army at present consists of 80,000 infantry; an artillery which, like that of all Asiatic nations, is better than its infantry; and clouds of cavalry,

that can perform marches of sixty or seventy miles a-day for several successive days, without inconvenience—thus being able to pass over tracts wholly impracticable to ordinary troops, and make most effective surprises. The raw material of the Persian army is excellent. “If regularly disciplined,” says Sir John McNeill, “and led by a competent number of European officers of intelligence and activity, there are few armies that, in a campaign in Asia, could boast of any great superiority over that of Persia. The men are singularly tractable, orderly, and obedient,—active, contented, and intelligent,—capable of enduring extraordinary fatigue and privations,—easily fed, and maintained at a moderate cost,—by no means wanting in courage or enterprise, and capable of perfect attachment to their officers,—in short, admirable materials for soldiers.” Such is the Power which Russia is moulding to her purposes,—over which she is likely immediately to get a still firmer hold,—and which will march by her side, or as a vanguard, in her onsets upon Affghanistan. So that, while a Russian corps advances from Astrabad as the base of its Trans-Caspian operations, the military forces of the Shah will advance from the heart of Persia, and both together march by contiguous and parallel routes to Herat.

From the Caspian to Herat is a distance of not quite six hundred miles. Part of this distance the Russians might travel by water, up the river Goorgan, and the still larger Attruck river,—both of which fall into the Caspian a little to the north of Astrabad, and the courses of which run due eastwards in the direction of Herat. Independently of these routes by water, which might be of use for nearly a third part of the way, three parallel lines of road lead through northern Khorassan to Herat. On all of these a scarcity of water, necessitating long marches, occurs at some points; but they are constantly travelled by the caravans, and have been repeatedly traversed by Persian armies and their artillery without difficulty. We could easily accumulate testimony, from the personal observations of Burnes, Conolly,

M'Neill, and Ferrier, to show that the region between the Caspian and Herat is no desert, that the food-supplies are sufficiently abundant, and the roads quite practicable for armies; but, not to speak of more ancient cases, we think the simple fact that Persian armies have repeatedly made the journey both backwards and forwards within the last thirty years, renders the tendering of such proof mere pedantry and supererogation. Let it suffice, then, to quote the compendious affirmation of Sir John M'Neill, who, writing from Meshed, in the very heart of these routes, and speaking of the region to the east of Herat as well as to the west of it, says: "The country between the frontiers of Persia and India is far more productive than I had imagined it to be; and I can assure your lordship there is no impediment, either from the physical features of the country or from deficiency of supplies, to the march of a large army from the frontiers of Georgia to Candahar, or, as I believe, to the Indus."

And so we reach Herat, by the main line of Russo-Persian attack. The other line of attack by which the Russians are advancing towards Afghanistan starts from the northern instead of the southern extremity of the Caspian, stretching across to the Aral Sea, making Khiva and its fertile oasis a base of operations, and thereafter ascending the great river Oxus to Balkh,—from whence a road leads due south, crossing the Hindoo Koosh at Bameean, to Cabool. In order to facilitate the crossing of the steppes between the Caspian and Aral Seas, the Russians have been slowly preparing three distinct routes for the march of troops. One of these ascends the course of the navigable river Yemba (which falls into the Caspian at its north-eastern corner), to a point where the river approaches the Aral Sea; and from that point there has been dug a line of wells, around which military colonies of Cossacks have been settled, across the steppe to the sea. These colonies of Cossacks, says M. Ferrier, "cultivate the surrounding soil, and create re-

sources which never existed before; so that in a few years an army will be able to obtain sufficient food and forage in all their encampments, and will reach the Aral Sea without difficulty." To the south of this line of wells lie two others,—one reaching from the river Ourloo Irghiz (a tributary of the Caspian), and tending towards the northern part of the Aral Sea; the other commencing from two points (Mangishlak and Dash-killeh) on the eastern shore of the Caspian, and uniting half-way in one line, which thence proceeds in the direction of Khiva, at the southern end of the Aral Sea. On the Aral, as on the Caspian, the Russians have already established a flotilla, which will serve to navigate the great Oxus river,—indeed, it is said that they even have steamers already plying upon that river. "The outposts of the Orenburg corps," says a Russian letter, "extend to the very extremity of the country of Turan, upon the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes; and the military flotilla of the Sea of Aral is brought by the above-named rivers to the frontiers of India." By this means the Russians will in due time advance south-eastwards up its course,—past Bokhara, which will fall, as Khiva has already fallen, under their domination—up to Balkh, where the Oxus ceases to be navigable, and which they must make a *point d'appui* before pushing southwards by the Bameean and five other more difficult passes to Cabool. It was by these passes through the Hindoo Koosh that Alexander, Baber, and Timour made their way into Afghanistan; but as the armies of the two latter were chiefly composed of Tartar horse, and that of the former had no artillery (though heavily bagged), the success of their invasions is no test of the practicability of this route for a modern army; and it appears that, even if undefended, the Bameean passes are only traversable by a force armed with light or mountain artillery. As Russia, when she establishes herself at Balkh, will have the whole cavalry of Khiva, Bokhara, and the Turkomanian steppes on her side, it is obvious that the least slip

made in the defence—the least opening left in the line of the Hindoo Koosh, would in such circumstances involve most embarrassing consequences to the defenders. Nevertheless it is equally obvious that such a quarter is ill suited to be made the object of the main attack, and that it is rather to be regarded as a flank movement subsidiary to, and in support of, the main line of Russo-Persian attack, *visâ* Astrabad and Meshed, against Herat.

One important object which, it seems to us, Russia has in advancing by Khiva and the Oxus, is the power which it will confer of winning or coercing the hardy tribes of Turkistan, which she will thus, as it were, catch in a net between her two lines of advance. Horses, cattle, and camels are the staple products of the region, and will thus be procured in great abundance; while the horsemen of the steppes, greedy of gain and fond of warlike adventure, would readily join in any enterprise against the regions of the south. For such auxiliaries, and even for a European corps, there is another route from the Oxus than that which leads to the Bamecan passes of the Hindoo Koosh. Instead of proceeding all the way up the Oxus to Balkh, and thence crossing the mountains to Cabool, this other route leaves the banks of the Oxus at Charjoee (half-way between the Aral Sea and Balkh), and strikes due southwards by Merv to Herat. The desert between Charjoee and Merv was crossed by Burnes in 1832, and does not present the difficulties which he anticipated. It is crossed almost annually by the khans of Khiva and Bokhara, at the head of expeditions sometimes numbering ten or twelve thousand horse; and M. Ferrier, who believes this route practicable for an army, states, that in the winter and spring even the desert steppes are covered with sufficient herbage to meet the requirements of an army. From Charjoee to Merv is about 130 miles; from Merv to Herat, about 240,—in all, 370. But the difficulties of the route terminate at Merv, where there is a well-watered oasis; and from thence the expeditionary force could march along the banks

of the Morghab river for nearly the whole way to Herat.

Thus, while flank-attacks might be made by the passes of the Hindoo Koosh upon Cabool, everything conspires to show that the main attack upon Afghanistan must take place by Herat. We have already described the importance of this place. "Herat," said Captain Conolly, twenty-seven years ago, "could be made a place of considerable strength. Nothing can exceed the plenty and excellence of the supplies from the valley; and an army might be garrisoned there for years with every necessary within its reach." That is just what the Russians will do with it, if ever it falls into their power. They will establish themselves there, — solidify their communications with the Caspian, by improving the roads and sinking wells,—push forward the sap of bribery and fair promises through Afghanistan, and excite disquiet and disaffection in India, until all things are ready for the grand assault and invasion. On the other hand, were Herat maintained by a British army, it would be almost impossible for either Persian or Russian to win a footing in its fertile valley. For it is one of the necessities of desert travelling, that an army can never march in a united body. It must advance in separate divisions, by different routes, or with intervals of one or more days' march between each corps, from the difficulty of maintaining a large force at any one halting-place, and in order that the scanty wells may have time to refill themselves. The consequence is, that were an efficient force concentrated about Gorian, at the western extremity of the Herat valley, it could attack the invading army with decisive advantage as the wearied corps came up in succession, or by separate routes, from their thirsty march through northern Khorassan.

Other topics connected with the war in Asia invite attention, and may be treated of in a future article. It will suffice for the present to have directed attention to the slow and sure advance of a rival European Power towards our Indian "garden,"—to the circumstances out of which has

arisen the present war with Persia—and the immense importance of Herat as the door of Afghanistan and key to the mountain-ports of our Indian empire. As to the merits of the war with Persia, we have clearly expressed ourselves. The grounds upon which our Government, in the proclamation of war, has justified a recourse to hostilities, are quite inadmissible; for they are founded upon a treaty which never was ratified. But, though wrong in its plea, the British Government was perfectly justified in having recourse to hostilities,—nay, more, it was imperatively called upon by the interests of the empire to take such a course. It is a strange misfortune that the treaty of 1853 was never ratified by the Aberdeen Government, and in such circumstances it was a grievous error of the present Government to found upon a document so obviously null. But the grand and simple justification of hostilities remains—namely, that apart from all conventions, if Persia choose to attack Afghanistan, we have an equal right to act in its defence; and that every principle of national interest concurred in urging us so to act. It will be a sad day for our Indian empire when Persia succeeds in establishing her power in Afghanistan.

As to the military measures of the Government, the least that we can say is that they have failed in warding off the most pressing danger. Not only Herat, but the whole western front of Afghanistan, embracing a third of the entire region, is in the hands of the Persians, who are doubtless consolidating their position there. The expedition to the Persian Gulf is a most important movement as regards ulterior results, but all the measures of actual defence for Afghanistan have been marked by a dilatoriness which has rendered them fruitless. The plan of the Government was, that a select band of officers should proceed to Herat to aid in its defence,—and had they gained that city in time it would have been saved; but although Herat held out much longer than was anticipated, the Persians were masters of it before the British officers

had set out on their journey! Money and arms, too, were ordered by the Home Government to be transmitted to Dost Mahomed, in order that he might manœuvre to raise the siege; but so tardily was the resolution taken that even yet no news has arrived of these supplies having reached Candahar! The fact is, our Indian Government ought to have been left to deal with Persia when that Power makes any attack upon Afghanistan; for in no other way can the requisite celerity of movement be attained. An army from the Caspian can reach Herat before the news of its starting can reach England, and Herat be easily captured before an answer from Downing Street be received at Bombay! In truth, even with the entire direction of affairs committed to the Indian Government, the chances are, that our measures of defence will be taken too late. The frontier of the Indus is too distant from Herat to allow of our maintaining that watch over its independence which is imperatively demanded by a regard for the safety of India. In 1839 our army, including a short halt at Khelat, took from the 23d February to the 25th April to march from Shikarpoor on the Indus to Candahar—about sixty days, a period that would suffice to bring an army to Herat from the Caspian; and other four hundred miles intervene between Candahar and Herat. In fact, the journey from the Indus to Herat is fully a half longer than that from Astrabad to the same place. These facts suggest grave reflections, which we cannot enter upon at the close of an article. But let the Government and public of this country lay this to heart, that a Russian corps could be landed at Astrabad, and be far on its march to Herat, before any intelligence of the event could reach England, or even India; and that the presence of a couple of Russian brigades, and a few engineers of the Todleben school, could hold the earthen defences of Herat for years against any force which we could bring against it. Even if the present danger blow over, these are facts which demand the most earnest attention of the Government and our military authorities.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. I.

THE SAD FORTUNES OF THE REVEREND AMOS BARTON.

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE Rev. Amos Barton, whose sad fortunes I have undertaken to relate, was, you perceive, in no respect an ideal or exceptional character, and perhaps I am doing a bold thing to bespeak your sympathy on behalf of a man who was so very far from remarkable,—a man whose virtues were not heroic, and who had no undetected crime within his breast; who had not the slightest mystery hanging about him, but was palpably and unmistakably commonplace; who was not even in love, but had had that complaint favourably many years ago. “An utterly uninteresting character!” I think I hear a lady reader exclaim—Mrs Farthingale, for example, who prefers the ideal in fiction; to whom tragedy means ermine tippets, adultery, and murder; and comedy, the adventures of some personage who is “quite a character.”

But, my dear madam, it is so very large a majority of your fellow-countrymen that are of this insignificant stamp. At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow-Britons returned in the last census, are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise; their eyes are neither deep and liquid with sentiment, nor sparkling with suppressed witticisms; they have probably had no hairbreadth escapes or thrilling adventures; their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is

there not a pathos in their very insignificance,—in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?

Depend upon it, my dear lady, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones. In that case, I should have no fear of your not caring to know what farther befell the Rev. Amos Barton, or of your thinking the homely details I have to tell at all beneath your attention. As it is, you can, if you please, decline to pursue my story farther; and you will easily find reading more to your taste, since I learn from the newspapers that many remarkable novels, full of striking situations, thrilling incidents, and eloquent writing, have appeared only within the last season.

Meanwhile, readers who have begun to feel an interest in the Rev. Amos Barton and his wife, will be glad to learn that Mr Oldinport lent the twenty pounds. But twenty pounds are soon exhausted when twelve are due as back payment to the butcher, and when the possession of eight extra sovereigns in February weather is an irresistible temptation to order a new greatcoat. And though Mr Bridmain so far departed from the necessary economy entailed on him by the Countess's elegant toilette and expensive maid, as to choose a handsome black silk, stiff, as his experienced eye discerned, with the genuine strength of its own texture, and not with the factitious strength of gum, and present it to Mrs Barton, in retrieval of the accident that had occurred at his table, yet, dear me—as every husband has heard—what is the present of a gown, when you are deficiently furnished with the

et-ceteras of apparel, and when, moreover, there are six children whose wear and tear of clothes is something incredible to the non-maternal mind?

Indeed, the equation of income and expenditure was offering new and constantly accumulating difficulties to Mr and Mrs Barton; for shortly after the birth of little Walter, Milly's aunt, who had lived with her ever since her marriage, had withdrawn herself, her furniture, and her yearly income, to the household of another niece; prompted to that step, very probably, by a slight "tiff" with the Rev. Amos, which occurred while Milly was up-stairs, and proved one too many for the elderly lady's patience and magnanimity. Mr Barton's temper was a little warm, but, on the other hand, elderly maiden ladies are known to be susceptible; so we will not suppose that all the blame lay on his side—the less so, as he had every motive for humouring an inmate whose presence kept the wolf from the door. It was now nearly a year since Miss Jackson's departure, and, to a fine ear, the howl of the wolf was audibly approaching.

It was a sad thing, too, that when the last snow had melted, when the purple and yellow crocuses were coming up in the garden, and the old church was already half pulled down, Milly had an illness which made her lips look pale, and rendered it absolutely necessary that she should not exert herself for some time. Mr Brand, the Shepperton doctor so obnoxious to Mr Pillgrim, ordered her to drink port-wine, and it was quite necessary to have a char-woman very often, to assist Nanny in all the extra work that fell upon her.

Mrs Hackit, who hardly ever paid a visit to any one but her oldest and nearest neighbour Mrs Patten, now took the unusual step of calling at the vicarage one morning; and the tears came into her unsentimental eyes as she saw Milly seated pale and feeble in the parlour, unable to persevere in sewing the pinafore that lay on the table beside her. Little Dickey, a boisterous boy of five, with large pink cheeks and sturdy legs, was having his turn to sit with

Mamma, and was squatting quiet as a mouse at her knee, holding her soft white hand between his little red, black-nailed fists. He was a boy whom Mrs Hackit, in a severe mood, had pronounced "stocky" (a word that etymologically, in all probability, conveys some allusion to an instrument of punishment for the refractory); but seeing him thus subdued into goodness, she smiled at him with her kindest smile, and, stooping down, suggested a kiss—a favour which Dickey resolutely declined.

"Now *do* you take nourishing things anuff?" was one of Mrs Hackit's first questions, and Milly endeavoured to make it appear that no woman was ever so much in danger of being over-fed and led into self-indulgent habits as herself. But Mrs Hackit gathered one fact from her replies, namely, that Mr Brand had ordered port-wine.

While this conversation was going forward, Dickey had been furtively stroking and kissing the soft white hand; so that at last, when a pause came, his mother said, smilingly, "Why are you kissing my hand, Dickey?"

"It id to yovely," answered Dickey, who, you observe, was decidedly backward in his pronunciation.

Mrs Hackit remembered this little scene in after days, and thought with peculiar tenderness and pity of the "stocky boy."

The next day there came a hamper with Mrs Hackit's respects; and on being opened, it was found to contain half-a-dozen of port-wine and two couples of fowls. Mrs Farquhar, too, was very kind; insisted on Mrs Barton's rejecting all arrow-root but hers, which was genuine Indian, and carried away Sophy and Fred to stay with her a fortnight. These and other good-natured attentions made the trouble of Milly's illness more bearable; but they could not prevent it from swelling expenses, and Mr Barton began to have serious thoughts of representing his case to a certain charity for the relief of needy curates.

Altogether, as matters stood in Shepperton, the parishioners were more likely to have a strong sense that the clergyman needed their material aid, than that they needed his

spiritual aid,—not the best state of things in this age and country, where faith in men solely on the ground of their spiritual gifts has considerably diminished, and especially unfavourable to the influence of the Rev. Amos, whose spiritual gifts would not have had a very commanding power even in an age of faith.

But, you ask, did not the Countess Czerlaski pay any attention to her friends all this time? To be sure she did. She was indefatigable in visiting her “sweet Milly,” and sitting with her for hours together; and it may seem remarkable to you that she neither thought of taking away any of the children, nor of providing for any of Milly’s probable wants; but ladies of rank and of luxurious habits, you know, cannot be expected to surmise the details of poverty. She put a great deal of eau-de-Cologne on Mrs Barton’s pocket-handkerchief, rearranged her pillow and footstool, kissed her cheeks, wrapped her in a soft warm shawl from her own shoulders, and amused her with stories of the life she had seen abroad. When Mr Barton joined them, she talked of Tractarianism, of her determination not to re-enter the vortex of fashionable life, and of her anxiety to see him in a sphere large enough for his talents. Milly thought her sprightliness and affectionate warmth quite charming, and was very fond of her; while the Rev. Amos had a vague consciousness that he had risen into aristocratic life, and only associated with his middle-class parishioners in a pastoral and parenthetic manner.

However, as the days brightened, Milly’s cheeks and lips brightened too; and in a few weeks she was almost as active as ever, though watchful eyes might have seen that activity was not easy to her. Mrs Hackit’s eyes were of that kind, and one day that Mr and Mrs Barton had been dining with her for the first time since Milly’s illness, she observed to her husband—“That poor thing’s dreadful weak an’ delicate, she won’t stan’ havin’ many more children.”

Mr Barton, meanwhile, had been indefatigable in his vocation. He had preached two extemporary ser-

mons every Sunday at the workhouse, where a room had been fitted up for divine service, pending the alterations in the church; and had walked the same evening to a cottage at one or other extremity of his parish to deliver another sermon, still more extemporary, in an atmosphere impregnated with spring-flowers and perspiration. After all these labours you will easily conceive that he was considerably exhausted by half-past nine o’clock in the evening, and that a supper at a friendly parishioner’s, with a glass, or even two glasses, of brandy-and-water after it, was a welcome reinforcement. Mr Barton was not at all an ascetic; he thought the benefits of fasting were entirely confined to the Old Testament dispensation; he was fond of relaxing himself with a little gossip; indeed, Miss Bond, and other ladies of enthusiastic views, sometimes regretted that Mr Barton did not more uninterruptedly exhibit a superiority to the things of the flesh. Thin ladies, who take little exercise, and whose livers are not strong enough to bear stimulants, are so extremely critical about one’s personal habits! And, after all, the Rev. Amos never came near the borders of a vice. His very faults were middling—he was not *very* ungrammatical. It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything; unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity. If there was any one point on which he showed an inclination to be excessive, it was confidence in his own shrewdness and ability in practical matters, so that he was very full of plans which were something like his moves in chess—admirably well calculated, supposing the state of the case were otherwise. For example, that notable plan of introducing anti-dissenting books into his lending library did not in the least appear to have bruised the head of Dissent, though it had certainly made Dissent strongly inclined to bite the Rev. Amos’s heel. Again, he vexed the souls of his churchwardens and influential parishioners by his fertile suggestiveness as to what it would be well for them to do in the matter of the church repairs, and other ecclesiastical secularities.

"I never see the like to parsons," Mr Hackit said one day in conversation with his brother churchwarden Mr Bond; "they're a'lys for meddlin' wi' business, an' they know no moor about it than my black filly."

"Ah," said Mr Bond, "they're too high learnt to have much common-sense."

"Well," remarked Mr Hackit, in a modest and dubious tone, as if throwing out a hypothesis which might be considered bold, "I should say that's a bad sort o' eddication as makes folks onreasonable."

So that, you perceive, Mr Barton's popularity was in that precarious condition, in that toppling and contingent state, in which a very slight push from a malignant destiny would utterly upset it. That push was not long in being given, as you shall hear.

One fine May morning, when Amos was out on his parochial visits, and the sunlight was streaming through the bow-window of the sitting-room, where Milly was seated at her sewing, occasionally looking up to glance at the children playing in the garden, there came a loud rap at the door, which she at once recognised as the Countess's, and that well-dressed lady presently entered the sitting-room, with her veil drawn over her face. Milly was not at all surprised or sorry to see her; but when the Countess threw up her veil, and showed that her eyes were red and swollen, she was both surprised and sorry.

"What can be the matter, dear Caroline?"

Caroline threw down Jet, who gave a little yelp; then she threw her arms round Milly's neck, and began to sob; then she threw herself on the sofa, and begged for a glass of water; then she threw off her bonnet and shawl; and, by the time Milly's imagination had exhausted itself in conjuring up calamities, she said—

"Dear, how shall I tell you? I am the most wretched woman. To be deceived by a brother to whom I have been so devoted—to see him degrading himself—giving himself utterly to the dogs!"

"What can it be?" said Milly, who began to picture to herself the sober

Mr Bridmain taking to brandy and betting.

"He is going to be married—to marry my own maid, that deceitful Alice, to whom I have been the most indulgent mistress. Did you ever hear of anything so disgraceful? so mortifying? so disreputable?"

"And has he only just told you of it?" said Milly, who, having really heard of worse conduct, even in her innocent life, avoided a direct answer.

"Told me of it! he had not even the grace to do that. I went into the dining-room suddenly and found him kissing her—disgusting at his time of life, is it not?—and when I reproved her for allowing such liberties, she turned round saucily, and said she was engaged to be married to my brother, and she saw no shame in allowing him to kiss her. Edmund is a miserable coward, you know, and looked frightened; but when she asked him to say whether it was not so, he tried to summon up courage and say yes. I left the room in disgust, and this morning I have been questioning Edmund, and find that he is bent on marrying this woman, and that he has been putting off telling me—because he was ashamed of himself, I suppose. I couldn't possibly stay in the house after this, with my own maid turned mistress. And now, Milly, I am come to throw myself on your charity for a week or two. *Will you take me in?*"

"That we will," said Milly, "if you will only put up with our poor rooms and way of living. It will be delightful to have you!"

"It will soothe me to be with you and Mr Barton a little while. I feel quite unable to go among my other friends just at present. What those two wretched people will do I don't know—leave the neighbourhood at once, I hope. I entreated my brother to do so, before he disgraced himself."

When Amos came home, he joined his cordial welcome and sympathy to Milly's. By-and-by the Countess's formidable boxes, which she had carefully packed before her indignation drove her away from Camp Villa, arrived at the vicarage, and were deposited in the spare bedroom, and in two closets, not spare, which Milly

emptied for their reception. A week afterwards, the excellent apartments at Camp Villa, comprising dining and drawing rooms, three bedrooms and a dressing-room, were again to let, and Mr Bridmain's sudden departure, together with the Countess Czerlaski's installation as a visitor at Shepperton Vicarage, became a topic of general conversation in the neighbourhood. The keen-sighted virtue of Millby and Shepperton saw in all this a confirmation of its worst suspicions, and pitied the Rev. Amos Barton's gullibility.

But when week after week, and month after month, slipped by without witnessing the Countess's departure—when summer and harvest had fled, and still left her behind them occupying the spare bedroom and the closets, and also a large proportion of Mrs Barton's time and attention, new surmises of a very evil kind were added to the old rumours, and began to take the form of settled convictions in the minds even of Mr Barton's most friendly parishioners.

CHAPTER VI.

One November morning, at least six months after the Countess Czerlaski had taken up her residence at the vicarage, Mrs Hackit heard that her neighbour Mrs Patten had an attack of her old complaint, vaguely called "the spasms." Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, she put on her velvet bonnet and cloth cloak, with a long boa and a muff large enough to stow a prize baby in; for Mrs Hackit regulated her costume by the calendar, and brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. She was not a woman weakly to accommodate herself to shilly-shally proceedings. If the season didn't know what it ought to do, Mrs Hackit did. In her best days, it was always sharp weather at "Gunpowder Plot," and she didn't like new fashions.

And this morning the weather was very rationally in accordance with her costume, for as she made her way through the fields to Cross Farm, the yellow leaves on the hedge-girt elms, which showed bright and golden

And now, here is an opportunity for an accomplished writer to apostrophise calumny, to quote Virgil, and to show that he is acquainted with the most ingenious things which have been said on that subject in polite literature.

But what is opportunity to the man who can't use it? An unfecundated egg, which the waves of time wash away into nonentity. So, as my memory is ill-furnished, and my note-book still worse, I am unable to show myself either erudite or eloquent *à propos* of the calumny whereof the Rev. Amos Barton was the victim. I can only ask my reader, did you ever upset your ink-bottle, and watch, in helpless agony, the rapid spread of Stygian blackness over your fair manuscript or fairer table-cover? With a like inky swiftness did gossip now blacken the reputation of the Rev. Amos Barton, causing the unfriendly to scorn and even the friendly to stand aloof, at a time when difficulties of another kind were fast thickening around him.

against the low-hanging purple clouds, were being scattered across the grassy path by the coldest of November winds. "Ah," Mrs Hackit thought to herself, "I dare say we shall have a sharp pinch this winter, and if we do, I shouldn't wonder if it takes the old lady off. They say a green Yule makes a fat churchyard; but so does a white Yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on't."

However, on her arrival at Cross Farm, the prospect of Mrs Patten's decease was again thrown into the dim distance in her imagination, for Miss Janet Gibbs met her with the news that Mrs Patten was much better, and led her, without any preliminary announcement, to the old lady's bedroom. Janet had scarcely reached the end of her circumstantial narrative how the attack came on and what were her aunt's sensations—a narrative to which Mrs Patten, in her neatly plaited night-cap, seemed to listen with a contemptuous resignation to her niece's historical inac-

curacy, contenting herself with occasionally confounding Janet by a shake of the head—when the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the yard pavement announced the arrival of Mr Pillgrim, whose large, top-booted person presently made its appearance upstairs. He found Mrs Patten going on so well that there was no need to look solemn. He might glide from condolence into gossip without offence, and the temptation of having Mrs Hackit's ear was irresistible.

"What a disgraceful business this is turning out of your parson's," was the remark with which he made this agreeable transition, throwing himself back in the chair from which he had been leaning towards the patient.

"Eh, dear me!" said Mrs Hackit, "disgraceful enough. I stuck to Mr Barton as long as I could, for his wife's sake; but I can't countenance such goings on. It's hateful to see that woman coming with 'em to service of a Sunday, and if Mr Hackit wasn't churchwarden and I didn't think it wrong to forsake one's own parish, I should go to Knebley church. There's a many parish'ners as do."

"I used to think Barton was only a fool," observed Mr Pillgrim, in a tone which implied that he was conscious of having been weakly charitable. "I thought he was imposed upon and led away by those people when they first came. But that's impossible now."

"O, it's as plain as the nose in your face," said Mrs Hackit, unreflectingly, not perceiving the equivocal in her comparison,—“coming to Millby, like a sparrow perchin' on a bough, as I may say, with her brother, as she called him; and then, all on a sudden, the brother goes off wi' himself, and she throws herself on the Bartons. Though what could make her take up wi' a poor notomise of a parson, as hasn't got enough to keep wife and children, there's one above knows—I don't."

"Mr Barton may have attractions we don't know of," said Mr Pillgrim, who piqued himself on a talent for sarcasm. "The Countess has no maid now, and they say Mr Barton is handy in assisting at her toilette—laces her boots, and so forth."

"Tilette, be fiddled!" said Mrs Hackit, with indignant boldness of metaphor; "an' there's that poor thing a-sewing her fingers to the bone for them children—an' another comin' on. What she must have to go through! It goes to my heart to turn my back on her. But she's i' the wrong to let herself be put upon a' that manner."

"Ah! I was talking to Mrs Farquhar about that the other day. She said, 'I think Mrs Barton a v-e-r-y w-e-a-k w-o-m-a-n.'" (Mr Pillgrim gave this quotation with slow emphasis, as if he thought Mrs Farquhar had uttered a remarkable sentiment.) "They find it impossible to invite her to their house while she has that equivocal person staying with her."

"Well!" remarked Miss Gibbs, "if I was a wife, nothing should induce me to bear what Mrs Barton does."

"Yes, it's fine talking," said Mrs Patten, from her pillow; "old maids' husbands are al'ys well-managed. If you was a wife you'd be as foolish as your betters, belike."

"All my wonder is," observed Mrs Hackit, "how the Bartons make both ends meet. You may depend on't she's got nothing to give 'em; for I understand as he's been havin' money from some clergy charity. They said at first as she stuffed Mr Barton wi' notions about her writing to the Chancellor an' her fine friends to give him a living. Howiver, I don't know what's true an' what's false. Mr Barton keeps away from our house now, for I gave him a bit o' my mind one day. Maybe he's ashamed of himself. He seems to me to look dreadful thin an' harassed of a Sunday."

"O, he must be aware he's getting into bad odour everywhere. The clergy are quite disgusted with his folly. They say Carpe would be glad to get Barton out of the curacy if he could; but he can't do that without coming to Shepperton himself, as Barton's a licensed curate; and he wouldn't like that, I suppose."

At this moment Mrs Patten showed signs of uneasiness, which recalled Mr Pillgrim to professional atten-

tions ; and Mrs Hackit, observing that it was Thursday, and she must see after the butter, said good - by, promising to look in again soon, and bring her knitting.

This Thursday, by the by, is the first in the month—the day on which the clerical meeting is held at Millby Vicarage ; and as the Rev. Amos Barton has reasons for not attending, he will very likely be a subject of conversation amongst his clerical brethren. Suppose we go there, and hear whether Mr Pillgrim has reported their opinion correctly.

There is not a numerous party to-day, for it is a season of sore throats and catarrhs ; so that the exegetical and theological discussions, which are the preliminary of dining, have not been quite so spirited as usual ; and although a question relative to the Epistle of Jude has not been quite cleared up, the striking of six by the church clock, and the simultaneous announcement of dinner, are sounds that no one feels to be importunate.

Pleasant (when one is not in the least bilious) to enter a comfortable dining-room, where the closely-drawn red curtains glow with the double light of fire and candle, where glass and silver are glittering on the pure damask, and a soup-tureen gives a hint of the fragrance that will presently rush out to inundate your hungry senses, and prepare them, by the delicate visitation of atoms, for the keen gusto of ampler contact ! Especially if you have confidence in the dinner-giving capacity of your host—if you know that he is not a man who entertains grovelling views of eating and drinking as a mere satisfaction of hunger and thirst, and, dead to all the finer influences of the palate, expects his guests to be brilliant on ill-flavoured gravies and the cheapest Marsala. Mr Ely was particularly worthy of such confidence, and his virtues as an Amphitryon had probably contributed quite as much as the central situation of Millby to the selection of his house as a clerical rendezvous. He looks particularly graceful at the head of his table, and, indeed, on all occasions where he acts as president or moderator—a man who seems to listen

well, and is an excellent amalgam of discrepant ingredients.

At the other end of the table, as “Vice,” sits Mr Fellowes, rector and magistrate, a man of imposing appearance, with a mellifluous voice, and the readiest of tongues. Mr Fellowes once obtained a living by the persuasive charms of his conversation, and the fluency with which he interpreted the opinions of an obese and stammering baronet, so as to give that elderly gentleman a very pleasing perception of his own wisdom. Mr Fellowes is a very successful man, and has the highest character everywhere except in his own parish, where, doubtless, because his parishioners happen to be quarrelsome people, he is always at fierce feud with a farmer or two, a colliery proprietor, a grocer who was once churchwarden, and a tailor who formerly officiated as clerk.

At Mr Ely's right hand you see a very small man with a sallow and somewhat puffy face, whose hair is brushed straight up, evidently with the intention of giving him a height somewhat less disproportionate to his sense of his own importance than the measure of five feet three accorded him by an oversight of nature. This is the Rev. Archibald Duke, a very dyspeptic and evangelical man, who takes the gloomiest view of mankind and their prospects, and thinks the immense sale of the “Pickwick Papers,” recently completed, one of the strongest proofs of original sin. Unfortunately, though Mr Duke was not burdened with a family, his yearly expenditure was apt considerably to exceed his income ; and the unpleasant circumstances resulting from this, together with heavy meat breakfasts, may probably have contributed to his desponding views of the world generally.

Next to him is seated Mr Furness, a tall young man, with blond hair and whiskers, who was plucked at Cambridge entirely owing to his genius ; at least, I know that he soon afterwards published a volume of poems, which were considered remarkably beautiful by many young ladies of his acquaintance. Mr Furness preached his own sermons, as any one of tolerable critical acumen

might have certified by comparing them with his poems : in both, there was an exuberance of metaphor and simile entirely original, and not in the least borrowed from any resemblance in the things compared.

On Mr Furness's left you see Mr Pugh, another young curate, of much less marked characteristics. He had not published any poems ; he had not even been plucked ; he had neat black whiskers and a pale complexion ; read prayers and a sermon twice every Sunday, and might be seen any day sallying forth on his parochial duties in a white tie, a well-brushed hat, a perfect suit of black, and well-polished boots—an equipment which he probably supposed hieroglyphically to represent the spirit of Christianity to the parishioners of Whittlecombe.

Mr Pugh's *vis-à-vis* is the Rev. Martin Cleves, a man about forty—middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with a negligently tied cravat, large irregular features, and a large head, thickly covered with lanky brown hair. To a superficial glance, Mr Cleves is the plainest and least clerical looking of the party ; yet, strange to say, *there* is the true parish priest, the pastor beloved, consulted, relied on by his flock ; a clergyman who is not associated with the undertaker, but thought of as the surest helper under a difficulty, as a monitor who is encouraging rather than severe. Mr Cleves has the wonderful art of preaching sermons which the wheelwright and the blacksmith can understand, not because he talks condescending twaddle, but because he can call a spade a spade, and knows how to disencumber ideas of their wordy frippery. Look at him more attentively and you will see that his face is a very interesting one—that there is a great deal of humour and feeling playing in his grey eyes, and about the corners of his roughly cut mouth : —a man, you observe, who has most likely sprung from the harder working section of the middle class, and has hereditary sympathies with the checkered life of the people. He gets together the working men in his parish on a Monday evening, and gives them a sort of conversational lecture on useful practical matters,

telling them stories, or reading some select passages from an agreeable book, and commenting on them ; and if you were to ask the first labourer or artisan in Tripplegate what sort of man the parson was, he would say,—“a uncommon knowing, sensible, free-spoken gentleman ; very kind an' good-natur'd too.” Yet for all this, he is perhaps the best Grecian of the party, if we except Mr Baird, the young man on his left.

Mr Baird has since gained considerable celebrity as an original writer and metropolitan lecturer, but at that time he used to preach in a little church something like a barn, to a congregation consisting of three rich farmers and their servants, about fifteen labourers, and the due proportion of women and children. The rich farmers understood him to be “very high learnt ;” but if you had interrogated them for a more precise description, they would have said that he was “a thinnish-faced man, with a sort o' cast in his eye, like.”

Seven, altogether : a delightful number for a dinner party, supposing the units to be delightful, but everything depends on that. During dinner, Mr Fellowes took the lead in the conversation, which set strongly in the direction of mangold-wurzel and the rotation of crops ; for Mr Fellowes and Mr Cleves cultivated their own glebes. Mr Ely, too, had some agricultural notions, and even the Rev. Archibald Duke was made alive to that class of mundane subjects by the possession of some potato ground. The two young curates talked a little aside during these discussions, which had imperfect interest for their unbeneficed minds ; and the transcendental and near-sighted Mr Baird seemed to listen somewhat abstractedly, knowing little more of potatoes and mangold-wurzel than that they were some form of the “Conditioned.”

“What a hobby farming is with Lord Watling !” said Mr Fellowes, when the cloth was being drawn. “I went over his farm at Tetterley with him last summer. It is really a model farm ; first-rate dairy, grazing and wheat land, and such splendid farm-buildings ! An expensive hobby, though. He sinks a good

deal of money there, I fancy. He has a great whim for black cattle, and he sends that drunken old Scotch bailiff of his to Scotland every year, with hundreds in his pocket, to buy these beasts."

"By the by," said Mr Ely, "do you know who is the man to whom Lord Watling has given the Bramhill living?"

"A man named Sargent. I knew him at Oxford. His brother is a lawyer, and was very useful to Lord Watling in that ugly Brounsell affair. That's why Sargent got the living."

"Sargent," said Mr Ely. "I know him. Isn't he a showy, talkative fellow; has written travels in Mesopotamia, or something of that sort?"

"That's the man."

"He was at Witherington once, as Bagshawe's curate. He got into rather bad odour there, through some scandal about a flirtation, I think."

"Talking of scandal," returned Mr Fellowes, "have you heard the last story about Barton? Nisbett was telling me the other day that he dines alone with the Countess at six, while Mrs Barton is in the kitchen acting as cook."

"Rather an apocryphal authority, Nisbett," said Mr Ely.

"Ah," said Mr Cleves, with good-natured humour twinkling in his eyes, "depend upon it, that is a corrupt version. The original text is, that they all dined together *with* six—meaning six children—and that Mrs Barton is an excellent cook."

"I wish dining alone together may be the worst of that sad business," said the Rev. Archibald Duke, in a tone implying that his wish was a strong figure of speech.

"Well," said Mr Fellowes, filling his glass and looking jocose, "Barton is certainly either the greatest gull in existence, or he has some cunning secret,—some philtre or other, to make himself charming in the eyes of a fair lady. It isn't all of us that can make conquests when our ugliness is past its bloom."

"The lady seemed to have made a conquest of him at the very outset," said Mr Ely. "I was immensely amused one night at Granby's, when he was telling us her story about

her husband's adventures. He said, 'When she told me the tale, I felt I don't know how,—I felt it from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet.'"

Mr Ely gave these words dramatically, imitating the Rev. Amos's fervour and symbolic action, and every one laughed, except Mr Duke, whose after-dinner view of things was not apt to be jovial. He said:

"I think some of us ought to remonstrate with Mr Barton on the scandal he is causing. He is not only imperilling his own soul, but the souls of his flock."

"Depend upon it," said Mr Cleves, "there is some simple explanation of the whole affair, if we only happened to know it. Barton has always impressed me as a right-minded man, who has the knack of doing himself injustice by his manner."

"Now I never liked Barton," said Mr Fellowes. "He's not a gentleman. Why, he used to be on terms of intimacy with that canting Prior, who died a little while ago;—a fellow who soaked himself with spirits, and talked of the Gospel through an inflamed nose."

"The Countess has given him more refined tastes, I dare say," said Mr Ely.

"Well," observed Mr Cleves, "the poor fellow must have a hard pull to get along, with his small income and large family. Let us hope the Countess does something towards making the pot boil."

"Not she," said Mr Duke; "there are greater signs of poverty about them than ever."

"Well, come," returned Mr Cleves, who could be caustic sometimes, and who was not at all fond of his reverend brother Mr Duke, "that's something in Barton's favour at all events. He might be poor *without* showing signs of poverty."

Mr Duke turned rather yellow, which was his way of blushing, and Mr Ely came to his relief by observing:

"They're making a very good piece of work of Shepperton Church. Dolby, the architect, who has it in hand, is a very clever fellow."

"It's he who has been doing Coppleton Church," said Mr Furness.

"They've got it in excellent order for the visitation."

This mention of the visitation suggested the Bishop, and thus opened a wide duct, which entirely diverted the stream of animadversion from that small pipe—that capillary vessel, the Rev. Amos Barton.

The talk of the clergy about their Bishop belongs to the esoteric part of their profession; so we will at once quit the dining-room at Millby Vicarage, lest we should happen to overhear remarks unsuited to the lay understanding, and perhaps dangerous to our repose of mind.

CHAPTER VII.

I dare say the long residence of the Countess Czerlaski at Shepperton Vicarage is very puzzling to you also, dear reader, as well as to Mr Barton's clerical brethren; the more so, as I hope you are not in the least inclined to put that very evil interpretation on it which evidently found acceptance with the sallow and dyspeptic Mr Duke, and with the florid and highly peptic Mr Fellowes. You have seen enough, I trust, of the Rev. Amos Barton, to be convinced that he was more apt to fall into a blunder than into a sin—more apt to be deceived than to incur a necessity for being deceitful: and if you have a keen eye for physiognomy, you will have detected that the Countess Czerlaski loved herself far too well to get entangled in an unprofitable vice.

How, then, you will say, could this fine lady choose to quarter herself on the establishment of a poor curate, where the carpets were probably falling into holes, where the attendance was limited to a maid of all work, and where six children were running loose from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening? Surely you must be misrepresenting the facts.

Heaven forbid! For not having a fertile imagination, as you perceive, and being unable to invent thrilling incidents for your amusement, my only merit must lie in the faithfulness with which I represent to you the humble experience of an ordinary fellow-mortal. I wish to stir your sympathy with commonplace troubles—to win your tears for real sorrow: sorrow such as may live next door to you—such as walks neither in rags nor in velvet, but in very ordinary decent apparel.

Therefore, that you may dismiss

your suspicions of my veracity, I will beg you to consider, that at the time the Countess Czerlaski left Camp Villa in dudgeon, she had only twenty pounds in her pocket, being about one-third of the income she possessed independently of her brother. You will then perceive that she was in the extremely inconvenient predicament of having quarrelled, not indeed with her bread and cheese, but certainly with her chicken and tart—a predicament all the more inconvenient to her, because the habit of idleness had quite unfitted her for earning those necessary superfluities, and because, with all her fascinations, she had not secured any enthusiastic friends whose houses were open to her, and who were dying to see her. Thus she had completely checkmated herself, unless she could resolve on one unpleasant move—namely, to humble herself to her brother, and recognise his wife. This seemed quite impossible to her as long as she entertained the hope that he would make the first advances; and in this flattering hope she remained month after month at Shepperton Vicarage, gracefully overlooking the deficiencies of accommodation, and feeling that she was really behaving charmingly. "Who, indeed," she thought to herself, "could do otherwise with a lovely, gentle creature like Milly? I shall really be sorry to leave the poor thing."

So, though she lay in bed till ten, and came down to a separate breakfast at eleven, she kindly consented to dine as early as five, when a hot joint was prepared, which coldly furnished forth the children's table the next day; she considerably prevented Milly from devoting herself

too closely to the children, by insisting on reading, talking, and walking with her; and she even began to embroider a cap for the next baby, which must certainly be a girl, and be named Caroline.

After the first month or two of her residence at the Vicarage, the Rev. Amos Barton became aware—as, indeed, it was unavoidable that he should—of the strong disapprobation it drew upon him, and the change of feeling towards him which it was producing in his kindest parishioners. But, in the first place, he still believed in the Countess as a charming and influential woman, disposed to befriend him, and, in any case, he could hardly hint departure to a lady guest who had been kind to him and his, and who might any day spontaneously announce the termination of her visit; in the second place, he was conscious of his own innocence, and felt some contemptuous indignation towards people who were ready to imagine evil of him; and, lastly, he had, as I have already intimated, a strong will of his own, so that a certain obstinacy and defiance mingled itself with his other feelings on the subject.

The one unpleasant consequence which was not to be evaded or counteracted by any mere mental state, was the increasing drain on his slender purse for household expenses, to meet which the remittance he had received from the clerical charity threatened to be quite inadequate. Slander may be defeated by equanimity; but courageous thoughts will not pay your baker's bill, and fortitude is nowhere considered legal tender for beef. Month after month the financial aspect of the Rev. Amos's affairs became more and more serious to him, and month after month, too, wore away more and more of that armour of indignation and defiance with which he had at first defended himself from the harsh looks of faces that were once the friendliest.

But quite the heaviest pressure of the trouble fell on Milly—on gentle, uncomplaining Milly—whose delicate body was becoming daily less fit for all the many things that had to be done between rising up and lying

down. At first, she thought the Countess's visit would not last long, and she was quite glad to incur extra exertion for the sake of making her friend comfortable. I can hardly bear to think of all the rough work she did with those lovely hands—all by the sly, without letting her husband know anything about it, and husbands are not clairvoyant—how she salted bacon, ironed shirts and cravats, put patches on patches, and redarned darns. Then there was the task of mending and eking out baby linen in prospect, and the problem perpetually suggesting itself how she and Nanny *should* manage when there was another baby, as there would be before very many months were past.

When time glided on, and the Countess's visit did not end, Milly was not blind to any phase of their position. She knew of the slander; she was aware of the keeping aloof of old friends; but these she felt almost entirely on her husband's account. A loving woman's world lies within the four walls of her own home; and it is only through her husband that she is in any electric communication with the world beyond. Mrs Simpkins may have looked scornfully at her, but baby crows and holds out his little arms none the less blithely; Mrs Tomkins may have left off calling on her, but her husband comes home none the less to receive her care and caresses; it has been wet and gloomy out of doors to-day, but she has looked well after the shirt buttons, has cut out baby's pinafores, and half finished Willy's blouse.

So it was with Milly. She was only vexed that her husband should be vexed—only wounded because he was misconceived. But the difficulty about ways and means she felt in quite a different manner. Her rectitude was alarmed lest they should have to make tradesmen wait for their money; her motherly love dreaded the diminution of comforts for the children, and the sense of her own failing health gave exaggerated force to these fears.

Milly could no longer shut her eyes to the fact, that the Countess was inconsiderate, if she did not

allow herself to entertain severer thoughts; and she began to feel that it would soon be a duty to tell her frankly that they really could not afford to have her visit farther prolonged. But a process was going forward in two other minds, which ultimately saved Milly from having to perform this painful task.

In the first place, the Countess was getting weary of Shepperton—wearied of waiting for her brother's overtures which never came; so, one fine morning, she reflected that forgiveness was a Christian duty, that a sister should be placable, that Mr Bridmain must feel the need of her advice, to which he had been accustomed for three years, and that very likely "that woman" didn't make the poor man happy. In this amiable frame of mind she wrote a very affectionate appeal, and addressed it to Mr Bridmain, through his banker.

Another mind that was being wrought up to a climax was Nanny's, the maid of all work, who had a warm heart and a still warmer temper. Nanny adored her mistress: she had been heard to say, that she was "ready to kiss the ground as the missis trod on;" and Walter, she considered, was *her* baby, of whom she was as jealous as a lover. But she had from the first very slight admiration for the Countess Czerlaski. That lady, from Nanny's point of view, was a personage always "drawed out i' fine clothes," the chief result of whose existence was to cause additional bed-making, carrying of hot water, laying of table-cloths and cooking of dinners. It was a perpetually heightening "aggravation" to Nanny that she and her mistress had to "slave" more than ever, because there was this fine lady in the house.

"An' she pays nothin' for't neither," observed Nanny to Mr Jacob Tomms, a young gentleman in the tailoring line, who occasionally—simply out of a taste for dialogue—looked into the vicarage kitchen of an evening. "I know the master's shorter o' money than iver, an' it maks no end o' difference i' th' housekeepin'—her bein' here, besides bein' obliged to have a charwoman constant."

"There's fine stories i' the village

about her," said Mr Tomms. "They say as Muster Barton's great wi' her, or else she'd niver stop here."

"Then they say a passill o' lies, an' you ought to be ashamed to goo an' tell 'em o'er again. Do *you* think as the master as has got a wife like the missis, 'ud goo runnin' arter a stuck up piece o' goods like that Countess, as isn't fit to black the missis's shoes? I'm none so fond o' the master, but I know better on him nor that."

"Well, I didn't b'lieve it," said Mr Tomms, humbly.

"B'lieve it? you'd ha' been a ninny if yer did. An' she's a nasty stingy thing, that Countess. She's niver giv me a sixpence or an old rag either, sin' here she's been. A-lyin' a bed an' a-comin' down to breakfast when other folks wants their dinner!"

If such was the state of Nanny's mind as early as the end of August, when this dialogue with Mr Tomms occurred, you may imagine what it must have been by the beginning of November, and that at that time a very slight spark might any day cause the long smouldering anger to flame forth in open indignation.

That spark happened to fall the very morning that Mrs Hackit paid the visit to Mrs Patten, recorded in the last chapter. Nanny's dislike of the Countess extended to the innocent dog Jet, whom she "couldn't a-bear to see made a fuss wi' like a Christian. An' the little ouzle must be washed, too, ivery Saturday, as if there wasn't children enoo to wash, wi'out washin' dogs."

Now this particular morning it happened that Milly was quite too poorly to get up, and Mr Barton observed to Nanny, on going out, that he would call and tell Mr Brand to come. These circumstances were already enough to make Nanny anxious and susceptible. But the Countess, comfortably ignorant of them, came down as usual about eleven o'clock to her separate breakfast, which stood ready for her at that hour in the parlour; the kettle singing on the hob that she might make her own tea. There was a little jug of cream, taken according to custom from last night's milk, and specially saved for the Countess's breakfast.

Jet always awaited his mistress at her bedroom door, and it was her habit to carry him down stairs.

"Now, my little Jet," she said, putting him down gently on the hearth-rug, "you shall have a nice, nice breakfast."

Jet indicated that he thought that observation extremely pertinent and well-timed, by immediately raising himself on his hind-legs, and the Countess emptied the cream-jug into the saucer. Now there was usually a small jug of milk standing on the tray by the side of the cream, and destined for Jet's breakfast, but this morning Nanny, being "moithered," had forgotten that part of the arrangements, so that when the Countess had made her tea, she perceived there was no second jug, and rang the bell. Nanny appeared, looking very red and heated—the fact was, she had been "doing up" the kitchen fire, and that is a sort of work which by no means conduces to blandness of temper.

"Nanny, you have forgotten Jet's milk; will you bring me some more cream, please?"

This was just a little too much for Nanny's forbearance.

"Yes, I dare say. Here am I wi' my hands full o' the children an' the dinner, and missis ill a-bed, and Mr Brand a-comin'; and I must run o'er the village to get more cream, because you've giv it to that nasty little blackamoor."

"Is Mrs Barton ill?"

"Ill—yes—I should think she *is* ill, an' much you care. She's likely to be ill, moithered as *she* is from mornin' to night, wi' folks as had better be elsewhere."

"What do you mean by behaving in this way?"

"Mean? Why, I mean as the missis is a slavin' her life out an' a-sittin' up o' nights, for folks as are better able to wait of *her*, i'stid o' lyin' a-bed an' doin' nothin' all the blessed day, but mek work."

"Leave the room, and don't be insolent."

"Insolent! I'd better be insolent than like what some folks is,—a-livin' on other folks, an' bringin' a bad name on 'em into the bargain."

Here Nanny flung out of the room,

leaving the lady to digest this unexpected breakfast at her leisure.

The Countess was stunned for a few minutes, but when she began to recall Nanny's words, there was no possibility of avoiding very unpleasant conclusions from them, or of failing to see her position at the Vicarage in an entirely new light. The intrepitation too of Nanny's allusion to a "bad name" did not lie out of the reach of the Countess's imagination, and she saw the necessity of quitting Shepperton without delay. Still, she would like to wait for her brother's letter—no—she would ask Milly to forward it to her—still better, she would go at once to London, inquire her brother's address at his banker's, and go to see him without preliminary.

She went up to Milly's room, and, after kisses and inquiries, said—"I find, on consideration, dear Milly, from the letter I had yesterday, that I must bid you good-by and go up to London at once. But you must not let me leave you ill, you naughty thing."

"O no," said Milly, who felt as if a load had been taken off her back, "I shall be very well in an hour or two. Indeed, I'm much better now. You will want me to help you to pack. But you won't go for two or three days?"

"Yes, I must go to-morrow. But I shall not let you help me pack, so don't entertain any unreasonable projects, but lie still. Mr Brand is coming, Nanny says."

The news was not an unpleasant surprise to Mr Barton when he came home, though he was able to express more regret at the idea of parting than Milly could summon to her lips. He retained more of his original feeling for the Countess than Milly did, for women never betray themselves to men as they do to each other; and the Rev. Amos had not a keen instinct for character. But he felt that he was being relieved from a difficulty, and in the way that was easiest for him. Neither he nor Milly suspected that it was Nanny who had cut the knot for them, for the Countess took care to give no sign on that subject. As for Nanny, she was perfectly aware of the relation between cause and effect in the

affair, and secretly chuckled over her outburst of "saucy," as the best morning's work she had ever done.

So on Friday morning, a fly was seen standing at the Vicarage gate, with the Countess's boxes packed upon it; and presently that lady herself was seen getting into the vehicle. After a last shake of the hand to Mr Barton, and last kisses to Milly and the children, the door was closed; and as the fly rolled off, the little party at the Vicarage gate caught a last glimpse of the handsome Countess leaning and waving kisses from the carriage window. Jet's little black phiz was also seen, and doubtless he had his thoughts and feelings on the occasion, but he kept them strictly within his own bosom.

The schoolmistress opposite witnessed this departure, and lost no time in telling it to the schoolmaster, who again communicated the news to the landlord of "The Jolly Colliers," at the close of the morning school-hours. Nanny poured the joyful tidings into the ear of Mr Farquhar's footman, who happened to call with a letter, and Mr Brand carried them to all the patients he visited that morning, after calling on Mrs Barton. So that before Sunday, it was very generally known in Shepperton parish, that the Countess Ozerlaski had left the Vicarage.

The Countess had left, but alas! the bills she had contributed to swell still remained; so did the exiguity of the children's clothing, which also was partly an indirect consequence of her presence; and so, too, did the coolness and alienation in the parishioners, which could not at once vanish before the fact of her departure. The Rev. Amos was not exculpated—the past was not expunged. But, what was worse than all, Milly's health gave frequent cause for alarm, and the prospect of baby's birth was overshadowed by more than the usual fears. The birth came prematurely, about six weeks after the Countess's departure, but Mr Brand gave favourable reports to all inquirers on the following day, which was Saturday. On Sunday, after morning service, Mrs Hackit called at the Vicarage to inquire how Mrs Barton was, and was invited up-stairs to see her. Milly lay placid and lovely in her feebleness, and held out her hand to Mrs Hackit with a beaming smile. It was very pleasant to her to see her old friend unreserved and cordial once more. The seven months' baby was very tiny and very red, but "handsome is that handsome does,"—he was pronounced to be "doing well," and Mrs Hackit went home gladdened at heart to think that the perilous hour was over.

CHAPTER VIII.

The following Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said—

"If you please 'm, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs Barton's wuss, and not expected to live?"

Mrs Hackit turned pale, and hurried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad news at an alehouse in the village. Mr Hackit followed her out and said, "Thee'dst better have the pony-chaise, and go directly."

"Yes," said Mrs Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. "Rachel, come an' help me on wi' my things."

When her husband was wrapping her cloak round her feet in the pony-chaise, she said—

"If I don't come home to-night, I shall send back the pony-chaise, and you'll know I'm wanted there."

"Yes, yes."

It was a bright frosty day, and by the time Mrs Hackit arrived at the Vicarage, the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage and pair standing at the gate, which she recognised as Dr Madeley's, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the kitchen door, that she might avoid knocking, and quietly question Nanny. No one was in the kitchen, but, passing on, she saw the sitting-room door open, and Nanny, with Walter in her arms, removing the knives and forks, which

had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

"Master says he can't eat no dinner," was Nanny's first word. "He's never tasted nothin' sin' yesterday mornin', but a cup o' tea."

"When was your missis took worse?"

"O' Monday night. They sent for Dr Madeley i' the middle o' the day yesterday, an' he's here again now."

"Is the baby alive?"

"No, it died last night. The children's all at Mrs Bond's. She came and took 'em away last night, but the master says they must be fetched soon. He's up-stairs now, wi' Dr Madeley and Mr Brand."

At this moment Mrs Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot, in the passage; and presently Amos Barton entered, with dry despairing eyes, haggard and unshaven. He expected to find the sitting-room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Milly's work-basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow-window. But when he saw Mrs Hackit come towards him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent-up fountain of tears was opened; he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

"Bear up, Mr Barton," Mrs Hackit ventured to say at last, "bear up for the sake o' them dear children."

"The children," said Amos, starting up. "They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Milly will want to . . ."

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs Hackit understood him and said, "I'll send the man with the pony-carriage for 'em."

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr Madeley and Mr Brand, who were just going.

Mr Brand said: "I am very glad to see you are here, Mrs Hackit. No time must be lost in sending for the children. Mrs Barton wants to see them."

"Do you quite give her up, then?"

"She can hardly live through the night. She begged us to tell her how long she had to live; and then asked for the children."

The pony-carriage was sent; and

Mrs Hackit, returning to Mr Barton, said she should like to go up-stairs now. He went up-stairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west; the sun was just setting, and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Milly lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The feather-bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress with her head slightly raised by pillows. Her long fair neck seemed to be struggling with a painful effort; her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the nurse, and the mistress of the free school, who had come to give her help from the beginning of the change.

Amos and Mrs Hackit stood beside the bed, and Milly opened her eyes.

"My darling, Mrs Hackit is come to see you."

Milly smiled and looked at her with that strange, far-off look which belongs to ebbing life.

"Are the children coming?" she said, painfully.

"Yes, they will be here directly."

She closed her eyes again.

Presently the pony-carriage was heard; and Amos, motioning to Mrs Hackit to follow him, left the room. On their way down stairs, she suggested that the carriage should remain to take them away again afterwards, and Amos assented.

There they stood in the melancholy sitting-room—the five sweet children, from Patty to Chubby—all, with their mother's eyes—all, except Patty, looking up with a vague fear at their father as he entered. Patty understood the great sorrow that was come upon them, and tried to check her sobs as she heard her papa's footsteps.

"My children," said Amos, taking Chubby in his arms, "God is going to take away your dear mamma from us. She wants to see you to say good-by. You must try to be very good and not cry."

He could say no more, but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way up-stairs, leading Dickey with the other hand. Mrs Hackit followed with Sophy and Patty, and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Milly had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking towards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amos nearest to her, holding Chubby and Dickey. But she motioned for Patty to come first, and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said,—

“Patty, I’m going away from you. Love your papa. Comfort him; and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you.”

Patty stood perfectly quiet, and said, “Yes, mamma.”

The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean towards her and kiss her; and then Patty’s great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her towards him and pressed her head gently to him, while Milly beckoned Fred and Sophy, and said to them, more faintly :—

“Patty will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good, and not vex her.”

They leaned towards her, and she stroked their fair heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy; but they thought, perhaps next week things would be as they used to be again.

The little ones were lifted on the bed to kiss her. Little Waltersaid, “Mamma, mamma,” and stretched out his fat arms and smiled; and Chubby seemed gravely wondering; but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere; his little heart swelled, and he cried aloud.

Then Mrs Hackit and Nanny took them all away. Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs Bond’s again; but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony-carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone. Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face. By-and-by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly,

“My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy.”

She spoke no more for many hours. They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past. About half-past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

“Music—music—didn’t you hear it?”

Amos knelt by the bed, and held her hand in his. He did not believe in his sorrow. It was a bad dream. He did not know when she was gone. But Mr Brand, whom Mrs Hackit had sent for before twelve o’clock, thinking that Mr Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him and said,—

“She feels no more pain now. Come, my dear sir, come with me.”

“She isn’t *dead*?” shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr Brand, who had taken him by the arm. But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

They laid her in the grave—the sweet mother with her baby in her arms—while the Christmas snow lay thick upon the graves. It was Mr Cleves who buried her. On the first news of Mr Barton’s calamity, he had ridden over from Tripplegate to beg that he might be made of some use, and his silent grasp of Amos’s

hand had penetrated like the painful thrill of life-recovering warmth to the poor benumbed heart of the stricken man.

The snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the vicarage to the church, and

from the church to the open grave. There were men and women standing in that churchyard who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor, and who had lightly charged him with sin; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity.

All the children were there, for Amos had willed it so, thinking that some dim memory of that sacred moment might remain even with little Walter, and link itself with what he would hear of his sweet mother in after years. He himself led Patty and Dickey; then came Sophy and Fred; Mr Brand had begged to carry Chubby, and Nanny followed with Walter. They made a circle round the grave while the coffin was being lowered. Patty alone of all the children felt that mamma was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for papa and herself. She was pale and trembling, but she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though they were only two and three years younger, and though they had seen mamma in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. They had not learned to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny, illness and death. Dickey had rebelled against his black clothes, until he was told that it would be naughty to mamma not to put them on, when he at once submitted; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that mamma was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again to-morrow, and say he had been a good boy, and let him empty her work-box. He stood close to his father, with great rosy cheeks and wide open blue eyes, looking first up at Mr Cleves and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that, when they got home.

The burial was over, and Amos turned with his children to re-enter the house—the house where, an hour ago, Milly's dear body lay, where the windows were half-darkened, and sorrow seemed to have a hallowed precinct for itself, shut out from the

world. But now she was gone; the broad snow-reflected daylight was in all the rooms; the Vicarage again seemed part of the common working-day world, and Amos, for the first time, felt that he was alone—that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fire-side in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never show her his love any more, never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!

Amos Barton had been an affectionate husband, and while Milly was with him, he was never visited by the thought that perhaps his sympathy with her was not quick and watchful enough; but now he re-lived all their life together, with that terrible keenness of memory and imagination which bereavement gives, and he felt as if his very love needed a pardon for its poverty and selfishness.

No outward solace could counteract the bitterness of this inward woe. But outward solace came. Cold faces looked kind again, and parishioners turned over in their minds what they could best do to help their pastor. Mr Oldinport wrote to express his sympathy, and enclosed another twenty-pound note, begging that he might be permitted to contribute in this way to the relief of Mr Barton's mind from pecuniary anxieties, under the pressure of a grief which all his parishioners must share; and offering his interest towards placing the two eldest girls in a school expressly

founded for clergymen's daughters. Mr Cleves succeeded in collecting thirty pounds among his richer clerical brethren, and, adding ten pounds himself, sent the sum to Amos, with the kindest and most delicate words of Christian fellowship and manly friendship. Miss Jackson forgot old grievances, and came to stay some months with Milly's children, bringing such material aid as she could spare from her small income. These were substantial helps, which relieved Amos from the pressure of his money difficulties; and the friendly attentions, the kind pressure of the hand, the cordial looks he met with everywhere in his parish, made him feel that the fatal frost which had settled on his pastoral duties, during the Countess's residence at the Vicarage, was completely thawed, and that the hearts of his parishioners were once more open to him.

No one breathed the Countess's name now; for Milly's memory hallowed her husband, as of old the place was hallowed on which an angel from God had alighted.

When the spring came, Mrs Hackit begged that she might have Dickey to stay with her, and great was the enlargement of Dickey's experience from that visit. Every morning he was allowed—being well wrapped up as to his chest, by Mrs Hackit's own hands, but very bare and red as to his legs—to run loose in the cow and poultry yard, to persecute the turkey-cock by satirical imitations of his gobble-gobble, and to put difficult questions to the groom as to the reasons why horses had four legs, and other transcendental matters. Then Mr Hackit would take Dickey up on horseback when he rode round his farm, and Mrs Hackit had a large plumcake in, cut ready to meet incidental attacks of hunger. So that Dickey had considerably modified his views as to the desirability of Mrs Hackit's kisses.

The Miss Farquhars made particular pets of Fred and Sophy, to whom they undertook to give lessons twice a-week in writing and geography; and Mrs Farquhar devised many treats for the little ones. Patty's treat was to stay at home,

or walk about with her papa; and when he sat by the fire in an evening, after the other children were gone to bed, she would bring a stool, and placing it against his feet, would sit down upon it and lean her head against his knee. Then his hand would rest on that fair head, and he would feel that Milly's love was not quite gone out of his life.

So the time wore on till it was May again, and the church was quite finished and reopened in all its new splendour, and Mr Barton was devoting himself with more vigour than ever to his parochial duties. But one morning—it was a very bright morning, and evil tidings sometimes like to fly in the finest weather—there came a letter for Mr Barton, addressed in the Vicar's handwriting. Amos opened it with some anxiety—somehow or other he had a presentiment of evil. The letter contained the announcement that Mr Carpe had resolved on coming to reside at Shepperton, and that, consequently, in six months from that time Mr Barton's duties as curate in that parish would be closed.

O, it was hard! Just when Shepperton had become the place where he most wished to stay—where he had friends who knew his sorrows—where he lived close to Milly's grave. To part from that grave seemed like parting with Milly a second time; for Amos was one who clung to all the material links between his mind and the past. His imagination was not vivid, and required the stimulus of some actual perception.

It roused some bitter feeling, too, to think that Mr Carpe's wish to reside at Shepperton was merely a pretext for removing Mr Barton, in order that he might ultimately give the curacy of Shepperton to his own brother-in-law, who was known to be wanting a new position.

Still, it must be borne; and the painful business of seeking another curacy must be set about without loss of time. After the lapse of some months, Amos was obliged to renounce the hope of getting one at all near Shepperton, and he at length resigned himself to accepting one in a distant county. The parish was in

a large manufacturing town, where his walks would lie among noisy streets and dingy alleys, and where the children would have no garden

to play in, no pleasant farmhouses to visit.

It was another blow inflicted on the bruised man.

CHAPTER X.

At length the dreaded week was come, when Amos and his children must leave Shepperton. There was general regret among the parishioners at his departure: not that any one of them thought his spiritual gifts pre-eminent, or was conscious of great edification from his ministry. But his recent troubles had called out their better sympathies, and that is always a source of love. Amos failed to touch the spring of goodness by his sermons, but he touched it effectually by his sorrows; and there was now a real bond between him and his flock.

"My heart aches for them poor motherless children," said Mrs Hackit to her husband, "a-goin' among strangers, an' into a nasty town, where there's no good victuals to be had, and you must pay dear to get bad 'uns."

Mrs Hackit had a vague notion of a town-life as a combination of dirty backyards, measly pork, and dingy linen.

The same sort of sympathy was strong among the poorer class of parishioners. Old stiff-jointed Mr Tozer, who was still able to earn a little by gardening "jobs," stopped Mrs Cramp, the charwoman, on her way home from the Vicarage, where she had been helping Nanny to pack up the day before the departure, and inquired very particularly into Mr Barton's prospects.

"Ah, poor mon," he was heard to say, "I am surry fur 'im. He hedn't much here, but he'll be wuss off theer. Half a loaf's better nor ne'er 'un."

The sad good-byes had all been said before that last evening; and after all the packing was done and all the arrangements were made, Amos felt the oppression of that blank interval in which one has nothing left to think of but the dreary future—the

separation from the loved and familiar, and the chilling entrance on the new and strange. In every parting there is an image of death.

Soon after ten o'clock, when he had sent Nanny to bed, that she might have a good night's rest before the fatigues of the morrow, he stole softly out to pay a last visit to Milly's grave. It was a moonless night, but the sky was thick with stars, and their light was enough to show that the grass had grown long on the grave, and that there was a tombstone telling in bright letters on a dark ground, that beneath were deposited the remains of Amelia, the beloved wife of Amos Barton, who died in the thirty-fifth year of her age, leaving a husband and six children to lament her loss. The final words of the inscription were, "Thy will be done."

The husband was now advancing towards the dear mound from which he was so soon to be parted, perhaps for ever. He stood a few minutes reading over and over again the words on the tombstone, as if to assure himself that all the happy and unhappy past was a reality. For love is frightened at the intervals of insensibility and callousness that encroach by little and little on the dominion of grief, and it makes efforts to recall the keenness of the first anguish.

Gradually, as his eye dwelt on the words, "Amelia, the beloved wife," the waves of feeling swelled within his soul, and he threw himself on the grave, clasping it with his arms and kissing the cold turf.

"Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough—I wasn't tender enough to thee—but I think of it all now."

The sobs came and choked his utterance, and the warm tears fell.

CONCLUSION.

Only once again in his life has Amos Barton visited Milly's grave. It was in the calm and softened light of an autumnal afternoon, and he was not alone. He held on his arm a young woman, with a sweet, grave face, which strongly recalled the expression of Mrs Barton's, but was less lovely in form and colour. She was about thirty, but there were some premature lines round her mouth and eyes, which told of early anxiety.

Amos himself was much changed. His thin circle of hair was nearly white, and his walk was no longer firm and upright. But his glance was calm, and even cheerful, and his neat linen told of a woman's care. Milly didn't take all her love from the earth when she died. She had left some of it in Patty's heart.

All the other children were now grown up, and had gone their several ways. Dickey, you will be

glad to hear, had shown remarkable talents as an engineer. His cheeks are still ruddy, in spite of mixed mathematics, and his eyes are still large and blue; but in other respects his person would present no marks of identification for his friend Mrs Hackit, if she were to see him; especially now that her eyes must be grown very dim, with the wear of more than twenty additional years. He is nearly six feet high, and has a proportionately broad chest; he wears spectacles, and rubs his large white hands through a mass of shaggy brown hair. But I am sure you have no doubt that Mr Richard Barton is a thoroughly good fellow, as well as a man of talent, and you will be glad any day to shake hands with him, for his own sake as well as his mother's.

Patty alone remains by her father's side, and makes the evening sunshine of his life.

TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

Christmas Eve, 1856.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—A merry Yule-tide, and may the young year use you as well as the old ones, and so you will do very well! So you did not ask me to eat my Christmas dinner with you; yours is strictly a family party. The Rector, and the Rose and rose-buds of Devon, and a spinster cousin of yours, a kind of benignant Banshee of your house, who comes to light not when any one is going to die, but whenever all the members of your family are going to live—particularly well: kissed under the mistletoe like the rest, and blushing like the evening when the Reverend Celsus unbends so far as to acknowledge that relic of heathendom, the wicked parasitical plant with which the fair god Balder was slain. Well, Irenæus, an old bachelor at Christmas is not much unlike the mistletoe; he cannot live by himself; has no roots of his own, and must find some family oak to fix himself upon. He cannot dine drearily in his rooms, or sulk at his club on Christmas day: he must turn parasite for the nonce; and then it is his duty like the mistletoe to promote the fun as much as possible. Irenæus, if no eyes but thine were destined to look at this page, I might tell thee where I ate my Christmas dinner, but my letter is peculiarly circumstanced. There is a grave old lady called Maga looking over my shoulder while I write, and I am obliged to be circumspect in consequence. But if I could have eaten two Christmas dinners, as young ladies in town go to two or even more balls of a night, I certainly should like to have eaten my second with you; or had I the power to divide myself, my wraith or double should have sat down with you, uninvited as Banquo's ghost, but rather more cheerfully; that is, if a wraith or double possesses digestive organs, and organs capable of digesting a Christmas dinner. Howbeit I can picture in imagination the cheerfulness of your fireside; the delighted scream of the children at the

blazing pudding, puzzled to know how they were to eat fire, especially with a grandpapa whose name implies that he is not a fire-eater himself, although I suspect him of being so in spite of his name;—the blind man's buff and hunt-the-slipper with Irenæus obliged to pay forfeit and remove a taper from a basin of water with his mouth; the Christmas tree, that prettiest of all modern importations from Germany, like many other pretty things a little dangerous, liable to set people a-fire—hung round with the gifts which the little ones believe came from the Babe of Bethlehem; and when the little ones are gone to bed, the quiet rubber in the corner, which Irenæus has on principle, because the Puritans think cards wicked at all times, and especially on Christmas day; not that he cares much about it himself, for he only plays for postage stamps. I know that Christmas is a good time with you, Irenæus, not coming, but come; like that Christmas of the heathen Romans—

When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within.
When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the fire-brands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows.

Might not Macaulay have said that the girls were also shaping beaux in their imaginations? Forgive me—but on such a subject and at such a time, the saturnalia of our year—even a pun is pardonable, however despicable in itself. How strange is the power of suggestion! I meant not when I sat down to write, to wish you more than the compliments of the season, but I see now that I am in for a long letter, and so are you. I do not mean to cross it, and thus you will have no excuse for not reading it through. "The good logs of Algidus" have suggested to me your

wood-fire, the very poetry of fires, and your wood-fire has suggested your wood-cutter, and your wood-cutter has suggested a ticket-of-leave man; and as I have been thinking somewhat lately on this subject of tickets-of-leave, I by these presents take you by the button, and compel you to listen to the matter of my ruminations, even as that eternal gossip detained Horace, when he was walking in the sacred road "according to his wont." I still think your experiment with regard to that man a dangerous one. Had you been a preserver of game, you would have done better to have made him a gamekeeper, on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," as he got into trouble by poaching with aggravations. The most sensible proposition I have seen yet, with regard to ticket-of-leave men, was that of some speaker at a country public dinner, who proposed that they should be made policemen. No other scheme has appeared to me to hold water in the slightest degree. You get a parcel of jail-birds together, till their cage or "jug," as it is affectionately called by the fraternity, is inconveniently full. In order to relieve its superabundance, you select the mildest specimens, or those who appear so to the chaplain, clip a feather of their wings and let them fly again about society at large, forgetting that a clipped feather will soon grow again. You give them a ticket-of-leave—to be at large, and they naturally give a large interpretation to the term, so that a ticket-of-leave has become like an indulgence in the worst times of Popery, the principal difference being that those who granted indulgences were wise enough to get paid for them before-hand, while those who grant tickets-of-leave are fools enough to do it for nothing, and earn into the bargain the maledictions of all timid old gentlemen, and the anathemas of all elderly ladies, if elderly ladies be ever sufficiently unguarded to utter anathemas, as the Council of Trent did. The other day poor Mrs Seacole, of Crimean memory,

"Spake a bitter jest"

in the court of bankruptcy, and asked

for her ticket-of-leave, adding that she did not mean to garotte any one in consequence; it being generally understood that a ticket-of-leave would be interpreted by the public to be a license to garotte with impunity, giving a sacred or *sacrosanct* character to the bearer, like that of a Briton with a Foreign Office passport, an ancient Roman tribune or a modern Swiss idiot, the latter two classes of people licensed to make themselves disagreeable to others to any extent within or without reasonable bounds. We have all heard of *Le spectre rouge*, and how it has frightened the French people from their impropriety, bending their necks to the stern yoke of absolutism. The same honourable position appears to be occupied now in England by the spectre denominated Ticket-of-leave. Oh, for the brush of a limner that I might portray him, as he is portrayed to the imagination of Materfamilias Tomkins, whose husband is a worthy clerk in the City, and has to walk every evening to a white-washed cottage at Bow, running the gauntlet of all the white-washed blackguards of Whitechapel on the road to it! I claim no originality in wishing for a limner's brush to eke out the weakness of my words, the conceit is as old as Anacreon. I naturally turn as a model to that ode in which the poet apostrophises his mistress—

"Λυγὲ Σωγράφων ἄριστι
Γράφει Σωγράφων ἄριστι
Τιχνόειραν ῥῶδαις
Ἀπιοῦσαν ὡς ἂν ἱππῶ
Γραφὴ τὴν ἰμὴν ἱταίραν,

with questionable compliment, calling upon the *best animal painter*, the Landseer of Samos, to paint her according to description in her absence. But I find as I read on, that the glorifications of feminine loveliness can scarcely be paraphrased so as to do for Bill Sykes. Here is one that will serve my purpose better, addressed to some graceless youth of the poet's acquaintance, I mean the Ode to Bathyllus. I suppose a confederate speaking to the painter or photographer, though a case not likely to happen, in fact, unless he wished to turn Queen's evidence.

Ἔϊς Βάβυλλον.

Γράφει μοι Βάβυλλον οὕτω
 Τὸν ἱταῖρον ὡς διδάσκω
 Λιπαρῶς κόμης πόνησον
 Τὰ μὲν ἰνδοῖν μελάνιας,
 Τὰ δ' ἑς ἄπρον ἡλιώσας
 "Ελικας δ' ἱλαυθίρους μοι
 Πλοκάμων, ἀτακτα συνθεῖς,
 "Αφίς, ὡς θίλωσι, κισθαί
 Ἀπαλὸν δὲ καὶ δροσῶδες
 Στιφίτω μίτωπον, ἔφρῦς
 Κυανωτίηθ' ὀρακόντων.
 Μίλας ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω,
 Κικερασμίνον γαλήνην
 Τὸ μὲν ἰξ "Αρπος ἔλκον
 Το δὲ τῆς καλῆς Κυθήρης
 "Ἰνα τις τὸ μὲν φοβῆται
 Τὸ δ' ἄπ' ἱλπίδος περιᾶται.
 "Ροδίην δ', ὅποια μῆλον
 Χνοῖην ποίῃ παριῖν
 Εὐνημά δ' ὡς ἂν Ἰδοῦς
 (Λύνασαι) πάλιν ποίησον.
 Τὸ δὲ χιῖλος, οὐκ ἴτ' ἴδω
 Τίνι μοι τροπῇ ποιήσεις *
 "Απαλὸν, γίμοντι σιυαῦς —
 Τὸ δὲ πᾶν, ὅ κηρὸς αὐτὸς
 "Εχίτω λαλῶν σιωπῇ.
 Μιστὰ δὲ πρόσωπον ἔστω
 Τὸν "Αδωνίδος παρελθὼν,
 "Ελιφάντινος τράχηλος.
 Μεταμάζιον δὲ ποίῃ
 Διδυμάς τι χιῖρας "Ερμού;
 Πολυδυκίης δὲ μηρῶν
 Λιονυσίην δὲ νηδύν.

* Φθονεῖν δὲ ἔχεις δὲ τίχνην,
 "Οτι μὴ τὰ νῦν διῶξαι,
 Δύνασαι * τὰ δ' ἦν ἀμείνω.
 Τί πάδας μὲν δὲ δάσκειν;
 Λάβῃ μισθόν, ὅσον ἰσπῆς.
 Τὸν "Εκηβόλον δὲ τοῦτον
 Καθελὼν, ποίῃ Βάβυλλον.
 "Οτι δ' ἰς Σαμου ποτ' ἔλθῃς
 Γράφει Φοῖβον ἐκ Βάβυλλον.

ON BILL SYKES.

(After Anacreon.)

Paint me, Cruikshank, Doyle, or Leech,
 Sykes, my pal, as now I teach.
 Paint his hair, smut-black and sleek,
 Methodistically meek,
 Sheared as round a beechen bowl
 On the temples; at the pole,
 Topknot like a blacking-brush
 Which no comb shall tear or crush;
 So the porcupine his quill
 Droops or upright sets at will.
 Paint a clammy forehead now
 Heavy, villanously low;
 Eyebrows like a coat threadbare;
 Eyelids innocent of hair,
 Proof against the grease of bear.
 Goggle eyes of sullen glare,
 Overspread with oily calm
 When he sings the prison-psalm;
 Piglike in their want of passion;
 Catlike in their hue and fashion;
 Which to some suggest resistance,
 And to some respectful distance.
 With his cheek if art can grapple,
 Paint it like a stale pine-apple,
 Blotched, and mountainous and yellow,
 Never blushing (trust the fellow)
 Save when liquor spreads the rose
 Sidewards from his blushing nose.
 Deeply in your medium dip
 When you paint the blubber lip,
 Mute, yet eloquent of sin,
 Blistered with sulphuric gin.
 Paint a bloated figure-head,
 As found drowned in Thames' bed.
 Let a flashy kerchief deck
 Hippopotamus's neck.
 Paint a chest, the dread of Peelers,
 Paint his vice-like, vicious feelers,
 Paint his legs, short, bowed, and staunch;
 Paint a bacchanalian paunch,
 Pity that you cannot turn,
 Paint at once both stem and stern;
 With those pockets, which in doubt
 Beaks and traps turn inside out,
 Keeping snugly under hatches
 Centrebits, and files and matches,
 Crowbars, keys and all the things
 Good for opening locks and springs.
 Paint me last those high-low'd feet
 Wary of policeman's beat.
 When you've finished my commission,
 Take it to the Exhibition.
 Surely their *Hanging* Committee
 Must on William Sykes take pity,
 Else you might break in by night
 And unfix some city knight,
 Some lock-jawed pre-Raphaelite,
 Some interior, landscape, plan,
 "Portrait of a gentleman."
 So may soar in pride of place
 Our Bill Sykes's gallows face,
 Not transported, but in fine
 Hung precisely on the line.

But, in sober earnest, I think the portrait of Ticket-of-leave, if it appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, might produce unpleasant consequences to ladies in an interesting condition, as happened when *Æschylus* brusquely exhibited his *Eumenides* at Athens, so great a horror has been engendered in the public mind by the creature's late misdoings. The word "ticket" was not in very good odour before, between pawnbrokers' tickets and lottery tickets. But it was only disreputable; now it has become formidable. People will ask tremblingly for tickets of leave for admission to lectures, concerts, and the opera. They will fancy that every person travelling by railroad in possession of his ticket, bears also a ticket-of-leave; and should the omnibus companies adopt them, as in Paris, they will certainly prove fatal to their traffic. Joking apart, I am not sorry, for some reasons, for this panic and its causes. It serves to explode, with other things that have occurred of late, the bubbles of progress and human perfectibility. The other day we were almost argued into a belief in universal peace, and we have been disenchanted by a war as barbaric as any that has been waged before in pomp and circumstance. Now people are beginning to grow sick of the humanity-hobby, and to allow that after all there are some worse remedies for moral disease than honest hanging. Calcraft is likely to have his declining years consoled by an increasing reverence for his profession, and even to be looked upon in the end as a most indispensable member of society. The "London Scoundrel," if his language was as unobjectionable as his real meaning, has a chance of finding an echo in the popular heart, for the sovereign people has as much objection as any other monarch to have its prerogatives invaded by having its gullet compressed, or its ten-pound house burglariously entered. Domitian fell when he began to be an object of terror to the cobblers, and so, it is to be hoped, will that modern Domitian, the ticket-of-leave man. He has at length succeeded in moving the masses, and the masses will come down on his head and crush him.

Things were, indeed, come to a pretty pass. It required almost court interest to get hanged, and to get transported for life nearly as much as would suffice to get a subordinate clerkship in the Treasury. The judges seemed to have got universally bitten with the mania for lecturing, and a lecture from the bench was the panacea for all weaknesses which endangered or destroyed the lives and properties of peaceable subjects. Sent to jail, the prisoner was petted, and every encouragement given him to renew his visit. In the severest light, he was only looked upon as a patient, put upon the moral sick-list, and dieted with the same care and tenderness that patients are in the best regulated hospitals, so that there was often rather more trouble in getting him out than there was in getting him in. Not that matters are very much mended as yet. Notwithstanding the feeding and the petting, there are a class of *detenus* who, like spirited footmen, do not much like indoor work, or too much of it at one time. A craving for physical and intellectual exercise impels them to seek for means of release. Their trump cards in playing this trick are the chaplain and the doctor, or both, one after the other. The king and queen are played, and then to follow suit out comes the knave. Bill Sykes is contrite, avows that his late course of life is a warning to him, carefully stifles oaths unutterable, before uttered in conversation with the chaplain, the king of hearts. Chaplain pleads for his release, and half believes that he will go to the Antipodes, if he goes at all, only as a missionary. Doctor, an old woman, of course, and so of the feminine gender, the queen of hearts, feels his pulse, looks at his tongue, thinks prison-fare, confinement, and early hours are destroying his constitution and affecting his spirits. Doctor advises change of air and scene for the invalid, and so the patient leaves the hospital. A month afterwards back he comes again, being taken ill of a burglary, committed in delicate health at twelve o'clock on a night in January, and maliciously reported by the people in his own neighbourhood to be a dangerous character,

albeit in official estimation a saintly valetudinarian.*

In the days of our fathers the ends of justice were defeated by making the punishments for crime not so much too heavy as too indiscriminating. Now they are defeated not so much by being too light as also by being too indiscriminating. Yet given the proper amount of discrimination, and they would still carry a little extra weight with advantage. The great mistake is in regarding the offence and not the offender. The adage that one man may steal an ox, while another is hanged for looking over the hedge, is an illustration of our criminal code as applied in past and present times.

During the Great Exhibition, a gentleman of good family got into a passion with a policeman who attempted to stop his horses, most probably adding some of the insolence of office, and cut him over the face with his whip. His offence was grave, but without malice pre-pense. The magistrate sent him to prison, and treated him like a common felon; and the newspapers eulogised the bright example of equal justice to rich and poor, and adjudged the administrator of the law a place in history beside Judge Gascoyne, who committed the king's son. But in their intercourse with the professional ruffian, the skins of "unboiled lobsters" are not rated at so high a figure. Then they do not appear in the light of inviolable tribunes of the people. Some time ago I recollect reading of a wretch called Cannon, who infested Southwark, and was the bugbear of the street in which he lived by a habit he had of butting the passers-by with his head like a bull, establishing, by the terror of his name, a Cannon Street of his own on the Surrey side of the water. This Minotaur, often convicted, nearly killed a policeman in the execution of his duty, and evidently intended to do it outright. He was neither hanged nor transported, and so trivial was his sentence* that it is the only circumstance of the case which has faded from my memory.

There was a yet more flagrant case

the other day. It is so choice a morceau to illustrate my position, that I have copied it circumstantially, if not verbatim, from the *Times*.

MIDDLESEX SESSIONS. *Before the Assistant-Judge at the Guildhall, Westminster.*

Mary Horrigan, 17, and John Regan, 24 (lady first, gentleman afterwards), were indicted for unlawfully (!) assaulting and beating William Thorne, a constable of the Metropolitan force, whilst in the execution of his duty; and the prisoner Regan was further indicted for unlawfully assaulting and wounding George Anderson. The circumstances were these. Regan went to light his dudheen (he is an Emerald-Islander from his name) at the shop of Mr Bills, fishmonger, 27 Great Wild Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Anderson (probably a Northerner), the fishmonger's assistant, being engaged very properly in sweeping the shop. He went outside with the sawdust, and the Hibernian hit him on the mouth. Next day Regan, still unsatisfied, came again and brought a shillelah; Anderson dodged the shillelah; and then Regan hit him on the mouth again with his fist. Thorne, the policeman, who was on duty near, was called in; Regan came in without being called, and Anderson, being at home, naturally followed, Regan observing to him in strong language, "I'll have your life before 12 o'clock to-night; you had better get the police to watch, for your life is in my hands." Upon this Thorne, who knew the antecedents of the Regan, went to the station-house for more power, and returned to Wild Street with P. C. Williams, 133 F. They saw the Regan in Lincoln Street flourishing his sapling in one hand and a big knife in the other, apparently prepared for all emergencies. He was heard to exclaim that he would have the something's life, and that he should like to see the policeman who would dare to take him. Thorne said that he would venture to attempt it, and caught hold of his shillelah-arm, when Regan made a pass at him with the knife, saying, "There, take a bit of cold steel." *The knife passed through his great-*

* Fact.

coat, but fortunately coming in contact with one of the metal buttons of the under coat, was bent. The Regan gave a fiendish howl, calling to some one to go and fetch Mike. Enter the Horrigan, a nymph doubtless inferior in reputation to the general run of her sisters of the sister isle, armed with a brindled bull-terrier, who answered to the abbreviation of the archangel's name. She did not merely set him but threw him at P. C. Williams, who was helping Thorne to pacify the Regan. The dog seized Williams by the leg and forced him to let go the other brute, and Thorne was knocked down and kicked; the frail prisoner encouraging his male assailants to "give it him." In the affray the prisoners were rescued by a large crowd of companions. The dog bit Thorne's leg several times before he could get away. How these wild beasts were caught at last does not appear. The Saxon jury found Horrigan guilty of a common assault, and the Regan of all the counts.

What was the sentence? Did the Assistant-Judge put on the black cap and condemn Regan to hang by the neck till he was dead, and Horrigan to be whipped and put to bed? Not a bit of it. He did not do much, but he said a great deal. He was bitten, like Sir Robert Peel, with the lecturing mania.

"The assistant Judge said that the prisoner Regan was a most dangerous character (a new light having dawned upon him); for within the last six years he had been convicted no less than *nine* times for assaults on the police, and he had been dealt with by magistrates (very mild ones) in summary convictions; he had aimed a blow at the policeman with a knife (fact), which had providentially (very proper) been stopped by a button (bathos), or there could be but little doubt that it would have penetrated the flesh (knives will do so), and caused the man to drop down dead (another possibility approaching to probability), in which case he would have been tried (certainly) and hanged for murder (by no means so certainly.) Such offences must be visited with a long imprisonment (a little stronger), and he therefore sentenced him to imprisonment and hard labour for eighteen

calendar (not lunar) months. As the Jury (gentle jury) had only found Horrigan guilty of a common assault (a little sarcastic), he should sentence her to imprisonment (poor caged dove!) for *four* months (three times four make twelve, and twelve months a year, and seventeen years Miss Horrigan's life; so that, should she expire at the expiration of her term, a one-and-fortieth portion of her valuable life will have to pass in *duress*. Poor Miss Horrigan!")

I suppose I need not tell you, Irenæus, that the parentheses are my own. The magistrate made a proper distinction between sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander; but he did not spice it highly enough for either. He should have kept a rod in pickle for the woman, and the man he should certainly have promoted to the post of honour *par excellence*. Among certain savages people change names as the Germans drink brotherhood, by way of compliment. I do not know the name of the assistant Judge; but I think yours, Irenæus, would suit him to a nicety, and you had better take his. On the part of those who execute and administer the law, this tenderness towards malefactors is more intelligible than it is in the case of other members of society. Were the abolition of the police force voted by public acclamation to-morrow, each man agreeing to watch for himself over his own person and property, and at liberty to do justice to any extent on all aggressors, there is no doubt about it that all crime would quickly cease, as the criminals are, after all, a ridiculous minority of the people, as may be judged by the statistics of the memorable 10th of April 1848, when the peace-keepers mustered as ten to one to the peace-disturbers; and this is one great argument in favour of an unpaid magistracy and an unpaid constabulary. In Guernsey, where, to the best of my knowledge—and I speak from information gained many years ago—the police functions are undertaken by *amateurs*, no such outrages on person or property are ever heard of. It was even a dangerous matter then to attempt a comparatively innocent

lark in a place where any one convicted of breaking a lamp had to pay for all the lamps broken since the last conviction, and where some of our party nearly frightened to death, or to taking a fishing-boat to France in stormy weather, a fellow-undergraduate—who had broken a lamp by accident, while engaged in the edifying amusement of displacing the lamp-covers—by forging a summons from the Royal Court of Guernsey, with “God save the Queen” in large letters at the bottom. We were nearly overdoing the joke, for our friend was on the way to the Royal Court to make a clean breast of it; and when we told him we had concocted the summons ourselves, he was for some time too frightened to believe it, and might have implicated the whole party. It must be borne in mind that the abolition of a criminal population would lead to an economical outcry for the abolition of all paid magistrates and paid policemen, and we cannot expect that a *class* of men will take pains to destroy their own body, although such conduct is not unheard of in individuals. It is only on such a principle that we can account for the existence in the heart of our civilisation of that *imperium in imperio*—the *kleptocracy* of England—the definite number of thousands of convicted thieves at large, somewhat outnumbering, I believe, the legislative body of Athenian citizens, all “known to the police,” and yet living in perfect security under the wing and eyes of the law, until they commit some fresh escapade. Surely it is nonsense to talk of *habeas corpus* in reference to these gentry. We expect too much of human nature. We expect men-catchers as a body to be more disinterested than rat-catchers. And rat-catchers, it is well known, have a habit of transferring the rodential population of one barn to another, that they may get another job. This is quite enough to account for the ticket-of-leave system.

We have probably the finest detective police in the world; the trouble they take in tracing crime, and bringing it home to the offender, is scarcely credible to any one who does not know the facts, or has not read

Dickens's masterly sketches of their proceedings. The detective, like a stanch huntsman, runs his fox to earth, digs him out, bags him, but then bolts him for another run. Thus the same fox, like the carted deer, will serve for many days' sport, and perhaps grow old in the service, and get to enjoy the chase as much as those who pursue him. The public, however, have begun to grow rather weary of this fun, crying “what is sport to you is death to us,” and adopting the *ultima ratio* of writing letters to the *Times* and other newspapers, proposing ingenious plans for self-defence, and even retaliation,—some of them likely to be considered by the mealy-mouthed as a little bordering on the diabolical. For instance, one correspondent of the *Morning Post* proposes that persons going about London or its suburbs by night, should wear an *antigarotte* collar, on the principle of the collars worn by sheep-dogs in the Pyrenees to protect them from wolves; the said collar to be set round with barbed fish-hooks, which will fix themselves under the epidermis of the human boa constrictor's hands when he attempts to throttle, and the said fish-hooks to be previously prepared by taking them to the nearest dissecting-room, and steeping them in some decomposed subject, so that the garrotter will be certain to die under the poison, as occasionally happens to medical students who unwarily prick their fingers in dissection. A correspondent of the *Times*, more mild in disposition, advises holding the chin tight to the chest and shouting for the police (who of course are in the area-kitchen below, but too well occupied to hear). Another, more practical, recommends that a wrestling dodge should be tried on the garrotter, the patient throwing back his right leg, and entwining it with that of the operator, who will thus be thrown on his back, with the patient above him, to work his will on him. Another suggests to the consideration of athletic persons like you, Irenæus, the possibility of catching the arm of the operator, and holding it tight, bending the back and throwing him over the head of the intended victim, breaking his back against the flags, if possible, in

the fall. Another suggests wearing hob-nailed boots, and shin-kicking; another, of Levantine propensities, a dirk in the sleeve. I wonder that none of them has suggested, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the dog-fancier. I would buy the ugliest procurable bull-dog, crossed in one generation with a terrier, faithful and stanch, and sure to make his teeth meet in the calf of any aggressor. It is pleasanter to get rough work done for one than to do it oneself. That Mike who figured in our police report, would be exactly the fellow for us; the only fear is, that he would recognise his older master in the garotter, and as the Saxons treated Napoleon at Leipzig, go over to the enemy in the crisis of action.

With respect to burglars, it is really time, now that one policeman has been convicted of burglary, for the public to take the law into their own hands. It has been done in one or two instances, where we would least expect it, by the softer sex. One young lady having found the head of a man poking through the shutter, diminished it, as the classics would say, with a crowbar; another, rather too precipitous, and without asking "wha it is at my bower door?" shot her unexpected sweetheart, not named Finlay, in mistake for the expected cracksman. Chains, bolts, and locks are of little use, except to make a noise. Bells are troublesome for the servants to put up, and give false alarms in windy nights. I propose three things. A little dog, a big dog, and a revolver. The little dog to wake the big one, who sleeps soundly, especially after dinner, and the big dog to wake the many-mouthed barker, and assist in a scuffle, if a scuffle ensues. As a further precaution, I would suggest some rather unintelligible notice, such as "burglars decimated on these premises," large enough to be read by moonlight; if in Runic characters, so much the better, for crime is naturally superstitious. Timid persons might act in this way, but bolder ones might sit up in ambush, place some plate on the hall table, and leave a window temptingly open, trusting to their accuracy of fire to give a good account of the intruder, when once in

their power. As I observed before, the interest the constabulary and magistracy take in the preservation, propagation, and general encouragement of blackguards is perfectly intelligible; it would be even more so if, like the preservers of game, they had a *battue* for their amusement once in a way; but much less intelligible to me is the interest that the humanitarians and model-prison people take in the same direction. Those persons who are for reforming the human race, should reflect that we all want reform more or less, and efforts of that kind are much more likely to be successful with the simply vicious, like nineteen in every twenty of us, than with the wholly criminal. But benevolence must be eccentric to gain a hearing in Exeter Hall. As Thomas Carlyle justly observes in his Latter Day pamphlets, these jail-sweepings are the worst possible investment for benevolence. These people might as well invest their money in coaches to oppose the rail, but that in simply worldly matters they are far more sagacious. But it is intolerable that they should exercise their Promethean philanthropic turn to the detriment of society at large, furnishing a premium on crime, and putting it into the heads of quiet Dorsetshire labourers that it pays better to break the law and get into Pentonville prison, than to attempt to support a wife and family by honest labour on twelve shillings a-week. A "Dorsetshire labourer," writing to the *Times*, has discovered that the *detenus* (I use the polite French word) in that Model prison get each for the sum of his rations for fifteen months 213 pounds of beef, 248 pounds of mutton, 81 pounds of beef-shins for soup, and for luncheons and *severe teas* no less than 655 mutton chops, 432 pints of porter, extra allowance. How these figures would have made the mouths of our poor heroes in the Crimea water, whom we were starving while we petted our criminals! What a frightful expenditure of honest stolid oxen, and innocent sheep and lambs, and sound wholesome malt, on dishonest men, ox-like only in their stolidity, sheepish only in their hypocrisy, and committing positive

sacrilege while they unappreciatingly imbibed the heavy-wet which furnishes thews and sinews to the ploughman or the artisan! What a holocaust of God's creatures offered on the altar of his enemy! The bread of affliction and the water of affliction is the proper diet for these worthies, not *bœuf à-la-mode*, or *cotelettes à la jardinière*, or Barclay and Perkins' extra stout. Why did they not do the thing well at once, and order them rations of Burgundy, venison, and turtle? They might by these means make them too aldermanic to commit any of the more active crimes again, especially if the treadmill be abolished, and thereby benefit society; whereas by only going half-way they merely keep them in good condition, good working order for committing fresh offences. And any parsimony is unaccountable, considering that the money lavished on the appetites of these hungry villains does not come out of the pockets of the visiting magistrates, except so far as they are units in the aggregate of the tax-payers of Great Britain. On the whole, I think it would have been decidedly more economical to have ordered them ortolans, truffles, and hock, and champagne to wash them down with. They will perhaps balance the account better in future. I have been lately much struck with the extreme tenderness of our age and nation, and reluctance to take human life when it has become worthless both to the individual and to society, as contrasted with men's extreme heedlessness of exposing valuable human life, or letting it go to be destroyed by a hundred preventible accidents. While it requires almost Court interest to get hanged, the commonest regulations to insure the safety of railway passengers are disregarded; and during the continuance of the late gales it was perfectly awful to read the list of shipwrecks, where all on board perished, including two crews of heroes who went in life-boats to rescue seamen in distress, most of which might be prevented by the construction of harbours of refuge along the coast

at proper intervals by the very hands of the very scoundrels in question, forced into doing some good to their kind against their will. Even Palmer seemed to have some chance of getting off, when a short time before we had sacrificed the flower of our army by the most abominable official mismanagement. And although such an argument would not have much weight with the peace-party, who would endure all things without flinching, both from Russians and rascals, it seems to me a much stronger measure to sacrifice some thousands of good men and true, both of ourselves and of the enemy, in an international war, than to obliterate judicially a few hundreds of scoundrels who are doing all the harm they can to society. But I am not advocating at present severe measures. I only ask, why it is necessary to pet criminals? why, instead of putting them out of harm's way, they are put in harm's way as much as possible by Pentonville indulgences, tickets of leave, and the like, perpetuating the corruptions of a society quite bad enough if left to its mere vices, and multiplying it as they perpetuate it, each criminal forming a nucleus round which others may gather, like cases of sporadic cholera, until they have gained such a head that they are too much for us all, and will be calling out, when Lord John Russell's new Reform scheme comes on, for members analogous to those of the Universities to represent their corporate body, perhaps even for life-peerages for their higher graduates? Imagine Bill Sykes, Member for the "*Minority*"* of Lambeth, and my Lords Erebus and Terror sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Archbishop of Canterbury! Or, perhaps, these gentlemen will end by swelling tickets-of-leave to the dimensions of the Red Spectre of Paris, and after a few days of barricades and blood, we shall find installed in the new palace of Westminster, a select provisional government of garotters, burglars, and murderers! There would be no question then of the social position of our humanitarian apostles, for even the *moderados* of villany will be super-

* See the Scheme of Members for Minorities.

seded by the *exaltados* and swindlers ; fraudulent bankers and adulterators of food will find themselves, for the first time, in the company of honest men, swept away in the general deluge. These people are either to be punished or not to be punished. If they have done nothing worthy of death or bonds, but only contracted a kind of moral measles which will give way to kind treatment and easy remedies, why put them in the close air of a prison at all ? The virtue of a close sick-room is entirely exploded in the medical world, and only lingers in the opinions of superannuated monthly nurses. Why not put money in their purses, and pay their passages to some country where their antecedents are not known, and they will have a chance of living by honest means, which they have not here, even if they were to wish it ? Why condemn them, if they do not wish to punish them, to the moral disease in perpetuity, inoculating others at the same time ? Is it that they wish to keep them as interesting specimens, too valuable to the moral physiologist to be let go ? If so, it is really time to interfere with the tastes of these pseudo-philanthropists, and to tell them that society has the same objection to their museums of abomination under its nose, as it has to tanyards and slaughter-houses near the public thoroughfares, or the putrefaction of the body of the great river-god who dwells in the Thames. As Gulliver recoiled from the embrace of the philosophers of Laputa, so will society recoil from the contact of those humanitarians who are engaged in a task of reconstruction or regeneration, equally hopeless, and equally offensive to the public senses. But and if these persons deserve punishment condign—if there is such a thing, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe it, as justice, human and divine—if impunity in crime inevitably reacts to the deterioration of human society, and pagan Nemesis has a living existence even for those who have discarded the divine authority of the Old Testament, I do think that nearly all the punishments enacted by law for offences, at least as administered by our magistrates, are most silly and inadequate ; powerless, both for prevention and cure,

and only calculated to reproduce the evil they profess to abate. A system which would be comparatively harmless in a country of sparse population like Norway or Canada, becomes multifariously pernicious in a bee-hive of human beings like that in which it is our destiny to breathe or try to breathe. It was a great principle with that famous schoolmaster Dr Arnold, who was withal a most humane and charitable man, in his conduct of a public school, to get rid as soon as possible of all pupils who, from his knowledge of human nature, he saw to be doing more harm than good to their companions and themselves by remaining, even before they were convicted of any overt infraction of law. Not that such cases are necessarily irreclaimable, but that in such a crowded place, the worst chance of reformation is given them, and the evil they do to others is indefinitely multiplied. With private tutors, or under the eye of parents, they might do better. He judged very much from physiognomy and physiology, nor was he often wrong. The consequence of his judicious system of weeding was, that he sent out into the world, as the rule, a class of high-minded and virtuous students, though, in the innocence of their hearts, generally Whigs and something more, being led to believe that the world in general was as much to be trusted as themselves, and their friends, and their beloved master. What is the population of London at the present day ? How much above two millions, which is about the whole population of Norway ? The drainage of the vast metropolis is a difficult problem in these days, but how much more difficult the problem of keeping the great Babylon sweet with such a cesspool of moral miasma festering in its vitals ? Even a simple alien act, giving the executive the power of dismissing them from the focus of centralisation, would be better than the present system, as they would be easier to deal with when scattered abroad, and not living in a compact phalanx of opposition to all good government, shoulder to shoulder, as at present. It is perfectly frightful to think that the worst criminals are now often rescued from the officers of justice by

a mob of bystanders, which implies that every individual in it is either a contemptible coward, or sympathises to the full extent with the crime they are committing. I should think, in charity to human nature, the former supposition the more probable, the metropolitan population having been panic-stricken by the long-continued impunity of those who set the law at defiance. Some time ago one Italian stabbed another in Rupert Street, and no one dared, although many persons witnessed the attempt at murder, to assist the police in arresting the offender. This is nearly as bad as the state of things said to exist at Rome, where the witnesses of an assassination run away as fast as they can, because it is the rule to arrest the nearest person on suspicion. British freedom is no doubt a fine thing, but like other fine things it has its drawbacks. It is one thing to leave the press unfettered and suppress the press-gang, and another to leave a university of convicted malefactors chartered and privileged to educate the young, and grant degrees to the old, in the heart of our metropolis; a Stinkomalee of rascaldom acting quite as much under the sanction of Government as Lord Brougham's creation in Gower Street. This unquestionably diabolical university has more colleges than Oxford and Cambridge put together. It has its St Giles' college, which answers to Christ Church or Trinity; its Bethnal Green college; its Tooley Street college; its City of London college; its slow colleges and fast colleges; its aristocratic Belgravian college, and its ecclesiastical Westminster college, a truly close foundation; its suburban colleges, situated half-pleasantly in the country, like St John's, and Worcester, and Wadham at Oxford. It has its professors, who are better paid than ours at Oxford—professors of burglary, professors of highway robbery, professors of the gentler art of picking pockets, professors of stealing and receiving stolen goods, many of them on a more liberal principle than that adopted by our old universities—dissenters from the Church of England, and even of the Hebrew persuasion—and it has its realisation of the dreams of Mrs Colonel Bloomer

in a strong staff of rights-of-women female professors, abominable she-devils who, having passed through and outlived every phase of infamy themselves, make it the last business of their lives to indoctrinate innocent *freshwomen* from the English counties, and if they cannot succeed in tempting them to moral suicide at home, do not scruple to use force and pack them off to Hamburg or Paris to be drugged and terrified into children of hell. Surely, if such an university must exist, it is strange that it is not thought advisable to put it under Government superintendence, and appoint regius professorships of Desmoterian History and Pastoral Demonology; Readerships in the "Mysteries of London," the "Newgate Calendar," and the "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson;" fellowships of felons, vacated like an Oxford fellowship by matrimony, but by no means by any of its imitations; chairs of Theoretical Toxicology and Clinical practice, combined with the whole art of child-murder. We cannot help wondering at the disinterestedness of a ministry, and that a Whig ministry, which overlooks such an abundantly fertile field of patronage, and so splendid an opportunity of providing outlying relatives and dependents at the expense of the nation. And what a fatal mistake it was to hang Palmer! He was just the man for the Chancellor of this liberal university of Alsatia, for that must be its most unchristian name. But to speak more seriously, if British freedom is not competent to put down such a state of things, and is for ever condemned to halt on one side, going about like the goddess *Pœna* of Horace, with a club-foot, would it be so very strong a measure to perform Tiefenbach's operation on British freedom, and cut the shrunken sinew, or to put it on horseback and give it free action for a limited period? The Romans used to appoint a dictator in times of emergency whenever there was a *Gallicus tumultus* (which we might translate a French *émeute*), or even for the purpose of driving a nail into some door, and yet Roman freedom emerged from the temporary eclipse as bright as ever, perhaps even clearer and brighter. Might we not appoint a dictator for

the purpose of knocking the nail on the head once for all, a strong responsible Hercules, who would turn the New River into the Augean stable of our social nuisances, and sweep them away once and for ever? Such men are to be found; at all events we might find a brook which would do the work of Hercules's river, even Rajah Brooke of Borneo, the man who destroyed by one blast, like that of the destroying angel, some thousands of pestilent pirates. Such a man would, I take it, make short work with the "characters known to the police." He might proceed either by secret fraud or open force. I should think he would prefer the latter. He might either, as Lord Shaftesbury did, call a public meeting of thieves, say in St Martin's Hall, surround them with soldiers, and destroy them, as the Cœcyræan democratical party in Thucydides did their political opponents; or he might lay all the heavy lighters in the Thames, which are so much in the way of its navigation, under an embargo, and have such a *noyade* at the river's mouth as would turn the Goodwin Sands into corn and pasture land, superseding from thenceforth all necessity for lighthouses—an immense saving to the nation, and rendering the destruction of the villains of one generation a blessing to posterity, and a source of permanent security to mariners of all nations! And he would surely make short work of the tumbling down of all those streets, alleys, and courts of the metropolis known to be inhabited only by two-legged, four-legged, and six-legged vermin, scorching their sites with fire, and sowing the contaminated ground with salt; and he would burn with fire the ginpalcaces, or Persian Jin-temples—(what a glorious illumination they would make, far better than that we had for the Peace!)—and feed the flames of their burning with all the poisoned products concocted by our adulterators of food, till all are consumed, the usual consumers standing by and applauding their great deliverance; and he would break down all the altars of Mormonism, Socialism, and hideous Infidelity, and burn Holywell Street with fire, and scatter to the winds the ashes of all ungodly and immoral

publications, both letter-press and pictorial; and purify with the waters of lustration, so as to make them available for honest purposes, the Circumlocution offices, the Stock Exchange, the sanctimonious Banks, &c. &c.; in short, he would do all desirable good, and do away with all undesirable evil. And then, after his London season was over, during the continuance of which we would put the town in a state of siege, we would send him to star it in the provinces, and, to the tune of solemn music, perform the same office of lustration by all the other great towns of the British empire. I fear that were such a proposition mooted in the Imperial Parliament, it would be pooh-pooh'd by the Ministry, and received with derisive cheers by the Opposition, and voted unconstitutional by all, the consideration of it being perpetually adjourned to this day six months; and yet it is difficult to see how it can be any use to entertain the question of what we shall do with our criminals, without some such preliminary expurgation and purification.

Just as all measures for the diminution of the burden of our taxation are frustrated by the incubus of the national debt, so must all measures for the disposition of our rascals be rendered abortive by the enormous stock of them in hand becoming more morally putrescent and offensive the longer they endure, and effectually stopping the way of all sanitary and salutary improvement. It would seem, indeed, somewhat desirable that all questions of the day, now that the Russians have given us a little breathing-time, should be postponed to this, that our lay Legislature should turn away their attention from Committees of Supply, and our bench of Bishops from deciding on Liddell and Westerton, Ditcher and Denison cases, questions about more or less candles on the altar, boughs or flowers in the church, presence or absence of a cross, until this awful Frankenstein-ghost of our social condition is effectually exorcised and sent back to the place whence it came. But grant, for supposition's sake, that it be done, that we have thus had one thorough sweeping and cleaning, painting and whitewashing, so as to be able to keep

our house in order for the future by ordinary sweeping down of cobwebs, and the time come for us to consider what we are to do with our criminals, I should very much like to hear what your cool head and practical wisdom, *Irenæus*, has to say on this subject ; and awaiting your reply, I venture, in the mean time, to lay before you my ruminations on this all-important matter. We must first take a glance at the nature of crime. Now crime is happily not the rule but the exception with men ; it is otherwise with vice. Most men are more or less vicious, from those who suffer from *delirium tremens* down to those who take snuff ; but few men, and fewer women, are criminal. Those that are so make such a fuss in the world, and succeed so well in establishing their importance, that they seem much more numerous than they are. The criminal classes, then, may be divided into the corrigible and the incorrigible, as, indeed, may the vicious classes, to which you and I belong, being one of us affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and the other with the evil habit of taking tobacco ; and corrigible crime partakes of the nature of vice, just as incorrigible vice partakes of the nature of crime, and is apt to be resolved into it, as all the diseases of Athens were resolved into the plague. This division is, of course, as old as the hills and Aristotle, and I do not lay the slightest claim to originality in making it. Now it seems to me that our laws, in dealing with offences rather than offenders, take no cognisance of this division of human character, as to corrigible and incorrigible, except accidentally, and perhaps only by rule, in one case, that of homicide, where malice prepense is supposed to give it the character of wilful murder. But it strikes me that a murderer is by no means of necessity an incorrigible character, though the punishment of death may be just as the lowest in proportion to his offence. A man has sustained some grievous wrong from another, say that a scamp has run away with his wife ; he cherishes his vengeance, he bides his time, he watches for him, and without going through the etiquette of a formal challenge, shoots

him as you and I would be sorry to shoot a dog. Well, that man is a murderer, and I do not deny that, for the safety of society, he ought to be hung, and yet I know that he has lived honourably hitherto, if not very religiously and faithfully, in all the relations of life. He is certainly by no means one of the incorrigible class, nor is, as far as we can see, the forgiveness of Heaven out of the reach of his repentance. But here is a miscreant who has committed no act of violence, and whom, but for his aquiline features, you might take for a seedy dissenting minister, whose life has been passed till he is grey in discounting bills for foolish youths, and making them and their families miserable for life. He does not perhaps even cheat in his vile trade, but he pinches and pares and tortures with interest and compound interest, perhaps, in some cases, making the greenhorn into a parricide in thought by his post-obits, a fair specimen of an accomplished usurer, placed by Dante in a circle of the *Inferno* inhabited by very bad company indeed, and pelted with flakes of fiery snow. Well, I say that this man, though scarcely a law-breaker, is an incorrigible criminal, an enemy of his kind, and it would be no more than justice to deal with him accordingly. Or take the case of thieving : one man steals a sheep, as Charles II. did at Boscobel, because he wants it to eat, or his little ones want it : he is corrigible. Another steals a widow's mite in a bank, having seduced her into trusting him with it by a life of religious hypocrisy : this man is incorrigible, or corrigible only by the crank and a long course of penal discipline. Or take the very bad case of poisoning : a young woman was hung some years ago at Bristol for poisoning an old one who had frightfully and systematically maltreated her : no doubt the law did right, if it is right to hang women at all ; but I do not look upon the case as necessarily incorrigible. But look at the case of a baker or a grocer who poisons the food of multitudes, at all events succeeding so far that he injures their health, and all for the sake of making a slight profit, from utter, cold, unmitigated

selfishness. I say that such a man is incorrigible, and deserves to be hung, though whether or not it would be expedient to hang him is another question. Again, there is a manifest difference between old and young offenders committing the same crime, and I believe the usual practice recognises this difference. It does indeed seem to me unjust to punish at all little children, whom, in the spirit of our glorious constitution, we have left to be brought up by vicious parents, without being taught the difference between right and wrong, or rather, with having been taught to transpose these from the very first. We are all by nature liars and thieves, as much as these little children, and unless we had been taken in hand by kind parents and friends, who imitated in this only the example of a Greater, who ordered little children to be brought to Him, we should inevitably have grown up in the same moral ignorance. At the same time, a certain weight must be given to the fact that vice engenders vice as virtue does virtue, and that the human race is brutified by generations of evil living, as it deteriorates by living in a bad climate for many generations. The low stupid animal configuration is a sad puzzle to the philanthropist, the ragged schoolmaster, and the keeper of the juvenile prison; and the actually abandoned children of the metaphorically abandoned, appear often as hopeless of receiving instruction in better things as the Bushman or the New Guinea savage. Not that we need absolutely despair of any human being who retains a vestige of the human, which is indeed also a vestige of the godlike. He is still something more than an ourang-outang. Only when he fairly declares war against society, we have a manifest right to take his life, as we have the life of our enemies in international war, and on the principle of self-defence, not only against physical injury, but moral contamination. Now war is declared against society by certain definite overt acts, such as murder, and the existence of the incorrigible character, perpetually asserting, whether with truth or not, its incorrigibility. Although some who commit great

crimes are doubtless corrigible, yet the world is not strong enough to pardon them, considering the greatness, or rather extreme dangerousness, of the acts they commit. And it is not the danger to life and property on which I would lay the greatest stress; it is the danger of their example to the crowd of waverers between guilt and innocence, which in fact comprises perhaps a quarter of mankind. Now, as long as they live, they are objects of a certain interest, and at least noticeable; whereas, had they ceased to live, they would be virtually and personally forgotten. If Madame Laffarge had been put to death for the poisoning of her husband, the crime of poisoning would have been in a manner put to death with her; whereas her perpetual imprisonment is a perpetual reminder of her offence. But it seems to some hard to put to death political offenders. So it is, if we consider the persons only and not the offence. But rebellion against established government is an act so very inconvenient to the interests of society that the law is doubtless in the right in making it a capital offence. And yet a rebel may be a glorious hero and genuine patriot. But no one ought to be allowed to assume this character cheaply. If he plays at all, he must stake his all, and be prepared, if he loses, for loss of head and confiscation of property. I readily admit that he may be a holy martyr if he loses, even as he is sure to be a very great man indeed if he wins: but no less should be the stake he plays for. Although I have a very high opinion of the French Emperor, and think that, having won, he most fully deserves to wear the position he holds, I think he would equally have deserved a bullet or the guillotine had he been unlucky. Nothing has done more harm in the case of murder than the foolish plea of insanity, and I do, from my heart, hope that Verger will suffer death for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, a crime indeed complicated with sacrilege as committed at the altar of God, and parricide as committed by a priest against a spiritual father. The weak conduct of the poor Archbishop to this ungrateful ruffian, in suffering him to be appointed to a

cure of souls, in spite of his manifest incorrigibleness, was well commented upon by the *Times*, and illustrates forcibly my general position. The man who murdered Mr Drummond some years ago (Macnaughten) ought to have been hung, as he had destroyed his moral sense by bad habits before he became insane, and his madness was evidently the child of his badness. Between the labials *b* and *m* there is not so wide a difference that the words are not often interchanged, and it would do no great harm in the world to kill, once in the way, a mad murderer, even if he is morally innocent, while it is productive of unending harm to suffer a bad one, who is assuredly morally guilty, to escape. It seems to me, then, that murder, no matter whether its subject be corrigible or not, always demands death; in case of treason the sentence must depend on political expediency. Our Government was quite strong enough to pardon Smith O'Brien, and doubtless did infinitely more good by remitting his sentence than by executing it; but still he would have no reason to complain had he been shot after a court-martial, by Inspector Trant, in the very cabbage-garden of the widow Cormack. Our Government did not so well in mitigating the penalties of the Chartists Frost and Co., who exposed a number of misguided men to be shot down, keeping out of fire themselves, and are still, as it appears, engaged in plotting mischief against the State. Arson should always be capital, because it is a crime of such portentous consequences, so easy to effect in these days of phosphoric appliances, and so entirely out of the pale of ordinary temptations. Whether any other offence should be punished with death should be decided by a reference to the character of the offender, and the circumstances under which it is committed. There are a great many crimes which, though slight in themselves, are evidences of a dangerous and hopeless brutality of character, and are even more so when committed in a state of intoxication, because it is in such a state that the real nature shows itself most strongly. I would cite as an example some furious assault on a wife by a drunken husband, who had starved her

first to gratify his selfish appetites. Society might surely do without such a character, in a state of things where even the innocent have such a hard fight for existence. Again, it is difficult to decide on incorrigibility, and we are expressly forbidden by a higher law to judge the heart of man; but when incorrigibility is for ever declaring itself, and declaring war against society in the devil's name, I think we should be justified, even if each overt offence were small in itself, and again, considering the difficulty of feeding our population, in putting it quietly out of the way. When Babylon was besieged, the government adopted the ungallant expedient of killing all the women except enough to bake bread for the fighting garrison; and as our modern Babylon is at present in a normal state of siege from the legions of darkness, perhaps the question is worth entertaining whether its incorrigible male population might not be abated by some short and summary method, even after our one great imaginary sweeping. Still, I will not insist on this point, for I fear to shock your feelings, Irenæus, and the prejudices which you imbibed in your early intercourse with the Society of Friends. And I cannot help imagining the reverend Celsus at my elbow with a face of unusual severity, admonishing me on religious grounds that we ought not to cut off from the wicked the hope of repentance, for we can never tell whether there be still room for it or not. Of course this argument would be tantamount to advocating the entire abolition of capital punishment. But what would you substitute? Solitary confinement? Would you convert a man by making him infallibly insane? Perpetual imprisonment and hard labour in company with others? Is he likely to think of his latter end in the company of those like himself? He is much more likely to laugh to scorn with them everything connected with it. What makes most of us so careless in these matters is, not that we believe we shall live for ever in this life, but that we do not know, for the next half-century or less, exactly when we shall die. But place certain death before our eyes at the distance of a month or so, and

we should think it time, one and all, to make some arrangement of our affairs both for this world and the next. A prisoner confined in solitude or condemned to penal servitude for life is not likely to do himself any good, neither can he do good to the State, for keeping him and guarding him probably cost more than his hopeless labour. I forbear the deduction. It is a stern one, but I believe it to be true. The prisoner may ask for "a long day," and have it, and benefit of clergy ought to be denied to none by those who have the thief on the cross before their eyes; nor ought the services of a national church, which buries all, as she baptises all, in charitable hope. Secondary punishments are of course a question of much detail and arrangement, and many plans have been proposed with regard to them, more or less sensible. It seems to me that means must be taken to banish from the country all criminals but the young and those convicted of trifling offences, or under great temptation, and to banish them for ever. First, they ought, properly classified and supervised, to be set to useful public works, and work out at home the term of their punishment, and then granted a passage to certain stated regions of the earth, not necessarily colonies, where the people would not object to receive them, if there were inhabitants already, and where they might, as it were, begin a new life under fairer auspices. Return to this country, under any circumstances whatever, should be punished by another and a very long lease of penal servitude. Nor should that penal servitude be too light, else it would be resorted to in some cases in order to effect an ultimate emigration. It should be very severe, but not untempered by relaxation both of mind and body; nor should the chaplain be the only reformer. I would have the musician, and even the actor of Shakespeare, to aid his efforts. Reparation and reformation are the two main objects of secondary punishments; nor is the more selfish protection of society, although important, to be weighed in the balance with them. If a crime is committed, according to divine law, it has to be expiated, sooner or

later, in the person of the offender; and it can be no harm for human law to endeavour to be in harmony with the divine. After expiation, forgiveness may come, but not without it, both from man and God. God may forgive in any case, even the worst; but in the worst cases, man, conscious of his weakness, must submit to be unforgiving. As to lesser punishments, I have often wondered why that excellent summary process of flogging has fallen into such disrepute. Why should we have mercy on the skin of a man who has no mercy on the skin of his wife, and invest it with sacerdotal sanctity? And ought not cruelty to animals to be punished in kind, by scourging the animal that is cruel? As for the noble *Stocks*, which has become in most villages a significant ruin, it is a machine which seems to have been created expressly to curb the national vice of drunkenness. Put your silly Helot by all means in the stocks, and let all our young village Spartans have a good stare at him, especially at the time when he is beginning to get sick and sorry. No rotten eggs, if you please, far less a stone in a snowball! The poor fellow cannot run after you, and is sufficiently punished by the degrading exposure. I have no more time or paper, or I would say even more, Irenæus, on this subject of punishments; but I think you can see my general drift. After all, prevention is better than cure; and I would rather put another strain on our British freedom, and take away by force from their parents all the children who are being brought up under notoriously evil auspices; beginning by transporting them to be out of the way, and then bringing them back in ten or fifteen years' time, if they wished to come back, to some other spot at home, far from the habitat of their parents, and not this till the death of their parents had been ascertained. But even they would perhaps do better in a new country, as would some of us, who have but a sort of struggle to live here, and yet very little of a moral nature the matter with us.

Farewell,

Your ever

TLEPOLEMUS.

THE ATHELINGS; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

BOOK III.—PART IX.

CHAPTER I.—AN OLD STORY.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm in real earnest. My father would tell me himself if he were here. I want to understand the whole concern."

Mrs Atheling and her son were in Charlie's little room, with its one small lattice-window, overshadowed and embowered in leaves—its plain uncurtained bed, its small table, and solitary chair. Upon this chair, with a palpitating heart, sat Mrs Atheling, and before her stood the resolute boy.

And she began immediately, yet with visible faltering and hesitation, to tell him the story she had told the girls of the early connection between the present Lord Winterbourne and the Atheling family. But Charlie's mind was excited and preoccupied. He listened, almost with impatience, to the sad little romance of his father's young sister, of whom he had never heard before. It did not move him at all as it had moved Agnes and Marian. Broken hearts and disappointed loves were very far out of Charlie's way; something entirely different occupied his own imagination. He broke forth with a little effusion of impatience when the story came to an end. "And is this all? Do you mean to say this is the whole, mother? And my father had never anything to do with him but through a girl!"

"You are very unfeeling, Charlie," said Mrs Atheling, who wiped her eyes with real emotion, yet with a little policy too, and to gain time. "She was a dear innocent girl, and your father was very fond of her—reason enough to give him a dislike, if it were not sinful, to the very name of Lord Winterbourne."

"I had better go on with my packing, then," said Charlie. "So, that was all? I suppose any scamp in existence might do the same. Do you really mean to tell me, mother, that there was nothing but this?"

Mrs Atheling faltered still more under the steady observation of her son. "Charlie," said his mother, with agitation, "your father never would mention it to any one. I may be doing very wrong. If he only were here himself to decide! But if I tell you, you must give me your word never so much as to hint at it again."

Charlie did not give the necessary pledge, but Mrs Atheling made no pause. She did not even give him time to speak, however he might have been inclined, but hastened on in her own disclosure with agitation and excitement. "You have heard Papa tell of the young gentleman—he whom you all used to be so curious about—whom your father did a great benefit to," said Mrs Atheling, in a breathless hurried whisper. "Charlie, my dear, I never said it before to any creature—that was *him*."

She paused only a moment to take breath. "It was before we knew how he had behaved to dear little Bride," she continued, still in haste, and in an undertone. "What he did was a forgery—a forgery! people were hanged for it then. It was either a bill, or a cheque, or something, and Mr Reginald had written to it another man's name. It happened when Papa was in the bank, and before old Mr Lombard died—old Mr Lombard had a great kindness for your father, and we had great hopes then—and by good fortune the thing was brought to Papa. Your father was always very quick, Charlie, he found it out in a moment. So he told old Mr Lombard of it in a quiet way, and Mr Lombard consented he should take it back to Mr Reginald, and tell him it was found out, and hush all the business up. If your Papa had not been so quick, Charlie, but had paid the money at once, as almost any one else would have done, it all must have been found out, and he would have been

hanged, as certain as anything—he, a haughty young gentleman, and a lord's son !”

“And a very good thing, too,” exclaimed Charlie ; “saved him from doing any more mischief. So, I suppose now, it's all my father's blame.”

“This Lord Winterbourne is a bad man,” said Mrs Atheling, taking no notice of her son's interruption—“first he was furious to William, and then he cringed and fawned to him ; and of course he had it on his conscience then about poor little Bride, though we did not know—and then he raved, and said he was desperate, and did not know what to do for money. Your father came home to me, quite unhappy about him ; for he belonged to the same country, and everybody tried to make excuses for Mr Reginald, being a young man, and the heir. So William made it up in his own mind to go and tell the old lord, who was in London then. The old lord was a just man, but very proud. He did not take it kind of William, and he had no regard for Mr Reginald ; but for the honour of the family he sent him away. Then we lost sight of him long, and Aunt Bridget took a dislike to us, and poor little Bride was dead, and we never heard anything of the Lodge or the Hall for many a year ; but the old lord died abroad, and Mr Reginald came home Lord Winterbourne. That was all we ever knew. I thought your father had quite forgiven him, Charlie—we had other things to think of than keeping up old grudges—when all at once it came to be in the newspapers that Lord Winterbourne was a political man, that he was inaking speeches everywhere, and that he was to be one of the ministry. When your father saw that, he blazed up into such an anger ! I said all I could, but William never minded me. He never was so bitter before, not even when we heard of little Bride. He said, Such a man to govern us and all the people !—a forger ! a liar !—and sometimes, I think, he thought he would expose the whole story, and let everybody know.”

“Time enough for that,” said Charlie, who had listened to all this without comment, but with the

closest attention. “What he did once he'll do again, mother ; but we're close at his heels this time, and he won't get off now. I'm going to Oxford now to get some books. I say, mother, you'll be sure, upon your honour, not to tell the girls ?”

“No, Charlie,” said Mrs Atheling, with a somewhat faint affirmation ; “but, my dear, I can't believe in it. It can't be true. Charlie, boy ! if this was coming true, our Marian—your sister, Charlie !—why, Marian would be Lady Winterbourne !”

Charlie did not say a word in return ; he only took down his little travelling-bag, laid it at his mother's feet to be packed, and left her to that business and her own meditations ; but after he had left the room, the lad returned again and thrust in his shaggy head at the door. “Take care of Marian, mother,” said Charlie, in a parting adjuration ; “remember my father's little sister Bride.”

So he went away, leaving Mrs Atheling a good deal disquieted. She had got over the first excitement of Miss Anastasia's great intelligence and the sudden preparations of Charlie. She had scarcely time enough, indeed, to give a thought to these things, when her son demanded this history from her, and sent her mind away into quite a different channel. Now she sat still in Charlie's room, pondering painfully, with the travelling-bag lying quite unheeded at her feet. At one moment she pronounced the whole matter perfectly impossible—at the next, triumphantly inconsequent, she leaped to the full consummation of the hope, and saw her own pretty Marian—dazzling vision !—the lady of Winterbourne ! and again the heart of the good mother fell, and she remembered little Bride. Louis, as he was now, having no greater friends than their own simple family, and no pretensions whatever either to birth or fortune, was a very different person from that other Louis who might be heir of lands and lordship and the family pride of the Riverses. Much perplexed, in great uncertainty and pain, mused Mrs Atheling, half-resentful of that grand discovery of Miss Anastasia, which might plunge them all into renewed trouble ; while

Charlie trudged into Oxford for his Italian grammar—and Louis and Marian wandered through the enchanted wood, drawing homeward—

and Rachel sang to the children—and Agnes wondered by herself over the secret which was to be confided only to mamma.

CHAPTER II.—A CRISIS.

That night Charlie had need of all his diplomatic talents. Before he returned from Oxford, his mother, by way of precaution lest Agnes should betray the sudden and mysterious visit of Miss Anastasia to Marian, contrived to let her elder daughter know mysteriously, something of the scope and object of the sudden journey for which it was necessary to prepare her brother, driving Agnes, as was to be supposed, into a very fever of suppressed excitement, joy, triumph, and anxiety. Mrs Atheling, conscious, hurried, and studying deeply not to betray herself—and Agnes, watching every one, stopping questions, and guarding off suspicions with prudence much too visible—were quite enough of themselves to rouse every other member of the little company to lively pursuit after the secret. Charlie was assailed by every shape and form of question: Where was he going—what was he to do? He showed no cleverness, we are bound to acknowledge, in evading these multitudinous interrogations; he turned an impenetrable front upon them, and made the most commonplace answers, making vast incursions all the time into Hannah's cakes and Mamma's bread-and-butter.

"He had to go back immediately to the office; he believed he had got a new client for old Foggo," said Charlie, with the utmost coolness; "making no secret of it at all," according to Mamma's indignant commentary.

"To the office!—are you only going home, after all?" cried Marian.

"I'll see when I get there," answered Charlie; "there's something to be done abroad. I shouldn't wonder if they sent *me*. I say, I wish you'd all come home at once, and make things comfortable. There's my poor father fighting it out with Susan. I should not stand it if it was *me*."

"Hold your peace, Charlie, and don't be rude," said Mrs Atheling. "But, indeed, I wish we were at home, and out of everybody's way."

"Who is everybody?" said Louis. "I, who am going myself, can wish quite sincerely that we were all at home; but the addition is mysterious—who is in anybody's way?"

"Mamma means to wish us all out of reach of the Evil Eye," said Agnes, a little romantically.

"No such thing, my dear. I dare say we could do *him* a great deal more harm than he can do us," said Mrs Atheling, with sudden importance and dignity; then she paused with a certain solemnity, so that everybody could perceive the grave self-restraint of the excellent mother, and that she could say a great deal more if she chose.

"But no one thinks what I am to do when you are all gone," said Rachel; and her tearful face happily diverted her companions from investigating and from concealing the secret. There remained among them all, however, a certain degree of excitement. Charlie was returning home to-morrow—specially called home on business!—perhaps to go abroad upon the same! The fact stirred all those young hearts with something not unlike envy. This boy seemed to have suddenly leaped in one day into a man.

And it was natural enough that, hearing of this, the mind of Louis should burn and chafe with fierce impatience. Charlie, who was perfectly undemonstrative of his thoughts and imaginations, was a very boy to Louis—yet there was need and occasion for Charlie in the crowd of life, when no one thought upon this fiery and eager young man. It was late that night when Louis left this only home and haven which he had ever known; and though he would fain have left Rachel there, his little sister would not remain behind him,

but clung to his arm with a strange presentiment of something about to happen, which she could not explain. Louis scarcely answered a word to the quiet talk of Rachel as they went upon their way to the Hall. With difficulty, and even with impatience, he curbed his rapid stride to her timid little footsteps, and hurried her along without a glance at the surrounding scene, memorable and striking as it was. The broad moonlight flooded over the noble park of Winterbourne. The long white-columned front of the house—which was a great Grecian house, pallid, vast, and imposing—shone in the white light like a screen of marble; and on the great lawn immediately before it were several groups of people, dwarfed into minute miraculous figures by the great space and silence, and the intense illumination, which was far more striking and particular than the broader light of day. The chances were that Louis did not see them, as he plunged on, in the blindness of preoccupation, keeping no path, through light and shadow, through the trees and underwood, and across the broad unshaded greensward, where no one could fail to perceive him. His little sister clung to his arm in an agony of fear, grief, and confidence—trembling for something about to happen with an overpowering tremor—yet holding a vague faith in her brother, strange and absorbing. She said, “Louis, Louis!” in her tone of appeal and entreaty. He did not hear her, but struck across the broad visible park, in the full stream of the moonlight, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. As they approached, Rachel could not even hear any conversation among the groups on the lawn; and it was impossible to suppose that they had not been seen. Louis’s abrupt direct course, over the turf and through the brushwood, must have attracted the notice of bystanders even in the daylight; it was still more remarkable now, when noiseless and rapid, through the intense white radiance and the perfect stillness, the stately figure of the young man, and his timid, graceful little sister, came directly forward in face of the spectators. These spec-

tators were all silent, looking on with a certain fascination, and Rachel could not tell whether Louis was even conscious that any one was there.

But before they could turn aside into the road which led to the Hall door—a road to which Rachel most anxiously endeavoured to guide her brother—they were suddenly arrested by the voice of Lord Winterbourne. “I must put a stop to this,” said his lordship suddenly and loudly, with so evident a reference to themselves, that even Rachel stopped without knowing it. “Here, young fellow, stop and give an account of yourself—what do you mean by wandering about my park at midnight, eh? I know your poaching practices. Setting snares, I suppose, and dragging about this girl as a protection. Get into your kennel, you mean dog; is this how you repay the shelter I have given you all your life?”

“It would be a fit return,” said Louis. He did not speak so loud, but with a tremble of scorn and bitterness and intense youthful feeling in his voice, before which the echo of his persecutor’s went out and died, like an ignoble thing. “If I were, as you say,” repeated the young man—“setting snares for your game, or for your wealth, or for your life, you know it would be a fit return.”

“Yes, I live a peaceful life with this villanous young incendiary under my roof!” said Lord Winterbourne. “I’ll tell you what, you young ruffian, if nothing better can restrain you, locks and bars shall. Oh, no chance of appealing to *my* pity, with that fool of a girl upon your arm! You think you can defy me, year after year, because I have given charity to your base blood. My lad, you shall learn to know me better before another week is over our heads. Why, gentlemen, you perceive, by his own confession, I stand in danger of my life.”

“Winterbourne,” said some one over his shoulder, in a reproving tone, “*you* should be the last man in the world to taunt this unfortunate lad with his base blood.”

Lord Winterbourne turned upon his heel with a laugh of insult which sent the wild blood dancing in an

agony of shame, indignation, and rage even into Rachel's woman's face. "Well," said the voice of their tyrant, "I have supported the hound—what more would you have? His mother was a pretty fool, but she had her day. There's more of her conditions in the young villain than mine. I have no idea of playing the romantic father to such a son—not I!"

Louis did not know that he threw his sister off his arm before he sprang into the midst of these half-dozen gentlemen. She did not know herself, as she stood behind clenching her small fingers together painfully, with all the burning vehemence of a woman's passion. The young man sprang forward with the bound of a young tiger. His voice was hoarse with passion, not to be restrained. "It is a lie—a wilful, abominable lie!" cried Louis fiercely, confronting as close as a wrestler the ghastly face of his tyrant, who shrank before him. "I am no son of yours—you know I am no son of yours! I owe you the hateful bread I have been compelled to eat—nothing more. I am without a name—I may be of base blood—but I warn you for your life, if you dare repeat this last insult. It is a lie! I tell every one who condescends to call you friend; and I appeal to God, who knows that you know it is a lie! I may be the son of any other wretch under heaven, but I am not yours. I disown it with loathing and horror. Do you hear me?—you know the truth in your heart, and so do I!"

Lord Winterbourne fell back, step by step, before the young man, who pressed upon him close and rapid, with eyes which flamed and burned with a light which he could not bear. The insulting smile upon his bloodless face had not passed from it yet. His eyes, shifting, restless, and uneasy, expressed nothing. He was not a coward, and he was sufficiently quick-witted on ordinary occasions, but he had nothing whatever to answer to this vehement and unexpected accusation. He made an unintelligible appeal with his hand to his companions, and lifted up his face to the moonlight like a spectre, but he did not answer by a single word.

"Young man," said the gentleman

who had spoken before, "I acknowledge your painful position, and that you have been addressed in a most unseemly manner—but no provocation should make you forget your natural duty. Lord Winterbourne must have had a motive for maintaining you as he has done. I put it to you calmly, dispassionately—what motive could he possibly have had, except one?"

"Ah!" said Louis, with a sudden and violent start, "he must have had a motive—it is true; he would not waste his cruel powers, even for cruelty's sake. If any man can tell me what child it was his interest to bastardise and defame, there may be hope and a name for me yet."

At these words, Lord Winterbourne advanced suddenly with a singular eagerness. "Let us have done with this foolery," he said in a voice which was certainly less steady than usual; "I presume we can all be better employed than listening to the vapourings of this foolish boy. Go in, my lad, and learn a lesson by your folly to-night. I pass it over, simply because you have shown yourself to be a fool."

"I, however, do not pass it over, my lord," said Louis, who had calmed down after the most miraculous fashion, to the utter amazement of his sister. "Thank you for the provision you have given us, such as it is. Some time we may settle scores upon that subject. My sister and I must find another shelter to-night."

The bystanders were half disposed to smile at the young man's heroic withdrawal—but they were all somewhat amazed to find that Lord Winterbourne was as far as possible from sharing their amusement. He called out immediately in an access of passion to stop the young ruffian, incendiary, mischief-maker;—called loudly upon the servants, who began to appear at the open door—ordered Louis to his own apartment with the most unreasonable vehemence, and finally turned upon Rachel, calling her to give up the young villain's arm, and for her life to go home.

But Rachel was wound to the fever point as well as her brother. "No, no, it is all true he has said," cried Rachel. "I know it, like Louis;

we are not your children—you dare not call us so now. I never believed you were our father—never all my life.”

She exclaimed these words hastily in her low eager voice, as Louis drew her arm through his, and hurried her away. The young man struck again across the broad park and through the moonlight, while behind, Lord Winterbourne called to his servants to go after the fugitives—to bring that fellow back. The men only stared at their master, looked helplessly at each other, and went off on vain pretended searches, with no better intention than to keep out of Louis’s way, until prudence came to the aid of Lord Winterbourne. “I shall scarcely think my life in safety while that young fool wanders wild about the country,” he said to his friends, as he returned within doors; but his friends, one and all, thought this a very odd scene.

Meanwhile Louis made his rapid way with his little sister on his arm out over the glorious moonlit park of Winterbourne, away from the only home he had ever known—out to the night and to the world. Rachel, leaning closely upon him, scarcely so much as looked up, as her faltering footstep toiled to keep up with her brother. He, holding his proud young head high, neither turned nor glanced aside, but pressed on straight forward, as if to some visionary certain end before his eye. Then they came out at last to the white silent road, lying ghostlike under the excess of light—the quiet road which led through the village where all the houses slept and everything was still, not a curl of smoke in the moonlight, nor a house-dog’s bark in the silence. It was midnight, vast and still, a great desolate uninhabited world. There was not a door open to them, nor a place where they could rest. But on pressed Louis, with the rapid step and unhesitating course of one who hastened to some definite conclusion. “Where are we going—where shall we go?” said poor little Rachel, drooping on his shoulder. Her brother did not hear her. He was not selfish, but he had not that superhuman consideration for others which might have broken the fiery inspiration of his own momentous

thoughts, and made him think of the desolate midnight, and the houseless and outcast condition which were alone present to the mind of Rachel. He did not see a vast homeless solitude—a vagabond and disgraceful wandering, in this midnight walk. He saw a new world before him, such as had never glanced before across his fancy. “He must have had a notion” he muttered to himself. Rachel heard him sadly, and took the words as a matter of course. “Where are we to go?”—that was a more immediately important question to the simple mind of Rachel.

The Old Wood Lodge was as deep asleep as any house in the village. They paused, reluctant, both of them, to awake their friends within, and went back, pacing rapidly between the house of the Athelings and that of the Rector. The September night was cold, and Rachel was timid of that strange midnight world out of doors. They seemed to have nothing for it but pacing up and down upon the grassy road, where they were at least within sight of a friendly habitation, till morning came.

There was one light in one window of the Old Wood House; Rachel’s eye went wandering to it wistfully, unawares: If the Rector knew—the Rector, who once would have been kind if Louis would have let him. But as if in very response to her thoughts, the Rector, when they came back to this point again, was standing, like themselves, in the moonlight, looking over the low wall. He called to them rather authoritatively, asking what they did there—but started, and changed his tone into one of wondering interest and compassion when Rachel lifted her pale face to him, with the tears in her eyes. He hastened to the gate at once, and called them to enter. “Nay, nay, no hesitation—come in at once, that she may have rest and shelter,” said the Rector in a peremptory tone, which for the first time in his life Louis had no thought of resenting. He went in without a word, leading his little sister. Perhaps it was the first great thing that ever had been done in all her life for Rachel’s sake—for the sake of the delicate girl, who was half a child

though a woman in years,—for sake of her tenderness, her delicate frame, her privilege of weakness. The two haughty young men went in silently together into this secluded house, which never opened its doors to any guest. It was an invalid's home, and some one was always at hand for its ailing mistress. By-and-by Rachel, in the exhaustion of great excitement, fell asleep in a little quiet room

looking over that moonlit park of Winterbourne. Louis, who was in no mood for sleep, watched below, full of eager and unquiet thoughts. They had left Winterbourne Hall suddenly; the Rector asked no further questions, expressed no wonder, and left the young man who had repelled him once, with a lofty and dignified hospitality, to his meditations or repose.

CHAPTER III.—CHARLIE'S PREPARATIONS.

Charlie Atheling was not at all of an imaginative or fanciful turn of mind. His slumbers were not disturbed by castle-building—he wasted none of his available time in making fancy sketches of the people, or the circumstances, among which he was likely to be thrown. He was not without the power of comprehending at a glance the various features of his mission; but by much the most remarkable point of Charlie's character was his capacity for doing his immediate business, whatever that might be, with undivided attention, and with his full powers. On this early September morning he neither occupied himself with anticipations of his interview with Miss Anastasia, nor his hurried journey. He did not suffer his mind to stray to difficult questions of evidence, nor wander off into speculations concerning what he might have to do when he reached the real scene of his investigation. What he had to do at the moment he did like a man, bending upon his serious business all the faculties of his mind, and all the furrows of his brow. He got up at six o'clock, not because he particularly liked it, but because these early morning hours had become his habitual time for extra work of every kind, and sat upon Hannah's bench in the garden, close by the kitchen door, with the early sun and the early wind playing hide-and-seek among his elf-locks, learning his Italian grammar, as if this was the real business for which he came into the world.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do"—that was Charlie's secret of success. He had only a grammar, a dictionary, and a little New Testa-

ment in Italian—and he had not at this moment the slightest ambition to read Dante in the original—but with steady energy he chased those unknown verbs into the deep caverns of his memory—a memory which was prodigious, and lost nothing committed to it. The three books accompanied him when he went in to breakfast, and marched off in his pocket to Oxford when it was time to keep his appointment with Miss Anastasia. Meanwhile the much-delayed travelling-bag only now began to get packed, and Mrs Atheling, silently toiling at this business, felt convinced that Susan would mislay all the things most important for Charlie's comfort, and very much yearned in her heart to accompany her son home. They were to meet him at the railway, whence he would depart immediately, after his interview with Miss Rivers; and Charlie's secret commission made a considerable deal of excitement in the quiet little house.

Miss Anastasia, who was much too eager and impetuous to be punctual, had been waiting for some time, when her young agent made his appearance at the office of her solicitor. After she had charged him with being too late, and herself suffered conviction as being too early, the old lady proceeded at once to business; they were in Mr Temple's own room, but they were alone.

"I have made copies of everything that seemed to throw light upon my late father's wanderings," said Miss Anastasia—"not much to speak of—see! These papers must have been carefully weeded before they came to my hands. Here is an old guide-

book marked with notes, and here a letter dated from the place where he died. It is on the borders of Italy—at the foot of the Alps—on the way to Milan, and not very far from there. You will make all speed, young Atheling; I trust to your prudence—betray nothing—do not say a word about these children until you find some certain clue. It is more than twenty years—nearly one-and-twenty years—since my father died; but a rich Englishman, who married among them, was not like to be forgotten in such a village. Find out who this Giulietta was—if you can discover the family, they might know something. My father had an attendant, a sort of courier, who was with us often—Jean Monte, half a Frenchman half an Italian. I have never heard of him since that time; he might be heard of on the way, and *he* might know—but I cannot direct you, boy—I trust to your own spirit, your own foresight, your own prudence. Make haste, as if it was life and death; yet if time will avail you, take time. Now, young Atheling, I trust you!—bring clear evidence—legal evidence—what will stand in a court of law—and as sure as you live your fortune is made!”

Charlie did not make a single protestation in answer to this address. He folded up carefully those fragments of paper copied out in Miss Anastasia's careful old-fashioned lady's hand, and placed them in the big old pocket-book which he carried for lack of a better.

“I don't know much of the route,” said Charlie,—“over the Alps, I suppose,” and for once his cheek flushed with the youthful excitement of the travel. “I shall find out all about that immediately when I get to town; and there is a passport to be seen after. When I am ready to start—which will be just as soon as the thing can be done—I shall let you know how I am to travel, and write immediately when I arrive there;—I know what you mean me to do.”

Then Miss Anastasia gave him—a very important part of the business),—two ten-pound notes, which was a very large sum to Charlie, and directed him to go to the banking-house, with which she kept an account in London, and get from them a

letter of credit on a banker in Milan, on whom he could draw, according to his occasions. “You are very young, young Atheling,” said Miss Rivers; “many a father would hesitate to trust his son as I trust you; but I'm a woman and an optimist, and have my notions: you are only a boy, but I believe in you—forget how young you are while you are about my business—plenty of time after this for enjoying yourself—and I tell you again, if you do your duty, your fortune is made.”

The old lady and the youth went out together, to where the little carriage and the grey ponies stood at the solicitor's door. Charlie, in his present development, was not at all the man to hand a lady with a grace to her carriage; nor was this stately gentlewoman, in her brown pelisse, at all the person to be so escorted; but they were a remarkable pair enough, as they stood upon the broad pavement of one of the noblest streets of Christendom. Miss Anastasia held out her hand with a parting command and warning, as she took her seat and the reins.—“Young Atheling, remember! it is life and death!”

She was less cautious at that moment than she had been during all their interview. The words fell upon another ear than his to whom they were addressed. Lord Winterbourne was making his way at the moment with some newly arrived guests of his, and under the conduct of a learned pundit from one of the colleges, along this same picturesque High Street; and, in the midst of exclamations of rapture and of interest, his suspicious and alarmed eye caught the familiar equipage and well-known figure of Miss Anastasia. Her face was turned in the opposite direction,—she did not see him,—but a single step brought him near enough to hear her words. “Young Atheling!” Lord Winterbourne had not forgotten his former connection with the name, but the remembrance had long lain dormant in a breast which was used to potent excitements. William Atheling, though he once saved a reckless young criminal, could do no harm with his remote unbelievable story to a peer of the realm,—a man who had sat in the councils of the State. Lord Winterbourne had begun his suit for the

Old Wood Lodge with the most contemptuous indifference to all that could be said of him by any one of this family; yet somehow it struck him strangely to hear so sudden a naming of this name. "Young Atheling!" He could not help looking at the youth,—meeting the stormy gleam in the eyes of Charlie, whose sudden enmity sprung up anew in an instant. Lord Winterbourne was sufficiently

disturbed already by the departure of Louis, and with the quick observation of alarm remarked everything. He could understand no natural connection whatever between this lad and Miss Anastasia. His startled imagination suggested instantly that it bore some reference to Louis, and what interpretation was it possible to give to so strange an adjuration—"It is life and death!"

CHAPTER IV.—GOING AWAY.

"Charlie, my dear boy," said Mrs Atheling, with a slight tremble in her voice, "I suppose it may be months before we see you again."

"I can't tell, mother; but it will not be a day longer than I can help," said Charlie, who had the grace to be serious at the moment of parting. "There's only one thing, you know, —I must do my business before I come home."

"And take care of yourself," said Mrs Atheling; "take great care when you are going over those mountains, and among those people where bandits are—you know what stories we have read about such robbers, Charlie,—and remember, though I should be very glad to hear good news about Louis, Louis is not my own very boy, like you."

"Hush, mother—no need for naming him," said Charlie; "he is of more moment than me, however, this time—for that's my business. Never fear—thieves may be fools there as well as at home, but they're none such fools as to meddle with me. Now, mother, promise me, the last thing,—Agnes, do you hear?—don't tell Marian a word, nor *him*. I'll tell old Foggo the whole story, and Foggo will do what he can for him when he gets to London; but don't you go and delude him, telling him of this, for it would just be as good as ruin if I don't succeed; and it all may come to nothing, as like as not. I say, Agnes, do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear, very well; but I am not given to telling secrets," said Agnes, with a little dignity.

Charlie only laughed as he arranged himself in the corner of the second-class carriage, and drew forth his grammar: there was no time for

anything more, save entreaties that he would write, and take care of himself; and the train flashed away, leaving them somewhat dull and blank in the reaction of past excitement, looking at each other, and half reluctant to turn their faces homeward. Their minds hurried forth faster than either steam or electricity to the end of Charlie's journey. They went back with very slow steps and very abstracted minds. What a new world of change and sudden revolution might open upon them at Charlie's return!

Mrs Atheling had some business in the town, and the mother and daughter pursued their way silently to that same noble High Street where Charlie had seen Lord Winterbourne, and where Lord Winterbourne and his party were still to be caught sight of, appearing and reappearing by glimpses as they "did" the halls and colleges. While her mother managed some needful business in a shop, Agnes stood rather dreamily looking down the stately street; its strange old-world mixture of the present and the past; its union of all kinds of buildings; the trim classic pillars and toy cupolas of the eighteenth century—the grim crumbling front of elder days—the gleams of green grass and waving trees through college gateways—the black-gowned figures interrupting the sunshine—the beautiful spire striking up into it as into its natural element,—a noble hyacinthine stem of immortal flowers. Agnes did not know much about artistic effect, nor anything about orders of architecture, but the scene seized upon her imagination, as was its natural right. Her thoughts were astray among hopes and chances

far enough out of the common way—but any dream of romance could make itself real in an atmosphere like this.

She was pale,—she was somewhat of an abstracted and musing aspect. When one took into consideration her misfortune of authorship, she was in quite a sentimental *pose* and attitude—so thought her American acquaintance, who had managed to secure an invitation to the Hall, and was one of Lord Winterbourne's party. But Mr Endicott had "done" all the colleges before, and he could afford to let his attention be distracted by the appearance of the literary sister of the lady of his love.

"I am not surprised at your abstraction," said Mr Endicott. "In this, indeed, I do not hesitate to confess, my country is not equal to your Island. What an effect of sunshine! what a breadth of shade! I cannot profess to have any preference, in respect to Art, for the past, picturesque though it be—a poet of these days, Miss Atheling, has not to deal with facts, but feelings; but I have no doubt, before I interrupted you, the whole panorama of History glided before your meditative eye."

"No, indeed; I was thinking more of the future than of the past," said Agnes hurriedly.

"The future of this nation is obscure and mysterious," said Mr Endicott, gathering his eyebrows solemnly. "Some man must arise to lead you—to glory—or to perdition! I see nothing but chaos and darkness; but why should I prophesy? A past generation had leisure to watch the signs of the times; but for us 'Art is long and time is fleeting,' and happy is the man who can snatch one burning experience from the brilliant mirage of life."

Agnes, a little puzzled by this mixture of images, did not attempt any answer. Mr Endicott went on.

"I had begun to observe, with a great deal of interest, two remarkable young minds placed in a singular position. They were not to be met, of course, at the table of Lord Winterbourne," said the American with dignity; "but in my walks about the park I sometimes encountered them, and always endeavoured to draw them into conversation. So remark-

able, in fact, did they seem to me, that they found a place in my letters from England; studies of character entirely new to my consciousness. I believe, Miss Atheling, I had once the pleasure of seeing them in your company. They stand—um—unfortunately in a—a—an equivocal relationship to my noble host."

"Ah! what of them?" cried Agnes quickly, and with a crimsoned cheek. She felt already how difficult it was to hear them spoken of, and not proclaim at once her superior knowledge.

"A singular event, I understand, happened last night," continued Mr Endicott. "Viscount Winterbourne, on his own lawn, was attacked and insulted by the young man, who afterwards left the house under very remarkable circumstances. My noble friend, who is an admirable example of an old English nobleman, was at one time in actual danger, and I believe has been advised to put this fiery youth—"

"Do you mean Louis?" cried Agnes, interrupting him anxiously. "Louis!—do you mean that he has left the Hall?"

"I am greatly interested, I assure you, in tracing out this romance of real life," said Mr Endicott. "He left the Hall, I understand, last evening—and my noble friend is advised to take measures for his apprehension. I look upon the whole history with the utmost interest. How interesting to trace the motives of this young mind, perhaps the strife of passions—gratitude mixing with a sense of injury! If he is secured, I shall certainly visit him; I know no nobler subject for a drama of passion; and dramas of the passions are what we want to ennoble this modern time."

"Mother!" cried Agnes, "mother! come; we have no time to lose—Mr Endicott has told me—Mamma, leave these things to another time. Marian is alone; there is no one to support her. Oh, mother, mother! make haste! We must go home!"

She scarcely gave a glance to Mr Endicott as he stood somewhat surprised, making a study of the young author's excitable temperament for his next "letter from England"—but hastened her mother homeward, ex-

plaining, as she went, though not very coherently, that Louis had attacked Lord Winterbourne—that he had left the Hall—that he had done something for which he might be apprehended. The terror of disgrace—that most dread of all fears to people in their class—overwhelmed

both mother and daughter, as they hastened, at a very unusual pace, along the road, terrified to meet himself in custody, or some one coming to tell them of his crime. And Marian, their poor beautiful flower, on whom this storm would fall so heavily—Marian was alone!

CHAPTER V.—THE OLD WOOD HOUSE.

Louis passed the night in the Rector's library. He had no inclination for sleep; indeed, he was almost scornful of the idea that he *could* sleep under his new and strange circumstances; and it was not until he roused himself, with a start, to see that the pale sheen of the moonlight had been succeeded by the rosy dawn of morning, that he knew of the sudden, deep slumber, that had fallen upon him. It was morning, but it was still a long time till day; except the birds among the trees there was nothing astir, not even the earliest labourer, and he could not hear a sound in the house. All the events of the previous night returned upon Louis's mind with all the revived freshness of a sudden awaking. A great change had passed upon him in a few hours. He started now at once out of the indefinite musings, the flush of vain ambition, the bitter brooding over wrong which had been familiar to his mind. He began to think with the earnest precision of a man who has attained to a purpose. Formerly it had been hard enough for his proud undisciplined spirit, prescient of something greater, to resolve upon a plan of tedious labour for daily bread, or to be content with such a fortune as had fallen to such a man as Mr Atheling. Even with love to bear him out, and his beautiful Marian to inspire him, it was hard, out of all the proud possibilities of youth, to plunge into such a lot as this. Now he considered it warily, with the full awakened consciousness of a man. Up to this time his bitter dislike and opposition to Lord Winterbourne had been carried on by fits and starts, as youths do contend with older people under whose sway they have been all their life. He took no reason with him when he decided that he was not the son of the man

who opposed him. He never entered into the question how he came to the Hall, or what was the motive of its master. He had contented himself with a mere unreasoning conviction that Lord Winterbourne was not his father; but only one word was wanted to awaken the slumbering mind of the youth, and that word had been spoken last night. Now a clear and evident purpose became visible before him. What was Lord Winterbourne's reason for keeping him all his life under so killing a bondage? What child was there in the world whom it was Lord Winterbourne's interest to call illegitimate, and keep in obscurity? His heart swelled—the colour rose in his face. He did not see how hopeless was the search—how entirely without grounds, without information, he was. He did not perceive how vain, to every reasonable individual, would seem the fabric he had built upon a mere conviction of his own. In his own eager perception everything was possible to that courage, and perseverance indomitable, which he felt to be in him; and, for the first time in his life, Louis came down from the unreasonable and bitter pride which had shut his heart against all overtures of friendship. Friendship—help—advice—the aid of those who knew the world better than he did—these were things to be sought for, and solicited now. He sat in the Rector's chair, leaning upon the Rector's writing-table; it was not without a struggle that he overcame his old repugnance, his former haughtiness. It was not without a pang that he remembered the obligation under which this stranger had laid him. It was his first effort in self-control, and it was not an easy one; he resolved at last to ask counsel from the Rector, and lay fully before

him the strange circumstances in which he stood.

The Rector was a man of capricious hours, and uncertain likings. He was sometimes abroad as early as the earliest ploughman; to-day it was late in the forenoon before he made his appearance. Breakfast had been brought to Louis, by himself, in the library; in this house they were used to solitary meals at all hours—and he had already asked several times for the Rector, when Mr Rivers at last entered the room, and saluted him with stately courtesy. "My sister, I find, has detained your sister," said the Rector. "I hope you have not been anxious—they tell me the young lady will join us presently."

Then there was a pause; and then Mr Rivers began an extremely polite and edifying conversation, which must have reminded any spectator of the courtly amity of a couple of Don Quixotes preparing for the duello. The Rector himself conducted it with the most solemn gravity imaginable. This Lionel Rivers, dissatisfied and self-devouring, was not a true man. Supposing himself to be under a melancholy necessity of disbelieving on pain of conscience, he yet submitted to an innumerable amount of practical shams, with which his conscience took no concern. In spite of his great talents, and of a character full of natural nobleness, when you came to its foundations, a false tone, an artificial strain of conversation, an unreal and insincere expression, were unhappily familiar enough to the dissatisfied clergyman, who vainly tried to anchor himself upon the authority of the Church. Louis, on the contrary, knew nothing of talk which was a mere veil and concealment of meaning; he could not use vain words when his heart burned within him; he had no patience for those conversations which were merely intended to occupy time, and which meant and led to nothing. Yet it was very difficult for him, young, proud, and inexperienced as he was, without any invitation or assistance from his companion, to enter upon his explanation. He changed colour, he became uneasy, he scarcely answered the indifferent remarks addressed to him. At length, seeing

nothing better for it, he plunged suddenly and without comment into his own tale.

"We have left Winterbourne Hall," said Louis, reddening to his temples as he spoke. "I have long been aware how unsuitable a home it was for me. I am going to London immediately. I cannot thank you enough for your hospitality to my sister, and to myself, last night."

"That is nothing," said the Rector, with a motion of his hand. "Some time since I had the pleasure of saying to your friends in the Lodge that it would gratify me to be able to serve you. I do not desire to pry into your plans; but if I can help you in town, let me know without hesitation."

"So far from prying," said Louis eagerly, interrupting him, "I desire nothing more than to explain them. All my life," and once again the red blood rushed to the young man's face,—"all my life I have occupied the most humiliating of positions—you know it. I am not a meek man by nature; what excuse I have had if a bitter pride has sometimes taken possession of me, you know—"

The Rector bowed gravely, but did not speak. Louis continued in haste, and with growing agitation, "I am not the son of Lord Winterbourne—I am not a disgraced offshoot of your family—I can speak to you without feeling shame and abasement in the very sound of your name. This has been my conviction since ever I was capable of knowing anything—but Heaven knows how subtly the snare was woven—it seemed impossible, until now when we have done it, to disengage our feet."

"Have you made any discovery, then? What has happened?" said the Rector, roused into an eager curiosity. Here, at the very outset, lay Louis's difficulty—and he had never perceived it before.

"No; I have made no discovery," he said, with a momentary disconcertment. "I have only left the Hall—I have only told Lord Winterbourne what he knows well, and I have known long, that I am not his son."

"Exactly—but how did you discover that?" said the Rector.

"I have discovered nothing—but I am as sure of it as that I breathe," answered Louis.

The Rector looked at him—looked at a portrait which hung directly above Louis's head upon the wall, smiled, and shook his head. "It is quite natural," he said; "I can sympathise with any effort you make to gain a more honourable position, and to disown Lord Winterbourne—but it is vain where there are pictures of the Riverses to deny your connection with my family. George Rivers himself, my lord's heir, the future head of the family, has not a tithe as much of the looks and bearing of the blood as you."

Louis could not find a word to say in face of such an argument—he looked eagerly yet blankly into the face of the Rector—felt all his pulses throbbing with fiery impatience of the doubt thus cast upon him—yet knew nothing to advance against so subtle and unexpected a charge of kindred, and could only repeat, in a passionate undertone, "I am not Lord Winterbourne's son."

"I do not know," said the Rector, "I have no information which is not common to all the neighbourhood—yet I beg you to guard against delusion. Lord Winterbourne brought you here while you were an infant—since then you have remained at the Hall—he has owned you, I suppose, as much as a man ever owns an illegitimate child. Pardon me, I am obliged to use the common words. Lord Winterbourne is not a man of extended benevolence, neither is he one to take upon himself the responsibility or blame of another. If you are not his son, why did he bring you here?"

Louis raised his face from his hands which had covered it—he was very pale, haggard, almost ghastly. "If you can tell me of any youth—of any child—of any man's son, whom it was his interest to disgrace and remove out of the way," said the young man with his parched lips, "I will tell you why I am here."

The Rector could not quite restrain a start of emotion—not for what the youth said, for that was madness to the man of the world—but for the extreme passion, almost

despair, in his face. He thought it best to soothe rather than to excite him.

"I know nothing more than all the world knows," said Mr Rivers; "but, though I warn you against delusions, I will not say you are wrong when you are so firmly persuaded that you are right. What do you mean to do in London—can I help you there?"

Louis felt with no small pang this giving up of the argument—as if it were useless to discuss anything so visionary—but he roused himself to answer the question: "The first thing I have to do," he said quickly, "is to maintain my sister and myself."

The Rector bowed again, very solemnly and gravely—perhaps not without a passing thought that the same duty imposed chains more galling than iron upon himself.

"That done, I will pursue my inquiries as I can," said Louis; "you think them vain—but time will prove that. I thank you now, for my sister's sake, for receiving us—and now we must go on our way."

"Not yet," said the Rector. "You are without means of course—what, do you think it a disgrace, that you blush for it?—or would you have me suppose that you had taken money from Lord Winterbourne, while you deny that you are his son? For this once suppose me your friend; I will supply you with what you are certain to need; and you can repay me—oh, with double interest if you please!—only do not go to London unprovided—for that is the maddest method of anticipating a heartbreak; your sister is young, almost a child, tender and delicate—let it be, for her sake."

"Thank you; I will take it as you give it," said Louis. "I am not so ungenerous as you suppose."

There was a certain likeness between them, different as they were—there was a likeness in both to these family portraits on the walls. Before such silent witnesses Louis's passionate disclaimer, sincere though it was, was unbelievable. For no one could believe that he was not an offshoot of the house of Rivers, who looked from his face and the Rector's to those calm ancient faces on the walls.

CHAPTER VI.—AN ADVENTURER.

"They have left the Hall."

That was all Marian said when she came to the door to meet her mother and sister, who paused in the porch, overcome with fatigue, haste, and anxiety. Mrs Atheling was obliged to pause and sit down, not caring immediately to see the young culprit who was within.

"And what has happened, Marian,—what has happened? My poor child, did he tell you?" asked Mrs Atheling.

"Nothing has happened, mamma," said Marian, with a little petulant haste; "only Louis has quarrelled with Lord Winterbourne; but, indeed, I wish you would speak to him. Oh, Agnes, go and talk to Louis; he says he will go to London to-day."

"And so he should; there is not a moment to be lost," said Agnes,—
"I will go and tell him; we can walk in with him to Oxford, and see him safely away. Tell Hannah to make haste, Marian,—he must not waste an hour."

"What does she mean,—what is the matter? Oh, what have you heard, mamma?" said Marian, growing very pale.

"Hush, dear; I daresay it was not him,—it was Mr Endicott, who is sure to hate him, poor boy; he said Lord Winterbourne would put him in prison, Marian. Oh," said Mrs Atheling, getting up hurriedly, "he ought to go at once to Papa."

But they found Louis, whom they all surrounded immediately with terror, sympathy, and encouragement, entirely unappalled by the threatened vengeance of Lord Winterbourne.

"There is nothing to charge me with; he can bring no accusation against me; if he did ever say it, it must have been a mere piece of bravado," said Louis; "but it is better I should go at once without losing an hour, as Agnes says. Will you let Rachel stay? and you, who are the kindest mother in the world, when will you have compassion on us and come home?"

"Indeed, I wish we were going now," said Mrs Atheling; and she

said it with genuine feeling, and a sigh of anxiety. "You must tell Papa we will not stay very long; but I suppose we must see about this lawsuit first; and I am sure I cannot tell who is to manage it now, since Charlie is gone."

"Shall you go to Papa at once, Louis?" asked Marian, who was very anxious to conceal from every one the tears in her downcast eyes.

"Surely, at once," said Louis. "We are in different circumstances now; I have a great deal to ask any one who knows the family of Rivers. Do you know it never before occurred to me that Lord Winterbourne must have had some powerful inducement for keeping me here, knowing as well as I do that I am not his son."

Mrs Atheling and Agnes turned a sudden guilty look upon each other; but neither had betrayed the secret;—what did he mean?

"Unless it was his interest in some way—unless it was for his evident advantage to disgrace and disable me," said Louis, groping in the dark, when they knew one possible solution of the mystery so well, "I am convinced he never would have kept me as he has done at the Hall."

He spoke in a tone different to that which he had used to the Rector, and very naturally different—for Louis here was triumphant in the faith of his audience, and did not hesitate to say all he felt, nor fear too close an investigation into the grounds of his belief. He spoke fervently; and Marian and Rachel looked at him with the faith of enthusiasm, and Mrs Atheling and Agnes with wonder, agitation, and embarrassment. But, as he went on, it became too much for the self-control of the good mother. She hurried out on pretence of superintending Hannah, and was very soon followed by Agnes. "I durst not stay, I should have told him," said Mrs Atheling, in a hurried whisper. "Who could put so much into his head, Agnes? who could lead him so near the truth?—only

God! My dear child, I believe in it all now."

Agnes had believed in it all from the first moment of hearing it, but so singular a strain was upon the minds of both mother and daughter, knowing this extraordinary secret which the others did not know, that it was not wonderful they should give a weight much beyond their desert to the queries of Louis. Yet, indeed, Louis's queries took a wonderfully correct direction, and came very near the truth.

It was a day of extreme agitation to them all, and not until Louis, who had no travelling-bag to pack, had been accompanied once more to the railway, and seen safely away, with many a lingering farewell, was any one able to listen to, or understand, Rachel's version of the events of last night. When he was quite gone—when it was no longer possible to wave a hand to him in the distance, or even to see the flying white plume of the miraculous horseman who bounded along with all that line of carriages, the three girls came home together through the quiet evening road—the disenchanted road, weary and unlovely, which Marian marvelled much any one could prefer to Bellevue. They walked very close together, with Marian in the midst, comforting her in an implied, sympathetic, girlish fashion—for Rachel, though Louis had belonged to her so very much longer, and was her sole authority, lawgiver, and hero, instinctively kept her own feelings out of sight, and took care of Marian. These girls were very loyal to their own visionary ideas of the mysterious magician who had not come to either of them yet, but whose coming both anticipated some time, with awe and with smiles.

And then Rachel told them how

it had fared with her on the previous night. Rachel had very little to say about the Rector; she had given him up conscientiously to Agnes, and with a distant and reverent admiration of his loftiness, contemplated him afar off, too great a person for her friendship. "But in the morning the maid came and took me to Miss Rivers—did you ever see Miss Rivers?—she is very pale—and pretty, though she is old, and a very, very great invalid," said Rachel. "Some one has to sit up with her every night, and she has so many troubles—headaches, and pains in her side, and coughs, and every sort of thing! She told me all about them as she lay on the sofa in her pretty white dressing-gown, and in *such* a soft voice as if she was quite used to them, and did not mind. Do you think you could be a nurse to any one who was ill, Agnes?"

"She *has* been a nurse to all of us when we were ill," said Marian, rousing herself for the effort, and immediately subsiding into the pensiveness which the sad little beauty would not suffer herself to break, even though she began in secret to be considerably interested about the interior of the mysterious Wood House, and the invisible Miss Rivers. Marian thought Louis would not be pleased if he could imagine her thinking of any one but him, so soon after he had gone away.

"But I don't mean at home—I mean a stranger," said Rachel, "one whom you did not *love*. I think it must be rather hard sometimes; but do you know I was very nearly offering to be nurse to Miss Rivers, she spoke so kindly to me? And then Louis will have to work," continued the faithful little sister, with tears in her eyes; "you must tell me what I can do, Agnes, not to be a burden upon Louis. Oh, do you think any one would give me money for singing now?"

CHAPTER VII.—LORD WINTERBOURNE.

Lord Winterbourne, all his life, had been a man of guile; he was so long experienced in it, that dissimulation became easy enough to him, when he was not startled or thrown suddenly off his guard. Already every one around him supposed he had quite

forgiven and forgotten the wild escapade of Louis. He had no confidant whatever, not even a valet or a steward, and his most intimate associate knew nothing of his dark and secret counsels. When any one mentioned the ungovernable youth who had fled

from the Hall, Lord Winterbourne said, "Pooh, pooh—he will soon discover his mistake," and smiled his pale and sinister smile. Such a face as his could not well look benign; but people were accustomed to his face, and thought it his misfortune—and everybody set him down, as, in this instance at least, of a very forgiving and indulgent spirit, willing that the lad should find out his weakness by experiment, but not at all disposed to inflict any punishment upon his unruly son.

The fact was, however, that Lord Winterbourne was considerably excited and uneasy. He spent hours in a little private library among his papers—carefully went over them, collating and arranging again and again—destroyed some, and filled the private drawers of his cabinet with others. He sent orders to his agent to prosecute with all the energy possible his suit against the Athelings. He had his letters brought to him in his own room, where he was alone, and looked over them with eager haste and something like apprehension. Servants, always sufficiently quick-witted under such circumstances, concluded that my lord expected something, and the expectation descended accordingly through all the grades of the great house; but this did not by any means diminish the number of his guests, or the splendour of his hospitality. New arrivals came constantly to the Hall—and very great people indeed, on their way to Scotland and the moors, looked in upon the disappointed statesman by way of solace. He had made an unspeakable failure in his attempt at statesmanship; but still he had a certain amount of influence, and merited a certain degree of consideration. The quiet country brightened under the shower of noble sportsmen and fair ladies. All Banburyshire crowded to pay its homage. Mrs Edgerley brought her own private menagerie, the newest lion who could be heard of; and herself fell into the wildest fever of architecturalism—fitted up an oratory under the directions of a fellow of Merton—set up an Ecclesiological Society in the darkest of her drawing-rooms—made

drawings of "severe saints," and purchased casts of the finest "examples"—began to embroider an altar-cloth from the designs of one of the most renowned connoisseurs in the ecclesiological city, and talked of nothing but Early English, and Middle Pointed. Politics, literature, and the fine arts, sport, flirtation, and festivity, kept in unusual excitement the whole spectator county of Banbury, and the busy occupants of Winterbourne Hall.

In the midst of all this, the Lord of Winterbourne spent solitary hours in his library among his papers, took solitary rides towards Abingford, moodily courted a meeting with Miss Anastasia, even addressed her when they met, and did all that one unassisted man could do to gain information of her proceedings. He was in a state of restless expectation, not easy to account for. He knew that Louis was in London, but not who had given him the means to go there; and he could find no pretence for bringing back the youth, or asserting authority over him. He waited in well-concealed but frightfully-felt excitement for *something*, watching with a stealthy but perpetual observation the humble house of the Athelings and the Priory at Abingford. He did not say to himself what it was he apprehended, nor indeed that he apprehended anything; but with that strange certainty which criminals always seem to retain, that fate must come some time, waited in the midst of his gay, busy, frivolous guests, sharing all the occupations round him, like a man in a dream,—waited as the world waits in a pause of deadly silence for the thunderclap. It would rouse him when it came.

It came, but not as he looked for it. Oh blind, vain, guilty soul, with but one honest thought among all its crafts and falsehoods! It came not like the rousing tumult of the thunder, but like an avalanche from the hills; he fell under it with a groan of mortal agony; there was nothing in heaven or earth to defend him from the misery of this sudden blow. All his schemes, all his endeavours, what were they good for now?

FROM PERA TO BUCHAREST.

THE map of Europe sufficiently explains why Bucharest, by no means the smallest or least interesting capital in this division of the globe's surface, is unquestionably the least visited and known. Situate beyond the lands of the Austrian, the Russian, and the Turk, it is remote from every place to which business or pleasure attracts travellers. Distant from frequented highways, the paths to it are long and wearisome. Down the Danube from Vienna, or up it from Constantinople, or across Roumelia and Bulgaria, with rough and savage posting, are the three best but still untempting routes. And in Western Europe, people generally know and care extremely little about Moldavia and Wallachia, provinces concerning which little has been written, save in the ephemeral pages of newspapers. The late war has done something to improve our acquaintance with them; but still there exists concerning them an enormous amount of ignorance, even amongst persons otherwise well informed. It is not long since we met with such persons, who imagined a Hospodar to be sort of savage chief, dressed in sheep's-skin, and took Boyards to be minor barbarians, inhabiting caves, and living by plunder and the chase. This is far, indeed, from the fact. The Moldo-Wallachians are amongst the greatest rambblers of our time; there are few members of the upper classes who do not quit their own country for some weeks or months every year, and those who have met with them in Vienna and Paris, and in their favourite summer haunts, the baths of France and Germany, will have found them to be usually people of much external polish, of luxurious habits and profuse expenditure, speaking French fluently, and (although often with a bad accent and a deficiency of refinement) almost as their native tongue, and anxious to elevate their race and country in the eyes of foreigners, who, they well know, are little acquainted with and apt to depreciate them. At home they are a good-natured, courteous and hospitable people, to whom

a stranger needs but slight introduction to be sure of friendly welcome and attention. And if the introduction be a special one, or the foreigner's qualities, name or position, recommend him particularly to the notice, and open to him the heart, of the Danubian magnate, he will find himself feasted, caressed, and cherished to an unbounded extent; he will be bidden to repasts savoury of the skill of exotic artists; he will be supplied with horses and escorted to promenades, and made welcome at whatever hour he present himself, and made acquainted with all the pretty women and eligible men in the country — *bans*, *vorniks*, *logothetes*, *postelniks*, or by whatever other uncouth-sounding titles they may be known. Certainly whoever goes to the Principalities with the idea that he is proceeding to an uncivilised and unpleasant country, will be most agreeably surprised before he has so-journed there three days. The rural districts may not much interest him; the roads, or their absence, may provoke his malediction, and he will not be very loud in praise of the inns; if he enter by way of Galatz, he will doubtless pronounce that flourishing town to be the ugliest and most wearisome place in which ever the convenience or caprice of the Austrian Lloyds' Steam Company compelled a disgusted traveller to lose forty-eight hours; the small country towns will hardly attract him much, unless it be those which, like Giurgevo, are memorable for actions of war; but the capitals, and especially Bucharest, will offer him pleasures, amusements, and even comforts he did not anticipate when plunging into this frontier land of the Christian and the Turk. The Wallachians have a local proverb to the effect that he who once drinks of the water of the Dumbrovitz, will never drink of any other. The Dumbrovitz is a turbid, narrow, poplar-and-willow-fringed streamlet that flows through Bucharest, valueless for navigation, and having waters of no very pleasant flavour or attractive limpidity; but the metaphor is more

transparent than the stream, and intimates the seductions of the gay, idle, *insouciant*, dissipated, and, if truth must be told, wicked capital of Wallachia.

Even in our luxurious day, wanderers beyond railways, and into regions little trodden, occasionally find ample cause for complaint of miscalled houses of entertainment. The inns about the Lower Danube are rather of a savage sort, and those at Giurgevo and Galatz, especially at the former place, are decidedly bad; a Spanish *posada* is not exactly the kind of hostelry one would select for a long sojourn; even in comfortable Germany, when one gets off the main tracks, one often finds rough commons and hard quarters in the small towns and village *gasthäuser*. But I suppose there is no inn in the world, ranking as the first in a capital city, from which a person of ordinary palate, patience, and purse, feels more rejoiced to escape than from the much-trumpeted Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Pera, Constantinople. Doubtless the author of *Eothen* little thought, when vaunting the activity, resources, and polyglot accomplishments of his travelling attendant, that he was providing future fame and custom for one of the most detestable caravanserais to which, for want of a better, Englishmen ever thronged. Missiri's hotel, the best in Pera, is one of the worst and dearest in Europe. Small rooms, bad wines, unwholesome dinners of a bastard French description, enormous charges, and gross impertinence, constitute the programme of an establishment which, during the war, was so overwhelmed with custom that it frequently rejected, in one morning, as many guests as would have filled it from cellar to garret. The notion had got abroad that it was the only possible inn in Pera; that at all the others you were poisoned, and plundered, and flea-bitten to an unendurable extent; in short, that it was the correct house of resort. When an idea of this kind takes root amongst Englishmen, argument and proof are alike in vain to eradicate it. The truth is that there were other hotels, very little, if at all worse, than that of Angle-

terre, and where, if the dining-room was rather smaller, the civility was certainly much greater. But this was not credited; and the English flocked to Missiri's, until no Englishman who could possibly find room—though it were but a shakedown in a subterranean suite, to which last-comers were consigned—would go elsewhere, because at Missiri's alone was he sure to find his acquaintances and countrymen. So that the hotel had literally the pick of the innumerable English passing to and from the Crimea, or abiding for a time in Constantinople. It was in the position of a dealer who finds ten times as many buyers as his stock will supply, and who sells at his own price, delivering his goods with a grumble and a snarl, as if he reproached himself at the last moment with not having been more extortionate. The cool insolence with which this great, crowded, noisy, comfortless tavern rejected every species of complaint, however well founded, bidding malcontents to go farther and fare worse, the unblushing assurance with which the most exorbitant charges were defended and maintained, the grudging surliness with which the merest trifle was conceded when out of the established routine of the house, the impertinent opposition frequently made to the private arrangements of guests, caused one to sigh for the comforts and civility of an English village inn or French provincial hostelry—each fifth-rate in its own country; but oh! how superior in all essentials to the best hotel at Pera!

From this, most joyfully, on a morning early in May, did I turn my steps, followed by two porters bearing my moderate baggage, and descend that precipitous and perilous street which, its surface agreeably varied by loose paving-stones, dead rats, and deep holes, is the most direct route to the Bosphorus. The journey is not fifteen minutes long, but one passes through much variety. The upper part of the street is rather busy. First comes the Russian embassy, then scraping and cleaning preparatory to the reception of a new ambassador. It was used, during the war, as a hospital for French officers. A little lower down are the English post-

office and the French army post ; also some French *buvettes* or wine-shops, with inscriptions on their windows and walls, such as one sees at the barriers and in the faubourgs of Paris, announcing the excellence and price of the wine and absinthe vend- ed within. A hotel succeeds to the English post, and just opposite to it are some tottering uninhabited houses, such as there are many of in Pera, uselessly encumbering ground of immense building value, and threatening to fall into the balconies over the way. Below this the street gets narrow, and assumes a solitary and mysterious aspect. Armenian families dwell here ; and here, as may be known by the close lattice-shutters that defend every opening, are the houses of Mussulmans. No sign of life at door or window, and few passengers in the street. You meet perhaps a porter toiling up with one of those tremendous loads, which Turks alone have the power and knack of bearing ; his sinewy brown legs bare, and the sweat raining from his shaggy eyebrows ; further on, you come upon a group of British cavalry officers, just across from Scutari, upon luncheon and lounging intent ; lower down you overtake a commissariat official in blue uniform, with velvet facings, rosy, and inclined to corpulence, as commissaries should be, and not unfrequently are. He is in command of a small party of soldiers, escorting a string of Turks, laden with specie for the Crimea. Then you are in your turn overtaken by one in staff uniform, mounted on a handsome Arab, too good to be knocked about amongst these abominable pavements and holey places, and followed by an interpreter in cap of red and gold. It is the gallant and popular Major B—one of Charles James Napier's Scinde lambs, who reigns supreme over the depot of the Turkish Contingent on the Bosphorus, and is on his way to Stamboul to smoke the pipe of peace and hold converse of grave import with the worthy Seraskier Mehemet Rushdi Pasha—one of the few honest and disinterested statesmen, be it said *en passant*, of whom Turkey at the present day can boast. And now a short turn to the left and another to the right take us through a series of

old-clothes shops, in and outside of which is exhibited the most extraordinary collection of cast-off garments and ancient rags that the eccentric fancy of a crazy painter ever threw together. Houndsditch would stare aghast at the motley museum of toggery, to which all the nations of the earth have contributed. Then we got into Pipe Street ; so christened from the occupation of its inhabitants, who are seen sitting in their open shops, which are exactly like wooden boxes with one side taken out, kneading and moulding red clay, and gilding and carving it with much cunning, and fashioning cherry and jasmín sticks, and fitting mouth-pieces of glass and amber, and so composing the *tchibouk*—instrument well beloved by Turks, and well enough suited to a sedate people, sedentary in habits and composed in motions, but ill adapted to Western vivacity and briskness, and a very sorry exchange for the commodious cigar. After passing Pipe Street, one gets into the region of strong scents. We will give a wide berth, if you please, to that butcher's shop which forms the corner ; but, wide though it be, it suffices not, and we are nearly knocked down by the whiff that overtakes us. We pass a block of grimy, tumbledown houses, at whose open windows and doors are seen what we at first take to be a party of boys in gaudy masquerade dresses. They are Armenian women, tawdrily attired, for the most part in jackets and loose trousers, having upon their heads fantastical caps of gaudy embroidered cloth, and in their mouths large paper cigars. This street is known amongst the British, and particularly the maritime portion of the population of Pera, Galata, and Tophaneh, as Kummupjonni Street, a name on whose etymology we are pondering when we are enveloped and assailed by such a diabolical and horrible stench that all reflection and reasoning are at once expelled from our head. It is like passing Death's laboratory, just as a bottle of Concentrated Essence of Cholera is broken. How anybody can live for a day within a thousand yards of this dreadful exhalation appears miraculous. Yet the neighbourhood is

densely peopled, and the author of the perfume, a fabricator of a mess of faded vegetables soaked in fetid vinegar—a preparation much approved and consumed by the Turks—stands in his shop looking healthy and comely, and seemingly unaffected by the miasma he evokes from a sort of sewer into which the superfluous acids and steaming residue of his cauldron flow through a greasy grating. We fly with a shudder, the effluvia pursuing us, and it is hours before the reminiscence entirely leaves our nostrils, chased thence by the fresh breezes of the Euxine.

The *Ferdinando Primo*, Austrian Lloyd's steamer, advertised to sail at noon that day, was smoking at her anchorage hard by Seraglio Point when I pushed off from the dilapidated jetty of Tophaneh. As my *caïque* neared her I saw there was no need for hurry, or chance of her sailing at the appointed time. She was environed, besieged, blockaded, by a flotilla of the miscellaneous craft that swarm in the Golden Horn. Of all places in the world, I believe Constantinople, its harbour and environs, to be that which affords most studies for the painter, whether his taste be for landscape, groups, physiognomy, or buildings, and there were a thousand to be found here in the congregation of boats and miscellany of races that pressed, splashed, rubbed, ground, screamed, scolded, and swore against the sides of the slovenly Austrian craft, whose decks were a chaos of lumber and a hive of humanity. My two athletic and picturesque Greeks, in their red skull-caps, loose shirts, and short trousers of striped muslin, their berry-brown breasts and magnificent legs bare, their splendid mustaches—which a British Guardsman would have thought cheap at a twelvemonth's pay—twisting out, like the tendrils of a vine, on either side of their classical countenances, drove the nozzle of their slender skiff into a narrow opening in the outer line of boats and lighters, which were five or six deep around the steamer, following up the intrusion by a volley of those colloquial amenities common amongst the boatmen, porters, robbers, beggars, and *canaille* of Constantinople—that is to say, amongst

nine-tenths of the entire population of that most disreputable capital and its suburbs. The Billingsgate of the Bosphorus must be heard and understood for its richness to be appreciated; its furious vehemence makes every stranger wonder that it so rarely leads to blows. In the case of my oarsmen it did not even lead to a passage to the vessel's gangway. Turkish women, looking like bundles of particoloured rags cast into the bottom of boats, scarcely vouchsafed a glance of their calm serious dark eyes at the noisy intruders; lightermen opposed to us the passive resistance of their heavy-laden barges; three dirty-faced English merchant sailors, extricating themselves from the press, brought their heavy broad-bottomed ship's-boat against the bows of our *caïque*, making her lose what little vantage she had gained, at which I thought my Greeks would have torn out their mustaches, or committed suicide on the spot, or done some other desperate deed in the excess of their frantic fury. And here, before quitting Constantinople, perhaps, and I hope, for ever (for Stamboul, which in Turkish estimation is but one remove from Paradise, is a most detestable residence to a civilised Christian), I will just destroy a popular delusion, originating, I believe, with Byron, with respect to the convenience and agreeableness of the "light *caïque*," that description of boat being about the most uncomfortable I am acquainted with. I do not here refer to fine, roomy, eight-oared *caïques*, in which you sit on well-cushioned benches and with perfect convenience, six or eight persons if you please, whilst in front of you are your eight or ten rowers, and in rear, on an elevated poop, the helmsman with an umbrella, at sight of which parasol, and of the multitudinous oars, and at the general aspect of the whole, the guards turn out wherever you pass, and arms are presented to you all the way up the Bosphorus, no matter who or what you are, because you *might* be a pasha, punctilious in matters of etiquette, in which case the soldiers might get the stick for omitting the proper forms. But to keep up a craft of this sort, with its numerous

crew, is no slight expense, and is usually done only by ambassadors, by wealthy Turkish functionaries, and by contractors for the supply of the army in the East. Therefore, in speaking of *caïques*, I refer to the common sort, hired for the trip or day by ordinary people, and having one, two, or three rowers. In these cranky things you sit down on rugs or cushions of questionable purity, your head on a level with the gunwale, your body forming the letter L, since your legs are stretched out before you, and your back kept bolt upright by the perpendicular front of the poop. The only way to be tolerably comfortable in these boats is to sit cross-legged, like a Turk, a posture to which few Europeans ever habituate themselves. In hot weather you lose the breeze, owing to your being so low in the boat, whilst the glare of the sun is terrific; in winter, if there is the least sea on, you are sure to get a ducking, and may not improbably get capsized, for although the boatmen on the Bosphorus are generally skilful, the *caïque* is unsafe from its extreme sharpness and narrowness, and no year passes without accidents, especially between Constantinople and Scutari.

The arrangements of the Austrian Lloyds, up the Danube from Constantinople to Vienna, are certainly not better than are to be expected from a company enjoying a complete monopoly. Now that the Danube is open, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the public, that an opposition line will be started. This would be a considerable undertaking, and of course the Austrian company would do its utmost to impede and embarrass its competitor's operations; but still I think that a good line of foreign boats might, by energy and perseverance, overcome all difficulties. The Austrian Lloyds is not in favour with the public, and its present system can please none but the shareholders, who annually divide large profits. Its prices are extremely high, and the accommodation it offers is very indifferent. Now that Paris is less than sixty hours' railway from Pesth, the route to Constantinople by the Danube ought to be able to compete with that by

Marseilles or Trieste. Doubtless many persons, especially of those who fear sea-sickness, would prefer it to Mediterranean and Adriatic buffetings, if in other respects it offered the same advantages as the passage by sea. At present the Danube route is fully thirty per cent dearer than that by Marseilles. It is at best but a long and tedious journey up or down the Danube; and when to its monotony and weariness are added the very worst style of German *cuisine* (such as prevails on board most of the boats), and a system of sleeping accommodation by which the passengers are ranged on a double row of shelves, in a stifling atmosphere replete with entomological torments, and with one washing-basin for each thirty persons—and this for five or six days together—travellers unused to roughing it will be apt in preference to risk the swell in the Gulf of Lyons, the smart gales that sometimes blow off Sicily's shores and amongst the isles of Greece, and the heavy gusts not unfrequent in the Sea of Marmora. Then in summer the boats on the Danube do not run often enough. The fast boat (and the slow ones are out of the question for persons going any distance, and serve only for goods and aborigines) runs but once a-week, and is consequently often so overcrowded that people are compelled to sleep on sofas and tables, and even on deck. This I myself have seen. On such occasions the officers of the boat are in the habit of selling their cabins for the voyage at very handsome prices. And the boats are also badly timed. You wait never less than one, generally two, sometimes, I was there assured, three days at Galatz, where the sea-boat from Constantinople leaves you, and the river-boat takes you up. All this surely requires amendment, now that there is so great an increase of intercourse between Eastern and Western Europe. Such amendment would perhaps be made by the Austrians if they once saw their present monopoly as carriers seriously menaced. Austria has long been jealous of maintaining influence in Moldo-Wallachia; and the general opinion in those principalities is that she will do her utmost to

filter her way into the country, and gain a permanent footing there by appropriating as many public establishments, such as railroads, banks, and lines of fluvial navigation, as she can get into her hands. The more suspicious see in these projects a hope and design of ultimate annexation ; but this must be so remote a prospect, that it is more reasonable to attribute them to the expectation of present profit.

I was informed, on landing at Giurgevo, that a little old gentleman, of imperious air, and with a full white beard, who seemed to be keeping everybody in motion for his own special service, was one of the greatest boyards in Moldavia. This was the first opportunity I had had of observing a boyard on his own dunghill, and I thought I ought to have felt more impressed upon the occasion. I confess I should have taken him for an old Jew, possibly for a dealer in cast-off raiment. I now learned that the beard was the distinguishing mark of the boyard, and of this I had further proof as I proceeded towards Bucharest. That city was the destination of three or four of my fellow-travellers from Galatz, and we at once informed ourselves as to the best means of getting there. A diligence would start immediately, we were told, so we hastily devoured a bad breakfast, and were in readiness to start ; not so the diligence, which was shown to us standing near the inn, and looking as unlike a move as if it had merely been placed there to ornament the neighbourhood. Occasionally a Tartar-looking personage, fantastically clothed in sack-cloth, emerged from a tumbledown shed, approached the vehicle, gazed at it admiringly, and then again disappeared. After this had been repeated at intervals for about an hour and a half, eight horses, or rather ponies, entangled in a quantity of rope-work, were brought into the yard and attached to the diligence, which was evidently an old German carriage, deemed past work in its own country, but still good enough for the Danubian Principalities ; still there were no signs of loading our luggage, but presently appeared a cart, in which we were informed it

was to be transported. In most countries, but especially in the East, imprudent is the traveller who suffers himself to be separated from his kit, and we protested accordingly, but in vain. The diligence had its full complement of passengers, and that it should also carry their baggage, and reach Bucharest that night, or without a breakdown, was entirely out of the question ; so, after stipulating that the cart should keep up with the diligence, we were fain to submit to the unsatisfactory arrangement.

It is but forty-two miles from Giurgevo to Bucharest, and as we started before eleven o'clock, and were told that we should change horses twice on the road, we thought ourselves justified in believing the assurance given us that we should reach the latter place by five in the afternoon. Our team was not a very promising one. The eight horses, of all sizes, and in most diversified harness, some of the leaders being without bits, were driven by two wild-looking postilions in sheepskin caps, and started off at a good pace. But all sign of a road disappeared almost as soon as we got out of Giurgevo. There was a mere wheel-track across the plain. For some distance our course lay through pastures, where grazing is allowed on payment of about a *zwanziger*, or eightpence English, per head of cattle, for six months. When we got off the level and upon an undulating surface, our way was through little copses, and the track was frequently so narrow that the oak saplings almost brushed into the carriage as we passed. The road was nowhere very picturesque, but here and there it was pretty enough, and the woods were thickly fringed with wildflowers ; not, however, in the profusion that existed when I again travelled along the same track at the beginning of July, when we drove literally through fields of blossom, marigolds, and hollyhocks, and purple flowers growing like lavender, and feathery grey flowers, and beds of pinks. Then, however, I journeyed through the densest clouds of that insidious white dust which is one of the plagues of Bucharest and its environs. Now, a shower the night before had soaked

the soil, which is there of a sticky tenacious nature, so entirely without admixture of stones and pebbles that I do not believe you could gather a bushel of these on the whole road from Giurgevo to Bucharest. In winter the ground is so deep that there is almost an end to travelling, except in light carriages with many horses, and the transport of merchandise and produce is nearly suspended; this is owing to the want of roads, of which but very few miles have been made in Wallachia during the whole period of Prince Stirbey's hospodarship, although large sums have annually been set aside for the purpose. In winter, tracks, passable enough in summer, become quagmires. This was not the case on the day of our journey, but still there was mud enough to retard our progress, and we got on but slowly, looking anxiously out for a relay. At last we ascertained that we should change horses but once, instead of twice or three times, and glad were we when, after crossing a bridge over a shallow stream, we pulled up at a road-side inn. We looked for fresh posters, but none appeared; we were invited to alight, and presently the truth transpired, which was that we were to go right through to Bucharest with the same eight weary garrons, and, to enable them to perform this feat, we were to halt for a time where we now were. This was a nuisance, but grumbling was useless. I was amused, and perfectly astonished, at the plan adopted to invigorate our cattle for their second long stage. After they had devoured a copious feed of corn, they were freed from all harness, and driven like so many oxen into the river. After unlimited drink and much splashing and soaking, a mounted man rode into the river on the other side, and drove them out, and they came scampering, capering and kicking up to the diligence, and submitted themselves to be rubbed down and harnessed with the usual docility of Moldo-Wallachian horses.

It was a Sunday, a hot and beautiful day, and the inhabitants of the straggling village were making the most of the holiday. The inn, a mere road-side wine-house and

baiting place, which a few weeks later was sacked and partly destroyed by a detachment of Austrian soldiers that was marching through, was full of peasants eating and drinking. The sound of music and festivity, a short distance off, attracted us, and we soon came upon a wedding-party, dancing and making merry outside the dwelling of the bride's family. The dance that seemed most in favour was neither graceful nor diversified in its figures; the dancers formed a circle, holding hands, and alternately closed in and spread out, increasing or diminishing the circumference. This seemed the whole of the dance, which, however, was nearly broken up by such an event as the approach of four or five strangers, one of them an officer in uniform, and another having a rather luxuriant beard, which immediately caused him to be taken for a boyard of the first feather. The women seemed bashful—they were certainly shy and not pretty, and it struck me that some of them would have been the better for soap and water. Their dress, which was that common amongst their class in Wallachia, consisted of a shirt, fastened round the neck and completely covering the upper part of their persons. From the waist downwards they were dressed like the women of nearly all countries—that is to say, they wore a lot of petticoats—but, above the waist, the chemise was their only covering. This costume has rather a striking effect, until one gets used to it. To very well made women, who do not require the support of the corset—and many such are to be found amongst the Wallachian peasantry—it is far from unbecoming, since it displays the contour and graces of the form far better than any artificial tightening; but in the case of women past a certain age, and who have been addicted to child-bearing, stays are missed, and the *coup d'œil* is by no means satisfactory. The shirt is sometimes of a material which, without being indecently transparent, allows a slight flesh tint to transpire; but these shirts are usually thickly sprinkled with stars or other devices worked in gold or silver, and this is, I believe, considered the strict

national costume. The usual ornaments of the women of the lower classes are gold and silver coins, and even the mixed metal piastres. They are pierced and strung, and worn as necklaces, and also in the form of a sort of cap or broad circlet over the hair. In full dress, a Wallachian peasant girl thus usually carries her dowry on her person. The temptation of these rosaries of ducats and dollars sometimes proved too strong for the virtue of the Austrian occupants of the Principalities, and many stories did I hear, too many of them well authenticated, of poor girls being stripped of their little fortune by the rude hand of a brutal Kaiserlich. To judge from the quantity of coin, chiefly Turkish and Austrian, displayed by the ladies of the wedding-party, they were rather well-to-do people of their class. The bride wore several of the large gold Turkish coins, as big as Spanish ounces, to say nothing of a quantity of smaller money. She was brought up to be shown to us, quite as a matter of course, and kissed the hand of our bearded companion, who, admonished by some little murmur of *Backshish*! that reached his ears, had to requite the compliment in specie. *Backshish* is quite as much in favour in the Christian provinces on the Danube as in any other part of Turkey. I must say that, even if the bride's kiss had been on his lips instead of his hand, it would hardly have been worth the money, for she was an ordinary-looking damsel, much surpassed in beauty by many of her bridesmaids and companions. Doubtless she was lovely in the eyes of the bridegroom, a sheepish but good-tempered-looking young fellow, who seemed immensely gratified by the honour of our visit, and especially by the condescension of the pseudo-boyard. We were given to drink, and for aught I know, so rapidly did our popularity increase, we should have been invited to supper, had not much whip-cracking, and jingling, and shouting, warned us that our carriage was ready and our time up. Our horses had had an hour and a half's rest, thanks to which they managed to perform the rest of the journey, and brought us, soon after eight of the clock, to

the barrier of Bucharest the well-beloved.

The undulating nature of the ground on which Bucharest is built renders it difficult to obtain from any point of the environs a full view of the city. One of the best I have seen is a lithograph published at Vienna, taken from the river bank, and having the metropolitan church, which stands on an eminence, in the centre of the picture. After passing the barrier, one proceeds for a considerable distance over open ground, diversified with gardens, but sparingly sprinkled with houses, and giving little the idea of a town. Indeed, except in the very heart of the place, in the great principal street, the Mogosœe, in the Leipsick street and a few other shop streets, the Wallachian capital has much more the look of a large straggling village than of a city. It seems as if pains had been taken to avoid the compactness which, as economising distances, is generally held desirable in a large town. It is full of gardens and enclosures, and of open spaces of waste ground. Every house of any size and pretensions has a garden, and usually a large one. The effect produced is very rural and pleasing; the masses of brick and mortar are few, foliage and flowers are everywhere. Earthquakes being of no unfrequent occurrence here (although some years have elapsed since one occurred sufficiently violent to do much damage), few houses are built more than one story high. Thus it is easy to understand that Bucharest, with a population of 100,000, or according to the highest estimate 120,000 souls, includes within its barriers an area said to be equal to two-thirds of that of Paris. Were it a commercial place, the distances would be extremely inconvenient; as it is, and for the mere purposes of social intercourse, the inhabitants spend a very large portion of their time in carriages, the more so as it can hardly be said that there is any particular quarter prescribed by fashion as the residence of the upper classes, who are scattered in very opposite directions. If it be true, as Sam Slick says, that the way to estimate a capital is by its private carriages, Bucharest should rank pretty high,

for there, more than anywhere else, is a carriage almost a necessary of life; and as the expense of keeping it is not great, forage being abundant and horses cheap, most families in easy circumstances have at least two vehicles—one for the husband, the other for the wife. When there is only one the lady generally takes it, and the husband contents himself with a hired birja—a light calèche, drawn by two horses, which you engage by the day or hour. In most places this mode of engagement would imply a very moderate rate of speed; but the birja-drivers, most of whom are Russians, spurred by the hopes of a *backshish*, go at an astonishing rate, and a foreigner is more apt—until he becomes aware of their skill in driving and of the unfrequency of accidents—to check their speed than to urge them to increased haste over the broken pavement and many holes and round the sharp corners of the streets of Bucharest.

One sees few old buildings in Bucharest, the last bad earthquake having upset nearly all the lofty and ancient fabrics. There are many large handsome houses, but the style of building is generally plain. The eye with difficulty gets accustomed to the strange contrasts met with at every step. Hard by spacious mansions, the residence of wealthy boyards, one almost literally stumbles over low Bulgarian huts, constructed half above and half under the ground. There are generally large courts in front of the better class of houses, and down one side of them frequently extends a range of low mean buildings, used as stables and offices, which shock the eye by their juxtaposition to the principal and handsome edifice. The streets are of extraordinary irregularity, and a stranger is long in learning his way about the town; the more so as he rarely walks, the mud in winter, and the dust, heat, and distances in summer, putting that mode of locomotion nearly out of the question. The badness of the pavement, and its total absence from a great portion of the streets, is accounted for by the size of the town, which would

require an enormous paving rate to be levied on its comparatively scanty population. Moreover, in Wallachia, and especially under its recent ruler, money levied for useful public objects has but too often been diverted from its original destination, and scandalously misapplied, sometimes to purposes of political corruption. And even where public works have been executed, it has been at an exaggerated cost, explicable only by a system of robbery unparalleled elsewhere than in the East. Thus the very handsome opera-house, quite worthy of a first-rate European capital, filled the pockets of architects and contractors, and government officials, and might have been erected three or four times over for the sums that were embezzled and swallowed up in its construction. The ex-hospodar Stirbey, in the sort of justification he has recently published, boasts of this theatre as one of the benefits conferred on Bucharest during his reign. As far as the fact of its erection goes, there it stands, to speak for itself, an extremely handsome house, luxuriously fitted up, with lobbies, staircases, and saloons on a magnificent scale, and whose only fault is that, in their anxiety for an imposing effect, the designers have made the boxes so lofty that it never looks well filled. But touching the cost, Prince Stirbey is mute, although it is well known in Wallachia how monstrous it was, and how large a portion of it was absorbed by the most barefaced speculation.

It is not only as regards the buildings composing it, but in a thousand other respects, that Bucharest is *par excellence* the city of contrasts. Some of the most striking of these are vividly summed up in a few lines by the late French Consul-general at Bucharest, M. Poujade, in one of his interesting contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.* “One sees,” he says, “palaces, or at least handsome hotels, and frightful hovels; carriages from the workshops of Binder or Clochez, drawn by coachmen in sumptuous livery, and enormous Transylvanian carts, enclosing

* 1st September 1856.

a population like that of Noah's Ark, and drawn by eight, ten, twenty horses or mares, with their colts playing around them at full liberty; fiery high-bred Russian and Hungarian horses, and huge red-eyed buffaloes; elegant men and women dressed according to the latest Parisian fashion, and peasants in much the same costume as the Dacians were two thousand years ago; dirty Albanians perambulating the streets selling *braga* (a fermented drink), and shops in which are displayed the *bonbons* of Boissier, and the gastronomical delicacies of Potel and Chabot; monks smoking their pipes at the winehouse, and on the tombs, in the cemeteries that exist in the very heart of the town, side-by-side with gypsies, and with itinerant musicians (*laoutari*) dressed in long flowing cloaks, the violin, mandoline, or pandean-pipes suspended to their girdle, ready to sell their services at a baptism, a marriage, or a burial. Oriental life, which is departing, and European life, which replaces it, are here associated, and succeed each other as in a panorama." This is a very well dashed-off glimpse of Bucharest, with true and lifelike tints, like one of Preziosi's capital *aquarelles* of Constantinople streets. Such contrasts and details might be multiplied almost infinitely; for the physiognomy of Bucharest has a thousand different faces, both by day and by night. The gypsies alluded to by M. Poujade are a singular feature of the sketch, tawny wild figures dwelling by preference like ghouls in the graveyards, housing themselves also under ragged canvass on those desert plots of ground which abound in Bucharest, or taking up temporary quarters in the shells of unfinished houses. A stranger, unacquainted with their dialect, can gain but little insight into their usages and customs. Borrow should go amongst them; he would find a rich field for observation. They work, many of them, as bricklayers; the women hang about, tawny dishevelled creatures, with infants tugging at their yellow breasts. The children, when a little older, are almost like the young of animals. You are driving down the busiest street of Bucharest on a sultry summer noon.

You have just passed an elegant carriage with a pair of spanking bays; a most correct coachman on the box; a strapping *chasseur*, bearded, defeathered, and sword-bearing, in the rumble; within, a couple of princesses (the Wallachians freely translate their native titles into the highest current in Western Europe) attired in the last fashions from Longchamps: the whole turn-out would be perfectly in place in Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne. From the door of a shop full of cravats, perfumery, and other "nouveautés de Paris," the mere sight of which transports you to Regent Street or the Boulevards, a couple of dandies with well-waxed mustaches have just waved to you a yellow-kid salutation. Twenty paces further, in a shallow recess of the street, you come to a bronze pump, under and around which are collected a group of gypsy urchins, nearly of the same colour as the metal, with thin legs, prominent abdomens, and monkey features, and all as naked as they were born. It is hard to believe that any more exact link than this will ever be found between man and the baboon. The creatures are in a state of perfect animal enjoyment. The thermometer is at 100° in the shade at the very least, and they are rushing in and out of the gush of bright cold water from the fountain, their dingy bodies sparkling in the sun, their monkey features grinning like chimney-piece ornaments. Their bath over, they will run naked through the streets to where their mothers' kettle boils, and lie down to sleep in the dust, in the shadow of a tombstone. One is tempted to think that, in that climate, a cool pump, a shady nook, and the absence of raiment, constitute the perfection of human happiness.

I believe that every foreigner who visits Bucharest in the fine season carries away with him a most agreeable impression of the place. In winter, when the snow lies deep, and the streets are sloughs, and the wolves prowl hungrily in the fields around the town, and occasionally risk themselves in the suburbs and carry off a stray child, the attraction may be less, even though that is

the gay season, when balls and suppers abound, and masquerades occur almost every night. But in early summer, before the scorching sun has embrowned the foliage and driven away the wealthier of the inhabitants, nothing can be more agreeable than this rural city, belted with pleasant meadows and promenades, and nestling in a net-work of gardens and a bower of vines. During my two months' stay I saw many English and French pass through, chiefly officers from the Crimea or Constantinople, who chose that route home; and all seemed delighted with their visit, and appeared to depart with regret. Bucharest is a city of idleness, and life there is arranged so as to while away as agreeably as possible the superabundant leisure. The usual dinner-hour is three or four o'clock, and after that meal many persons go to take ice or a stroll in a large and delightful public garden in the centre of the town—also a benefit bequeathed to Bucharest by Prince Stirbey's administration, at the cost of the unrequited labour of thousands of unfortunate serfs. The best society, however, frequents this garden but little, or remains there but a short time, proceeding, about seven o'clock, to the agreeable drive known as the *Chaussée*, a road out of the town which is a continuation of the main street, with plantation and a garden on either side, and further on, an avenue of trees separating it from luxuriant pastures. It is here that an idea is best formed of the luxury and wealth of Bucharest, whither, in fact, nearly all the rich people of the province repair to spend their money. On the *Chaussée* assemble the fashionable of the Wallachian capital, a few of the men mounted on fine horses, but most of them, and all the ladies, in elegant carriages of Vienna and Paris build. This, of a summer evening, is the focus of flirtation, and the source and centre of not a little scandal. After a few turns up and down, at as rapid a pace as the throng of vehicles will permit, the ladies generally draw up by the side of the footpath, and either alight and walk, or receive visits in their open carriages. Amongst the crowd of dashing equipages were conspicuous,

this last summer, those of the hospodar, known from afar by the scarlet liveries of the servants, and those of the foreign diplomatic agents, most of them with chasseurs or richly attired Albanians. The numerous Austrian uniforms added to the animation of the scene, some of the young staff-officers driving handsome carriages and tilburies, whilst the crowd was completed by the humble but ubiquitous birja. As the daylight waned, the crowd diminished, although, in the fine summer evenings, not a few promenaders remained till after dark, strolling amongst the trees, or seated in the carriages, enjoying the pleasant coolness; and here and there vacant vehicles, whose absent owners were well known, afforded pretext of malicious comment to lingering scandal-mongers. Towards nine o'clock, the *Chaussée* was generally nearly deserted, and, on driving into town, many of the carriages might be seen drawn up at the door of the Tortoni of Bucharest, from which excellent ices and refreshments were brought out to the fair occupants. A few, braving the heat, would thence proceed to the theatre, where a French company had replaced the Italians; whilst the men betook themselves to the Rouman Circle, a newly established club, or proceeded to join parties of a few friends, a sort of Spanish conversational *tertulia*, which replace, when the season of gaiety is over, assemblies of a more numerous and pretentious description.

Night in Bucharest is not without peculiarities which forcibly strike the stranger. For those persons who insist upon pedestrian exercise, it is the best time for a stroll, for although the heat often but partially departs with daylight, the dust is less, and moreover at evening, the *Chaussée*, the avenues to it, and some of the principal streets, as well as those leading to the Tchismedjiou or public garden, are watered in a sort of primitive way, by men with carts who draw off the water into churn-shaped tubs and dash it over the thirsty soil and heated pavements. Of a clear warm night, when the streets and gardens are bathed in the bright sil-

ver light of a Wallachian moon, the people of Bucharest may be said to live in the open air. Every window is open, and they stand outside their houses or gossiping at the doors. They are an early-rising population, and by eleven the streets are nearly deserted and stillness reigns. One very curious practice which prevails is that of sleeping in the streets. Walking along between ten and eleven one warm dark evening (gas is unknown in Bucharest, and oil lamps are dim, few, and far between) I suddenly found myself trampling upon cushions. On investigation, the soft substance proved to be a mattress. Fortunately no one was as yet sleeping on it. It occupied the whole width of the narrow pavement, and I stepped off into the carriage-way. Just then a man issued from an open door, with a coverlet on his arm; he was making his bed. Several other beds were arranged in succession close to the walls of the houses; it was an *al fresco* dormitory. Doubtless in a hot climate the plan has its advantages, securing fresh air and avoiding troublesome domestic insects. The risk of being trampled upon is small in a city where scarcely a soul is seen in the streets after midnight. I was informed, just as I was leaving Bucharest, that these out-of-doorslumberers are chiefly Jews, there very numerous, and that they have a summer festival which lasts about a fortnight and commemorates the passage of the desert by the children of Israel, during which they do not sleep under a roof, and that a tradition exists amongst them that a child conceived during that period will be the Messiah. This tale was told me by Christians, and I by no means vouch for its correctness, but it is curious, and I was afterwards sorry I had not had time to ascertain positively, by inquiry of the Wallachian Hebrews, whether such a custom and belief really exist amongst them.

Many of the street-sleepers have a small dog beside their couch, which rushes out, barking furiously, if one inadvertently steps too near its master's couch. The precaution must, one would think, be as destructive of slumber as it may be useful against

marauders, the more so as the bark of the vigilant sentry is usually echoed by that of numerous vagrant curs of all breeds and sizes which at night infest the streets of Bucharest, and frequently molest the pedestrian. It is very difficult to throw stones at these animals, for there are none to be had, as the benighted and exasperated stranger frequently finds when, returning late to his lodging, he is beset by dogs of every description, from the diminutive yelping terrier to animals of a really formidable size and deep-mouthed aggressive bark, and stoops to seek a missile. These wild ownerless dogs, formerly so numerous and even dangerous in Constantinople, but now greatly thinned and wholly daunted there by the deadly blows and rough usage they have received at the hands of French soldiers and British mariners, are still plentiful at Bucharest, where, however, they can hardly be considered dangerous; at least I never heard of their devouring a human being in the latter place, as they have occasionally been known to do in the Turkish capital—especially when the said being had thought proper to take an overpowering quantity of strong drink and to lie down in the gutter to sleep it off; but still they are numerous, bold, and noisy enough to alarm a timid person, and one sometimes hears the affrighted scream of a belated child or woman beset by these persevering plagues. They are more troublesome than bloodthirsty; but, although the noise they make is a most sleep-destroying nuisance, nobody seems to think of taking measures to expel them, even from his own premises. At the hotel where I lived, half-a-dozen of them had taken up their quarters in the large courtyard round which the house was built. Some of them were supposed, I believe, to belong to hostlers or hangers-on about the establishment; but I could not find out that their putative owners took any charge of them, and certainly they did not prevent them from raising the most diabolical din at hours when the inmates of the hotel might be supposed buried in sleep, or at least courting it. The gates of the yard were often left open; street-walking dogs would

sneak in, predatorily minded and lured by the rank odours of the Wallachian kitchen, and desperate conflicts were the frequent result, the said canine encounters being attended with an amount of barking, snarling, howling, and yelling, enough to waken the dead. I do not believe it woke the Bucharestians, although the complaints of the sleepless strangers staying in the house were loud and frequent.

Beside the dogs, the most lively and noisy creature in the streets of Bucharest of a night is the watchman or *chinny-accolo*, a compound word which I write as pronounced, and possibly with much offence against correct orthography. The newcomer to the Wallachian capital, returning home late, is startled by the sudden apparition of a dilapidated figure which emerges from a dark nook or crazy sentry-box, strikes a heavy staff upon the pavement and hoarsely shouts *chinnyaccoloooo!* the last syllable being drawn out *ad libitum*, and relinquished as if with regret. Then the figure usually repeats the *chinny*, with a short exasperated stress on the first syllable, as if he were angry with or insisting upon something. The foreigner has a vague idea that this discordant and unintelligible cry is of the nature of a *Qui vive?* or *Who goes there?*—as in fact it is—but, observing that the vociferator has no firearms, and consequently cannot requite silence with a shot, and being moreover in total ignorance how he should reply, he usually walks quietly on; and the guardian of the night, perceiving that he is not a member of the dangerous classes, retreats into his nook and suffers him to pass without further question. The Moldo-Wallachians are an inoffensive and honest race—even now, that they have been to a certain extent demoralised by foreign military occupations—crime is not frequent amongst them, and the *chinnyaccolos* have little to do. Now and then they make a charge upon an unusually noisy troop of dogs, but their principal employment seems to be that of covering up the sleepers upon the pavement, when restless slumbers, the result perhaps of an unquiet conscience or a heavy supper,

may cause them to toss their blankets abroad.

As, if I remember rightly, Murray's Hand-book for Turkey, by no means the best of his collection, is extremely brief and unsatisfactory in its notice of Bucharest, I may perhaps be rendering a service to persons whom this imperfect sketch of its attractions may induce to pay a summer visit to that pleasant city, if I devote a few lines to the subject of hotels. In the first place, it is to be observed that furnished lodgings are not to be had in Bucharest,—at least they were unobtainable in the spring and summer of 1856; but that was perhaps owing to the number of Austrian officers who were billeted upon the houses of the inhabitants. Unless, therefore, you had a friend to give you quarters, you had no resource but to stop at an hotel. The best of these is the *Hôtel de Londres*, a large house built expressly for an inn, and where one finds good and lofty apartments, clean and tolerably well-furnished, at high prices; but Bucharest, especially since the war, is by no means a cheap place. The hotel is of enormous size, and full of long galleries and spacious landing-places. The rooms are without bells, and the mode of summoning the servants is original and inconvenient. On each landing-place is a bell-rope, below which is a dial-plate, having around it the numbers of the neighbouring rooms. When you require anything you have to issue forth from your apartment, ring this bell, once for waiter, twice for boots, thrice for chambermaid, and turn the needle of the dial to the number of your room. But it frequently happens that before the servant answers your call, somebody else gives a pull at the rope, and shifts the needle to *his* number; so that you soon find that the only way of getting attended to is, after ringing, to lie in wait at your door, and, on the appearance of the slave, to rush out, collar him, drag him into your room, and release him only upon his solemn promise to do what you require before he even looks at the dial. This is not a comfortable state of things; but bell-hangers are scarce in Wallachia, and

domestics generally bad. Even in the better class of private houses, good attendance is secured only by keeping what in England would be considered an unreasonable number of servants for the requirements of the family. The Wallachian domestics are lazy, and imported foreigners soon rival them in this respect. I tried the experiment of hiring one of the latter sort, but found he would do nothing but sleep in the porter's lodge, and, when compelled to work, took sick immediately; so I was compelled to get rid of him, and to revert to the system of lying in ambush for waiters. Upon the whole, however, one may be worse put up than at the *Hôtel de Londres*, where there is great civility, and a desire to oblige; but hotel-keeping is a science that has still much progress to make in the cities of Moldavia and Wallachia. I cannot say much for the cooking; and the *Hôtel de France*, in the *Mogosœe* Street, is in that respect considered superior, and passes for a first-rate French restaurant, although in Vienna or Paris it would be set down as a *gargote*, and indeed a good dinner is to be obtained there only by ordering it beforehand, and paying rather more than you would for a sumptuous banquet at the *Trois Frères*.

Early in the month of June, in a cloud of dust and a blaze of heat, commenced and concluded the annual *mosh* or fair of Bucharest. The articles exposed for sale were not calculated to give an exalted idea of the manufacturing progress of the province, whose best reliance for prosperity is evidently upon its agricultural produce. The staple commodities were wicker-baskets, of a wearisome monotony of form, pots of red earth, not even glazed, and the rough-hewn, churn-shaped buckets here universally used, in houses, baths, for street-watering, &c. Anything more primitive than these various articles cannot be imagined; they are just what one might expect to find amongst a newly-discovered tribe of Indians, which, lurking in a remote corner of the backwoods, had avoided all intercourse with the pale-faces. Any idea of ornament seems utterly alien to the minds of

the peasants who manufacture these useful but uncouth objects, which are brought to town in carts as antediluvian as themselves,—clumsy, heavy vehicles, roofed in with boughs. The only other things I could discover in the fair which were manifestly native productions (the toys and trumpets smelt of Germany), were rings of coarse, coloured glass, to thrust over the hand and wear as bracelets, much the sort of thing one might look for upon the ebon arm of the Queen of the Cannibal Islands, or dangling from the obtuse snout of some central-African slave-dealing sovereign. There were also chimney-piece ornaments formed of clay, and representing zoological monsters, of which traditions may possibly have been handed down from the days of the Dacians. Shows there were, too: a camel ridden by a monkey, and a gentleman who sat upon the topmost of a pyramid of bottles, and balanced plates upon his nose and chin; and, in the corner of a tent, the emanations from which were far from fragrant, Punch, the ubiquitous, set up his house, attracted a delighted audience, and went through the celebrated drama of his serio-comic existence, slightly varied from the English version, but including even a larger amount of domestic dissension, violent deaths, and desperate struggles with the enemy of mankind; the whole winding up with the appearance of a monstrous head—a cross, apparently, between a Skye terrier and a snapping turtle—which caught the reprobate Polichinello by the nose, and dragged him screaming into the showman's box. The streets of the fair were formed of huts of branches, some of them neatly enough made, and comprising two rooms, but which quickly lost their fresh verdant aspect, the foliage becoming embrowned by the sun, and coated with dust. Inside these wigwams a promiscuous throng ate, drank, cooked their food, danced, slept, suckled babies, played upon rude musical instruments, and contrived to exist in an atmosphere and amongst odours that might have stifled an habitual inhabitant of a slaver's hold, or a daily passenger

through the richest streams of Galata. The mere smell of the sausages dropping their unctuous superabundance into the wood-fires over which they grizzled, was a week's dinners to a hungry man. Except in the evening, when the *beau monde*, deserting the Chaussée, drives to the fair, the attendance is almost exclusively of the lower orders, — peasants in their round sheepskin caps and antique costume, which has scarcely varied since Trajan's day, many of them stalwart, fine-looking men, with features telling of their Italian origin; women in more various attire, not generally very becoming, although one head-dress, consisting of a thin white shawl gathered over the head, with the ends drooping behind, is not ungraceful. The most original and characteristic female dress there worn was the one I have already described, — the shirt, often of a fine and transparent texture, sprinkled with stars or sprigs worked in gold or silver, whilst round the waist are fastened petticoats and a variety of coloured aprons, worn both before and behind. Besides the peasantry, Wallachian soldiers in their ugly uniforms, nursemaids with children, and a few white-coated Austrians, made up the morning attendance at the fair. On the last day the fun terminated with an evening entertainment annually given by the Aga or prefect of police, in a space enclosed with hedges and flags, and lighted with coloured lamps, where music played, and people walked about and ate ices under tents, and where the hospodar came, with gorgeous liveries and a numerous escort, to admire his own portrait hung up in a marquee, and where the aga himself narrowly escaped apoplexy from the violence of his exertions and effervescence of his hospitality; and people who had no tickets jockeyed the sentries, leapt the ditches, and got in through gaps in the hedges, until at last (this being essentially a popular festival) every one was admitted who chose to walk in; and ragged boys and Wallachian "roughs" were seen elbowing boyards of fabulous lineage, and making disorderly and destructive onslaughts upon trays of sweetmeats; and, finally,

everybody got extremely dusty and tired, and began to wish he had not come, and to long to escape; and there was a general rush for everybody's carriage, which nobody could find, and people betook themselves to bed, and the *mosh* was at an end in Bucharest for that year.

At the period of my arrival in the Principalities, the Moldo-Wallachians were in a fever of impatience to get rid of the Austrian occupation, to them most odious. The war was over, and they could not understand why a foreign army should still be imposed upon them, occasioning them great expense and still greater annoyance. Absorbed by domestic considerations, they did not appreciate or even discern those important European ones which induced the Allies to maintain an Austrian force on the Russian frontier until the terms of the Treaty of Paris should be carried out. Much as they themselves have suffered from Muscovite bad faith and encroachment, their exasperation at the prolonged presence of their detested military guests blinded them to the probability that Russia might seek to evade the conditions she had agreed to. It must be owned that the conduct of the Austrian army of occupation had been such as to explain the furious eagerness of the Moldo-Wallachians for its departure. Its bearing had certainly not been that becoming friends and allies in peaceable provinces inhabited by an extremely docile and quiet race. Had the imperial legions conquered the country after fierce opposition, and found themselves surrounded by scowling foes, whose hatred was to be kept from dangerous manifestation by fear alone, their conduct might have been comprehensible. But when they arrived there was no particular ill-feeling towards them, and they had only themselves to thank for the bitter one which afterwards arose. The general order by which, at the end of last May, the Emperor of Austria congratulated his army in Moldo-Wallachia on its military spirit and endurance of privations, excited the laughter of all who were aware of the real circumstances of the case. There was little

to endure for troops whose requirements and exactions were so great as to constitute a most onerous burthen on the people; and it is but a poor military spirit that is testified by cruel ill-treatment of unoffending civilians. At the very time that the order appeared, no one could pass a few weeks in the Principalities without becoming convinced, by personal observation, that the general tone and demeanour of the Austrian soldiery in their intercourse with the people were overbearing and aggravating, and that the least show of opposition led to brutality and violence. The people of those provinces are neither dogged nor disobliging; a word, if they understand it, generally suffices to procure obedience where it is due; but they are not particularly quick of comprehension, and, on the other hand, the Austrians were prone to exact more than they were entitled to, and to enforce, by blows, unreasonable demands or ill-understood orders. If the behaviour of the officers was better, although this was by no means invariably the case, few of them took pains to restrain their men, but looked on with indifference and without interference. Of this I could cite many examples which came under my own notice, and others vouched for by indisputable testimony. On one of the first days of June, an old white-haired Wallachian peasant was driving a cart through one of the most frequented streets of Bucharest, when he somehow got in the way of an Austrian soldier similarly engaged. He was immediately assailed in the fiercest manner, thrown to the ground, and violently beaten. A German shopkeeper, standing at his door, witnessed this cruelty and appealed to an officer who was passing, entreating him to check it. "*Das geht mich nicht an*"—it is no business of mine—was the cool reply, and the soldier was left to satiate his fury. As for the bystanders interfering, none would think of doing so, for the Austrians invariably carry their side-arms, and instances are abundant of their promptitude in using them against unarmed and defenceless persons. The Turkish soldiers in the provinces

used not to carry their bayonets and sabres when off duty, but just before the return of Stirbey from Vienna to Bucharest, and within a month afterwards, no less than sixty-nine of them were wounded by Austrians, and it was found necessary to authorise them to wear their side-arms. Last summer, a well-known English officer, who holds high rank in the Turkish service, was riding in the suburbs of Bucharest, in a sort of half uniform, but without arms, when he overtook an Austrian soldier, carrying his musket sloped over his shoulder and protruding far behind him. As he passed, the man made a sudden movement of his body, which caused the musket to swing round and strike the officer a violent blow. This was doubtless unintentional, but the blow was so sharp that the officer involuntarily apostrophised the man in English, forgetting that he would not understand him, and asked him what he meant. Instead of apologising, the soldier looked steadily at him and fixed his bayonet. There was nothing for it but to ride on, and complaint to the fellow's superiors would have been of little avail. About this same time there occurred, at the Wallachian town of Busco, an outrage in which three civilians were wounded, and whose circumstances were rather curious. An Austrian soldier drank in a wine-shop, and, notwithstanding the host's opposition, left it without paying and ran off. He was pursued, and, being somewhat intoxicated, he ran into a mill-stream, where he would have been drowned but for the exertions of his pursuers. Other soldiers came up, and the rescuers were sabred; because, argued these military sophists, if their comrade had not been pursued he would not have run, and consequently would not have fallen into the water and nearly lost his life.

I had scarcely set foot in Moldavia when, at Galatz, numerous instances of Austrian misconduct were related to me, my informants being some of the principal local authorities, and their statements being corroborated by a foreign consul, who was by no means ill-disposed to the Austrians, and in-

deed took a more favourable view of their general conduct than almost any other person I met with in the Principalities. But regard to truth compelled him to admit that of the incidents in question. A battalion had arrived two days before, to take its quarters in the town, and on such occasions there were invariably complaints to the civil authorities from persons who had been wounded or beaten by the soldiers. It was no uncommon practice with them to accept money in lieu of lodging from the persons on whom they were billeted, and then to go and insist violently on admission into quarters to which they had no claim. Instances were cited of gross misconduct on the part of officers. On two different occasions these gentlemen, having had billets assigned them in two of the best houses in the place, refused to accept the comfortable rooms allotted to them, and insisted on occupying the apartment of the lady of the house. Compliance being refused with the caprice of one of them, he forgot himself so far as to draw his sword, and finding the door of the room he coveted locked, he endeavoured to kick it open. The mistress of the house, the Countess P—, behaved with great spirit. "Put up your sword, sir," she said; "your Emperor did not give it you to be thus used." It was very rare that the least redress could be obtained for such insults and outrages, any more than for the many grave offences against person and property, the robberies and murders, that were clearly brought home to Austrian soldiers. In Wallachia especially, the perpetrators of such crimes were certain of impunity; for Prince Stirbey, long devoted to Russia, had become the tool of Austria, by whose influence he hoped to be maintained in power after his term of office should have expired. Had he done his duty as ruler of the Principality, he would have made such forcible representations as must assuredly have led to a diminution of the evil. Instead of this, with him whatever the Austrians did was well done, and the strongest proofs of their excesses, frequently laid be-

fore him, were by him smothered and suppressed. This was notably the case with respect to a disgraceful affair that occurred on the 31st May at Buseo, a town on the road from Bucharest to the Wallachian frontier. A body of Austrian lancers, marching through, required carts for their baggage. Some slight delay occurred in providing them, and this being reported to the officer commanding, he is said to have replied: "You have got arms; take carts." Thus licensed, the Austrians seized some carts which were just leaving the town, laden with the baggage and military-chest of a Wallachian regiment; the slender baggage-guard, although it made little show of resistance, was mercilessly sabred, and some civilians and soldiers without arms were also cut down. The prefect of the town was beaten and ill-treated, and the officer commanding the Wallachians, who reached the place after the affray was over, was charged and ridden down by the playful Austrians. Prince Stirbey's body-surgeon, sent over specially to look to the wounded, reported, with the counter-signature of an Austrian surgeon, that there were twenty Wallachians wounded, some very dangerously. Amongst the twenty men there were upwards of a hundred and twenty wounds; showing the deliberate cruelty and ferocity of the Austrians, for not one-third of the wounded were armed when they were thus barbarously assailed. The report of the medical men was seen by various persons in Bucharest; the indignation was general, and was shared and vehemently expressed even by some of the hospodar's own household and clique; it was thought impossible that so shameful a massacre should be overlooked; nevertheless, no steps were taken to obtain the punishment of the guilty. The first remark of the officer who replaced the Wallachian minister-of-war, then absent, was, that the Wallachians were wrong—that they should humour (*ménager*) the Austrians. Stirbey said it was an unfortunate affair, and forbade the newspapers to speak of it; and so it was hushed up, as all similar occurrences had invariably been.

Abandoned by their prince and natural protector to the tender mercies of foreign intruders and tyrants, the Wallachians testified their hatred and anger by the only means in their power. They excluded the Austrians from their society, and refused to have any intercourse with them. The offensive strangers were sent to Coventry; only in a very few houses was an Austrian uniform ever seen, and those were the houses of persons known by their connection with or partiality to Austria, and who got little credit with their fellow-countrymen by their deviation from the rule tacitly but generally laid down. The Austrians knew that they were detested, and requited the aversion shown them by being as insolent and disagreeable as they could. For all parties it was a most uncomfortable state of things, resulting in constant mutual annoyances. In June, the Austrian infantry regiment of Constantine gave an entertainment to General Coronini, then commanding in chief in the Principalities. Marquees were pitched on a grassy plain, at a short distance from Bucharest, and there were bands of music, rifle-practice, fireworks, and other amusements. Numerous invitations were distributed, but scarcely any Wallachians went, and the consequence was a lamentable deficiency of ladies. A Wallachian nobleman of high rank, and notorious for his Austrian addictions, gave a dinner to General Coronini before his departure. It was not thought necessary to inform all the persons invited of the occasion of the banquet; probably because it was thought that, if they knew it, some of them would refuse to attend. The consequence was that a portion of the guests, upon seeing whom they were assembled to honour, considered that a trick had been played them; and one of them, a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families of the country—not of Fanariot origin, but of pure Rouman blood—kept his seat, and left his glass untasted, when the health of the Austrian commander was proposed. I might cite many other examples of the bad feeling and petty warfare between Wallachians and

Austrians. The physical superiority being all on the side of the armed foreigners, it was seldom that force was opposed to their aggressions. The only instance I remember was in the case of a plucky little French architect, settled at Bucharest. Some soldiers in his house ill-treated his servant-maid and child, and upon his interfering, one of them raised his arm as if to strike him. But the Frenchman, although a very small man, was a master in the science of the *savate*; his blood was up, and he cared nothing for odds. A tremendous kick in the belly laid one soldier on his back; another was knocked into a well in the yard, and a third kicked out of the place. In short, the Frenchman completely cleared his premises, but, for some time afterwards, he was obliged to have a sentry to protect his house, for the Austrians came to force their way in and massacre him.

The murder, in cold blood and broad daylight, by a party of Austrians, of one of the French soldiers in charge of the telegraph, was followed by a serious investigation, and the guilty persons were severely punished. This was a lesson which doubtless had its effect. At about the same time the number of Austrian troops in the Principalities was diminished by the departure of several regiments. Stirbey also was removed from power, to the great and universal joy of the Wallachians, and was succeeded by Prince Alexander Ghika, a man of very moderate capacity, but well-meaning and honest, and who certainly is incapable of shielding or conniving at Austrian misconduct. Since then outrages have been much less frequent, and the Moldo-Wallachians do not appear to have particular grounds of complaint. A foreign military occupation is of course, and must inevitably be, to a certain degree, a burthen and a nuisance to the country that undergoes it.

Independently of the very sufficient reasons already exposed, the people of the Principalities had, or believed themselves to have, a strong political motive for desiring the departure of the Austrian army. A project for the union of the two pro-

vinces under a foreign prince had been put forward, and was ardently advocated and agitated by persons who imagined that they saw in its realisation the regeneration of their country. To this project the Austrian government was understood to be decidedly opposed; the Austrian political agent at Bucharest declared his disapproval of it in the most public and contemptuous manner, and with that overbearing insolence of tone which the subserviency of the hospodar emboldened him upon all occasions to assume; the Austrian officers, including a body of engineers and their assistants, then occupied in making a trigonometrical survey of the country, were generally accused of inciting the lower orders against the Union. Such opposition to a plan which they somewhat hastily believed would prove a panacea for all the many griefs they have so long suffered under, greatly increased the irritation of the Moldo-Wallachians. Their minds were set upon the Union, and dazzled by visions of the prosperity and power it was to bring in its train. They already beheld Rouman nationality restored and established on a firm basis, and an agricultural Belgium arising in the East, which should rival that of the West in good government, tranquillity, and wealth. They beheld the men of their race, of whom several millions now dwell in Transylvania, Bukovina, the Banat, and Bessarabia, and also in Podolia, Hungary, and Macedonia, flocking back to the provinces whence many of them originally emigrated, and supplying the labour which alone is wanted to make Moldo-Wallachia the granary of Europe. There can be no question that the Roumans have preserved their nationality to an extent that is surprising, when we consider the bloody struggle they have had to maintain against Turks and Tartars, Poles and Magyars, and the numerous races amongst which they have been scattered, often in far inferior numbers. There seems to be an innate sentiment of nationality amongst the lower orders, of which they themselves have not the intelligence. In emigration (and, owing to the oppressions of foreign armies and

native chiefs, emigrations have been frequent and extensive) they preserve their native usages, often even when bad, sooner than adopt foreign ones. The same is the case with their language. In Bulgaria, Transylvania, and elsewhere, they still speak the Rouman. One of the most intelligent and distinguished of living Wallachians, John Ghika, now governor of Samos, estimates the Rouman race (in an interesting pamphlet, published at Paris under the anagrammatic pseudonyme of G. Chainoi) at nearly twelve millions. Of these, barely five millions dwell in Wallachia and Moldavia, where there is not only room for, but need of, at least double the population. In presence of these facts and figures, the chiefs of the national party in these provinces built up a scheme, of which the principal heads were: the union of the two Principalities into a constitutional monarchy, under a foreign prince not belonging to the royal family of any one of the countries bordering on Moldo-Wallachia,—that is to say, neither Austrian nor Russian; the independence of the new kingdom to be guaranteed by the European powers; a standing army sufficiently strong to defend the frontier in case of foreign aggression, at least until such time as succours might arrive from the guaranteeing powers. And that the rights of Turkey might not wholly be lost sight of, it was proposed to continue paying her the tribute to which she is entitled, or to buy it off by a sum once paid down. Thus constituted, it was argued, Moldavia and Wallachia would form a much more solid bulwark for Turkey against Russian aggression, than they do in their present unsettled dependence.

This is the rose-colour view of the question of the Union taken by the politicians of the Principalities, and especially by a knot of ardent young men who would fain apply political theories imbibed during their education and residence in foreign countries, and for which they do not perceive that their own is not yet ripe. Nearly a year ago they had gone so far as earnestly to discuss what prince should be placed over them, and warmly to debate whether

one or two legislative chambers were preferable. Their eagerness blinded them to the fact that it would be scarcely possible to form an electoral constituency worthy of the name. The peasants, who compose the great mass of the population, are ignorant and degraded to a degree which renders them wholly unfit to be intrusted with the free-man's rights of voting. They are by no means naturally vicious or destitute of good qualities, but these have had neither fair play nor cultivation. The Danubian serf—for, although nominally emancipated, he is no better than a serf—has been systematically oppressed and trampled upon. He is wholly uneducated, accustomed to blind obedience, unrequited toil, and many stripes—in fact, a slave. To give him a vote would be to place it at the disposal of the boyard on whose estate he lives. There exists, certainly, a class of small proprietors, especially in the mountainous parts of Wallachia, which might be taken advantage of as a sort of link between the ignorant and too often drunken peasant and the higher ranks. The artisans and people of the towns might also have votes, but at the best it would be a lame business, and it would be hard to prevent the real influence from being concentrated in the hands of the boyards, who hitherto have shown themselves anything but disposed to ameliorate the condition of their inferiors, and who would thus have it in their power to impose upon the constitutional sovereign such measures as were most to their own advantage. Before seeking to establish in so backward a country as Moldo-Wallachia that constitutional liberty for whose permanent enjoyment so few of the most civilised kingdoms of Europe have as yet shown themselves ripe, a vast deal has to be done by a government of a more absolute nature. The intellectual progress of the people—or, it should rather be said, their escape from utter moral darkness—needs to be facilitated by juster dealing and material improvements. Schools and roads are wanted, and a ruler who will check with a strong hand the oppressions and cruelties of the boyards, and the villanies of the middle-

men and usurers to whom the unfortunate boor sells his future labour for bread and brandy. The earnings of the peasants, especially of those composing what are called the second and third classes, are so small that their existence appears a miracle. In the event of failure of crops, murrain amongst cattle, or any other of the serious but not unfrequent calamities to which agriculturists are liable—also in the event of a military occupation, which is worse than hail or rot—the most fortunate class of peasants cannot expect to pull through the year without incurring debt. As to the man of the lowest class, he is invariably and at all times in debt. He gets small loans from the Jew and Greek middlemen, at enormous interest, which is added to the capital every two or three months. His only means of payment is by labour, for which his taskmaster, profiting by his misery, credits him at a very low rate, until, from less to more, he sinks into the condition of absolute serfdom, and finds his whole year's toil the property of another.

To examine in detail the social and political condition of the Danubian Principalities, would cover much paper, and probably be of small interest to English readers; but it may be possible to give in short compass a clear general notion of their position relatively to Turkey. The original treaties by which they accepted the protection and suzerainty of the Porte, and which date from the sixteenth century, have long since been infringed and set at naught. According to these treaties, a tribute was to be the sole acknowledgment of Turkish supremacy; the Sultan was forbidden to interfere in the local administration, and the provinces were to elect their own princes. In defiance of this contract, the elective right was long ago set aside, the odious rule of the Greeks of the Fanar was introduced, and the post of hospodar became the prize of the highest bidder. The office became so profitable, owing to the unscrupulous means of enriching themselves resorted to by these Fanariot princes, that it was soon the object of eager competition. A system of

intrigue and bribery was introduced which gave rise to continual changes in the government of the Principalities, and accustomed the Porte to look upon them as farms to be let to the highest bidders. The Greek farmers were deposed and recalled whenever the offers and promises of others of their countrymen appeared more advantageous.

"From the period at which this system was introduced, to the beginning of the present century," says Wilkinson (whose work, although now of old date, will be found valuable by persons desirous of tracing from an early period the not uninteresting history of the Principalities),* "being a space of ninety years, Wallachia alone has passed through the hands of forty different princes, independently of the time it was occupied by the Russians, from 1770 to 1774, by the Austrians and Russians from 1789 to 1792, and by the Russians, again, from 1806 to 1812. The evils which naturally arose from such a state of things weighed so heavily on the two nations, that the court of Russia, already authorised by the treaty of Kainardjik† to interfere in their behalf, insisted at the peace of Jassy, in 1792, that the Porte should engage to maintain the princes of Moldavia and Wallachia in their respective stations for the space of seven years, and should not molest them in any manner previously to the expiration of that term."

In the sequel this agreement was by no means regularly observed, and its frequent infractions by Turkey led to continual remonstrances from Russia. The former power had long completely lost sight of the obligations imposed upon her by her treaties with the Principalities, and no stronger proof of this can be adduced than her cession to Russia, by the treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, of nearly half Moldavia, from the Dniester to the Pruth, now forming the Russian province of Bessarabia, a portion of which has been restored by the recent treaty of Paris.

According to the capitulations, which to this very day are legally in force, the Porte had no more right to dispose of that territory than it had to grant the temporary sovereignty of the provinces to the greedy and venal Greeks of the Fanar. But the stipulated immunities and autonomy of the Moldo-Wallachians had long been disregarded and trodden under foot; they could do nothing against the power of Turkey; and Russia, whilst seeming to sympathise with them, joyfully beheld, in the oppressive and illegal conduct of their suzerain, a means of herself acquiring influence amongst them, and perhaps of eventually bringing them under her own rule. To do this she reckoned upon the services and assistance of her party amongst the boyards, the majority of whom, although claiming to be old nobility, are of mushroom origin and Greek descent. For the last 150 years the services of the boyards are to be sought, not in the patriotic annals of their country, but in the archives of the Fanar or of St Petersburg. It was from those amongst them devoted to Russia, and including Bibesco and Stirbey, upstart names now held in abhorrence in Wallachia, that were selected the members of the commission appointed, at the close of the war that commenced in 1828, to draw up, under the superintendence of Kisseleff, the Organic Regulations or new Constitution of the Principalities. This constitution professed to vindicate and insure the rights of the peasantry; but, although plausible enough in the letter, the manner in which it practically worked may be inferred from the new and extensive emigration that quickly followed its promulgation, and from the wholesale departure of rich Bulgarian colonies, which, encouraged by the just rule of Gregory Ghika, had settled in Wallachia previously to 1828.

From the date of the treaty of Adrianople until the commencement of the late war, Russia was all-

* Wilkinson's *Wallachia and Moldavia*: London, 1820.

† The treaty of Kainardjik (10th July 1775) gave the right of interference in the affairs of the Principalities to the Russian ministers resident at Constantinople, and bound the Porte to pay regard to their representations.

powerful in the Principalities, and that period, of nearly a quarter of a century, is marked by repeated acts of base submission on the part of Turkey, humiliating to herself, and treacherous to the provinces to which she had promised protection and the maintenance of their rights. In 1839 a firman granted to Russia the right of controlling the acts of the Rouman National Assembly. In the same year Alexander Ghika was dismissed from the hospodariat, because he was displeasing to Russia. In 1844, the Wallachian Assembly was suspended for having rejected a project of law by which the monopoly of working the mines of the province would have been secured to a Russian company. Finally, in 1849, the Porte subscribed the Sened of Balta Liman, by which she upset all the institutions of the Principalities, and made a Russian commissioner their legislator and administrator.

For a period extending far beyond the memory of the oldest man amongst them, the Moldavians and Wallachians have thus been the sport of rival and intriguing powers. They have been deceived and oppressed by the Porte, and sold again and again to the best bidder; they have been the prey of the vilest Greek adventurers, who have done their best to introduce amongst them their own principles of falsehood and corruption; they have been taxed and squeezed by successive foreign rulers, who saw in their brief period of power only a favourable opportunity of filling their pockets; they have been harassed and impoverished by foreign military occupations, which ceased only to be renewed. Russia, whilst affecting, with crocodile tears, to commiserate and deplore their unhappy condition, has secretly fomented their vexations, griefs, and miseries, in hopes of their ultimately throwing themselves into her arms. The triumph of the Allies has at last delivered them, at least for the time, from these conflicting and noxious influences, and given them hopes that Europe will do something to secure their future welfare. Something ought to be, and it is to be hoped will be, done for them; but important considerations may render it impossible to

grant them all that they, carried away, after long suffering, by the prospect of a brighter future, desire and demand. There should be secured to them the opportunity and means of moral and material improvement, and as much liberty and self-government as they are fitted to enjoy and able to make good use of. Their sudden elevation, after they have so long been sunk in degradation and almost in slavery, into a constitutional kingdom on the model of Belgium or Piedmont, whilst the most sagacious amongst them possess as yet scarcely the rudiments of political education, would be at best, and setting apart considerations of European policy that oppose themselves to it and demand due weight, a hazardous experiment, and one which for their own sakes it may be thought hardly advisable to try, since it is of a class that has hitherto been found more fertile in failures than in successes. It is one which the majority of the powers who are to decide upon the question are not likely to risk. Russia is understood to be favourable to the project, but that alone is a sufficient reason for regarding it with mistrust. She doubtless reckons on the powerful influences and successful intrigues she might bring to bear on a young kingdom adjoining her own frontier. France has somewhat ostentatiously put herself forward as an advocate of the Union under a foreign prince; but it is now more than suspected that Russian arguments have had undue weight with certain prominent members of the French government and advisers of the French Emperor. England, Austria, and Turkey, and also Sardinia, will oppose the dangerous scheme, and with good reason; for although the Moldo-Wallachians, who have an abundantly high opinion of their own capacities and merits, imagine that, were their wishes complied with, they should within a very short time offer to Europe the edifying example of an Oriental Belgium, it is feared by those who know them best that there would be at least as great a chance of their scandalising it by the deplorable spectacle of a second Greece.

LETTERS FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.—NO. I.

MY DEAR EBONY,—If you still retain in your composition one drop of the milk of human kindness, the re-appearance of an old contributor, whom doubtless you long ago considered as irretrievably lost or strayed, must impart to you a thrill of pleasure. At all events, it ought to do so: for, though I say it, there seems to have been a sad falling-off in power and stamina since I withdrew from the literary ring. Nine years ago, when I regularly stained paper in your service, the world was brisk and bustling. All of us had drunk more or less deeply of the Circean cup of speculation; and though the hour of retribution, or rather of paying up calls, was nigh at hand, we had not yet been summoned to partake of the soda-water of repentance. The political game was fast and exciting. There was a clear, distinct, and obvious contest of principles; and it was a real gratification to see how valiantly men on either side would stand forth and fisticuff their opponents. The forehead of the Manchester Goliath was a first-rate mark for the sling of the Conservative David; and many a time have I groaned with pleasure over the prostrate carcass of a Quaker Philistine. All things seemed flourishing, when a heavy shadow passed over me and my fortunes. Don't be alarmed. I have no intention of troubling you with details which I did not think it necessary at the time to divulge to a Court of Bankruptcy. I have no creditors now. The misfortunate creatures who arrogated to themselves that absurd and empty title, have long since bolted also. In fact, if I had not been an ass, I might easily have got rid of the whole of them by adopting the simple expedient of tarrying incognito for the space of a twelvemonth at Dalnacardoch, where a friend of mine, a duiniewassail of the house of M'Tavish, who was largely engaged in the process of illicit distillation, would willingly have afforded me shelter. However, I committed the grievous mistake of

outrunning, not the constable, but my creditors. I shall never forget the kind manner in which you acceded to my request for an advance of an hundred pounds, on the strength of future articles. Your liberality was not thrown away, for the money you gave me materially facilitated my departure, and enabled me to take my leave with that calmness, decorum, and equanimity which become a gentleman. I mention this for the purpose of showing you that I am not oblivious of such favours, though I should be the last man in the world to insult you by hinting at repayment after the lapse of so much time. Indeed you will not expect to receive any such paltry proposal, as the debt must be long ago prescribed. But what is friendship, if not based upon gratitude and confidence? Therefore understand, that, if you print this letter or any other lucubration of mine, I shall consider myself your creditor (at a short date) on the same terms as before; unless, indeed, you have raised the literary tariff since the period of our former connection, in which case I shall gladly avail myself of any reasonable increment.

Business first—pleasure afterwards. That was always my motto; and I already feel that I can write more easily, and express myself more felicitously, now that I have discharged this debt upon my conscience. I have been, it is true, a little out of practice; for amongst the various kinds of thirst which affected the Californian diggers and the Norfolk Island whalers, with whom respectively I sojourned for considerable periods, I did not observe that for literature exorbitantly developed. Neither were the Bashi-Bazouks, in which honourable corps of irregulars I held an honourable commission, and whom I might, could, would, or should have led on to glory, had they not preferred devoting their energies to the expiscation of hen-roosts, the discovery of secret cellars, and such-like baubles—neither, I say, were the Bashi-Ba-

zouks a hard-reading set. Indeed they rather appeared to incline to the tenets of that capital old cock, Caliph Omar, whom it is the fashion to abuse because he burned the Alexandrian library. I am sure that if he were alive again, and could contrive to make a bonfire of every book that has been printed since Gutemberg drew his first proof-sheet, he would be regarded as a blessed benefactor by every man who now earns his livelihood by handling the pen. Positively my mouth waters at the bare idea of such a thing ! Living authors would then have the whole monopoly, and might fix their own prices ; and we should have none of those rascally reprints of the works of the defunct, which interfere so materially with our sales. But indulgence in such extravagant dreams is useless, and even criminal. I simply mean to observe that, while among my friends the Bashis, I had not much opportunity of giving my nights and days to the study of Addison, or Alison, or Tennyson, or Emerson, or any other son of woman born ; so that, perhaps, my style may, for some little time, appear deficient in grace and polish. But since I came here (I shall presently tell you what I mean by *here*, and how I obtained the exceedingly desirable situation which I now enjoy), I have had plenty leisure for reading, and have gradually unstacked a pile of reviews, big enough, and I must add heavy enough, to sink a respectable steam-tug. I have read, sir, very nearly through the whole periodical literature of Great Britain published during the last eight years ; and I have arrived at the deliberate conclusion that the said floating literature has been gradually becoming water-logged, and is in great danger of disappearing, like the mysterious islet on Lochlomond.

Time was when the Quarterlies supplied a stock of reading, which, if not very pungent, was at least easy of digestion, suited to the comprehension of the numerous class of consumers who do not affect unusual profundity, and occasionally relieved by a touch of something which it was possible to mistake for humour. But all that has disap-

peared. The new brood of contributors are much too learned for their audience, and you might as well look for liveliness at an undertaker's wedding, as within the pages of a Quarterly Review. I read a number of one of them—I won't specify which—no later than last night, under the reflector ; and, do you know, it positively gave me a fit of colic. Six or eight fellows, each more heavy-sterned than the other, trudged by in succession, bearing burdens of bosh upon their shoulders ; just as I have seen, on a tearing wet day, some of my Bashi-Bazouks straggle in from a plundering expedition, one bending beneath a load of dripping mats not worth an asper, another sweating under the abandoned pack-saddle of a camel, and a third carrying a dead goat in an advanced stage of putrefaction. I protest to you, Ebony, that I have a very great regard in the abstract for the ancients, and am willing to take (or affect) as much interest in their quondam doings as can possibly be expected from a gentleman whose fortune it was to be born some two thousand years or so after their time ; but is it reasonable to expect me to wade through some thirty or forty mortal pages devoted to the subject of the Peloponnesian war ? I like the Orientals, who, after all, have some sound notions on the subjects of coffee and tobacco ; but why should I be solicited to bother my brains with criticisms upon the Coptic grammar ? My chief objection to Egypt is its fleas ; but, at a pinch—or rather in spite of innumerable pinches—I might bring myself to submit even to that nuisance, and enjoy in comparative tranquillity the really salubrious air of the heritage of the Pharaohs, provided I were not perpetually pestered by jabbering about hieroglyphs, and monoliths, and Orus, and Osiris, and the beetles, and the Ibis, and the leeks, and the crocodiles, and Necho, and Psammis, and Rhamses (who was no relation of the Dalhousies), and other myths, reptiles, vegetables, and divinities, who at one time molested the Delta. I had the pleasure, a couple of years ago, of kicking, after various warnings, a British antiquarian out of a coffee-house in

Cairo; and he ought to feel very grateful to me for having done so, as otherwise he would have been pondiarded to a certainty at a later period of the evening. Well, sir; last night, in the course of my reading, I recognised my old friend, in the pages of the review, by marks which I hold to be infallible: for you must know that, before my patience gave way altogether, I had imparted to him divers startling details touching discoveries in Upper Egypt, which occurred to me (I was drinking rum and water at the time, and the lymph of the Nile from a porous jar is, I assure you, when properly qualified, very seductive tittle) as extremely probable to be made in localities whereof I had not the slightest knowledge; and—will you believe it?—the catiff has actually embodied in his article the results of my sublime and extemporaneous researches! If it ever should be my lot to fall in with him near Nineveh, he may expect a sterner measure of justice and retribution. Next comes an ecclesiastical monomaniac, maundering—O me—about the Council of Chalcedon! I thought we really had done with councils. Most of us of the Protestant way of thinking, are well pleased to be rid, once and for ever, of a controversy which was understood to have been settled at the Reformation; and we are entitled to object to its revival. So about Italian history. We don't want to hear about Duke Sforza this, or Count Paolo that;—the record of their crimes, intrigues, murders, rapes, and adulteries ought to have no manner of interest, and really has none, except to a few antiquarians with diseased appetites;—and if deeds of this kind are worthy of promulgation at this time of day, I am serious in thinking that we do injustice to such native heroes as Turpin and Abershaw, by giving the foreigners a decided quarterly preference. Next I observe that an awful deal of drivel is current about Niebuhr and the Romans. I know something about Niebuhr; and I always esteemed him a prig. He was a regular old, pottering, professional German humbug—one of your why-and-wherefore men, who looked regularly twice at each side of his *kalbs-braten*,

and would not have taken upon trust an ordinary report of a police trial from the columns of the *Times*. He was as little susceptible of poetical feeling or inspiration as an ink-fish or a polypus; and thought—for the conceit of the animal was unbounded—that he knew far more about Roman history than either Livy or Ovid. It humbly appears to me that, in dealing with the history of such remote times, the man who, without absolute information enabling him to substitute truth for falsehood, flies in the face of tradition, is a blockhead. Tradition is much older than he is, and infinitely more respectable; and if he cannot disprove it by evidence, he is bound to let it stand. What is the use of all this captious infidelity? What does Niebuhr give us in exchange for the story of Romulus and Remus, or any of the glowing early legends of Rome, which, despite of the ultra-grammarian tendencies of too many pedagogues, have, for centuries, roused the curiosity and emulation of our youth, except the vision of a duffle-clad professor, with a pipe in his mouth, attempting, in uncleanly fashion, to blow away the settled belief of ages! And all this passes current under the title of profound criticism! Then what with philology, archæology, ontology, epistemology, and æsthetics, a plain fellow like myself feels as though he had lodged surreptitiously in Bedlam. Lads, in their second year at college, patter away in a jargon more perplexing than that of the swell-mob or the gypsies, and discuss the science of mind instead of occupying themselves with the gustative enjoyment of tarts. One very marked feature of the age is the growth and excessive multiplication of what are facetiously called philosophical institutes. I conjecture, from the multitude of advertisements and circulars which have reached me, that there is now hardly a village throughout the country without its lecture-room, for the purpose of affording an easy vent to the available talent and ready impudence of the district. Lairds, dominies, dissenting ministers, enthusiastic excisemen, and philanthropic collectors of the revenue, seem to avail themselves with the

utmost eagerness of these opportunities of displaying the vast treasures of thought and information stored up in their respectable brains ; and they rant, declaim, speculate, or mumble over every imaginable subject—politics, poetry, religion, or railways, causality, cookery, or consciousness. Noble lords and members of the House of Commons, of all shades of opinion, have been pressed into the service. One day Lord John Russell drones upon the subject of history ; on the next, Sir Robert Peel is heard spouting the poetry of Mrs Hemans. And on all sides, from every corner, nook, and cranny, rises a dreary hum about education, which possibly might be considered as a hopeful symptom, provided any two people could be found to agree as to the exact meaning of the term.

Far be it from me to object to this general expansion of the public mind. I fully concur in the observation made a few weeks ago by the chairman of the Cowcaddens' Mechanics Institute, that every man possesses, upon some particular topic, a stock of information which he is bound to communicate for the advantage of his fellow-creatures ; and, along with him, I expect the advent of the time when the number of the British lecturers shall exceed that of their collective audiences. I sometimes experience a feeling of regret that my present circumstances and position preclude me from taking an active hand in the game, so long as there is a chance of profit. I am quite certain that I could get up a stunning course upon less than a fortnight's warning ; and by shifting my ground dexterously from one institute to another, I have no doubt that I should be able to pick up guineas as fast as a pigeon gathers peas. But, after all, it is a great matter to bear a contented mind. I never envied any one, being of opinion that there is always a skeleton in the closet ; and recent events have convinced me that this is the true philosophy. Look at Paul the banker, Sadleir, Redpath, Cameron—what has been the upshot of all their wealth and prosperity ? Hang me if I would not rather cut kelp at sixpence a-day than be a director of

the Bank of England ! Then as to power—what is the good of that ? Nobody in our time has had a longer lease of it than Johnny Russell, and yet where is his reputation now ? Where be his followers, the men who used to cheer him so vociferously—who were so lavish of their adulation, so perfectly slavish to his will ? Dancing at the back of Palmerston, like so many fantoccini, and shrugging their shoulders with affected pity for the misfortunes of their former leader ! Where is Cobden now ? No man in my day, barring O'Connell, had a larger personal following than the redoubted crumpler-up of Russia, but somehow his adherents have melted from him, like snow at the breath of the thaw. Surely it would be better never to rise from obscurity at all, than, after a splendid meridian, to shiver in the eve of life under the cold shadows of contumely and neglect.

It is my belief that you men who dwell amidst the whirl and turmoil of public affairs, who are constantly engaged either in attack or defence, and whose brains are consequently kept spinning like a whirligig, are quite unfitted to take a philosophic view of any immediate subject, or to pronounce a candid opinion upon its merits. You are like the warriors on the plain of Troy, thrusting, foining, and contending for the armour of those who are down ; and amidst the dust and stour of the battle, it is physically impossible that you can see anything at the distance of twenty yards. Very different is the position of us Olympians, who, from our elevated perch, in clear weather, can survey complacently all that is passing beneath, without allowing party feeling, or affection, or prejudice, to distort our deliberate judgments.

"For we lie beside our nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd

Far below us in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round our golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

But I forget that you are no *Cædipus*, and necessarily must think me crazy, unless I condescend to explanation.

Know, then, that after my return from the wars, without accepting a

Pashalik, which was the very least that those ungrateful infidels should have offered me, I found myself nearly as much out at elbows as the Copper Captain or the redoubted Bobadil. Arrearages there were none; and I found myself wandering about the streets of London, with a magnificent beard, a seedy greatcoat, galligaskins that had seen better days, and a very few shillings in my pocket. I believe—at least I have been told—that the British public was exceedingly excited and gratified by the return of the soldiers from the Crimea, and that all sorts of hospitalities were lavished upon the victors of Alma and Inkermann. Be that as it may, I can conscientiously aver that I did not profit, to the extent of a single beefsteak, by my military renown. True, I did not belong to the regulars, or even to the German Legion. I never saw Sebastopol, nor was I quartered at Heligoland. But that was no fault of mine. Had I, with my brave Bashis, been moved forward to the van of fight, I flatter myself that—but I will not pursue the subject further. Suffice it to say, that I received no medals, and no allowances, and that I was twice requested by the police to exhibit my ticket-of-leave. Suspicion is a horrid thing, and apt to unsettle even the best-regulated mind. I began to ponder within myself whether it were worth while to be suspected without a cause; and had Mephistopheles displayed his usual diabolic activity on the night of the display of fireworks, I really do think that I might have been overpersuaded to try my hand at the garotte. I was, however, such a very dilapidated Faustus, that the demon passed me by as if I were not worth his notice; and with the return of morning, virtue reassumed her sway. I then bethought me that in other and more fortunate days I was known to certain individuals now holding office under the beneficent administration of the Whigs; and, as it was notorious that some very loose fish had recently been patronised by that respectable faction, I thought it not impossible that they might cast a few crumbs of comfort in the way of a meritorious

veteran who was always ready to serve his country for an extremely moderate consideration. So, after making what toilet I could, I laid siege to the public offices, being fully determined that my old besetting sin of modesty should not this time, at all events, prove a bar to my advancement, and that no one whom I was privileged to accost should hereafter be able to plead ignorance as an excuse for having overlooked my claims. Nor was I at all particular as to the kind of employment. Any of the newly-created offices in the gift of the Secretary of the War Department would have suited me like a kid-glove. Had my godfathers and godmothers been gifted with sufficient prescience to bestow upon me the name of Dowb, I might possibly have been taken care of; but, alas! I had no part or portion in that sacred monosyllable. Flights of harpies had been before me; and they had swept away even the most insignificant remnants of the banquet. Go where I might, I met with nothing save incivility and official insolence; until at last one friend, more true than the others, purchased my evacuation of his lobby, in which I had permanently encamped myself, by procuring for me a nomination as an assistant light-keeper. Yes—you may well stare, and drop the paper as you read! "Is it possible," you will say—or you ought to say—"that our ancient and illustrious contributor, a man of such varied learning and minute accomplishment, &c. &c., should be so depressed by fortune as to immure himself within the narrow precincts of a lonely Pharos?" Well—why not? The work is easy and regular, provided you can keep awake; and the pay and perquisites by no manner of means to be despised. Government is good enough to find us in all manner of victual and appurtenances (save liquor, which is somewhat churlishly prohibited); you have comfortable lodgings, prime air, wholesome exercise in ascending the stair, and the most magnificent of sea-views, either in calm or in storm. Add to this, your absolute immunity, nowhere else to be enjoyed in the British islands, from all visits of those dis-

agreeable savages the tax-gatherers ; and it will require no exorbitant stretch of fancy to imagine worse quarters. The society, no doubt, is limited, but then it has the advantage of being select. Archy M'Craw, my principal, is a superannuated sergeant of a Highland regiment, who remembers Waterloo, and has a settled belief in the authenticity of Ossian ; and when he produces his stores of anecdote about Pieton and Fingal—heroes whose deeds he is rather apt to confound—he is anything but stupid company. His helpmate, Elspeth, is a nice tidy old body, somewhat addicted to snuff and the perusal of *Boston's Fourfold State*, but extremely obliging ; and her talents in the concoction of an Irish stew are by no means despicable. Like all genuine Highlanders, M'Craw has a proper respect for birth and education ; and as he knows that my circumstances are now somewhat altered from what they have been, he is courteous in his demeanour, and, instead of trying to impose upon me, as a new-comer, additional labour, I observe that he is most anxious to lighten my burden. So upon the whole we get on capitally, and I do not know that I was ever more comfortable than now. I was always a consumer of the midnight oil, which the Government now provides for me *gratis* ; and I have plenty of time for reading in the long watch beneath the glow of the reflectors. As for the wind and rain—of which, it must be confessed, there is rather a superabundance here—one becomes used to them after a certain period of probation ; indeed I rather like a storm, as the roaring of the elements tends to stir poetical ideas, which otherwise might be apt to stagnate. I wrote a most capital description of an eruption of Vesuvius, a few nights ago, during one of the most violent gales that ever swept this Sound. Then, during the daytime, after polishing the mirrors and making up the log-book, I have plenty of leisure for meditation. Our lighthouse is perched upon a cliff some three hundred feet above the sea, and there is a long sloping hill-side behind, where our cattle and ponies graze, which leads down to

the beach. There is prime fishing all about ; and the sea-fowl are so prolific in the matter of eggs, that, at the proper season, it would not be difficult, from our rocks alone, to furnish a daily ration of omelette to every soldier in the British army. Then there is a reef on which the seals at ebb-tide come up to bask, and, as I have not parted with my rifle, I have had some pretty sport, and have even turned an honest penny by the disposal of the peltry. On the whole, I should say, after much experience of life in different phases, that there is no more agreeable post for a man who unites in himself the combined characters of philosopher, sportsman, and student, than that of a keeper of a lighthouse ; and I would not, with my present feelings, change places with the venerated Palmerston. I warrant me I am much more comfortable while reading the columns of the Magazine (by the way, do not forget to send me the numbers in future—I have borrowed the last few from the parish minister), by the mild effulgence of the *Stella maris*, than he is while compelled, long after midnight, to listen to the dreary debates in the House of Commons, cursing all the while the imbecility of his supporters, who attempt to copy his jocular manner, without possessing a tithe of his ability. If the noble viscount had been but ten years younger, I would have strenuously recommended him to isolate himself for a twelvemonth in a lighthouse. If he were to undergo such a contemplative ordeal, I am ready to stake my life that on his emergence he would make a clean sweep of such preposterous and exhaustive satellites as the two Peels, Bernal Osborne, Sir Charles Wood, Vernon Smith, and Mr Robert Lowe ; and would have tried at least to reconstruct his Administration on the principle of common sense, if he could not command a more exalted kind of talent. But the Premier, with all his dexterity, official experience, and sleight-of-hand, is, for the present, like a theatrical manager at the head of a most sorry *corps dramatique*, the members of whom he must shift as occasion requires ; and were his own

performances not extremely adroit, he could hardly hope to escape the venomous hiss which is the sure signal of dissolution.

I will tell you why I make these observations. The last mail brought me an account of a discourse, lately delivered by the present Sir Robert Peel, at the opening of some kind of museum in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, which you, as the conductor of an important organ of public opinion, are bound to notice in terms of the severest reprobation. However disposed men may be in this indulgent country of ours, to pass over youthful follies, or to palliate more matured eccentricities, some guarantee is required that those who are advanced to responsible offices, and who are paid servants of the Crown, shall, in that capacity, maintain ordinary decorum, and, whatever their private impressions, impulses, or desires may be, conform to that decency which is the duty of all officials. Sir Robert Peel was among the number of those selected to represent the Court of St James's at the recent coronation of the Emperor of Russia; a ceremony of no ordinary mark and significance, occurring as it did immediately after the termination of the war. Of the wisdom of the selection made, I need say nothing, as I believe upon that point there is no divided opinion in the public mind. But whether the choice was good or bad, judicious or extremely imprudent, the fact remains that Sir Robert Peel went to Russia, as a member of the Legation sent by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to give a pledge and testimony of renewed amity between two of the mightiest nations of Europe. From a man intrusted with so high a function, not only is the utmost degree of circumspection required during the period occupied by the discharge of his duties, but an entire suppression of his private and personal opinions. Gentlemen connected with the press, or adventurous tourists who went to Moscow in a private capacity, were perfectly free on their return to lay before the public their impressions and sentiments. Some of them have done so; but in so far as I have had

the opportunity of observing, in no instance has anything been written which could by possibility give offence to Russia, or tend to increase the irritation which will sometimes linger even after peace has been restored. But Peel stood altogether in a different position. He was not only a subordinate member of the Ministry, but a special delegate; and therefore he was doubly bound to use caution, and to abstain from unguarded speech. Yet no sooner does this favoured statesman return to his own country, than we find him, on an occasion quite unsuited for the introduction of such a topic, commenting upon his Russian experiences in terms which would have disgraced the meanest mountebank that ever spouted on a platform. Everything in Russia, according to Sir Robert Peel, is deception and imposture. The Empress, by a fine stroke of humour, was represented by him as appearing at the coronation "with her hair dishevelled, looking like Norma in the opera." Not in coarser, but not in better taste is his reference to the Archduke Constantine. "The Marble Palace is the residence of that 'frank and open-hearted sailor,' Constantine. How I laughed when I read that description of Constantine's character! With all respect to his highness, I must say that I never saw a man who gave me less of the impression of a 'frank and open-hearted sailor.' It is all soft sawder, you know." Now, setting aside the ineffable vulgarity of the man's discourse, I would just ask what kind of sensation would be created in England, if a representative from the United States, sent to attend the coronation of Queen Victoria, had, on his return home, used such offensive language? Why, the whole British press, from *Land's End* to *John o' Groat's*, would have been vociferous in denunciation of the outrage, as a breach not only of public duty, but of private manners; and Judge Lynch would have been recommended to take immediate steps for the punishment of the insolent offender. I have no great faith in the plenitude of American courtesy; but I do verily believe that it would be impossible to find, with-

in the compass of Yankee-land, a single man of ordinary education and breeding, who, after having been accredited as was this individual, Peel, would so have spoken of the royal family of Great Britain. The effect of such a speech as this, upon foreigners, must be twofold. In the first place, they cannot but consider it, proceeding from the mouth of a member of the Administration, as a pregnant sign that a bad and rancorous feeling towards Russia still exists among the British people. In the second place, they will take it as a proof of the assertion which ere now has been made, that the British aristocracy are no longer pre-eminently distinguished for politeness, courtesy, and high-toned chivalry; for we cannot expect foreigners to be intimately acquainted with the antecedents of the house of Peel.

"I look upon it," says Machiavelli, "as one of the greatest points of discretion in a man, to forbear injury and threatening, especially in words. Neither of them weakens the enemy; but threatening makes him more cautious, and injury the more inveterate and industrious to revenge it. Nothing provokes and incenses a man so highly as to have his imperfections reaped up: whether in earnest or in jest, 'tis the same thing. *Nam facetiæ asperæ, quando nimium ex vero trahere, acrem sui memoriam relinquunt.* For biting raillery, especially with a tincture of truth, leaves an ill impression on the memory." I do not, of course, suppose that Peel has any acquaintance with the writings of the famous Florentine; but he may, possibly, have looked into the works of Lord Bacon; and if so, it is a pity that he has forgotten the following passage: "As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case which deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep except they dart out somewhat that is piquant and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce puer stimulis, et fortius utere loris.

And, generally, men ought to find

the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory." The conclusion of which last sentence Sir Robert Peel has peculiar reason to study.

But this is not all. It was not enough for the Palmerstonian protégé to insult Russia—he must also have a fling at the representatives of our nearer allies. The following is his account of Count de Morny, the representative of France. "We were presented at the coronation by Count de Morny, the French ambassador, a spick-and-span man of considerable *aplomb*, and who, by the way, is one of the greatest speculators in the world. He speculates in everything, and bought a lot of pictures to sell again and make a profit of." The intense indecency of this is only equalled by its vulgarity. No man with the real feelings of a gentleman would so have spoken publicly of another, for whose good offices he was, moreover, indebted. "Spick-and-span man!" Why, the veriest bagman that ever perambulated the Midland Counties would blush if convicted of having used such language. I should like to know what Sir Robert Peel would have thought if Count de Morny, at some public meeting in France, had regaled his audience by personal allusions of a similar kind, for which there is no lack whatever of current material. Presently comes the turn of the ambassador sent by the uncle of Queen Victoria. "Then came the ambassador of the smallest kingdom in Europe—Belgium—the Prince de Ligne, the very picture of swelling insignificance; so swelling, indeed, that he could not, for the life of him, look down from the contemplation of his own importance." Apart from the shameless personality of this sketch, which at once betrays the *parvenu*, the man has contrived in this sentence to exhibit a degree of ignorance sufficient to entitle him to a pluck if he offered himself for examination as a candidate for a portership in a public office. Belgium is so far from being the smallest kingdom in Europe, that, in point of

population and revenue, which have always been considered the proper tests of the greatness of a state, it is superior to Portugal, Denmark, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Würtemberg, and Greece. It has a larger population than Holland; a larger revenue than Naples, Sweden, or Sardinia; and a larger territorial extent than three of the kingdoms which I have mentioned. It is to be hoped that this instance of stupid and gross blunder on the part of a man who was shoved by paternal interest into important and diplomatic situations, will convince Sir Charles Trevelyan of the necessity of extending his system of examination beyond the rank of mere subordinates. However much Peel may in other respects resemble the renowned Katterfelto, who was the most famous jack-pudding of his day, he certainly has not acquired the secret of consummate dexterity and manipulation. It is highly improbable that the repute of the Prince de Ligne will suffer from the scratches of so coarse and clumsy a caricaturist. To this succeeds a touch of Tartuffe. "Then the representative of Naples, of whom, IN CHARITY, I will say nothing." It is to be hoped, for the credit of Drayton Manor, that the representative of Naples will be inspired with the like Christian forbearance. Lastly comes the poor Turkish representative, of whom our pattern Englishman says: "You could not look at him without feeling that he was the representative of an effete and worn-out nation." If nations are to be judged by their representatives, and if Great Britain is to be estimated according to the intellectual measurement of Peel, I protest that I would rather inscribe myself in the universal register as a Dog-ribbed Indian, than as a native of these islands.

But what incenses me more than anything else, is the excessive malignity exhibited by this flippant and absurd young man while speaking of Admiral Sir Charles Napier. It is not for me to hazard an opinion whether the admiral acted wisely or over-cautiously in abstaining from an attack upon Cronstadt, although the evidence, in so far as it has been made public, appears to be strong in

his justification. The antecedents of Sir Charles Napier are such that it would be work of supererogation now to insist upon the courage, intrepidity, and daring, which he has so often conspicuously displayed. Of his former laurels, honourably gained and universally acknowledged, no breath of slander can deprive him. If old age is to be considered as a disqualification for public service, then the blame rests solely with the Lords of the Admiralty, who intrusted the charge of the Baltic fleet to a man on the verge of seventy. They ought to have known that if desperate service was required, a younger man than Napier would have been a more fitting leader; but I am not aware that service of that kind was expected, or that it was necessary in that stage of the war to attempt such a hazardous exploit as the bombardment of Cronstadt, unless the chances of success appeared greater than those of failure. Any serious disaster sustained by our fleet in the Baltic would have been not only a triumph to Russia, but an immense political advantage; the maintenance of the blockade was undeniably the chief object of the expedition; and therefore, the admiral was bound to weigh the consequences deliberately before attempting any extraordinary enterprise. Sir Charles Napier says that, with the force at his disposal, he did not consider himself justified in attacking Cronstadt; and in that view he was fortified by the opinion of the French admiral. Since then, the Earl of Dundonald, one of the bravest and most daring of British sailors, has expressed his deliberate opinion that Napier was perfectly right in abstaining from any such attempt, because, in all human probability, the result would have been futile, if not disastrous. With such authorities at his back, Sir Charles Napier might well afford to despise the insinuations of his silly persecutor; and I wish that he had done so, instead of flying into a passion, because he has been assailed by an insect. His evident annoyance served only to increase the malignity of the wasp who pursued him; until, in an evil hour for himself, the venomous creature committed a mistake, which ought,

for the remainder of his existence, to put a stop to his buzzing. Sir Robert Peel had the temerity to assert that, in the course of conversation, the Archduke Constantine stated to him (Peel) that if Napier had attacked Cronstadt, the fortress must have fallen. Upon this, Napier writes to the Archduke, and receives in reply a letter distinctly stating that *no such conversation took place!* This, I must needs remark, gives a most serious complexion to the matter. Either the Archduke or Sir Robert Peel must be guilty of deliberate falsehood. Peel states that such a conversation was held—the Archduke denies it *in toto*. Which of them are we to believe?

All I can say is, that it seems to me a very unlikely thing that, under any circumstances, the Archduke should have selected an underling of the legation, with whom he had no previous acquaintance, as the depository of his confidences; and tenfold more extraordinary, that he should have made so singular a revelation. What was the use of it? What could be his object? Had Constantine anything to gain by exposing the weakness or want of preparation of his country, in a matter so serious as the main defence and bulwark of St Petersburg? or is he so very “frank and open-hearted,” as to be in the habit of blurting out state-secrets to every Tom-noddy who may arrive from England? I cannot answer those questions, satisfactorily to myself; and no more, I venture to think, can you. But, observe this, that the matter, as it now stands, is of a nature exceedingly grave. If the Archduke Constantine held no conversation of the kind alleged with Sir Robert Peel (and we have his express denial of it), in what terms shall we characterise the assertion made by the latter for the evident purpose of blasting the reputation of one of the oldest and most distinguished of the British admirals? If Constantine *did* hold such a conversation with Peel, then the latter has obviously violated the conventional courtesies of society, by publishing what must, in any point of view, be held as a private communication. Lord Palmerston, however jauntily

he may ride the public horse, would do well to pay some attention to its shoeing. Whatever may be the indiscretions of such men as Sir Charles Napier—however imprudent they may be in their squabbles with the Admiralty or other boards—they have at all events won, by honourable and dangerous service, that hold on the nation’s heart, that no man of generous feeling, whatever his party may be, will allow them to be wantonly assailed by an understrapper or buffoon, whose continuance in office must be an additional disgrace to the Ministry, who were imprudent enough to elevate him to a position for which he was obviously and notoriously unfit.

Let me now, for a few moments, direct your attention to another subject. It is one of considerable importance and vast interest to the public, who during the last twelve months have expended large sums in the fortification of their dwelling-houses, to the no small delight and emolument of the ironmongers and locksmiths. The old adage, that an Englishman’s house is his castle, which at first was a mere figure of speech, has now been actually realised. What with bolts, bars, chains, screws, iron-shutters, and alarm-bells, our private mansions are as well secured as Newgate; and the burglars, in their more recent attempts, have been reduced to the unartistic device of breaking through side-walls, in order to arrive at the plate-chests. But this state of comparative security has been dearly purchased. Many old ladies, of nervous temperament, have expired in paroxysms of terror, caused by the slamming of doors and the creaking of hinges during the silent watches of the night. I have heard of one timorous gentleman, who coughed himself to death in consequence of a cold contracted from incarceration in the coal-cellar, to which donjon-keep he had fled, alarmed by a sound which resembled the rasping of a file. Innumerable Blowsalindas threatened to abandon their places, unless a policeman was allowed to sleep in the house; and in one unfortunate instance, a brace of glaziers, who had gone early to work, and were

engaged in cleaning the windows, were shot right and left by an eccentric colonel of militia. At length, by the aid of Chubb and his coadjutors, who must have realised colossal fortunes during the panic, men are tolerably safe within doors, and can retire to roost without the dread of being wakened about three in the morning by the gleam of a lantern carried by a gentleman who has modestly veiled his countenance with crape, but who, being armed with a carving-knife, needs not to employ many arguments before you make surrender of your movables. But alas ! the same degree of security does not exist without. If you tarry at your club until the witching hour of midnight, in the enjoyment of the conversation of some facetious friend, or seduced by the charms of roasted oysters, the chances are that, on your return homeward, you are garotted before you reach the second lamp-post. It is not pleasant to feel your weazand contract under the gripe of one brawny ruffian, while a second trips up your heels, bringing your occiput into violent contact with the pavement or the kerbstone : it is not profitable to lose your watch, your note-case, and your purse, in so ignominious a manner ; and it is decidedly disagreeable to be compelled to walk about for the next fortnight with your eyes protruding from your head like those of a lobster, and an expression of countenance which would infallibly lead a stranger to conjecture that you had been ordered for execution, and been cut down, in consequence of the arrival of a reprieve, before the vital spark was extinguished. Many an excellent gentleman and pious Christian has recently walked the streets, after sunset, under the influence of those terrors so well described by Coleridge, who, I think, must have been garotted in his day ;—

“Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.”

Under such circumstances, fear becomes a positive duty ; and the apparition of an intoxicated ap-

prentice staggering suddenly from a common stair, is enough to make Julius Cæsar betake himself to his heels. I have seen a good deal of foreign cities, the repute of which is by no means creditable, but I give you my word that I would rather thread the streets of Lisbon or Pera, after nightfall, than perambulate those of an English town, under the operation of the system now pursued with regard to the disposal of criminals.

What are you all about, that you submit to lead a life of perpetual fear, suspicion, and bondage ? Do you not see that the remedy is in your own hands, and that it is a very plain one ? Can anything be more absurd than the assemblage of meetings for the purpose of taking into consideration schemes of education, projects for the diffusion of knowledge, further reforms in the constitution, or even the readjustment of the taxes, before demanding from the Government that they shall fulfil their first duty, which is that of adequately protecting the lives and property of the lieges ? Have you not had warning enough of the hideous results of that system of ticket-of-leave which no one but an absolute idiot can now have the temerity to defend ? Why, the papers daily teem with accounts of murders, garottings, housebreakings, and the like, to an extent which never, in my remembrance at least, was paralleled ; and yet certain wiseacres, who hold the office of Ministers, and style themselves statesmen, very calmly tell you that the system of tickets of leave has not yet had a fair trial ! And so you, Ebony, and your friends, and all the honest men throughout the country, are to be exposed to the imminent danger of being throttled, robbed, or murdered, in order that a parcel of obstinate prigs in high places may have an opportunity of solving what they are pleased to call an interesting social problem ! I should like to know what is the use of a Government if it does not provide for the safety of the subject in life, limb, and property. Has it indeed come to this, that an army of desperate convicts is to be let loose upon the respect-

able classes of society, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they have got rid of their old tendencies towards crime, the experiment being measured by the number of throats which are cut, of houses which are broken into and pilfered, of ladies and gentlemen who are burked in the streets, and of tradesmen's tills that are plundered, compared with the number of the convicts who are released from prison contrary to the sentence which they have received? Had Swift introduced such a picture of pragmatic imbecility in his voyage of Gulliver to Laputa, men would have laughed at it as an utterly impossible extravaganza. It would at once have been said that in no civilised country in the world—nay, for that matter, in no country however barbarous, for the sense of justice is instinctive to man—would the executive be allowed, except in extraordinary and isolated cases, to interfere with the judgments pronounced by its judicial tribunals. Yet, what is the fact? Our judges are practically told that these sentences are of no avail. Having heard the case with all its concomitant circumstances, which almost invariably indicates the real character, habits, and tendencies of the accused—and having received the verdict of the jury—they apportion the punishment, not for vengeance, but, according to the righteous and humane spirit of our laws, for the safety of society, and for a solemn warning to others. Now, I say—and I am ready to maintain the argument against all the *doctrinaires* in Christendom and Heathenese—that if you allow any functionary or official, who knows nothing of the circumstances elicited at the trial, to alter arbitrarily the sentence pronounced by a competent court, a fatal, or, at all events, a very serious blow will be struck at the best interests of society. Look, for example, at the procedure in cases where a capital sentence has been pronounced. The Secretary of State, to whom memorials praying for a mitigation of punishment are sent, never ventures, on his own responsibility, to advise the Sovereign to exercise her prerogative of mercy, without communi-

cation with the judge before whom the case was tried. This practice is laudable and necessary—laudable, because it gives the judge an opportunity of stating the existence of any mitigating circumstances—and necessary, because otherwise the dignity and authority of a Supreme Court could not possibly be maintained. Can any reason be stated why the like precautions should be dispensed with in cases where the punishment falls short of a capital one? We have seen, of late years, a considerable relaxation in our criminal code; inasmuch as many offences which were formerly capital, are now visited by arbitrary punishment only. There can be no doubt whatever that the change was righteous, humane, and such as befitted a Christian nation, although late occurrences give some colour to the opinion that the relaxation was carried too far. But, be that as it may, it is difficult to see—and I, for one, fairly confess that I am utterly unable to see—why relaxation of statutory penalties, and substitution of minor punishments, should carry along with it the right of disregarding the sentence which the court has actually pronounced. Twenty years ago a man would have been hanged for commission of an offence, for which, now, he receives the sentence of seven, ten, or fourteen years' transportation. Is the relaxation of the law any reason for dispensing with the precautions which were previously used before a criminal was admitted to mercy? In the old times, a man was executed, and there was an end of him. Society had no more to fear, at least from his particular atrocity or depredations. But, under the new system, the sentences of the judges, pronounced after a deliberate investigation of the case, are virtually handed over for the revision of the chaplains of jails and penitentiaries, who are utterly ignorant of the facts which were elicited at the trial. It is a gross mistake to suppose that ignorance, or want of education, are the most fertile causes of crime. Petty larcenies and wretched thefts—picking of pockets, and abstraction of articles exhibited at shop-doors—are undoubtedly the province of the children of the destitute, and for them

reformatory and ragged schools are imperatively required. But crime, in the higher branches, is a regular profession, to attain eminence in which a man must be as dexterous, wary, provident, and careful, as if he were engaged in any lawful business. Nay, he must be more so; because, being constantly liable to detection, he is compelled to strain his ingenuity to the utmost, and so calculate every step which he makes towards the attainment of his object. It is a mere farce, an utter delusion, and a perfect abandonment of common sense, to expect that such men will ever return to the paths of common industry, or be contented with humble gains. They have an absolute pride in the exercise of their profession; and they are not haunted by remorse in consequence of what they do. Their moral perceptions are utterly blunted; and that being the case, it is in vain to hope that they will be converted from the error of their ways by occasional visits from the chaplain of the jail. Very rarely indeed does a felon of this stamp make any progress during the period of his incarceration towards amendment. Orderly conduct and respectful demeanour are the necessary results of strict prison discipline; but they are not by any means to be taken as symptoms of actual improvement. Nay, the convict has a direct inducement to assume a decorous, respectful, and even repentant manner, because he hopes, through the recommendation of the chaplain, to obtain a remission of his punishment. It is no disrespect to the clergy to say that, as a body, they are very liable to imposition. A clever scoundrel, if he addresses himself artfully to the task, can hardly fail to make a favourable impression. He can soon acquire the tricks of interlarding his discourse with Scriptural terms and phraseology, of counterfeiting humility, and of shamming penitence. Now, to let loose upon society men of this stamp, under tickets of leave, is simply to encourage further violence and depredation. I do not say that every convicted sinner must necessarily be thereafter a felon; but I do say that, after more than one conviction, his case is, humanly

speaking, hopeless. In nine cases out of ten, such men emerge from the jails and penitentiaries to steal, rob, and swindle as before.

Philo-convicts of the maudlin school—for I will not call them philanthropists—say that the frequent relapse into crime of liberated prisoners, is very much owing to the fact, that no one, who is acquainted with their previous history, will give them employment. I grant that. If the gods had provided me with sufficient income to keep a butler, I certainly should be chary of engaging an individual who had just completed his sentence for embezzling the silver spoons of his previous master. If I were a tradesman, I should decline taking the extra trouble of watching the motions of a young Barnwell, who was recommended to me by the fact that he had robbed his employer's till. And I further tell the philo-convicts, that, in utterly and entirely refusing to trust a convict, I am acting not only prudentially to myself, but wisely as regards society; because so long as an honest man remains without employment, it is bad policy and worse morals to give the preference to an attainted thief. To act otherwise, is practically to deny that good character is to be considered as an element in the selection of servants—a position which may suit the present Ministry, seeing that some of their appointments have been made altogether irrespective of character, but which never will be adopted by the great body of the public. I accept, however, the fact that ticket-of-leave men and other convicts have little chance in this country of obtaining employment through the usual channels, even though they should be sincere in their wishes to return to the ways of industry. Well, then, what is the obvious deduction from this fact? Is it not that the Government have been guilty of a grievous dereliction of duty in commuting the sentences of prisoners, and letting them loose upon society before the appointed time? It is all very well for officials to wring their hands; to tell us that the colonies will no longer receive prisoners from the mother country; that transporta-

tion, at least in the old directions, is now impossible; and finally, to fix a stupid stare upon the public, and ask *it* what is to be done with the convicts? The public ought sternly to reply that the disposal of the convicts is a matter which the Government must look to; but that at all hazards life and property must be protected. I deny *in toto* that you, or I, or any of us, are bound to tell the Government what they ought to do in regard to the disposal of convicts. I say it is monstrous and intolerable that society should be left in a state of siege and panic, exposed to violence and outrage which seems to be every day on the increase, until the Government shall determine whether any remote colonial possession is available for purposes of transportation, or whether convicts ought not to be employed in public works within the boundaries of Great Britain. I do not underrate the importance of these questions. I do hope that the Government will very soon make up their minds to adopt some one intelligible and consistent course. But I protest against these questions being mixed up with that of the system of ticket of leave, which has nothing whatever to do with them. It may be a point of consideration for the custodiers of a menagerie, or travelling collection of wild beasts, whether it would be most advisable for them to proceed north, or south, or east, or west, or otherwise to sell and disperse their animals among the different zoological gardens; but what right have they, pending their resolution, to open the doors of the cages, and let wolves, tigers, and hyenas loose on the neighbouring fields? And yet that is precisely what our Government has done with the wild animals of which it is the custodian! Their wicked and dangerous tendencies were known and established. They were tried for outrages on society, convicted, and sentenced to restraint; and yet the Government, because a difficulty has arisen abroad, consider themselves entitled to disregard the sentences of the law, and again to deluge society with experienced adepts in crime. One of the soundest arguments for the old system of transportation was

that, by removing hardened, expert, and practised criminals from the country, there was so much the better chance of reforming those who were merely beginners in crime. All that is now forgotten. Scholars in larceny will never lack teachers so long as the present infamous system is persevered in; young cracksmen will find leaders to organise them into regular gangs, and the function of the reformatories will be over.

I suspect that very few of the general public are aware of the extent to which the system of ticket-of-leave has been carried. Blue-books are by no means lively reading; and yet, without consulting the blue-books, it is impossible adequately to understand the precise situation in which we are placed with regard to convicts at large. Let me therefore note down a few facts extracted from the evidence given before the Select Committee on Transportation last year.

Mr Waddington, permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, tells us that, up to March 1856, there were no less than FIVE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO convicts, who had been sentenced to transportation, discharged upon the public under licenses or tickets of leave! How many more have since received their tickets I cannot say, but judging from the numbers of former years, there cannot now be fewer than from seven to eight thousand criminals, equivalent to a respectable army, who are left to forage for themselves. Mr Waddington says very jauntily,—“The Committee are aware, no doubt, that these persons under sentence of transportation are persons who had been, most of them, two or three times convicted that we know of; they may have been convicted oftener than that, but they are almost all of them old offenders, and therefore it was highly probable that, upon being thrown back into society, *a great portion of them would misconduct themselves in a very serious manner.*” This is, indeed, plain-speaking with a vengeance! Here you have an admission that the Government *expected*, as the result of their experiment, that a large portion of the ticket-of-leave men

would return to their old courses ; that is, would steal, rob, assault, and garotte as before ! At whose expense, pray ? At the expense of that Issachar the public, who having borne the burden of their previous offences, were next to bear that of their offences in time to come ! Here is a beautiful conflict between the law and the executive. " John Noakes," says the judge at the trial, " you have been convicted no less than six times in competent courts. You are a hardened, brutal, and irreclaimable criminal. You cannot be allowed, for the interests of society, to remain longer in the country. Therefore your sentence is, that you be transported for the period of fourteen years." Noakes leaves the dock, after having delivered himself of an irreverent remark touching the judge's eyes, and a facetious reference to being herring-ponded. But there is yet a door of exit. " John Noakes," says the beautifully paternal government with which we are blessed, " you have doubtless been convicted six times already, but we are willing to think that, on the whole, you are a harmless and rather well-intentioned fellow. It is true that you have been sentenced to transportation for fourteen years ; but at present there is some difficulty in finding quarters for you abroad, and it would be both inconvenient and expensive to keep you in custody at home. So, upon the whole, we think the best course is to set you at liberty. Here is a ticket of leave for you, which you will please accept, on the understanding that, if you are again convicted, that leave will be revoked. You may not perhaps be able to find employment, but that is your look-out—so good-by to you." John Noakes quits the prison, repairs straightway to the " Jack Sheppard" public-house, where he falls in with some of his old associates, plans a new burglary ; and on the following night the premises of a respectable jeweller are broken into, and property abstracted to the value of a couple of thousand pounds !

Mr Waddington, however, thinks that the effect of the system " has been at least as good as any reasonable person could have anticipated, considering the nature of the offenders who

have been discharged ;" and he states it to be a fact that out of 5152 liberated on ticket of leave, *only* 447 have been reported for misconduct ; that is, have found their way back to prison. Now, I must confess that I can see in this no ground for congratulation, even supposing that no more than 447 have again betaken themselves to unlawful courses within the short space of two and a half years. But we have no right whatever to suppose anything of the kind. We learn from other evidence that the ticket-of-leave men are scattered all over the kingdom, without any mark or method by which the police can recognise them ; consequently a much larger number than the above may have been apprehended and tried for new offences without the knowledge of the authorities. " I think," says Sir Archibald Alison, who, as sheriff and criminal judge of Lanarkshire, can speak on this subject with authority—" I think that the number of ticket-of-leave men who are proved in courts to be concerned in crime, *bears a very small proportion* to the number of those who do commit crime ; for this reason, that they are not known." In the appendix to the second report there are some valuable documents touching the habits of ticket-of-leave men. Here for example is an abridgment of the report of the Superintendent of the F. Division of the London police, on the habits of the liberated criminals in his district.

" R. W. : Constant associate of thieves ; no lawful occupation ; once convicted of assault. E. M. : Does not follow any occupation, and is well suspected of being a thief. J. W. : Immediately on his return, cohabited with a notorious thief and prostitute, and does not follow any lawful occupation at present. C. G. : Does not follow any lawful calling. Since his return has been the constant and daily associate of thieves and other notoriously bad characters. J. C. : Keeper of a shop for the sale of second-hand clothes, and has frequently been seen in the company of convicted thieves. J. G. : Lodges with a convicted thief, and is supposed to gain his living by hawking

obscene cards, &c. T. C. : Employed as a messenger or porter, and appears to be gaining an honest living. T. N. : Was liberated on ticket of leave about two months since ; at present does not follow any employment."

So that out of *eight* ticket-of-leave men resident in this Division, and known to the police, *six* are supposed to have fallen back on their old courses ; one is doing well ; and one has been liberated for so short a time that, according to the Superintendent, "no decided opinion can be expressed relative to him."

Mr Hill, Q. C., Recorder of Birmingham, caused a special report to be prepared by the police of that town relative to the habits of the ticket-of-leave men known to reside there, their number being nineteen. The report bears that of these, *eight* were considered good, *nine* bad, and *two* doubtful."

The impression left upon my mind by the perusal of these and similar returns, is that at least one half of the liberated convicts are at this moment preying upon the public. I again quote from Alison's evidence : "I should say, from what I have seen, that the ticket-of-leave system has had the very worst possible effects in Scotland ; that it has sent back the most talented, the most dangerous, and the most formidable class of depredators ; and that they are either concerned in the greatest crimes themselves, or that they lead others to the commission of the same description of crimes."

If the good folks of Great Britain choose to submit to this monstrous wrong and most iniquitous system—if they are willing without complaint or murmur to see the dangerous classes, the convicted felons, let loose among them, to resume the functions of the pick-lock and the crowbar, the garotte and the bludgeon, and to destroy all chance of the success of reformatory schools—it is no business

of mine. No burglar will ever think of breaking into a lighthouse, and I feel quite assured that what little property I have is in perfect safety. But if they, on the contrary, are convinced that the whole system is a rank imposture and delusion, and that they, the people of character and property, are left at the mercy of a rapidly increasing army of convicted scoundrels, in order to be experimented on for the gratification of a few pragmatic *doctrinaires*, let them make their voices audible, and the Ministry must at once succumb. Never, within my recollection, has there been so fitting an object for agitation, never so imperative a reason for it. And I do hope that they will not allow themselves to be humbugged or bamboozled by any difficulties, real or pretended, about the disposal of the convicts. I am quite aware that there are difficulties ; but with these it is the express duty of the Government to grapple.

Now, Ebony, I have done for the present. You see this has been but a rambling kind of letter, but I hope in future to be more concise. Send me as much periodical literature as you can, and a few boxes of cigars, if you have any to spare, as a token of your continued friendship. I do not think it prudent, under existing circumstances, to adhibit my real name and address, as that might awaken, in certain bosoms, expectations which never can be realised ; so I must even find a sobriquet connected with my present humble though highly useful and honourable situation. "Pharos" is too Egyptian for my taste—"Hesperus" too maudlin. "Lucifer" is a title already appropriated, to which I desire to lay no manner of claim ; and therefore I shall modestly subscribe myself, your sincere well-wisher,

PHOSPHORUS.

Pictarnie Lighthouse,
North Britain.

LORD ST LEONARDS.

SOME little time ago might have been seen in the corner of a weekly legal periodical the following brief intimation: "Early in January 1857 will be published the Thirteenth Edition of *Sugden's Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates*, with important additions. This Edition will contain between eleven and twelve hundred cases, in addition to those in the last Edition. . . . The Author has bestowed great pains on this Edition." The book now lies before us; and in the preface we find this observation: "*Every case cited I have perused in the original Report, and every line of the book has been written by myself,*" that book being a royal octavo volume of 720 closely-printed pages, and those cases—as we vouch, after curiously counting the table of cases—amounting to upwards of four thousand six hundred! And who, it may be asked, is this very laborious author? No other than Lord St Leonards, so lately Lord High Chancellor, now in his seventy-fifth year, yet having the inclination and the power, mental and physical, thus to occupy the intervals of *leisure* occurring in the discharge of his judicial and legislative duties as a member of the House of Lords! The career of such a man we commend to the studious attention of some future historian of the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*; and in the mean time shall supply him with some authentic materials, collected in the

course of careful inquiry, and personal observation.

We believe that England never before saw, living at once, three such remarkable subjects for the portraiture of some future Lord Campbell, as the three ex-Chancellors now adorning the House of Lords—Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and St Leonards,—Lord Campbell himself being a distinguished member of that House, for a brief space Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and now the learned and upright Lord Chief Justice of England. At some future time we may ourselves attempt sketches of Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell; but our present concern is with that one of the aforesaid three; ex-Chancellors whose name stands at the head of this article. Without attributing to him the attractive and dazzling characteristics of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham as orators and statesmen—the latter, too, a prodigy of versatility and power—we shall, by a plain narrative of facts, establish the pretensions of Lord St Leonards to be regarded as a great lawyer, whose name will be ranked with those of Lord Hardwicke and Lord Eldon; while, in several respects, his career is more remarkable and more instructive than that of either. The race of great lawyers in England is but too evidently dying out. Perhaps we see the last of them in Lord St Leonards, who may be said to have exhibited

A Concise and Practical Treatise of the Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates. By EDWARD SUGDEN (now Lord St Leonards). 13th Edition. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1857. Sweet, London.

Practical Treatise of Powers. By the Right Honourable Sir EDWARD SUGDEN. 2 vols. 8vo. 7th Edition. 1845.

The Law of Uses and Trusts. By the late Chief Baron GILBERT; with Notes, References, and an Introduction, by EDWARD BURTENSHAW SUGDEN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 1 vol. 8vo. 8d Edition. 1811.

A Treatise of the Law of Property, as Administered by the House of Lords. By Sir EDWARD SUGDEN. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1849.

An Essay on the New Statutes relating to Real Property. By Sir EDWARD SUGDEN. 1 vol. 8vo. 1852.

A Series of Letters to a Man of Property on Sales, Purchases, Mortgages, Leases, Settlements, and Devises of Estates. By Sir EDWARD B. SUGDEN. 1 vol. 8vo. 6th Edition.

Pamphlets, &c.

Speeches, &c.

as great legal, as the late Duke of Wellington military, genius. And the former has this signal characteristic, that throughout the whole of his long, arduous, and distinguished career as advocate, judge, and legislator, he has never intermitted the labours of legal authorship; but brought forth works of practical and profound erudition, contributing to develop law as a science, aiding the studies, and facilitating the practice and administration of that law, by every member of the profession. Under this fourfold aspect, therefore, of author, advocate, judge, and legislator, we propose to exhibit a sketch of the life and labours of Lord St Leonards,—tracing him from his first book and his first brief, to his last edition of that first book; to his last brief; to his last judgment as Lord High Chancellor; and the most recent of a long series of Acts of Parliament, of the highest practical importance, contributed by him to the Statute-book.

Edward Burtenshaw Sudgen was born in the year 1781; and having duly entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn, such was the use he had made of his time, and such his marvellous aptitude for the acquisition of legal knowledge—for which, indeed, his intellect may be said to have exhibited a sort of elective affinity—that before he had reached his twenty-second year, as he himself has left on record,* he had written his *Vendors and Purchasers of Estates*—which was published in February 1805,—i. e. in his twenty-fourth year! It is an octavo volume of 461 pages. We have seen a copy of it bearing the date 1805; and no person, competent to judge, can read its terse and thoroughly practical exposition of the leading principles applicable to so difficult and un-

wieldy a subject, without wondering how the youthful author could have acquired the requisite knowledge and facility in using it. He was a pupil of the late eminent conveyancer, Mr Duval, but we are not aware at what age he entered the chambers of that gentleman. Let us now, however, leap over a good half-century, and look for a moment at the account of this early performance, given by its author on the 10th of this present January 1857, in the highly interesting preface to the edition now under consideration:—

“After the lapse of half a century since the first publication of this work, I am about to send forth a thirteenth edition of it. Determined at my outset in life to write a book, I was delighted when I hit upon the subject now before the reader—the *Law of Vendors and Purchasers*. The title promised well; and many portions of the law had not previously been embodied in any treatise. Modern law-treatises were indeed few at that period. When this work was announced for publication, nearly the universal opinion was that it would be a failure, as the subjects to be considered were too multifarious for one treatise. Nothing dismayed, I laboured diligently; and with the aid of Lincoln's Inn library, in which a considerable portion of the book was written—for my own shelves were but scantily furnished—I at length finished the work in its original shape. My courage then failed me. The expense of publication was certain, and success I thought more than doubtful; and it was not without some difficulty that I could be persuaded to refrain from committing the manuscript to the flames, and to join with a bookseller in incurring the risk of publishing it at half profit and loss, as it is termed. As soon as the book was printed, another bookseller bought my interest in the edition, and thus relieved me from my obligations. The amount I received as the price of the edition was small, but I have never since received any sum with

* Preface to the fourth edition of the “*Vendors and Purchasers*” quoted in the preface to the thirteenth edition. In justice to the memory of the late Mr Preston, one of the most eminent conveyancers that ever lived, it should be stated that he also in early life published—we believe in his twenty-first year (1791)—an elementary treatise on the *Quantity of Estates*, which has, with modifications in successive editions, continued even to the present time a standard text-book in the profession. In its original form it may be regarded as the anatomy of the body of real-property law—and a doubt may be entertained whether subsequent editions were improvements on the first. This book laid the foundation, in his case also, of an enormous practice and great wealth; but never, as in the case of his distinguished contemporary, led to judicial office.

anything approaching to the same satisfaction. The book was certainly the foundation of my early success in life."

Who does not envy the veteran (not lagging lazily on the stage) this retrospect, and thank him for a glimpse of his autobiography? He proceeds to tell us that this first edition was sold "at once;" that a greatly enlarged one was published in June 1806—both before he was called to the bar; the third in a year afterwards, in 1808; the fourth in 1813; and five new and very large editions at regular intervals of four years, till 1834;—"all these six appearing," he continues, "while I was in full practice at the bar, and could ill afford the time required to re-edit the work." On returning from Ireland, in 1835, after his first Chancellorship, "I had," he says, "for the first time in my professional life, full leisure, and revised the whole work with great care;" and published a tenth edition, in three volumes royal 8vo, in 1839. "While yet a second time in office in Ireland" (as to which we shall have by-and-by to say much that is interesting), "I prepared and published, on the 1st May 1846" (that is, while holding the Irish Seals), "the eleventh edition, compressed into two volumes." A twelfth, in a greatly compressed form, in one small octavo volume, a work of very great labour, appeared in June 1851,—every portion, including even index and table of cases, being his own exclusive personal handiwork. Six months afterwards he became Lord Chancellor of Great Britain; and now, at the opening of the new year, 1857, we have, as a sort of parting gift, of infinite value to the profession of the law, this thirteenth edition, "the last," he says, though he is in full health and vigour, "that I can expect to publish. . . . To restore the work to its original shape as a treatise, and at the same time preserve its character as a concise and practical view of the subject" (the form which the twelfth edition had assumed), "I have spared neither time nor labour." Those only can judge of the labour and time required for such a task, who are in the habit of perusing all the voluminous reports of our many courts. The twelfth edition con-

tained some five hundred cases not quoted in the eleventh; and upwards of twelve hundred cases are included in this thirteenth which were not in the twelfth. "This collection of cases is the fruit of upwards of half a century of research and labour;—every case" (as we have seen), "I have perused in the original report, and every line of the book has been written by myself. I doubt not that there are errors which have escaped me, but I have endeavoured to leave behind me this, my first work, in a shape in some sense worthy of the acceptance of the members of the profession to which I have the honour to belong; and I know, by a long experience, that I may safely rely on their indulgence." Such is the first glimpse we obtain of Edward Sugden, starting on his career as an author,—during half a century's overwhelming labour and anxiety as a Chancery counsel, as an active member of the House of Commons, and as thrice a Lord Chancellor. *Blackwood's Magazine* is not the fitting expositor, in detail, of this great law-treatise, stamped by the unanimous and uninterrupted approbation, for half a century, of the whole legal profession, of every rank—by judges, counsel, and solicitors, alike in courts of law and equity. We think there must at this moment be extant some thirty or forty thousand copies of the various editions of the "Vendors and Purchasers;" and we entertain little doubt that, as soon as this last is seen, no member of the profession, who can afford to procure it, will be long without doing so. To the general reader we may intimate that this work is of an intensely practical character; and the art of condensation which it manifests can go no further. Its sweep is immense. The gifted author exhibits the power of grasping the whole subject, however extensive and complicated, and yet applying accurate—and the latest—legal knowledge to the minutest exigency,—from the terse, clear, cautious, and yet decisive enumeration of the profoundest principles of equity, down to a question of costs,—in all the variety of subdivisions of that somewhat expensive luxury,—whether as "costs" *simpliciter*, or as

"costs, charges, and expenses!" Probably no book of the kind has ever stood on a lawyer's shelves, or was constantly in hand, in which so few errors have been detected; while able and experienced lawyers could point to great numbers of opinions and doubts from time to time expressed by the author, which have afterwards been sanctioned by judicial decision, and are always entertained and canvassed with the utmost respect—the respect due to one bringing the results of vast practical and scientific knowledge and experience to bear upon the ordinary exigencies of litigation. It has facilitated the labour, and alleviated the anxieties and responsibilities of tens of thousands of practitioners during half a century: * and those of 1857,—students as well as practitioners—now see a new edition, thoroughly remodelling the work, and adapting it to existing exigencies with scrupulously conscientious personal care and labour, by an author who so lately administered justice as Lord High Chancellor, to the admiration of all.

Shortly after the original appearance of this work, its author, then seeking practice as a conveyancer under the bar, received a Case for his opinion, in consequence of a solicitor's having cancelled the work. Mr Sugden's opinion differed from that which, though given by an eminent counsel, had dissatisfied his client, and proved to be correct. In a short time he found himself in large and rapidly increasing business. Two years after the appearance of his book, namely in 1807, he was called to the bar; and the first trace of him in the reports is to be found in the 14th volume of Vesey Junior's *Reports of Cases in Chancery*, p. 302, on the 18th March in that year, in the case of *Browne v. Like*, which was, in fact, the first case he ever argued, and before that very eminent judge, Sir William Grant, then Master of the Rolls. Mr Sugden's senior on that occasion was Sir Samuel Romilly, who left him to open the

case. He has since said, that when he first rose, at the corner of the back bench in that dusky little court, his knees shook under him; but if this were so, he disguised his nervousness, and spoke, as we have heard, with apparent calmness and self-possession,—so effectually arguing the first of the two points in dispute, and the main one, that, on his proceeding to the second, to his surprise, Mr Richards, subsequently Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who led for the defendant, turned round and told him that they should abandon that point; thereby so encouraging the young counsel, that, in a more lively and confident frame of mind, he proceeded to his second point. His opponents were unable to answer his lucid argument; and after a few words in reply from Sir Samuel Romilly, the court decided in favour of the plaintiff, and thus enjoyed Mr Sugden his *prædulce decus primo certamine!* This his first case was a small affair in point of the property involved, but has its special interest, as far as he is concerned—not only as occasioning his maiden effort, but because it affected a branch of the law which, not long afterwards, fell under his vigorous assault, as most vexatious and oppressive—the enrolling of Annuities. The facts were shortly these: An uncle had bequeathed to his niece, for her sole and separate use, a life interest in the dividends on a small sum in the Funds, vested in trustees for that purpose. Soon afterwards she married, and, with her husband's concurrence, *bonâ fide* sold to Mr Sugden's client, for £140, twenty pounds a-year of the aforesaid dividends; but no memorial of the deed of sale was enrolled according to the Act then in force, and since repealed. The two questions were, whether the lady had power to sell these dividends? and whether the transaction was a "sale, out and out," or the grant of an annuity? in the former case requiring no enrolment. The first point was given up,† and the second

* It is well known that for a single edition, Sir Edward Sugden once received the sum, unprecedented in the writers of law books, of four thousand guineas!

† The uncle might have prohibited his niece from thus alienating, or "anticipating," as it is called, any portion of what he had bequeathed her, but had not thought

decided against the defendant. Mr Sugden's second case in court, as far as we have been able to trace him, was the well-known one of *Sloane v. Cadogan*, in the Rolls Court in the year 1808. His own outline of his elaborate argument is to be found in the appendix to the "Vendors and Purchasers." Those clients of Mr Sugden who are still living, tell of the peace of mind which ensued their securing his services as their conveyancer; so prompt, correct, decisive, was he as an adviser, and, as a draftsman, neat, concise, and elegant. In his case, confidence was *not* a plant of slow growth. His practice grew apace in chambers, and he began more and more frequently to appear, not only in courts of equity, but in those of common law, to argue questions connected with conveyancing, and the law of real property: quickly conciliating the respect of opponents, and of the bench, by his exact and extensive knowledge, and masterly use of it. Great as was the pressure of his chamber practice, and constantly increasing as were his appearances in court, Mr Sugden yet found time to prepare two new editions of his "Vendors and Purchasers," as we have seen, in the years 1806 and 1808, that of the latter year in a far more systematic form than any of the former had exhibited, being, as he now tells us, "the first divided into sections, with the *placita* numbered." And as if even all this were not sufficient, the self-same year 1808 saw another important work of his, of a much higher order than his former one, as of a more abstruse and scientific character—his Treatise on POWERS. This elaborate and systematic work, which we regard as eminently characteristic of its author's legal genius, at once elevated him—now in his twenty-seventh year—to a conspicuous position in the foremost rank of living lawyers. It has ever since continued a text-book of the highest repute—we might almost say, though in its author's lifetime, of authority—and

has passed through seven large editions, every one prepared by the indefatigable author, who, in his preface to the first edition, modestly pleaded, "as an excuse for any inaccuracies in it, the necessity of devoting his time to other labours, from which moments were snatched for this performance." He is here speaking of his labours as a conveyancer in full practice, whose toils are severe and unremitting; requiring a close exclusive attention, if he would not run the risk of making shipwreck of his reputation by perilling, or actually sacrificing, the important interests confided to his skilled experience. To such a master of his art as Mr Sugden, these toils would be lightened as far as their troublesome nature admitted. The *Practical Treatise on POWERS*, we regard as one of the most remarkable performances on record in the literature of the law, especially as that of a conveyancer comparatively so youthful. The attempt to give a mere general reader a fair notion of what the lawyer means by "powers," would be about as hopeful as to explain to a young lady the doctrine of differential calculus. To form an idea of this kind of "Power," he must be apprised of the nature of "Use," of a "Trust," of the old common law, and after a great statute. Blackstone, that exquisitely elegant expositor of everything susceptible of exposition, declared it "impracticable," in the plan of his *Commentaries*, "to pursue the doctrine of Uses through all the refinements and niceties which the ingenuity of times abounding in subtle distinctions, deduced from this child of the imagination;" "a notion transplanted," he elsewhere tells us, "into England from the civil law about the close of the reign of Edward III., by means of the foreign ecclesiastics, who introduced it to evade the statutes of mortmain." Would our non-legal readers set out with us, if we were so disposed, to follow this *ignis fatuus*? Doubtless they would be as unwilling to follow

fit to do so. A woman who has thus property in equity, is the creature of equity, and may have as much or as little capacity of dealing with it, as her donor may have chosen to confer upon her. Possibly this was something like the argument of Mr Sugden, which is not given by the reporter.

as we to lead. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the introduction of Uses and Trusts produced a great revolution in the transfer and modification of landed property, forming "a law whereupon," says Lord Bacon, in his *Reading on the Statute of Uses*, "the inheritances of this realm are tossed at this day, like a ship upon the sea, in such sort that it is hard to say which bark will sink, and which will get to the haven." It has, however, constituted the main-spring of the delicate and complex machinery of the conveyancer—to whose craft, directly or indirectly, fortunate reader! you are indebted at this moment for the safe enjoyment of your estates, however small, however large. Yet it would be interesting to an historical and reflecting reader, to contemplate the great wrestling-match between the Legislature and the astute Chancery lawyers of the day—how each in his turn defeated the other, and how it ultimately contributes to the present division between our systems of law and equity. "Uses" and "Powers" are the means by which our existing method of "settling" real estates is effected and maintained, enabling, as they do, the possessor to chalk out the future enjoyment of it in as many contingencies, and for as long a period, as the policy of the law admits; and no little of the intricacy of the existing system is due to the exacting ambition or far-seeing beneficence of owners of property. Now, "Sugden on Powers" forms a *sine quâ non* of the practical conveyancer; and if the student, after acquiring a knowledge of the doctrine of Uses, of which that of Powers, says St Leonards, is only a branch that has greatly surpassed in growth its parent stock, he will find that three-fourths of his difficulties have vanished. We heard some years ago, and now know it as a fact, that the late Sir Robert Peel once laughingly told Sir Edward Sugden, at dinner, that he had, from what he had heard of the difficulty of this book, regarded it as a sort of legal Euclid; and having ascertained, he said, that the third section of the first chapter was the *Pons Asinorum* of lawyers, he had resolved to master it! So having sat down for that purpose, he succeeded,

as he averred, and had found out all about *borrescimur referentes!*—"Scintilla juris." The aforesaid section has the inviting heading—"Of Scintilla Juris," a matter which has exercised, harassed, and well-nigh split the heads of a whole army of judges—of Lord Bacon even, who seems to speak of it, Sir Edward tells us, in a contemptuous tone. Sir Edward himself characterises it as a fiction, invented by perverse astuteness to escape a difficulty which itself only had created. When a man had indicated the future enjoyment of his property, in certain specified contingencies, the antique conveyancer, putting on a pair of huge magnifying-glasses, fancied he detected in that man, who himself imagined that he had exhausted himself of all connection with the property, a lambent spark of interest—a mere metaphysical entity—a momentary seisin, adequate to "feed the use."

"Over this invention," says a masterly living writer on conveyancing (Mr Hayes), "the old judges cast the veil of Latinity, and prudently withdrew it, under the learned appellation of '*Scintilla juris*,' from profane examination! Westminster Hall resounded with the debate. The speeches of the eleven judges, who delivered their opinions *seriatim*, occupied six days! The Lord Chief-Justice Popham declared that *not* to cherish the *scintilla juris* would be to cast the whole commonwealth into a sea of troubles, and endanger it with utter confusion and drowning. "The commonwealth," adds the sarcastic writer, himself a first-rate conveyancer, "had little to fear, but common sense was in imminent danger of perishing between the conflicting elements of fire and water."

The "*Scintilla*" has learned advocates and opponents to this hour; among the latter being Lord Bacon, Lord St Leonards, Mr Fearne, Mr Butler, Mr Preston, and Mr Hayes—a sort of legal galaxy. Still, however, to change the figure, the indurated stump of this doctrine retains a sort of tenacious vitality in the prolific subsoil of legal ingenuity. While thus dismissing a matter, savouring, as the unlearned and irreverent reader might presumptuously imagine, somewhat of the mighty dispute between *Tweedledum v. Tweed-*

ledée—let us intimate that the “*Treatise on Powers*” is divided into nineteen elaborate chapters, each distributed into sections, so disposed, and so treating an extensive and complicated subject, as to be almost equally adapted for elementary and practical purposes. It is a masterly combination of legal subtlety with the strongest common-sense, applied with the utmost exactness to practical exigencies—not, as he himself intimated, perversely suggesting doubts, but supplying solutions for real difficulties. Of these solutions it were easy to cite many instances of judicial adoption, such as will readily occur to any well-informed professional reader.

“The author regrets,” he says, in the preface to the sixth edition (1836), “that he has upon so many points differed from persons for whom he entertains unfeigned respect, but he has rather considered the principle of the rule than the weight due to the authority by whom it was pronounced; and his own erroneous impressions may readily be corrected; for it is but in few instances that he has given an opinion without stating the reasons upon which it is grounded.”

And in another part of the same preface to this, his favourite performance, occurs the following interesting passage:—

“We have many admirable treatises; but, for the most part, our legal authors want either experience or time, and it ever must be so; for if a man do not write on law while he is young, he probably never will; and if at an advanced period he revise his early productions, with the advantage of reputation and increased experience, *time*, without which nothing important can be accomplished upon legal subjects, is no longer at his command. And, besides, a counsel in actual practice can seldom write freely upon decisions in which he has been engaged. If he find fault with a decision against him, it may be imputed to partial or perverted views; and if he disapprove of any in which he has been

successful, the criticism from such a quarter might afford the groundwork of an appeal.”

The third edition (1821) was dedicated, by permission, to Lord Chancellor Eldon, than whom no one entertained a greater respect for the learning of the author,* who thus justly and eloquently eulogised that great judge:—

“I felt the presumption of addressing such a request—to be allowed to dedicate to him the work—“to a judge who has so often excited the admiration of the Bar, by a display, without effort, of an extent of knowledge in every branch of jurisprudence, which the life of man appears to be insufficient to acquire. If these considerations deterred me from making the application, I was encouraged to it by that judicial mildness and gravity—that urbanity and attention to the youngest counsel in the Court—the true mark of a great mind—which operate so powerfully to make your Lordship beloved by the Bar, and soften the splendour which profound knowledge, high character, and dignity shed around you.”

In the year following that which saw the third edition of the “*Vendors and Purchasers*,” and the first of the “*Treatise on Powers*”—namely, in the year 1809—Mr Sugden found time to write a valuable little work for the guidance of lay gentlemen in the management of their estates, entitled “*A Series of Letters to a Man of Property, on Sales, Purchases, Mortgages, Leases, Settlements, and Devices of Estates*,” in a thin octavo volume, consisting of twelve letters, all of a practical character, perfectly intelligible to a non-professional man, and admirably calculated to enlighten him as to the nature of these all-important transactions. This work, which passed through six large editions, has been long out of print; and but for the wise saw concerning “the last straw which breaks the camel’s back,” we might venture to intimate that Lord St Leonards would confer a very great favour on

* Lord Eldon once sent for Mr Sugden into his private room, during the argument of an important case in which he was not concerned, to ask his opinion concerning the main point of law involved in it—relating, if we are correctly informed, to “springing uses.” Mr Sugden’s impression differed from that of Lord Eldon, who ultimately yielded to Mr Sugden’s.

the lay public by reproducing these letters, adapted to the existing and greatly-altered state of our laws. We regard a work of this description, undertaken as it was by a lawyer of first-rate attainments and practice, as a very unassuming and disinterested service rendered to those who stand not a little in need of it. Three years afterwards—namely, in the year 1811—Mr Sugden gave to the profession an edition of the posthumous work of Chief Baron Gilbert on “Uses and Trusts”—which derived all its real value from the careful revision and “Introduction” of the accomplished Editor. These notes and introduction are of a most elaborate character, ably epitomising the law to which they relate,—chiefly to springing and shifting uses, and the law of perpetuities.

Between the years 1812 and 1836, we find Mr Sugden, from time to time, publishing pamphlets on subjects of great practical importance—such as the mischievous operation of the then (1812) existing Annuity Act, which, as we have already intimated, he succeeded in getting expunged from the statute-book, as productive of intolerable vexation and ruinous litigation—he himself drawing the act (53 Geo. III. c. 141) in the ensuing year which repealed it, and substituted a better system.* Other subjects to which he thus addressed himself were the improvement of the administration of justice in the Court of Equity; the law of wills; the rate of interest and redeemable annuities; the appellate jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery and the House of Lords (1835); and on the late Mr Humphreys’ proposal to repeal the Laws of Real Property, and substitute a new code (1826), which Mr Sugden encountered with great power. His pamphlet, which was very elaborate, attracted much attention, and passed through three editions. With the exception of these minor and intermitting literary exertions, and preparing new editions of his great works, we now lose sight of Mr Sugden as an author—thus, as it were, only occasionally showing his head above the deep waters of Chan-

cery practice—till a period to which we must in due time refer.

During his practice as a conveying counsel for about eight years, he more and more frequently varied its oppressive monotony, by going into courts of law to argue questions relating to real property. It was about the year 1812 that he took to arguing special cases in the Common Courts—a work at that time of great labour and anxiety, and very little profit. His first case may be seen reported as *Goodtitle v. White*, 15 East’s Reports, p. 174 (A.D. 1812). Here he was pitted against and defeated his formidable brother conveyancer, Mr Preston. In 1815 he argued in the same court, *Wright v. Barlow*, 3 Maule and Selwyn’s Rep. 512, but could not succeed in inducing the court to overrule one of its own decisions. In the latter year he argued the celebrated case of *Doe v. Jesson*, 5 Maule and Selwyn’s, 95, and again failed to convince the court; but on appeal, Lord Eldon and Lord Redesdale reversed the decision, on grounds suggested and argued by Mr Sugden. Another case argued in the same year, and reported in the same volume (p. 482), was that of *Doe v. Roach*, in which, after an arduous argument, Mr Sugden convinced Lord Ellenborough, and succeeded. He continued to argue cases in the Common Law Courts till the year 1822, when he finally relinquished the practice. All the cases reported in the latter year are reported in the fifth volume of Barnewall and Alderson’s Reports. One of them, *Beard v. Westcott*, p. 801, affords an excellent specimen of his close and lucid reasoning. Here he not only again defeated his astute opponent, Mr Preston, but prevailed on the King’s Bench to differ from the Common Pleas, though the opinion of the latter had been supported by the judgment of the Master of the Rolls, Sir William Grant. Three other cases, in courts of equity afford instructive specimens of the power of this great legal reasoner—*Bengough v. Edridge*, 1 Simon’s Rep. 207, 227; *Cholmondley v. Clinton*, 2 Merivale, 221, 241; *Lord Deerpur v.*

* This Act has itself just been repealed.

The Duke of St Albans, 5 Madd., 243.* He at length began to consider whether he would not altogether quit chamber for court practice; a very bold step, indeed, for one who, with a large family to support, was realising an ample income, which he was about to surrender, perhaps for ever. It may be well imagined that this afforded matter for anxious and painful deliberation. His chambers were crowded with pupils, his tables groaned under "papers," and most, if not all, the leading solicitors were his confiding and devoted clients—bringing him far more business than he could by any effort conscientiously dispose of, and which he therefore declined. A distinguished member of the profession besought him with the utmost, and almost tearful urgency, not to take a step which he believed, with many others, would prove fatal to his prosperity. We have heard that the late Vice-Chancellor of England, then Mr Shadwell, made no secret of his opinion, that Mr Sugden's appearance at the bar would be a complete failure; he at length made up his mind, and passed the Rubicon. Shortly before he did so, he said to our informant, an eminent living Queen's Counsel, with whom he was one night walking home, "I am going to give up conveyancing, and go to the bar. I don't know whether it will answer, but I will try." This was said with an air of great resolution; and it is for us to tell the issue. The intrepid aspirant after forensic honours found himself in a moment deserted by almost every client of importance, who appeared to feel personally offended at being, as it were, suddenly left in the lurch by their favourite conveyancer, on whom they had been accustomed to rely so long and so implicitly. For a very short time the forebodings of evil appeared being realised; and he had to sit in court, day after day, witnessing his once stanch clients pouring their briefs into the hands of other counsel, without vouchsafing a solitary one to the new-fledged one! Whatever inward mortification or ap-

prehension he but too probably experienced, he concealed; saying, perhaps, within himself, If the great solicitors will not have me, perhaps some small one may, one fine day, give me an opportunity of showing that they will not slight me with impunity. By-and-by came Mr Sugden's opportunity; he was intrusted by a "small" solicitor with a "small" brief; and it may be supposed with what perfect preparation such a man would come into court. On his consummate knowledge of the law of real property he consciously stood, as upon a rock; and his rigorous logic enabled him to wield that knowledge with irresistible effect. It did not take long to show those former clients, who stood aloof from him, that they were making a mistake—which we may be sure their deserted counsel would give them more and more frequent opportunities of feeling. A few exhibitions of his easy mastery over business, his steady self-possession and resolution, and the influence he was visibly acquiring over the court, soon began to put a different complexion on matters; and the commiserating smile, perchance, of supercilious rivals somewhat suddenly began to settle into an expression of something like a well-founded anxiety! Mr Sugden advanced rapidly into practice of the highest class. Every moment, during which he was not actually employed in court, he might have been seen sitting there answering cases, generally of an intricate and troublesome kind, buried in their details, undisturbed by all the hubbub around him, for he was always distinguished by the power of abstraction. All was thenceforth plain sailing. His old clients became as anxious to secure his services in court, as formerly in chambers. A few years afterwards—namely, in the year 1822—he received a silk gown from Lord Eldon, thereby taking another decisive step in advance, surrendering junior for leading business. In this year, also, appeared, edited wholly and elaborately by himself, the sixth edition of his "Vendors and Purchasers"—though how he found time to do so, at such an anxious crisis of

* The principles involved in all these cases are elaborately discussed by Lord St Leonards himself in his *Treatise of the Law of Property*, to be afterwards noticed.

his fortunes, and with such uninterrupted demands on his time and energies, it is not easy to discover. His silk gown was a splendid success, silencing sneers and whispering disparagements from every quarter. A consummate knowledge of the principles and details of real-property law, and conveyancing, and equity; rapidity of perception; conscientious devotion to the interests of his clients; imperturbable coolness and self-possession; the pith and brevity of his arguments, and lucid exposition of the most involved facts—all combined to invest his advocacy with such charms in the eyes of anxious solicitors and their clients, that retainers were soon showered on Mr Sugden from all quarters—and it was almost always a race between rival solicitors who should first retain him!

As though his cup of labour were not yet brimful, on the 20th February 1828 Mr Sugden was elected a member of Parliament for the borough of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, after a ten days' expensive and harassing contest. He was returned twice afterwards for the same place, once on being appointed Solicitor-General. Mr Sugden sustained three other severe election contests, one for the Rape of Bramber in 1826, and two for the borough of Cambridge, against the present Lord Montague. He also sate for the borough of St Mawes (extinguished by Schedule A) during the period of the Reform Bill debates, and twice for Ripon, after his first retirement from the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1835, as we shall presently mention,—representing that borough at the time of his second and final acceptance of the Irish Seals, in 1841. We doubt whether any man ever underwent greater labour than Mr Sugden throughout the harassing but prosperous twelve or thirteen years following his attaining the rank of King's Counsel, particularly during the period of his sitting in the House of Commons. We first saw him one morning in the court of Sir Lancelot Shadwell, then the only Vice-Chancellor; and, without at first knowing who he was, were forcibly struck by his care-worn countenance. His manner was calm, but he looked harassed,

as though he had sate up the whole night. And perhaps he had! He has often been known to return to his house, then in Guildford Street, Russell Square, from the House of Commons, at three o'clock in the morning, having been engaged incessantly in court all the previous day till he went to the House; and at six o'clock his servant would bring candles to his bedside, when he would sit up to read his briefs. At a quarter to nine o'clock he would be seen at Westminster, holding five or six consultations before ten o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor's and Vice-Chancellor's courts opened; then he was retained probably in every case in either court, which he would be addressing incessantly. At the rising of the court, a little after four, he would betake himself to the House of Commons, and remain there often till two o'clock in the morning, or later, reading his briefs in a room at the coffee-house at Bellamy's of that day, during the intervals of his attending the debates, snatching a hasty dinner at any moment that served. Once he returned home at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and went to bed till eight o'clock, when he rose to prepare for such another day as the one before! How mortal flesh and blood—how any mortal brain, could stand such tear and wear as this, seems a mystery; but he was blessed with a fine constitution, and was of temperate and abstemious habits. The income which he derived from these labours, as may easily be believed, was very large. His fees were often enormous. The business rejected at his chambers' door must have amounted to many thousands a-year. In the great case of *Small v. Atwood* he received four thousand guineas, and accepted the retainer only very reluctantly, and after having several times refused it. To protect himself as much as possible, he refused, for a long time, for any consideration, to go into other courts than his own, and never would give an opinion on a case, except in consultation with another counsel. The facility with which he despatched business was most remarkable; and that not cursory and slovenly reading of his papers, but really mastering and ex-

hausting them. One evening after dinner, without leaving the room, he began to read his briefs for the ensuing day, which was a "Motion" day; but those intrusted to *him* were generally of difficulty and importance. He continued reading brief after brief as long as they were supplied to him, in successive bags, by his clerk. Having at length despatched them all, he saw himself surrounded with so many as astonished himself. He had the curiosity to count them; and in three hours and a half's time he had thoroughly read *thirty-five*! By this time it was eleven o'clock; and instead of dropping exhausted into bed, he called a coach, and went down to the House of Commons! We have heard that when this little feat was recalled to his recollection, he vouched for its truth; but added, with a smile, that he never could have attacked such a number of briefs, had they been brought before him all at once, instead of in successive bagfuls! But what, after all, is such a life as this, but one of splendid slavery?

In the year 1829, Mr Sugden was appointed Solicitor-General, succeeding the late amiable and learned Sir Nicholas Tindal, on his receiving the appointment of Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas,* thereby, of course, superadding to his private professional labours the onerous cares of office. He received, as usual, the honour of knighthood, but did not retain office long. Passing over an interval of five years, we arrive at the year 1834, when Sir Edward Sugden's name appears for the last time that we have been able to discover in the Law Reports, as counsel. He had ceased to attend the Rolls Court long before he retired from the Bar; and his last argument in the Vice-Chancellor's Court is that of *Cash v. Dean and Chapter of Ely*, 7 Simon's Rep. 211 (A. D. 1834); and his last before the Lord Chancellor was the well-known case of *Kennedy v. Green*, 3 Myhere and Keen, 699, in the same

year. At the close of his judgment in this latter case, Lord Brougham, as Chancellor, took leave of the Bar. The seventh volume of Simon's Cases, above referred to, incidentally affords some evidence of the extent, at that time, of Sir Edward's business: the volume contains thirty-five cases, of which he appeared as counsel in twenty-seven! On quitting the Bar, he returned fees exceeding a thousand guineas.

On the 13th January 1835 Sir Edward Sugden was induced† to accept the appointment of Lord Chancellor of Ireland; a post, however, which he filled only three months, but long enough to exhibit the highest judicial qualities, and to cause general regret at being deprived of such services. On returning from Ireland he found himself, as we have seen, "for the first time in his professional life, in full leisure," seizing the opportunity thoroughly to revise his "Vendors and Purchasers," of which, in 1839, he published a new edition—the tenth—in three royal octavo volumes. In addition to this, he read and critically examined every reported decision of all the courts of law and equity. In 1837 he reappeared in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Ripon, taking an active part in the more important subjects of legislative discussion, particularly those with which he was so pre-eminently qualified to deal. In the month of October 1841, however, he finally retired from the House of Commons, on being appointed a second time Lord Chancellor of Ireland—a post which he occupied till the month of July 1846. We believe we speak the universal opinion of the Irish Bar, and indeed of the general public of Ireland, that it was a fortunate day that saw this great and upright magistrate a second time in its supreme seat of justice, to occupy it for a period of five years. We feel justified in attributing, not now for the first time, the utmost weight to the judgment of the Bench and Bar of

* H. B. had a caricature representing "A Meeting in the Pleas"—between Sir James Scarlett, Attorney-General, and Sir Edward Sugden, Solicitor-General, with Sir N. Tindal on the Bench, and Sir Charles Wetherall and Mr Brougham in the wings.

† Sir Edward Sugden was twice offered office by the Whigs, but he declined it.

Ireland. They are acute, dexterous, and learned, and capable of appreciating thoroughly a display of the highest judicial qualifications. Sir Edward himself declared on one occasion, recently, that he could never mention the Bar of Ireland but in cordial terms of affection and respect; and that, when he finally quitted Ireland, he had experienced not one unkind or disrespectful expression towards himself, nor witnessed any personal disagreement among themselves. He was undoubtedly exact and severe in maintaining that order in his court, without which, while justice is administered with difficulty, judicial decisions may fail to command the prompt respect and consideration which are their due. Himself profoundly attentive to what went on, involving such important interests, he also required that counsel should receive no interruption, and that they should address themselves, with all due brevity and closeness, to the real points at issue. An attentive and watchful Bar has a most salutary effect on both judge and counsel; and a court gravely and decorously ordered in all things, produces a fitting impression, as well on the public as on even the most disappointed suitor. Sir Edward's great reputation as an equity lawyer stimulated counsel to make fitting exertions, and a protracted desultory volubility found no encouragement or even toleration in the court of Lord Chancellor Sugden, whose presence put even the ablest of his Bar on their mettle: while his deep attention repaid their pains in preparing and condensing their arguments. We are not, however, left to the expression of our own opinion. His first chancellorship lasted for only three months,—viz. from the 13th January to the 22d April 1835; and on the latter day, after having pronounced an important judgment, with a view to securing the due and economical administration of justice in the courts of equity, the Attorney-General rose and asked if his lordship intended to sit again? and

being answered in the negative, thus addressed the Chancellor:—*

"My Lord, I should do great injustice to my own feelings, and, I am persuaded, to those of the Bar of Ireland, if I allowed your lordship to retire from that seat without attempting, however feebly, to convey to your lordship the impression of the deep sense which we entertain of the eminent ability and dignity of demeanour with which you have discharged the important duties of your high office. Short as has been the period of your lordship's elevation, it has afforded ample opportunity for the display of judicial powers of the highest degree of excellence. Had that period been still shorter—had it been limited to the observation of a single day—it would have been sufficient to have impressed us with an indelible conviction of the profound, extensive, and accurate learning, the patience and discrimination, the masterly exposition and application of the authorities and principles of equity, and, above all, of the ardent love of justice, and elevated tone of moral feeling, which marked and distinguished your judgments. I have only to add our acknowledgments for your uniform urbanity and kindness, and to assure your lordship that you bear with you our regret at your retirement, and our most anxious wishes for your future happiness and welfare."

To this affecting address the Chancellor, declaring that he had been "totally unprepared for it," made a brief and dignified reply,† acknowledging the uniform kindness and attention of the Bar; after which one of the most eminent of the solicitors rose and expressed their concurrence in the sentiments which had been so eloquently expressed by the Bar.

Sir Edward Sugden's second return to Ireland as Lord Chancellor afforded him a more extended opportunity of exhibiting judicial and administrative power. It is perhaps needless to say, that he manifested throughout the same acuteness, strength, stretch, and exactness of legal judgment, which had elicited, at the close of his former brief tenure of the Seals, the spontaneous and weighty approbation of all legal circles in Ireland.

* Lloyd and Goold's *Reports of the High Court of Chancery, tempore Sugden*, pp. 380-1.

† *Vide supra*.

Every one of his judgments appealed from, was affirmed by the House of Lords, with the exception of two, and a single point in a third. The propriety of even these few reversals, however, is gravely questionable, and is denied by Sir Edward himself; who elaborately examines the grounds on which they proceeded, in his *Treatise on the Law of Property, as administered in the House of Lords*,* and thereby enables those who are competent to do so, to pronounce an opinion for themselves.

Two of his judgments in the year 1843 were attended by incidents so remarkable, as testified to us by those who were present and vouch for the facts, that we mention them. In the case of *Box v. Jackson*, Drury's Reports 42-85, the case was deemed by the Chancellor of such difficulty and importance, that he requested the present distinguished Lord-Justice of Ireland, Mr Blackburn, then Master of the Rolls, to assist him in hearing it. On a subsequent day the decision was given—the Master of the Rolls reading an elaborate written judgment; at the close of which the Chancellor, “without the assistance of a single note of any sort,”† says our informant, “proceeded *instantly* to deliver his judgment, extending over seventeen pages, and comprising at once a luminous and minute critical examination of a long series of decisions, by Lord Hardwicke and other great authorities, from the year 1739 to 1818!” The point was, whether, by analogy to a fine at common law, the court had power to take the consent of a married woman, and by force of it give effect to a transfer by her of her equitable reversionary interest in stock: the Chancellor deciding, concurrently with the Master of the Rolls, in the negative. Immediately after delivering this judgment, the court adjourned for the usual brief interval; and on the Chancellor's return, the whole Bar rose up to do

him honour! The other case is that of *Stackpoole v. Stackpoole*, 4 Drury and Warren's Rep. 320; in which, at the close of a learned argument by the most eminent counsel in Ireland, on the Chancellor's inquiring whether the parties wished him to decide the question, or send a case to a court of law, and being informed that “it was the general wish that his lordship should decide the case at once,” he did so *instantly*, and elaborately, though it happened that he had not taken a single note of any argument, or case cited by counsel!‡ Such an effect had the Chancellor's promptness and felicity of judgment in delivering his *viva voce* judgments, that, on his beginning to deliver written judgments, the present Mr Justice Moore, on the part of the Bar, requested him to continue delivering judgments *viva voce*. It must not, however, be supposed that the Chancellor of Ireland was so absorbed with his judicial, as to be unmindful of the important duties devolving upon him in his administrative capacity. It were equally invidious and unjust to make or insinuate comparisons between Sir Edward Sugden and his predecessors or successors, in this latter case, or in any other respect; but all practical professional people in Ireland know under what obligations the public were placed, by their Chancellor, during the period referred to. In conjunction with the then Master of the Rolls, Mr Blackburn, he consolidated all the Orders of the Irish Court of Chancery, repealing all preceding ones, so as to render it unnecessary any longer to refer to a long series of Orders, many of them obscure, and totally inconsistent with each other. This proved a great relief to the suitor, and was a work of much labour; but, undoubtedly, no little had been previously accomplished by Lord Plunket. Another great benefit conferred by the Chancellor, was in respect of the grievous bur-

* See them—*Stokes v. Heron*, p. 236; *Shaw v. Lawless*, p. 394; *Creed v. Creed*, p. 428.

† This reminds us of the prodigious effort of Lord Lyndhurst, C., in the case of *Small v. Attwood*, which had been argued by Sir Edward Sugden.

‡ In the course of his judgment he pronounced the late Lord Kenyon, “one of the most consummate Real Property lawyers that ever adorned the Bench.”—P. 350.

thens inflicted upon suitors in equity, under the name of Searches for Incumbrances. He put an end to this grievance by issuing an order allowing solicitors a sufficient fixed charge for such searches; while their costs in other matters were placed on a new and equitable footing, as between them and their clients. Again, tenants of land, over which Receivers were appointed by the Court of Chancery, were subjected to serious hardships, in respect of the payment of their rents, or the reduction of them in hard times. These evils were effectually redressed by orders, and otherwise, of the Chancellor. Various other beneficial changes in the existing order of things were introduced by the Chancellor, beyond our province here to specify, but the effect of which is felt to this day. Infinitely to his honour were his unintermitted and powerful exertions in behalf of lunatics. The public minutes and orders, after his visits to the public and private asylums, where he made, personally, minute and laborious inquiries, pointing out what required a remedy, and affording that remedy where he had the power, would fill a not inconsiderable volume. He took a special interest in the district asylums, and in the proceedings for the custody of criminal and pauper lunatics. Nothing, in fact, relating to this unhappy class of our fellow-creatures, escaped the humanely watchful eye of the Chancellor, who issued orders calculated to subject the proceedings of all in authority in these institutions to publicity and responsibility. It is difficult sufficiently to estimate the amount of benefit thus conferred upon this large and deplorably afflicted class, and who, as will hereafter be seen, appear to have been always subjects of Sir Edward Sugden's special solicitude, both judicial and legislative.

How it may be now, we profess not to be able to say; but it is well known that the magistrates of Ireland occasioned the Chancellor, at the troublous time of which we are speaking, almost as much anxiety and trouble as his judicial duties. He instituted an order of procedure in appointing magistrates, which operated

most advantageously; his evident object being to conciliate the respect of all classes for the vigorous and faithful administration of justice, as well by these as by all other functionaries. He superseded magistrates without hesitation, whatever their position or influence, if he thought that the public interest required it; of which a memorable instance is on record, greatly to his honour, in respect of his resolute and impartial spirit. We allude to his dismissal of a nobleman of the Chancellor's own political party, and his agent and brother magistrate, from the commission, for intemperate conduct towards each other on the bench. The matter was brought before the House of Lords, but the Government upheld their Chancellor with a high hand. It was, however, in the Repeal year, 1843, that the greatest amount of anxiety and responsibility was thrown on the Chancellor of that then distracted portion of the empire. In compliance with the views of the Government, he refused to appoint any man a magistrate who belonged to the Repeal Association; and in consequence of their acts and speeches, superseded on the same day Lord French and Mr O'Connell. A storm was of course the immediate result. The Chancellor's letter conveying their dismissal was read in the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, who defended Sir Edward in a generous spirit, amidst repeated cheering; and it was indeed a most satisfactory and conclusive statement of the principles on which Sir Edward had proceeded. Acting upon them, he almost immediately afterwards removed numerous other magistrates, amongst whom were Mr Morgan John O'Connell, and Mr Smith O'Brien, for presiding at tumultuous Repeal meetings. When Mr Daniel O'Connell seemed bent on raising the standard of civil war at Clontarf, on the 8th October 1843, the Lord-Lieutenant (Earl De Grey) and the Chancellor went to England, to consult definitively with the Government on the threatening state of affairs; but on hearing of the meeting so appointed, returned *instantly* to Ireland. They pronounced the meeting illegal, and took steps so formidable and decisive, that Mr

O'Connell and his agitation were crushed together. All this, however, is matter of history—that of a very momentous period. The calmness and strength of the Chancellor's judgment, backed by his immense reputation, rendered a service to the menaced cause of order and good government never to be forgotten.

His judicial and administrative duties not being sufficient to satisfy this *helluo laborum*—as surely we may with justice style him—he devoted himself at every spare moment to the systematic revision of his "Treatise on Vendors and Purchasers," and the compression of it into two volumes, instead of the three into which it had swollen in the preceding edition.

In July 1846, Sir Edward a second time resigned the Irish seals, with the regret and applause of the whole country, and especially of the legal profession. His administration of justice was pronounced to be unequalled in Ireland, even organs of public opinion not favourable to his party giving him in several respects the palm over no less a distinguished predecessor than Lord Redesdale. "He never," says one of these now lying before us, "mixed himself up in the party-politics of the country: he had no followers or connections there; was ruled by no clique, and earwigged by no favourites. He was distinguished as a great Chancery reformer as well as a great Chancery judge. He reformed the Master's offices, and established a tribunal for the taxation of costs. In matters of lunacy, and in the Accountant-General's department, he introduced large and sweeping changes, some of which have been followed in England by Lord Cottenham."

Relieved from the pressure of judicial and parliamentary business, Sir Edward betook himself to his lovely retreat on the banks of the Thames—Boyle Farm; but how his leisure for the next three years was spent, is attested by a large royal octavo volume of nearly 800 pages, now before us, entitled *A Treatise on the Law of Property, as administered in the House of Lords*, published on the 11th January 1849. We doubt whether any more remarkable work

has been given to the legal profession during the present century, having regard to the qualifications of its author, the pains he has bestowed on it, and the commensurate interest, difficulty, and importance of the subject-matter. The general reader must needs take this for granted, as we have no means of giving him detailed proofs of our assertion. Imagine a lawyer like Sir Edward Sugden, who, previously to having been twice made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, as we have seen him, had been *facile princeps* as a real-property and equity lawyer at the bar for nearly forty years,—dealing with every case of the least importance,—sitting down with the pressure upon him of his own reputation, and a delicate sense of responsibility; imagine, we say, such a man devoting all his faculties to the task of weighing in the critical balance every decision of the supreme Court of Appeal during the last thirty years, with a view to developing them into a systematic treatise on the Law of Real and Personal Property, in respect of all the great moot-points started and disposed of during that long interval by this august tribunal, and thereby placing that law on a solid foundation! We know of no book entitled to be studied with greater attention and deference by any lawyer, from a Lord Chancellor, Chief-Justice, and Judge, down to the ranks of such of the junior bar as are capable of understanding and appreciating a performance of so high an order. Not a case is here dealt with which has not been evidently mastered in all its bearings, as if the writer had had the responsibility of adjudicating upon it: the facts and arguments, often of rare complication and difficulty, are in every instance stated by himself, and with so much brevity and clearness as to bring the point at issue at once before competent eyes. Take, for instance, the great case of *Doe v. Perratt*, decided by the Court of King's Bench in 1826, occupying fifty-two pages in the fifth volume of Barnwell and Cresswell's Reports; and seventy-one in the sixth volume of Manning and Granger—argued twice before the House of Lords, with the opinions of the

judges, summoned to attend, declared by Lord Cottenham so much at variance, that "it was impossible that authority could be more equally divided." The whole history of the case, the points of difference, and the main point itself, are disposed of with masterly precision in fewer than eight pages; whereas, without such assistance, it would require any man many hours to master the case; "a careful study of which," concludes the author, "though it may perplex the student, will amply repay his trouble." We had marked no fewer than twenty-one cases, all of greater or less permanent interest and importance, thus admirably dealt with, explaining difficulties, and pointing out where they are open to grave doubts; but, we are bound to say, without losing sight of the deference due to the exalted tribunal on whose decisions, nevertheless, he is sitting in judgment—moreover, he who was destined so soon after himself to occupy the Woolsack. To two only of the cases referred to can we briefly allude, as richly repaying the best attention which the reader can bestow upon them. The first is *Gibson v. D'Este* (pp. 614, 649), which is, so to speak, placed on the rack of an excruciating legal criticism, and demonstrated, as we think, to be a faulty decision. The other case is that of *Howard v. Lord Digby* (p. 162), also disapproved of by the author, all after a rigorous examination. It is highly interesting, if for no other reason, for exhibiting a vivid contrast between the characteristic methods of dealing with legal subjects, by Lord Brougham and Lord St Leonards; the one vigorous, graphic, and even dramatic—the other dry and cold, but with a certain Saxon purity and vigour about his style of expression. The subject is that of the right to pin-money; and Sir Edward has for once deviated so very far from his wont, as to enliven his work by an interesting note from his learned and accomplished friend Sir George Rose, as to the origin of pin-money. To a great extent, the author, as he explains, has relied on his own copious and authentic notes of the arguments in cases where he was himself en-

gaged as counsel—and gives us, thus, accounts of cases decided between 1821 and 1826, not elsewhere to be found reported. The subjects are classified as relating to contract deeds, and settlements; testamentary dispositions; powers, in deeds as well as wills; and the rights and liabilities of lessors and lessees, mortgagers, and mortgagees, vendors and purchasers, husbands and wives. How long the author was occupied with preparing this work we know not; but we think no other living man would have ventured to do so under ten or even twenty years' deep consideration. But where is he that could bring to bear upon the task such vast stores of experience and learning? Shortly after the appearance of this *magnum opus*, the *Times* newspaper (10th Dec. 1850) commenced a leading article with the following allusion—equally applicable at the present moment, and for the last five years—to the veteran in repose:—

"The name of Sir Edward Sugden is at once the ornament and reproach of the legal annals of this country. Unrivalled in the depth and minuteness of his knowledge of the more abstruse branches of the law, unequalled for logical power and critical acumen in discharging the duties of an advocate, a writer of the rarest excellence, a judge of unwearied diligence, and of authority second to none, he has been condemned by the vicissitudes of party and our wretched system of political judgship, to pass the latter years of his valuable life in comparative obscurity and retirement; and this has happened at a time when great lawyers and great men of all kinds are growing scarce among us. Mediocrity is, if backed by party influence, everywhere triumphant, while one of the greatest legal geniuses that has ever adorned the bench, is carelessly flung aside, as if the country were too affluent in talent to require the aid of his extraordinary abilities!"

The occasion of this article was a speech delivered the day before at a county meeting in Surrey by Sir Edward Sugden—the only time in his life, as he stated, of his having done so—on the subject of the Papal Aggression. "That speech," continues the editor, "appears to us one of the best which has been delivered on the

occasion; combining a spirit of toleration and charity with a masterly exposure of the hollow sophisms of the Romanists and their pseudo-liberal apologists, and an exposition of the law showing indisputably that whatever difficulty may lie in the way of punishment, there is no doubt that an offence has been committed." The speech in question deserved this eulogy, and had instant and great weight with the country at large, and the Legislature.

In less than a month's time afterwards, Sir Edward Sugden made a second public appearance of quite a new sort—to vindicate the law of the land, which he himself had presumed to make such, against certain groundless accusations by Mr Dickens, in one of his tales, in a chapter headed "The Martyrs of Chancery." The sprightly and gifted novelist had fluttered into the dusky regions of fact and law, with which he was necessarily unfamiliar; and he, as well as others who laboured under similar misconception on the subject of imprisonment for contempt of court, was at once silenced by Sir Edward's lucid and authoritative account of the true state of the case.* To that subject, however, we shall have to advert again, in considering Sir Edward Sugden in another phase—that of legislator.

So determined was Sir Edward to illustrate the modest motto he had chosen—*Labore vinces*—that the same year, 1851, of which we have been speaking, beheld two more elaborate works of his appearing respectively in the months of June and December. The former was *An Essay on the New Real Property Statutes*, of the last few years, in one small octavo volume—a work so highly esteemed as to find its place at once in every lawyer's library. The latter was a *Concise and Practical View of the Law of Vendors and Purchasers of Estates*, being a condensation of the two large volumes of the existing work into

one octavo volume of upwards of 700 pages, being "an attempt," as he states in the preface, "to compress the whole of the law on this important subject, into as narrow a compass as appeared compatible with accuracy and distinctness"—for which purpose "many portions of the original work have been rewritten, and every proposition added or retained, has been anxiously considered. The references, in some places, occupy nearly as much space as the text in its compressed form; but the writer was unwilling to deprive the student and the practitioner of any portion of a collection of cases which," he adds, "it has required many years and much reading to bring together." He also added no fewer than five hundred new cases! This work was not long in following the fortune of its predecessors, and was in time succeeded by that admirable contribution to legal literature, which appeared at the commencement of the present month of January, and of which we have already spoken. We have compared it with the "Concise View," and the edition at large which that concise view followed, and have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that the alterations introduced are of great magnitude, and materially enhance the value of the work as a comprehensive, accurate, and authoritative statement of the law on this all-important subject. The second chapter, for instance, is entirely new, consisting of an elaborate and luminous exposition of "Sales to Railway Companies," and containing "the law, so far as it places a Company, and an owner of land, in the relation of vendor and purchaser" (p. 57). The work is, in short, a perfect masterpiece of practical jurisprudence, more worthy than ever of the deference which has been paid to it for so long a series of years by even judicial authorities.† Before, however, quitting Sir Edward in his literary

* See the Letter in the *Times* of 7th January 1851.

† We could fill a page with references to cases in courts of law and equity in which such judicial deference is paid to the "Vendors and Purchasers." One or two of the latter instances may be seen in *Matthews v. Bowles*, 6 Hare's Rep. 111; *Wykes v. Lee*, 3 Drury, 396. We should add that, with a dignified modesty, credit has never been taken, in new editions, for the adoption of rules which had been laid down by the author, or for the approbation bestowed on the work.

capacity—seeing him, as an *ex-Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain* devoting himself as patiently and laboriously to the re-editing and reconstruction of his earliest publication, as if his professional interests and reputation depended upon it entirely—let us offer one word of suggestion to those whom it may concern. Let a young gentleman, who has just donned his wig and gown, study to imitate the example of this great living sage; and if he must turn author at a period when he is really only commencing as learner, let him well consider the nature of the work which he proposes to offer to a learned profession. Let it not consist of hasty and flimsy comments on newly-enacted statutes, or on heads of law already bristling with text-books; but let a real *want* be looked for, and then let due time and consideration be devoted to supplying it. Thus it was that Edward Burtenshaw Sugden planted the acorn which he has lived to see flourishing in full vigour as the oak.

Within little more than a year after the *Times* newspaper had pointed to Sir Edward Sugden's name as at once "the ornament and the reproach of the country," that name had ceased to be a reproach; for the month of February 1852—within only a few weeks of his laborious appearance as an author, on the formation of the Earl of Derby's Administration—saw Her Majesty deliver the Great Seal into his hands, those of as profoundly learned a Chancellor as ever served any of her predecessors. When, as Lord St Leonards, he first took his seat at Lincoln's Inn, the spacious hall was so densely crowded with professional men, collected to see and do honour to the greatest lawyer of the age, that numbers were unable to get within the doors. The new Chancellor settled into the office, as it were, in a moment, as quietly as if he had occupied it for years. In fact, a more thoroughly business-like Chancellor never held the Great Seal, as all with whom he had to do found out very soon. His practical penetrating sagacity, and boundless learning, rendered the appearance before him of the most able and experienced counsel, a matter,

for them, of serious moment. They were somewhat peremptorily taught to come to the point as soon as possible, before one who puffed away the chaff from the wheat in a moment; who was always ready for work, and looked askance at suggested adjournments or postponements. The first appeal case before him in the House of Lords, on the 10th March 1852, only a week after he had taken his seat on the Woolsack, was that of *De Beauvoir v. De Beauvoir* (reported in the third volume of the *House of Lords' Cases*, p. 524), involving the right to nearly six hundred thousand pounds, dependent on the construction of a singular and obscurely-worded will. The matter was argued at great length by eminent counsel; but when they, and all others, expected that the Chancellor would, as had been usual, ask for the "papers," and "take time to consider," he rose from the Woolsack, and delivered at once an admirable judgment, luminous and conclusive, occupying nearly twenty pages of the printed Report—going at length into, ably commenting on, and felicitously distinguishing a number of cases cited—as may be seen on reference to the report; which, we have personally ascertained from the learned reporter who took it down in short-hand, is given as it fell from the Chancellor's lips. One of the most eminent solicitors in England recently observed, that he was concerned in an appeal arising out of a suit of many years' standing, which had gradually become so complicated that neither counsel nor solicitor could really understand it! After lengthened argument before the Lord Chancellor, he rose from the Woolsack, as our informant and all others supposed, to move that judgment should be postponed to a future day; but—"nothing of the sort," said the solicitor; "he immediately began to deliver judgment, which sounded as if he were reading off a chapter of his book on Powers. He cut us up root and branch. I saw only too clearly where we had all gone wrong; and had not a word to say, though he dismissed our appeal with costs!" How Lord St Leonards discharged his duties in his own

court, it may be safely left to every practitioner in it to say. His manner was somewhat dry and quiet, but had real judicial dignity. Nothing could exceed the patience and attention with which he listened to every counsel who really addressed himself to the merits of the case under consideration, but who, at the same time, had knowledge and tact enough to see how early and tenaciously the Chancellor had grasped these merits, and to shape his course accordingly. No suitor ever had to complain that his case, how tangled and multifarious soever, had not been completely ransacked in quest of its merits, down to even the minutest details. And conclusive evidence of the sterling quality of the judgments which he pronounced—not after time taken to consider, but at the close of the argument—is afforded by the fact, that not one of them was reversed, or even qualified, on appeal. There is one interesting passage to be found in the evidence of Lord St Leonards himself, before the Lords' Appellate Jurisdiction Committee of last session :—

“ I could not myself have performed the duties of the office which I filled, except by disposing, as far as I was competent, of the cases as soon as the argument had closed; for otherwise I should have had the whole arguments operating and weighing upon my mind, night and day, till I had disposed of them; and the effect was, that there was no delay in giving judgment. Despatch is not undue haste. With a knowledge of the law on the part of the judge, and undivided attention to the arguments, I believe that, in a great majority of cases, a perfect master of the law may dispose of the greater proportion of them as soon as the arguments are closed.” *

In the great case of *Egerton v. Brownlow*,† we are not certain whether Lord St Leonards delivered a *viva voce* or a written judgment; but there it is, on record, a fine specimen of judicial reasoning applied to a question lying, however, very nearly on the confines of legislation. Before quitting Lord St Leonards in

his judicial capacity, we must indicate the great service he did by his several rules and orders, whenever he deemed them necessary, in order to improve and quicken procedure in equity. Short, too, as was his tenure of the Great Seal, he disposed of such patronage as fell to his lot with a scrupulous regard to individual fitness, of which we could cite several instances of gentlemen promoted without any solicitation whatever, and to their own surprise. In another particular the conduct of Lord St Leonards is worthy of observation,—his objection to the facile and profuse creation of Queen's Counsel, against which, as having a mischievous and derogatory tendency, he appears to have long set his face. In 1835, in his letter to Lord Melbourne on the Appellate Jurisdiction, we find him saying, —“ I believe the true way to recruit the Inner Bar is not by batches, but by steadily advancing individuals, as their claims appear, by the exhibition of talents, learning, good conduct, and a command of business;” and he traces one cause of “ the evil of excessively long speeches by counsel, to the great competition at the bar, since the number has received such large additions.” Acting uniformly on these principles when in Ireland, he did not wait to be solicited for a silk gown, as for a favour, by any gentleman possessing proper claims, but at the proper moment offered it to him; thereby infinitely enhancing its significance and value. While holding the Great Seal in England, he found the Inner Bar full, and did not appoint a single Queen's Counsel.

In considering Lord St Leonards as a legislator, it is not our intention to dwell on his parliamentary speeches, though they have been many and important. That against the bill of 1853, imposing duties on succession to property, as well as the protest which he entered in the Journals of the House, appears to us unanswerable. His speech on projected improvements in the administration of the law, on the 16th November 1852, gave universal satisfaction; and that on life-peer-

* *Report*, p. 183.

† Delivered after he had ceased to be Chancellor.

ages, on the 7th February 1856, was a calm but excruciating exposure of not only the impolicy, but the *illegality* of that step. The speeches, indeed, on that subject, of the Earl of Derby, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord St Leonards, and Lord Campbell, will ever reflect bright credit on the hereditary branch of the Legislature.

In sketching the character of a late luminary,* we “asked, with sorrowful sincerity and reluctance, what did he ever do to advance the interests of the profession to which he belonged?—and what page in the Statute-Book attests his handiwork?” In the case of the distinguished person now before the reader, the former question has been abundantly answered in the foregoing pages; and the latter admits of as conclusive and triumphant an answer, by a simple reference to the chief acts of parliament for which Lord St Leonards is responsible, and many of which were drawn by his own hand. We have taken some trouble to insure correctness,—but if we have made any material errors or omissions, we must trust to some future opportunity to correct them. Those which we cite will be found of an eminently practical character, conferring great and permanent advantage on the community, and redressing evils with which his vast knowledge of business, and unwavering watchfulness, peculiarly qualified him to deal.

(1.) The Annuity Act of 1813 (statute 53 Geo. III., c. 141), itself recently repealed, together with the Usury Laws, was drawn by Lord St Leonards, following out those views which he had urged in his pamphlet of 1812. That act had the signal merit of putting an end to a flood-tide of ruinous and disgraceful litigation, for which Mr Sugden richly deserved the thanks of the country. (2.) The statute 6 Geo. IV., c. 93 (1825), to “render valid certain decrees and orders at the Rolls Court,” rendered necessary in consequence of Chief Baron Richards and other judges having sat during Sir Thomas Plumer’s illness at the Rolls Court, without legal authority. To avert

the public scandal of avoiding so many important judicial acts, Mr Sugden, with Lord Eldon’s consent, prepared this bill, which became a law at the close of the session in which it had been introduced. (3.) The next statute is one reflecting peculiar lustre on the name of its framer—that of 1 Will. IV. c. 36 (1830)—in itself a code, having for its main objects to prevent long and continued imprisonment for contempt; to afford assistance and relief to parties poor and ignorant; and prevent obstinate parties from impeding the course of justice after the decree or order of the Court. This act was, two years afterwards, greatly extended by (4.) Stat. 4 Will. IV. c. 58. Had these been the only acts for which the country is indebted to Lord St Leonards, he would have earned an enduring title to their gratitude.

Having humanely provided a legislative remedy, he made the noblest personal efforts to carry it into prompt effect, frequently visiting the Fleet Prison—(how he found the time is hard to understand)—seeing and conversing with the impoverished prisoners, giving them wise advice, and himself actually paying, out of his own purse, the costs for which they were incarcerated, so as to procure their immediate discharge—and even assisting them afterwards! The scandal of throwing a man into prison for not “answering,” and then leaving him there to rot out the rest of his life, thank Heaven, can no longer exist. When Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Edward Sugden extended this admirable measure to that country, by (5.) Stat. 5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 16 (1835), the Government taking charge of the bill. (6.) Stat. 1 Will. IV. c. 46 (1830), amending the laws relating to Illusory Appointments, restored the law to its original state, putting the rule at law and in equity on the same footing with respect to appointments: a provision removing at once a prolific source of litigation, and enabling a parent or trustee to act so as best to meet the exigencies of a family, and give children aid and provision in proportion to their

* *Blackwood’s Magazine*, January 1846.

actual wants. (7.) Stat. 1 Will. IV. c. 47 (1830), consolidates and amends the law for payment of debts out of real estate—one of great importance, and a considerable step in advance, the Legislature having since gone still farther in that direction. (8.) Stat. 1 Will. IV. c. 60 (1830), is another act of great importance, investing courts of equity with ampler powers than they had possessed, with regard to trustees and mortgagees, and enabling them to make a perfect title to whatever they sold. This act Sir Edward undertook at the request of Lord Eldon; and the Legislature have since gone much farther in that direction. (9.) Stat. 1 Will. IV., c. 65, extended to Ireland by (10) 5 and 6 Will. IV., c. 17, arms courts of equity with very useful powers over the property of infants, married women, and lunatics. (11.) Stat. 2 and 3 Vict., c. 11, extended to Ireland by (12.) Stat. 7 and 8 Vict., c. 90, with careful modifications, conferred a vast boon on purchasers, and greatly facilitated the transfer of land—providing as it did a complete registration of various kinds of incumbrances, collected in one office, and allowing them to be searched for a mere nominal sum—a shilling. These acts were (in 1855) followed by (13.) Stat. 18 and 19 Vict., c. 15, conferring on purchasers further important provisions for their protection. (14.) Stat. 5 and 6 Vict., c. 123, for the first time required private lunatic asylums to have a licence, and placed them under salutary restraints and supervision. This act had to encounter fierce opposition, but succeeded, followed up, as we have already seen, by the Chancellor's vigilant personal attention, in greatly ameliorating the condition and management of lunatics. (15.) Stat. 8 and 9 Vict., c. 115, appointed a taxing-master for the Irish Court of Chancery, thereby greatly relieving the overburdened Masters of the Court. This has since been carried much farther. (16.) Stat. 15 Vict., c. 24, after a vehement opposition, put an end to an evil utterly intolerable, and has proved one of the greatest blessings to the people, afforded by modern legislation. It puts an end to the incessant defeat of wills by

petty technical objections, embracing every evil conceivable to occur through haste, ignorance, or accident. The editors of the new edition of the *Standard Text-Book on Wills* (Jarman), omit a long chapter of decisions of this kind, as "it is almost impossible that the validity of any will should hereafter turn upon them." (17.) Stat. 15 Vict., c. 48, amends the law relating to the property of lunatics. (18.) Stat. 15 Vict., c. 80, abolishes the Masters' offices, and expedites the business of the Court of Chancery. (19.) Stat. 15 Vict., c. 86, amends the practice and course of proceeding in the Court of Chancery. (20, 21, 22.) Stat. 16 and 17 Vict., c. 70, is for the regulation of proceedings under commissions of lunacy, and consolidating the former acts,—and itself constitutes a most important code; c. 96, for regulating the care and treatment of lunatics; c. 97, consolidating and amending the laws relating to lunatic asylums for counties and boroughs, and the maintenance and care of pauper lunatics. When these three acts were passed, Lord St Leonards declared, in his place in the House of Lords, that no other country possessed such excellent provisions for the care of lunatics and of their property—and none more minutely and anxiously careful than those which secure the welfare of pauper lunatics. He might have added, that the preparation of these enactments entailed upon himself protracted and exhausting labour. (24.) Stat. 16 and 17 Vict., c. 98, provides for the further relief of suitors in the Court of Chancery, appropriating its unclaimed funds to the relief of the suitors, to whom they properly belong. This, also, is a very important act. Lastly, (25.) Stat. 17 and 18 Vict., c. 60, has for its humane object to make more effectual provisions for preventing cruelty to animals.—Here ends, as far as we know, the catalogue of Lord St Leonards' contributions to the Statute-Book of his country: twenty-five in number, and those not showy, rash, and slovenly, but deeply-considered and skilfully framed; the result of great forensic and judicial experience, or, in some instances, masterly developments of alterations

and improvements contemplated by others. We are, moreover, inclined to consider Lord St Leonards largely entitled to credit for the original suggestion of that bold enactment which called into existence the Incumbered Estates Court in Ireland. Unless, indeed, we are mistaken, he lately claimed the paternity of that measure, in speaking in the debate for renewing the powers of the Commissioners. It is said that in his original sketch of the proposed Court, transmitted to the late Sir Robert Peel, he observed that the Court ought to exist only until the mischief should have been remedied; that it was, as regarded property, what the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was with reference to personal liberty. It is, however, undoubtedly possible that the existing scheme may have been devised by the Government before they became possessed of Sir Edward Sugden's communication to Sir Robert Peel; though this has not hitherto been asserted. And these legislative la-

bours have been continued during a long series of years, while Lord St Leonards was either burthened with enormous practice at the bar, or absorbed with judicial cares as twice Chancellor of Ireland, and afterwards of England (his is the only instance on record of such promotion;) or as a law-lord sitting on Appeals; or engaged from time to time writing profound and universally accepted treatises on the law, or carefully adapting them to successive variations in that law. The patience, the self-denial, the indomitable industry and resolution with which his great endowments and acquirements have been and continue to be devoted to the service of his profession and of his country, will enshrine his name in the memory of his countrymen, long after he shall have passed away from the scene of his untiring exertions. As author, advocate, judge, and legislator, he appears to exhibit a combination of claims to our respect and gratitude, that is unique.

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ÆSTHETICS AMONG THE ALPS.

ELEMENT OF POWER.

POWER in Nature, the correlative power of Genius, and the combination of these two powers into the joint result of power in Art, are the topics of which we here propose to treat. The Alps we shall take as the emblem of power in Nature. Some lands, as the south of Italy, seem specially given up to beauty; Nature gay and sportive joins hands with the Graces and the Muses in dance and festivity. Other regions are merely strange and anomalous—as the sterility of desert Africa, where Nature, instead of celebrating a feast, has imposed a fast; where no exuberance of gladness, under the shade of trees near refreshing fountains, breaks forth into song and dance, but, in keeping with the silence, solitude, and famine around, the Arab pitches a tent, and the hermit builds a cell. Other territories, again, such as the Alps, are not merely beautiful—not exclusively strange and anomalous: Nature here does not wholly surrender herself to the pleasing, peaceful lassitude of beauty, nor lie in prostrate sterility, as if she had nothing to accomplish; on the contrary, here, among the Alps, she nerves herself for action—is not the gentle lover of the south, but the hero armed for battle. She

builds up defiant fortifications—intranches herself in deep fosses—and earthquake and storm serve as artillery. Creative nature seems, in special districts of the earth, to have set herself the task of completing and carrying out in exclusive supremacy some one idea. In the Alps, as it appears to us, that idea is power. The handwriting on the mountain-side, the natural language, the hieroglyphics, all speak of power.

Now, it is this power which makes mountains akin to genius—their selves, as it were, works of genius—aspiring, proud, ambitious, conscious of, and self-sustained in, strength. Power of genius, we have said, is correlative to power in nature—genius being, by its supremacy in the realms of mind, a kind of antitype of mountains in the world of matter. Now, we place these two great powers in juxtaposition, not for contrast or conflict, but for co-operation. We ask whether, from their conjoint action, a like power may not arise in Art? We want something more than a bare, literal, cold transcript of nature. Nature herself in life, actuality, and all but infinitude of scale, we already have in reality before us. A literal, servile art-echo is scarcely needed, especially when art-patrons

have now ready access to the great originals, and when stereoscopic transcripts have become in soirees and mere evening parties a common peep-show. To the Alpine powers of nature, we require the application of the Alpine power of mind; and then may perchance arise a third and equal power—the power of Art,—an art which shall mould mountains into a satisfying expression of man's aspirations and yearning towards the boundless; not a bare record, or spelt-out manuscript, but a renewed revelation—an intermediate creation lying between the actual world in which we tread, and the dreamland of the imagination wherein we love to revel—an art which shall transmute an agricultural utility, primarily subserving man's bodily sustenance, into poetic food for his inner and higher nature. Then might Art constitute herself a power—the power of interpreting and transmuting nature, and of teaching man—ennobling the humble circle of domestic life by the visions of genius. Thus, when the closing shutters separate from the noise of city life, and the inmates, in the quiet of evening, seek repose from the world's warfare, that picture on the walls, with those mountain-summits shadowy yet sublime, belonging rather to heaven than earth—those fields of snow so pure and cool—those gentle reflections like dreams in sleeping waters, steal on the mind with a power and spell which is perhaps felt the most when most needed.

Forces active or quiescent constitute power. Vast masses of matter piled into mountains, as they meet the mere bodily eye of the uneducated and unreflecting, can have little or no significance. It is only as the mental eye of causation penetrates into the active and operative forces which have built up the fabric—only in proportion as it discovers creative or destructive agencies akin to life and thought and passion, that the eye can so gaze on the Alps as to feel their power, and with that power a purpose and intent. Then the world's theatre becomes nature's studio, wherein the plastic clay is moulded into mountains, the snowy sculpture of their summits

standing out in the azure pediment of heaven. It is through a kind of imaginative reasoning that the artist mind must contemplate nature;—Reason pushing her researches among what is seen, known, understood,—walking the earth in contemplation, or mounting by successive and prescribed steps to commanding summits. When reason can go no further, the mind takes to the wings of imagination, soars at once into mid-air, rushes in wild flight, and steals fire from heaven. Imagination to the artist is what faith is to the divine. It is the figuring forth of things unseen; it anticipates and calls into being the mind's desires; it realises truths and beauties, of which outward forms are but the type; it makes Nature the threshold to the Supernatural; it draws aside the veil which Providence has thrown over her workings, looks into hidden and mysterious analogies and meanings, and along the vista of the past and of the future beholds the beginning and the end.

Reason, or perhaps we should rather say the understanding, measures the cubic contents of glacier or mountain, estimates the tonnage, analyses the component materials, and determines cleavage, angles, and elevations. Did the artist know nothing more than these, however important even to him, it were better at once to throw aside portfolio and pencil, and take to the geologist's hammer, or to the theodolite of the engineer. A sketch is not a surveyor's map, a picture not a geologist's chart, or the *hortus siccus* of the botanist. Unless the student's eye be coloured by the poet's ardour, it were better to turn to those more positive callings in which the compass and the rule supply the want of enthusiast's genius. It is through the imagination—or, as Coleridge would perhaps have said, by the "pure reason"—that the poet must, out of the bricks and mortar of the understanding, build the spirit's shrine. Accordingly, in the remarks which follow on the element of power, we desire the guidance of imagination rather than of the senses; we shall speak of intuitions of the mind as it feels, rather than as it perceives—of Nature as she

affects the emotions, rather than as she chronicles her facts in the registry of the intellect.

We have already said that the forces of Nature essentially constitute her power. Force is causation, causation is creation, and creation implies mind, will, purpose. Hence, by a few steps, we ascend from a mere material nature of the senses, to a landscape which bears the mark and fashion of a spirit origin, actuated by an inward moving energy. Thus material nature is traced back to spirit, and spirit again projects itself forward, and by the act of creation becomes clothed in the body of material form; and hence, between matter and spirit, nature and soul, are sustained a reciprocity and interchange of existence—knowing but one beginning and ending, and that in God. Thus Coleridge in this sense bursts forth—

“O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its
soul,
A light in sound, a sound like power in
light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance every-
where;—
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute
still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument.”

Herein is the common brotherhood of creation, not a brotherhood of bodily materialism, but a consanguinity of forces. We are persuaded that it is this fraternity—this unity running through creation, unconsciously felt, if not actually acknowledged, which rouses the sympathetic ardour of all sensitive minds. There is, so to say, a going out of ourselves to meet nature half-way, and a rushing out on the part of nature herself to receive our love. Thus, in the rapt contemplation of distant hills, the mind seems to quit for the moment its bodily confines, that it may meet the spirit of the mountain which comes forth to claim a sister's greeting. We imagine there are few minds, indeed, which, having thus taken nature into intimate communion, have not been thus absorbed in reverie, receiving, as it were, an influx of thoughts, emotions, har-

monies, being taught through sympathy, and led on to joy.

We take the Alps as emblems of power, because they specially are the centres round and within which nature's forces manifest themselves in utmost energy. They are themselves a force product—forced into space by the fire-demon. They are emphatically a power, not only by virtue of their origin in force, but by their stern resistance to force. They rise, as it were, in proud ambitious strength, to assert an everlasting dominion, and to govern upon earth by a right divine. They arise from the empire of fire, and about and around them rage the ice-power, the torrent-power, and the storm-power; and yet they are not only monuments of strength, but emblems of tranquillity. The glacier, again, lying in the mountain-ravine—a life in death, a motion in stagnation, tearing down rocks and bearing away boulders, marking its course with havoc, and carrying destruction over fertility—is, as it were, a congealed power, energy arrested and restrained, sufficiently active to be known by the understanding, sufficiently latent to be wondered at by the imagination. Then, again, if these motionless cataracts are power in repose, the madened torrent is power in action.

“O sovrain Blanc !
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly.
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely
glad !
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and
your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?”

Lastly, the storm-demon is power goaded into madness. Winds, tempests, warring, bewailing, uttering a forlorn hope or muttering despair—

“Far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags
among
Leaps the live thunder.”

There is war in heaven: every mountain is trumpet-tongued; the artillery of the elements threatens vengeance; the furies have broken loose from their mountain prisons, and are greedy to devour with the

lightning of fire what the avalanche of ice had spared.

Thus mountains, glaciers, avalanches, torrents, tempests, are the confederated powers which, with the tyranny of a despot or the clamour of a mob, dispute the sovereignty of the Alps. Anarchy, however, is averted by that conservatism which is nature's central law. Law, order, and consequent stability, constitute the abiding basis of Alpine strength. The storm is not so much a riot as a drama, and Nature allows herself the license of unbridled liberty because she holds within her empire the power of control. The strength implied in self-restraint, the strength of calm tranquillity, the strength of nature's monarchy governing by an absolute will, constitute perhaps the paramount expression of Alpine scenery. The torrent and the storm may rage about the mountain base or summit, yet in the utmost fury the mind looks on with a prevailing sense of stability and security. Though the summits are high, yet the foundations are deep, the buttresses massive, and the materials strong. When the storm is past, and heaven once again clear of the smoke and dust of earth's battle, and stern grandeur melts at the caress of beauty—when the warrior mountains repose, after the conflict, in the gentle lassitude of sunshine—then, not less than in the storm, does the mind, though softened by beauty, exult in the power of the sublime. At all seasons, under all aspects, the imagination is here carried into infinitude; it feels more than the senses see; and, with impetuous bound, plunges into infinite space, infinite time, infinite power. The theatre of operations is so vast, that the eye, in straining to reach its confines, seems to look into boundless space. The years that have passed over the summit of that distant mountain, which seems coeval with the heavens in which it becomes lost, so absolutely transcend finite conception, that to the imagination they are no less than eternity itself. And this infinitude of time and space is but the preceding condition to something greater—a recipient sphere, in which a more mighty infinitude shall make itself manifest—the infinitude of

creating power. The fire-power, the ice-power, the torrent and storm powers, of which we have spoken, are but the varying aspects of one central creating power, which imagination, reason, and revelation have alike invested with infinite duration, infinite extension, infinite might. Thus Alpine heights are but steps leading to the summit of a throne on which descends power from heaven to rule on earth—and that power is God.

It is this power which constitutes, in Alpine scenery, the chief essence in the sublime; and being the express manifestation of God's omnipotence, alternately subdues the mind to gentleness and lifts it to strength. It has always appeared to us that the sublime suffered degradation when Burke reduced it to the ultimate emotions of pain, fear, torment. Such passages as the following, for example, are little suited to become the groundwork of a noble philosophy:—

“Whatever is fitted,” says Burke, “in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger—that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime—that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling; I say the strongest emotion, because I am satisfied the ideas of pain are much more powerful than those which enter on the part of pleasure.”

We cannot conceive of anything more degrading to art and nature than this low doctrine of pain and pleasure sinking both into mere ministers of the appetites—alluring through gratification, or deterring by the scourge of punishment. We would appeal to any man who has felt the spell of nature or of art, who owes to either or to both any debt of gratitude for hours of transport, and a life made more lofty; we would ask of any one who has used the grand and the beautiful as instruments of mental education and advancement, whether “pain and pleasure” do adequately express all that he has felt and known? Pleasure he must have tasted, undoubtedly; pain, in some form, he may have endured;

but assuredly he would not epitomise his experience in terms which thus take their origin in bodily sensations rather than from soul-like emotions. That the arts are often turned to, merely as pleasing, elegant episodes to the indulgence of the appetites, cannot be doubted. Pictures are hung on the walls somewhat as side-dishes are placed at a feast; they serve as adjuncts to the wines and sweets, and thus harmoniously complete the circle of sensation. Conversational criticism on such occasions is naturally generated by the palate rather than originated in the intellect. A sunset by Claude is "mellow" and "sweet," and a poem by Tennyson, or a melody by Mendelssohn, is pronounced "delicious." All this is excusable and easily understood; but that a philosopher, writing deliberately on "the sublime," should thus reduce the noblest of emotions to mere pain, pleasure, and sensation, is not readily to be forgiven. Better were it to allow mankind, in the mystery of unexplained emotion, to watch the glow of sunset on distant mountains, or to listen to the dash of storm-waves as they break on the rocky shore, than, through a pretended philosophy, thus to disenchant the imagination and leave the intellect uninformed.

Burke erred by making "fear" the cause of the sublime, instead of one of its possible effects. In like manner he falls into fallacy when, as in the following passage, he speaks of power as a mere accompaniment, and not the operative cause. It is the power which causes the fear, if fear there be; power external to the mind, when perceived and felt by the mind, is the antecedent; fear, if it come at all, follows after as an ulterior result. We shall subsequently, however, attempt to show that fear is but an accident; that it may or may not be present; and that, instead thereof, inward mental strength, the counterpart of physical outward power, is, in the noblest minds, the truest accompaniment of the sublime.

"Besides these things," says Burke, "which directly suggest the idea of danger, and those which produce a similar effect from a mechanical cause, I know of nothing sublime which is not some

modification of power. And this branch rises, as naturally as the other two branches, from terror, the common stock of everything that is sublime.

"That power derives all its sublimity from the terror with which it is generally accompanied, will appear evidently from its effect in the very few cases in which it may be possible to strip a considerable degree of strength of its ability to hurt. When you do this, you spoil it of everything sublime, and it immediately becomes contemptible."

Now, we readily admit that high mountains, deep abysses—that whatever in nature is greater and more mighty than man, does fill with a certain terror. Fear is one of the effects, but not the highest. Humility in the presence of magnitude, weakness before might, do imply a certain passive endurance of fear, terror, trembling. Yet we believe that no man possessing manly fortitude can long abide in this subjection. The induced sense of weakness and humility is but the prelude to greater strength. The mountain will communicate to the sympathetic mind a portion of its might—will lead through fellowship to a noble equality with itself. It is only the man of prostrated weakness, constituted for passive endurance, fitted to crawl when he ought to soar, who in the presence of the sublime will fear without hope, suffer without effort, be humbled without pride. If mentally oppressed at the mountain base, a manly energy will seek the summit. With each upward step the poet-tourist will gain accession of power. Crossing the mad torrent, pressing onward over rugged rocks, among trees mutilated by storm, he finds with increasing difficulty renewed energy. The mind triumphs with the body; the thoughts dilate with the grandeur of the scene. The heroic in nature begets heroism in enterprise. Danger adds to courage; mind and body are nerved to conquer opposition. Then is understood how patriotism and manly independence belong to mountain homes; how mental action takes on the intensity of natural phenomena; and that a stirring national history of bravery and exploit is indigenous to a land that has passed through vast natural convulsions. We would ask, then, what becomes

of the doctrine that would make fear and trembling the essence of the sublime, when, on the contrary, as we have seen, danger rouses to enterprise and courage—the grand in nature begetting the great in man?

The traveller who for a moment trembled at the mountain's base becomes triumphant at its summit. He looks down upon the plains beneath with a sense of victory; his eye stretches far among mountain-summits, and he feels their equal. His feet have borne his mind to a commanding elevation; the horizon of thought is extended with the sweep of vision; the dull level of existence is left beneath, and, placed on the summit of existence, he takes a wide clear survey of the fields and tracts of knowledge. He feels humbled, no doubt, in the presence of immensity, yet it is a humility which leads to strength. Conscious that his past life has been wanting in nobility, that his thoughts have been wanting in scale, and have traversed in a low level, he enters on high and strong resolve. Purposes taking their scale from the mountain-masses, their elevation from surrounding heights—emotions profound as the depths, pure as the heavens to which the feet have led—energies for action intense as nature's forces: these are the mental phenomena generated by the sublime. How totally insufficient and unworthy, then, is the philosophy which would teach that its ultimate elements are pain and pleasure, fear and trembling. Power in outward nature, and corresponding communicated power in man's inner nature, are, as we have shown, if not its only, at least among its highest attributes. The power which raised the mountains, which tore them asunder to make ravines—the power which wars in the elements of earth, air, and water, speaking through the language of jagged bold outline, obtaining expression through vast masses, thrown into vast space—the power which spake and it was done, is in all its goings-forth sublime.

And the sublime in thought is like to the sublime in nature. Its chief essence, as we have said, is power—a power which may move mountains, fill up valleys, control the

elements—giant in its dimensions, vast in its sphere of action. Mind and thought may indeed be said to become sublime just as they approach in character to Alpine scenery, as they typify in the world of spirit the forms and aspects which nature assumes in the empire of matter. If, indeed, as before stated, nature be regarded as mind and thought manifested through outward form, the essential unity and corresponding aspects of the sublime in creation and in man are at once evident. Referring the works of man and the forms and operations of nature to their common origin in the spirit world, the element of the sublime, whether in man or in nature, is thus necessarily one.

We have said that sublimity originates chiefly in power: we will now venture to assert still more,—that it takes its rise in God's omnipotence. Just in proportion as power is superhuman and approaches the supernatural, does it become sublime. The power which overturns a mountain, or in an avalanche overwhelms a village—the power of the highest genius in moments of highest manifestation, especially as exalted under actual inspiration—are all sublime, just in proportion as they transcend the ordinary forces which work in man and nature, and approach to the infinite power of God's omnipotence. The sublime lies on the threshold of infinity—is lost in the mystery of obscurity—excites our wonder, and demands our worship, as an attribute of God himself. It belongs less to the territory of science, less to the clear cold region of intellectual philosophy, than to the province of religion. Hence sublimity is specially the language of inspiration, and in the Bible becomes the voice of God. Thus in the Book of Job we find such examples as the following: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind." "Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?" Again, in the 18th Psalm we find the following well-known example of the sublime:—

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved

and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire."

Assuredly it was in the mountains of the Lebanon that God thus revealed himself. Deity is not so manifested in the plains. The passage might, indeed, be taken as the personification of an Alpine storm, when the earth shakes and trembles, and the hills are moved; when God seems to bow the heavens and come down flying on the wings of the storm, making the swift clouds his chariots, and the thick darkness his pavilion. An Alpine storm is natural religion—this passage from the Psalms revealed; a comparison of the two would give the subsisting relations between these diverse aspects of the same divine attributes.

Thus the sublime in nature, in man and in God, is essentially one, an identity of power originating in God, and reflected from him in his works. Thus both man and nature become sublime, just in proportion as they are Godlike, according to the measure in which the finite becomes the abode or manifestation of the infinite. Hence, as we have said before, the sublime is rightly a source of strength, not of weakness; or rather a strength begotten out of weakness, a communicated force and courage which prevent the access of fear. There is, indeed, an unholy fear, which shrinks at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and dares not look sublimity in the face. The devils tremble; and so likewise men, physically, intellectually, or morally prostrated, tremble, and with fear approach the sublime in thought, form, or deed. It is too strong for their weakness; it is to them a strength antagonistic, not communicative; it comes from above, their weakness from beneath; and having

nothing in common, the one cannot assimilate with the other. It is thus manifest that Burke drew his philosophy from a debased aspect of humanity. He says, for example, "that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation; that it is therefore one of the most affecting we have; that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress." If this be true, the sublime is not the grand, the great—not the noble and heroic in thought and human action.

It might perhaps lead to the solution of the difficulties with which Burke's theory becomes involved, were a distinction drawn between "the sublime" and "the terrible." The terrible does truly inspire with terror and fear; and when excessive, occasions "pain" and "distress;" man drawn within its vortex does, in the impending danger, think of "self-preservation." In such moments he cannot stop to contemplate, admire, or exclaim "how grand!" for he is constrained to fly for safety. Hence, when terror implies danger, it does involve fear. But when the danger is past, and becomes distant, that which was terrible when too near becomes merely sublime when far off. Thus, man must be sufficiently removed in space, or in time, from the actual enacting of the sublime, otherwise, becoming too intense, the mind is appalled by the terrible, not raised to power by the sublime. Hence the destruction of Jerusalem was to the Jews themselves too terrible to be simply grand; but to us, removed to this secure distance in space and time, the subject becomes, in the hands of Roberts or Kaulbach, softened into a pictorial epic, not too intense for enjoyment. Thus, likewise, in the great day of wrath, when the sixth seal shall be opened—when an earthquake shall move the mountains, when the sun shall become black as sackcloth, and the moon as blood, and the stars fall from heaven, and men shall say to the rocks, fall upon us: in that great day of terror, what fear will seize on man! And yet, from our unknown distance of time, Danby has shown that the subject so far loses its terrors as to become pictorially sublime. By the contemplation of such works, power

is communicated, the sphere of thought and being exalted, and man, highly wrought, feels himself capable of noble and heroic action. "Self-preservation," and selfish, servile motives, sink before a rising enthusiasm, which prompts to emulate that greatness which in the sublime man admires. If the grand in history, the vast in nature, be referred to the government of God—if all power be recognised as of divine origin, then will fear be supplanted by trust and communicated strength. In hours of weakness fear may steal in unawares; but in proportion as man is self-reliant, and yet relying, will he stand before the sublime in history and in nature, and receive from each an accession to his power.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

In these well-known lines, by Mr Bryant, the sublime of Burke is "the quarry-slave," in fear and terror "scourged to his dungeon." The true sublime of philosophy and religion is no crouching slave, but a free strong man, "sustained" "by an unfaltering trust."

We will now say somewhat on the relation in which power of genius stands to power in nature. Man has been called "the microcosm, or a little world—a kind of epitome of the great;" and hence power of genius becomes the microcosm of nature-power, an inward epitome of the power which in nature creates and governs; that power which, as we have seen, specially breaks forth into action among the Alps. We have already said that the Alps are, as it were, works of genius. The earth, for the most part, consists of a utilitarian commonplace, with a poem thrown in by way of exceptional episode. The general surface of the

earth is suited to the general wants of ordinary humanity: it is corn and wine-growing—is content to work humbly and usefully with and for man; and, steadfastly accomplishing the daily ends of existence, it is neither actuated by ambition nor agitated by passion. The tourist through Europe, even when in search of nature's beauties, is compelled to traverse districts, flat and uneventful as the lives of the peasantry by which they are peopled. In Germany he grows weary of whole duchies of commonplace—the complete counterparts of smoking, beer-drinking boors, and purely domestic *fraus*—diversified with only here and there witnesses to the beautiful as he approaches the Rhine or enters the Saxon Switzerland. In Spain, for days and nights, in the slothful diligence, from Seville or Madrid to Gibraltar, but one Ronda testifies to the sublime. In France the completion of railways happily enables the traveller at once to rush from north to south on his way to the Pyrenees, or to enter forthwith on the beauties of Italy by the Corniche road. Ordinary nature is like actual life—utilitarian, not transcendental. It condescends, in fertile plains and valleys, to be humble, domestic, and useful, where, blessing and blest, it vegetates in a placid, uneventful enjoyment. But, on the other hand, there are exceptional spots on the earth's surface, which, like the unrest of genius, leave the dead level of existence—scorn to minister, at least directly, to the bodily agricultural wants of man—and, as genius and works of genius, stand apart and aloft, nature becoming the architect, the artist, and the poet, inscribing dramas, painting pictures, or building temples for our worship. Thus, as we have said, the Alps rise as works of genius, the creating hand giving free fling to executive power, nature constituting herself a kind of art-language for the expression of a grand idea. Hence we have ventured to place, as correlative to Alpine power in nature, the power of genius. Genius may be said to represent the divinely instituted laws and powers of the universe. It is the interpreter of those laws, connecting, for example, by the

link of its own kindred thought, the apple in its fall with the planet in its sphere. It enters nature's theatre of action or laboratory of operations, interrogates her doings, is received into her secret confidence; and thus, bringing into confederation the power of nature and the power of genius, man makes himself a second time lord of the creation.

It is the reason or understanding which thus asserts its genius in the discoveries and conquests of science. The creative power of imagination is, however, the mental phenomenon of which we now desire to speak. The Alps, we have said, are works of genius; we would now add, they are specially the offspring of imaginative genius, flights of the imagination. They represent, through that language of symbolism by which God in nature speaks to man, those originating creative principles and powers in the human mind, which, out of the simplest elementary forms of thought, construct a visionary airy fabric. Genius, we have said, within the microcosm of its own existence, represents and contains the laws and powers of outward nature; and yet, though specially law-ordained, it oftentimes irresistibly breaks loose, seems to defy and violate all law, to do things unheard of and unattempted, and thus excites astonishment, and at times fills with dismay. And herein is it the counterpart of the tumultuous power of Alpine scenery. But though genius, in its occasional workings and manifestations, is ungovernable, and in some sense lawless, yet can it scarcely wholly lose the impress of its origin, or forget the conditions and duties of its existence. When rightly ordered, while still it owes allegiance to the originating source in which it springs, emphatically may it be taken as the finite representative of an infinite personal power. We have seen that Alpine forces are specially typical of God's omnipotence; and, in like manner, the power of well-ordered genius, rising like Alps out of the lower level of humanity, does by its magnitude, the grandeur of its thoughts and workings, the greatness of its discoveries, and by the latent powers which it

calls forth to fulfil its purposes, seem to be more than human, and to become, if we may be allowed the boldness, a delegated agency of God's omnipotence.

This power to create, this capacity to wield thought with energy, is specially manifest in Dante. *L'Inferno* is a territory of Alpine thought-scenery, in the depths, and round about the heights of which beat and lash the passions of inextinguishable fires. As examples, perhaps not the best which might be cited, turn to the third canto; in Cary's translation, it reads as follows:—

"Here sighs with lamentations and loud
moans,
Resounded through the air, pierced by no
star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various
tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the
sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through the air with solid darkness
stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind
flies."—(Lines 21-30.)

"——Woe to you wicked spirits! hope
not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice."—(Lines 78-88.)

Lastly, as a further example of this tempestuous strain, take the following:—

"Another way
My sage-guide leads me, from that air
serene,
Into a climate ever vex'd with storms:
And to a part I come where no light
shines."—(Canto iv., lines 145-149.)

Throughout Dante's poem the thoughts are all of the giant grandeur of mountain-masses, the torments of the intensity of the fierce fiendlike forces which have convulsed earth's tumultuous surface. The violence of passion, the darkness of despair, the stormlike tumult of rebel demons, are by Dante thrown together with a grandeur, an anarchy, yet an anarchy reduced to obedience, which give to his words and thoughts the intensity, the scale, the sublimity of Alpine scenery. In reading such poems, in walking through such mountain-lands, there is a sense of an omnipotent

power, which sports at will with rocks, hills, thoughts, and fiery words. And yet the mountains in such territories, like the words in these writings, are but the language of a greater power lying behind the visible scene of action—a power which still holds back—which, though boundless, contents itself within the limits of a finite moderation. In such written works, in such scenery, the grand does not distend itself to the grandiloquent—nature does not strut in self-conscious importance across the stage; neither do the written thoughts swell into bombast, or sound the trumpet of sonorous words to herald their approach. There resides beneath the surface of action so much of reserved, unmanifested power, that the upraising of a mountain or the writing of a poem is not a thing claiming special wonder. There is something that would seem to say we can do greater things than these. Power in nature and genius in man take by surprise—in some measure defy calculation: seldom is it possible to say what may be done next. A mountain was thrown up to-day—a lake may be hollowed out to-morrow; a poem was written last night—a battle was fought this morning; and what may happen next, who shall predict? Genius always contains within itself the promise of still greater things to come;—seldom expends itself at an effort; like nature herself, it seems to have the burden of more than can well be uttered;—throws out random hints roughly and broadly;—sketches in a subject;—makes a picture by casting about mountains, hewing out valleys, blowing over the sky a casual storm, and throwing across the foreground some bold erratic masses;—and thus, by a few dashes of the pencil, or efficient strokes of the chisel, it knows how to give an off-hand expression to some master-thought. Such works of nature or of man, however great, generally leave the sense of mightier thoughts yet to be worked out—intents which the pressure of the times frustrated. Thus Dante found:

“Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;
For my wide theme so urges, that oft-
times
My words fall short of what bechanced.”

Dante knew the power which lies in concentration; and herein likewise the character of his genius, and, indeed, of all genius whose element is strength, becomes typical of Alpine nature. No space is thrown away to small thoughts or trivial deeds; mankind lost, or a world redeemed; souls to be rescued by angels, or by demons secured for torture—torments too terrible for words; the mighty of the earth, the renowned in history, doomed to waste in penal fires: these are the weighty topics, crowded together with all possible power of concentration. So it is with Alpine nature; no space is lost upon the canvass of the sky; the greatest thoughts are concentrated into the smallest possible compass. Mountain piled above and beyond mountain, leads into elemental space; a tragedy is enacting in the sky; the lake beneath, crowded by reflection or agitated by a storm, becomes itself the sphere of action; while across the immediate foreground are scattered in vast boulders the wrecks of a land or an ice storm. Within the circuit of vision is concentrated an epitome of earth, and into the present hour is summed up the history of the world's revolutions. Nature in other portions of her domain is often diffuse and over-wordy; seems to repeat herself in a few small thoughts spread over a broad monotonous surface. And in like manner the gentle stream of poetry, often in diffuse, feeble lassitude, meanders and murmurs over many a long uneventful mile, whispering to the pebbles in its shallow bed, chatting elegant nothings with the swallow which glides over its surface, or dallying with the daisies and buttercups which gem its margin. Such poetry and such nature may innocently minister to man's enjoyment, but they have little in common with the power of Dante or with the genius of the Alps. Concentration, as in the following passage, and not elegant diffusion, is in each their prevailing element; and it is this concentration which chiefly constitutes their force:—

“Where light was silent all. Bellowing
there groan'd
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn

By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore
annoy."—(Canto v., line 29.)

Having thus asserted for genius its power, and shown in some measure its relation to nature-power, we shall now attempt to throw these two forces together, making a third power—the power of art. We have spoken of the conquests of science through the understanding; we shall now treat of the possible victory of art through creative imagination. "Poetry," says Wordsworth—and we shall venture to include within the term, the arts in general—"poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." "Every great poet," he likewise maintains, and therefore we would say, every great poet-artist, "in the highest exercise of his genius," "has to call forth and to communicate power." Now, art in our day, we cannot but think, is content to be passive rather than powerful; it wants the glow of imagination, the energy of passion; it deals with the dry facts of the perceptions; it maps out observations, instead of striking at and giving earnest expression to the strongest and highest faculties of our nature. It is this we mean when we say that art to be great must constitute herself a power. She must not be mere nature-power, otherwise she would be nature and not art. She is something more than power of genius, which in its own self is not an object of the senses. She must be nature-power moulded by art-power; nature sublimated from all utilitarian bodily uses; nature infused with the emotions, passions, soul of human greatness; and thus will arise a joint product, in which the inanimate world shall become the tabernacle for the artist thought; while, on the other hand, the immaterial invisible idea and impulse of genius shall have sought out and fashioned for itself a body which may become the eloquent language of art-expression. Thus art shall combine the best, the greatest, and most powerful in nature, added to the best, the greatest, and most powerful in man; and hence, as we have said, shall

arise a third greatness, the power of art. Works thus wrought, whether poems in words, or pictures in forms, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." Books have always been deemed a power; the press is termed a fourth estate; and yet art, pictorial or plastic, comparatively powerless, is now little more than a passive pleasurable pastime. Milton, in the well-known passage above quoted, and in that which follows, terms a good book "a progeny of life," "God's image," "the precious life-blood of a master spirit;" and we know of no reason why art in our day should not be alike vital and potent, did it but speak with the same purpose, thought, and intensity. In the following extract, for example, from Milton's *Areopagitica*, why should we not substitute "picture" for the word "book?"

"And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book [picture]: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book [picture], kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book [picture] is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. . . .

"We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books [pictures]; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression [gallery], a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life."

The forces which at this moment are agitating the world are more than ever mighty, while the force of modern art is lessened. The steam-engine, the telegraph, and the power-loom are giants, while the picture is but the giant's plaything. The power of

the age is in the conquest of thought, the creative thought of genius calling out the latent powers of nature. When, then, art-genius shall in like manner call forth the latent art-powers of nature, a picture may become, within its special sphere, as operative as the power-loom. But, to exert a potent influence, it must be the manifestation of a potent thought. When art was, indeed, a felt agency, it made itself a sharer in man's hopes, fears, and destinies; it taught of man fallen, of a world redeemed, of a Saviour crucified and risen, of heaven itself, and the hierarchy of saints and angels. These days and subjects have now, perhaps, for ever passed by, and art has yet to find in some measure a compensating sphere. That it can ever again become a direct agency in, not to say object of, worship, may be doubted. Having thus by the current of events, at least for a time, been diverted in some measure from the religious destinies of man, it may perchance find some compensation among the aspects and agencies of nature—that nature in which the drama of mankind has been enacted. Leaving the religion of revelation to the language and poetry of words, it may magnify and extol that theology of nature which in lakes, mountains, sky, proclaims a present Deity. But in order that art may regain that power in the territory of nature which she has lost in the province of man, she must search out and seize upon great thoughts, aspects, powers. She must not be the Carlo Dolce, mawkish and sentimental, but the Michael Angelo of landscape-art, with “sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner.” She must not be content with the “cottage near a wood” range of subject, but rise to the representation of, as it were, the “last judgment” of nature enacted amid the tumult of mountains and the war of elements, illumined by light which might herald a revelation, or shadowed in darkness as the sign of God's displeasure.

The present prevailing study, knowledge, and consequent love of nature, and even in some measure the science of nature, have led to a

landscape-art which, at least for fidelity, has never in the world's history been surpassed—nay, not approached. This is saying much; so much, indeed, that we wish we could say more: we wish we could assert that landscape-art has been as studious to embrace great truths as undoubtedly it has been sedulous and successful in handling little ones. The present tendency of art is to the minute; and however excellent in the fidelity of detail, it is wanting in a general result proportionately great; it fails of being the building up of atomic matter or thought into the vast, the grand, or the Alpine. It is microscopic, rather than telescopic; it gives you a foreground stone over which your feet may stumble—a flower which you may pick and botanise, rather than a vision of the imagination rising in the distance. It is, at present at least, in the first and lowest stage of the Baconic method, humbly collecting materials, carefully copying details of earth and rocks, without caring to inquire to what great truth or system all this laboured industry may conspire. Now, we would not wish to speak harshly of what has been most certainly well done in its way; but it is needful that the public should not forget that this detail is good only as a transition to something greater; that, in fact, when we have spoken of art-power, we have referred to that opposite system in which detail becomes merged in the grandeur of the general conception. We have seen pictures of Rome in which you might count every chimney and roof-tile in the city; certainly remarkable as evidence of industry, or as records of topography, and even of art-merit not destitute; but, assuredly, a few lines from *Childe Harold*, or even from Rogers' *Italy*, contain more essential thought and poetry than acres of such laboured canvass. The palace of the Cæsars, and the pile of the Coliseum become, under such treatment, subordinate to the courtyard of a foreground hovel. Such art, even in its very success, is a mistake, and originates in a condition of mind which, failing comprehensively to expand with the greatness of the scene, narrows and sinks—we will not say

into humility, but into absolute puerility. It takes its rise in that state of mental littleness which, failing to kindle into fire by contact with the soul-stirring, degenerates into the small just in proportion as the occasion is great—would gather a daisy on the Splügen, and pick up and pocket a pebble in the pass of Thermopylæ. Of the poetry and art of the little, and, in some sense, of the mean, we have had enough. Coleridge led the way when he wrote a poem to "An Ass;" and poets and artists have since willingly incurred the danger of being themselves identified with their subject, rather than fall into the possible imputation of grandiloquence by the selection of topics in themselves poetical and vast.

The problem we would now put to artists for solution is, how they may best convert an art, which at present does little more than passively please, into a power positive and active, which shall take an equal position with those other agencies that mould and civilise our age. We are persuaded they will find that it is not by painting "little sweet bits," with laborious docile painstaking, but by giving free fling to the force of their own genius, and thus using and transmuting to the service of art that grandeur which we have ventured to term nature's genius. Their works will be great in proportion to the thoughts they express—in proportion as they are the outspoken expression of a state of poetic rapture and mental exaltation. Landscape-art, like much of the music of the day, has become too manual, not sufficiently mental. Landscape-art is a cold portraiture of nature, in which the articulation of bones, the hard lineaments of features, are marked with Denner-like detail; while in this laboured, passionless transcript are almost necessarily lost the thought, purpose, and vital powers which give to the landscape its mental expression. An impulsive enthusiasm, an impetuosity of hand, are needed fully to feel and rightly to render the eloquent out-

burst of nature's forces. Somewhat of the Michael Angelo rough, vigorous hewing of the marble—sketching in a giant thought with a few giant strokes—is fitted for the rude massive rocks which nature piles together, to express her master-powers of thought and action. Something of the bold daring of Salvator, savage and bandit, is suited to express that rugged wildness and hardihood of independence, in which rocks and mountains seem to rise to heaven, less in worship and thanksgiving than in open and loud revolt. Somewhat of the off-hand scene-painting of Tintoretto is needed to sketch in with rapid effect the free fling and power of nature's creation, as thrown into existence by an almighty impulse, and thus to put on canvass the tempest as it passes, an avalanche as it falls. It was in some measure after this mode that *The Sketcher* worked—rapid, bold, effective—seizing on the essential and master-thought by mental generalisation; and then, with ready, certain hand, expressing that thought with power and poetry. At the commencement of the sixth chapter he says, "when ever divine poetry walks abroad," "you may attend her steps in sunshine or in shade;" then

"Boldly dip your pencil in the great colour-jars wherefrom Nature makes storms and tempests, but be sure to have another ready to dip into the sunshine, that you may have a charm to quell the fury of the storm-demon that would otherwise hurricanise over the world like a true revolutionist, uptearing all things. Nay, perchance, she may take you a higher flight still—far above, and purify your faculties to behold a new heaven and a new earth; that your enlarged ideas in visible things of this world, as in a magic mirror, may see the now invisible wonders of the Creator's hand, shining in a glory and magnificence of which all the excellence and beauty of this earth shall appear but a faint reflection. The air you then breathe will be life, and you may be gifted with immortal fame, and spurn 'the blind fury' that comes 'with abhorred shears,'

'And slits the thin-spun life.'"^{*}

We have endeavoured to show

^{*} *The Sketcher*. By the Rev. JOHN EAGLES. P. 64. Perhaps we may be permitted to state, that the sketches and paintings of Mr Eagles, though necessarily known little beyond the circle of family and friends, were striking exemplifications of that

that power is the chief essence of the sublime in nature ; that power of genius is the correlative element in man ; and it would seem to follow, by necessary inference, that power, mental and manual, is equally essential to the grand and great in art. Nature, we have said, attains to power by concentration. We have seen that in Alpine scenery no space is lost ; trifles and irrelevant accidents and incidents are merged into a grand united result, in which a central form or dominant thought is the concentrated focus of converging forces. We have shown in like manner that the power of genius is manifested in concentration. Men of power are seldom wordy or diffuse ; they indulge not in the decorative trappings of rhetoric, but, by a few bold master-strokes, give determined expression to the essential and central idea to which all minor thoughts are subordinate. We have seen in Dante that grandeur is secured through concentrated energy ; and so likewise in the following passage, from the *Paradise Lost*, we find that the genius of Milton intuitively attained a like force by crowding much into little compass :—

“ Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th’ ethereal
sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition ; there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th’ Omnipotent to arms.”

The thoughts, nay, even the words, are here thrown together with mountain tumult. Music put to such lines might be played as the accompaniment to the sunrise in the valley of Chamouni—to the echo of the avalanche, or to a storm on the Jura. There are words and sentences which lie close upon actions which come the moment before, or follow forthwith after, some great event. Such were the concise, energetic speeches of Napoleon : “ Remember that from the summits of those pyramids forty centuries contemplate your actions,” are words to incite to heroism. In

like manner the speeches of Cromwell came close upon action. Thus we read in Hume, “ stamping with his foot, which was a signal for the soldiers to enter, ‘ For shame,’ said he to the Parliament, ‘ get you gone ; give place to honest men—to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a Parliament. I tell you, you are no longer a Parliament.’ ” Having commanded the soldiers to clear the hall, he himself went out last, and, ordering the doors to be locked, departed to his lodgings in Whitehall.” Thus, likewise, the language of the Alps is as the words which precede and follow after vast deeds ; there is in it a thundering power of thought, an energy of will, a concentration of action into form, the intense expression of strong resolve. Now art, to be equal to such occasions and topics, must, like a Napoleon’s speech preceding battle—like a command of Cromwell—like a passage from Milton or Dante—be concise, concentrated, and energetic. The sparkling decorative execution of the Jutsum landscape school, brilliant though it be, will not do here ; the pretty playful conceits which small thoughts sportively put on, become but elegant trifling when transferred to the treatment of the grand in thought and the vast in nature. Concentration and centralisation of idea, of vision, and of execution, is a paramount law of the human mind, and consequently of art. It is not given to man at once to mark the sparrow’s fall, and to follow a planet’s flight. In proportion as a thought or object is vast, does it become the centre to the mind—the focus of the eye ; all that is minor is thrown into subordination, and serves but to enhance the Alpine dimensions of the idea or form which for the moment asserts supreme dominion. No tapestry of flowers, no highly wrought carpeting, laid down in the vestibule of nature’s palaces, should be permitted to distract the eye, or arrest its passage across the foreground to those

power of which we are now speaking. In grandeur of subject they were true to the power of nature ; in treatment they manifested the power of genius, and thus in themselves they were that joint product of nature and mind which constitutes, as we have said, the power and poetry of art.

summits where the little and minute are lost in immensity, where the actualities of the foreground present merge in the grand ideality of distant mountains stretching like futurity into space. If the picture be one of flowers, and nothing more, let every leaf, by all means, be exalted, magnified, beautified; make them the fair genius of an enchanted spot to allure by the spell of beauty; but if your subject be an Alpine range, then let the foreground flower be but the emblem of frailty, timidity, weakness, transitoriness, nothingness, as the grass which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, when contrasted with the eternity, the immensity, where Deity, speaking out, has given the scale of His being, the sphere of His duration. Let the artist seize upon the great thought, and, like Napoleon or Cromwell, express it—nay, like them, enact it. There is a childlike trifling in the corners of pictures—a crowding in, a scattering—not a concentrating of detail—detail which is not thought, which in no degree enhances the power of the central thought, which merely covers space as some speeches are made to occupy time. Such trivialities are nothing better than that gossip of biography which would prattle of the great man's slippers, and measure the dimensions of his walking-stick. Such literary pedlars of small-wares, such artistic mosaic workers of weeds and flowers, have their appointed functions; but assuredly, in art at least, we have had of this curious laborious workmanship quite enough. It is an old trick, and met with the success and reward it so well deserved, when the birds flew down to eat of the grapes in the picture of Zeuxis.

In the present day it seems to be forgotten that imagination is essentially the art-faculty; a faculty insatiable in its thirst, in flight untiring, which, even amid Alps, still soars, still demands something more vast and grand. Imagination creates that for which the mind hopes, and peoples the future of its longings with visions, of which the earth gives only the symbols. The Alps themselves are but the portals by which she enters on the mansions of

infinity, and the snow-white pinnacles the minarets which rise from out the celestial city. Even when at times, intently gazing on mountain summits, the eye becomes clouded by a dazzling dimness, blinded by excess of light, fainting through the stress of effort, the mind oft then turns inward, and on the retina of the imagination paints pictures which stand in future years as realisations of the soul's hopes, fears, faith. To minds of noble tending, it is not, even amid Swiss mountains, so much what the eye sees as what the imagination creates, which fills with satisfying rapture. It is in the vision of the imagination, rather than in the transcript of the memory, that the mind most delights. Snowy heights, vast distances, bold massive rocks, will henceforth constitute the background, the foreground, and the vast theatre in which the imagination shall enact her tragedies, and create a fresh earth and a new heaven. The credibility of miracles could never, we would charitably suppose, have been called in question in the presence of what is in itself so miraculous. Revelation may demand what it will—mysteries in faith, miracles in fact, and the mind willingly receives them all; because nature herself does not here leave off where revelation begins, but carries herself onwards into the supernatural, leading the imagination to truths lying beyond the ken of the understanding.

We have said that present art seems to forget the province of the imagination, and strives for no higher victory than the manual transcript of the perceptions. Now, were Alpine summits the prevailing objects of art-vision, we should rest, if not wholly satisfied, at least better contented; but when it becomes more than probable that the imagination will be called upon to halt and stumble among foreground brambles and disordered rubbish—and when, in scenes of domestic industry and happiness, the eye may be specially directed to such symbols as a kitchen mop or a scullery bucket, then we do venture to ask of the artist, "where was your soul while you thus laboured?" and to demand of the spectator, "whether, on his part, he can rest satisfied with

works which, to amuse a prying curiosity, defraud the rights and wants of better faculties?" It is boasted that our English art is full of promise. It is certain that it has reached a crisis, but whether that crisis will terminate in fatal malady, or lead to renovated health and resuscitated powers, will depend on the turn which the prevailing symptoms shall take. If the artist should prove himself able to build up, as does nature herself, the accumulated details and atoms into grand general results, into resultant truths which shall be great in proportion as they are the accumulated product of study; if his present art-perceptions be but the avenues leading to the vision vistas of the imagination — then assuredly the existing crisis is but the transition to power. We protest, however, against all that inordinate boasting, which would glory as if the great consummation were already attained. For ourselves, we do not believe that it is as yet even within reach; and that while the school of detail, of accident, character, and texture, may and does produce works which delight, and in some measure improve, yet that, in its whole tendings and purpose, this detailed mannerism is incompatible with that largeness of thought and boldness of handling, which arises from, and in turn communicates, ideas of power and grandeur.

The old masters, whatever might be their other shortcomings, at least attained, in great degree, to this largeness and grandeur of purpose. Salvator might not know granite from limestone, yet, nevertheless, he certainly has successfully communicated to others the sense of the weight and vastness of rocks, the untamed wildness of nature unreclaimed. In those days it is manifest that art had not fallen under the influence of Comte's *Philosophie Positive*; and just in proportion as science had not dared narrowly and accurately, by metes and bounds, to circumscribe the confines of art, was there still permitted within art's territories a lawless impulse, a blind yet bold intuition, which cared not to give an account of itself and its doings. Nature was, in those days, for the purposes of art, in some respects better

comprehended and treated by the untutored impulses, than now in our times, when much of her poetry may have fallen the victim to the clear, but cold, dry analysis of the scientific understanding. We do not cry down knowledge, especially when it becomes wisdom; neither do we depreciate science, especially when it rises from crude facts to laws; but we do object to that misapplication of cyclopedic knowledge, and of mere museum and cabinet-compiled science, to the distinct province of painting, whereby, as we have seen, a school of meaningless detail has arisen, which robs art of its imagination, and thereby leaves her powerless.

Our English school once contained the promise of greater things. The visions of Danby and Martin were epics, outbursts of enthusiasm, a grand intermingling of things seen and things imagined, wherein nature and revelation were brought together and fused in the fervour of art-creation. There may be in these works some extravagance. Martin, we believe, boasted that he had put into a picture a building seven miles high; and his colouring, bad in itself, was certainly neither true to nature nor consonant with art-beauty or expression. The pictures of Danby may likewise, no doubt, be open to hostile criticism. But whatever exceptions may be taken, still the works of these men do serve, in some measure, to show what we mean by power in art. Take, for example, Martin's *Fall of Man* — a dreamlike poem of the imagination, wherein the realities of earthly beauty are brought, by the creative power of artistic composition, to make an Eden where God might reveal his glories on the distant mountain-top, or talk, in the heat of the day, beneath the cool shadowy trees. The beauties of Italy, of the Bosphorus, of the Lebanon, and the land of God's revelations, are not unknown to us; yet nowhere can we recall a Godlike scene such as this. We look to this plate, now before us, as a concentration and consummation of what we have seen; and now, in the tranquillity of distance, when memory lends food and fuel to the imagination, this engraving, wretched though it be in execution, communicates that power,

that sense and rapture of infinitude, which, after earth lies exhausted, are still left as a victory for art.

Then, again, turn to an engraving of Danby's *Opening of the Sixth Seal*:—an earthquake rends the rocks and shakes the stars from heaven. Resistless power here breaks forth in judgment—the firmament melts with fervent heat—lightning takes the rocks for thunderbolts, accomplishing the prayer of the kings, of the great men, and of the bondsmen, who cry unto “the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne,” “for the great day of his wrath is come.” Such a work will sufficiently serve to show what we mean by the natural leading up to the supernatural. It brings together, in their full intensity, the elements of earthly power, infuses them with the force of genius, and thus, by the concentration of all power, mental, natural, and in some sense supernatural, a work is created, which becomes in great measure an art-realisation of the miraculous.

Such works are great by the greatness of their conception—by the grandeur of their thoughts, forms, and treatment; and to secure this greatness, the minute details of nature are little needed. The vastness of the scene, the terror of the theme and action, so completely fill the thoughts, that minor facts and incidents are not merely mentally subordinate—they are, indeed, wholly unheeded. Do the kings and bondsmen, who call in terror upon those falling rocks, mark or care whether they be of granite or of mountain limestone? Minor detail in such scenes of tragedy is worse than useless; it is indeed hostile to, if not wholly incompatible with, the power and intensity which, in works of this import, constitute the very essence of the sublime. Minor trivial accessories, unless they involve some deep meaning, and thus cease to be trivial, are only marked by the eye, remembered by the mind, when the thoughts are vacant of weightier matters. Do you think that the Virgin Mary noted the texture of the robes in which the angel Gabriel came to announce his message? In

like manner it was not till later and declining days that art learnt that angels brought not their wings from heaven, but stole them from the sides of hawks; thenceforth painters began to count feathers, and instead of penons dipped in rainbow radiance, the mundane details of a vulture's plumage were given as a substitute for forms and colours which the imagination had fitly chosen, because not belonging to earth. An angel of this nineteenth century would, doubtless, come clothed in Manchester cottons, or Lyons silks, and his mission be unheeded, and his heaven-abode forgotten, in our admiration of the material, texture, and quality of his attire.

We have discoursed thus much of power in many of its aspects, because, in an age eminently powerful, art, as we have said, is comparatively weak. We know, however, no reason why she should not regain in new directions that influence which since the Middle Ages she has lost. Nature, we have seen, contains within her realms, manifestations of power which art has yet to appropriate and make her own. Nature has thoughts of grandeur, waiting only for commensurate genius to mould. It is the power of thought in man that can alone enable art efficiently to work out and manifest the latent yet vital and soul-like powers in nature. We would venture, then, to say to the artist—wait and labour till you have found and framed a thought sufficiently great to be worthy of expression. A noble office devolves upon you: it is required that you shall teach, elevate, and advance your age; but before you can wield a power thus to move, you must by the like power be moved yourself. Men in sufficient numbers will always be found to perform the subordinate work their generation may require; but you, feeling within yourself the promise of greatness, arrest the too easy descent into those minor topics about which the multitude is ever busied; stifle in their first rise the trivialities of purposeless detail; and instead thereof, foster and mature master and moving thoughts. Look out such thoughts in nature—watch for their rising in your own mind—

studiously gather together all the forms and phases of beauty and of grandeur which the life of man and the ways of nature present for your using ; and thus having made your own life a poem, your own mind a temple whereunto all high and beauteous thoughts are flocking, then, in the fulness and overflow of your heart, take canvass, and, in the language of forms, light, shade, and colour, express thoughts worthy of a

great mind discoursing with a high intent. Your works will then move mankind by the power of thought they thus contain. To apply once more the words of Milton to our subject, there will be found "a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they will preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

THE ATHELINGS ; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

BOOK III.—PART X.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE NEW HEIR.

THEY had heard from Charlie, who had already set out upon his journey ; they had heard from Louis, whom Mr Foggo desired to take into his office in Charlie's place in the mean time ; they had heard again and again from Miss Anastasia's solicitor, touching their threatened property ; and to this whole family of women everything around seemed going on with a singular speed and bustle, while they, unwillingly detained among the waning September trees, were, by themselves, so lonely and so still. The only one among them who was not eager to go home was Agnes. Bellevue and Islington, though they were kindly enough in their way, were not meet nurses for a poetic child ;—this time of mountainous clouds, of wistful winds, of falling leaves, was like a new life to Agnes. She came out to stand in the edge of the wood alone, to do nothing but listen to the sweep of the wild minstrel in those thinning trees, or look upon the big masses of cloud breaking up into vast shapes of windy gloom over the spires of the city and the mazes of the river. The great space before and around—the great amphitheatre at her feet—the breeze that came in her face fresh and chill, and touched with rain—the miracles of tiny moss and herbage lying low beneath those fallen leaves—the pale autumn sky, so dark and stormy—the autumn winds, which wailed o' nights

—the picturesque and many-featured change which stole over everything,—carried a new and strange delight to the mind of Agnes. She alone cared to wander by herself through the wood, with its crushed ferns, its piled faggots of firewood, its yellow leaves, which every breeze stripped down. She was busy with the new book, too, which was very like to be wanted before it came ; for all these expenses, and the license which their supposed wealth had given them, had already very much reduced the little store of five-pound notes, kept for safety in Papa's desk.

One afternoon during this time of suspense and uncertainty, the Rector repeated his call at the Lodge. The Rector had never forgiven Agnes that unfortunate revelation of her authorship ; yet he had looked to her notwithstanding through those strange sermons of his, with a constantly-increasing appeal to her attention. She was almost disposed to fancy sometimes that he made special fiery defences of himself and his sentiments, which seemed addressed to her only ; and Agnes fled from the idea with distress and embarrassment, thinking it a vanity of her own. On this day, however, the Rector was a different man—the cloud was off his brow—the apparent restraint, uneasy and galling, under which he had seemed to hold himself, was removed ; a flash of

aroused spirit was in his eye—his very step was eager, and sounded with a bolder ring upon the gravel of the garden path—there was no longer the parochial bow, the clergymanly address, or the restless consciousness of something unreal in both, which once characterised him; he entered among them almost abruptly, and did not say a word of his parishioners, but instead, asked for Louis—told Rachel his sister wished to see her—and, glancing with unconcealed dislike at poor Agnes's blotting-book, wished to know if Miss Atheling was writing now.

"Mr Rivers does not think it right, mamma," said Agnes. She blushed a little under her consciousness of his look of displeasure, but smiled also with a kind of challenge as she met his eye.

"No," said the young clergyman abruptly; "I admire, above all things, understanding and intelligence. I can suppose no appreciation so quick and entire as a woman's; but she fails of her natural standing to me, when I come to hear of her productions, and am constituted a critic—that is a false relationship between a woman and a man."

And Mr Rivers looked at Agnes with an answering flash of pique and offence, which was as much as to say, "I am very much annoyed; I had thought of very different relationships; and it is all owing to you."

"Many very good critics," said Mrs Atheling, piqued in her turn—"a great many people, I assure you, who know about such things, have been very much pleased with Agnes's book."

The Rector made no answer—did not even make a pause—but as if all this was merely irrelevant and an interruption to his real business, said rapidly, yet with some solemnity, and without a word of preface, "Lord Winterbourne's son is dead."

"Who?" said Agnes, whom, unconsciously, he was addressing—and they all turned to him with a little anxiety. Rachel became very pale, and even Marian, who was not thinking at all of what Mr Rivers said, drew a little nearer the table, and

looked up at him wistfully, with her beautiful eyes.

"Lord Winterbourne's son, George Rivers, the heir of the family—he who has been abroad so long; a young man, I hear, whom every one esteemed," said the Rector, bending down his head, as if he exacted from himself a certain sadness, and did indeed endeavour to see how sad it was—"he is dead."

Mrs Atheling rose, greatly moved. "Oh, Mr Rivers!—did you say his son? his only son? a young man? Oh, I pray God have pity upon him! It will kill him;—it will be more than he can bear!"

The Rector looked up at the grief in the good mother's face, with a look and gesture of surprise. "I never heard any one give Lord Winterbourne credit for so much feeling," he said, looking at her with some suspicion; "and surely he has not shown much of it to you."

"Oh, feeling! don't speak of feeling!" cried Mrs Atheling. "It is not that I am thinking of. You know a great many things, Mr Rivers, but you never lost a child."

"No," he said; and then, after a pause, he added, in a lower tone; "in the whole matter, certainly, I never before thought of Lord Winterbourne."

And there was nobody nigh to point out to him what a world beyond and above his philosophy was this simple woman's burst of nature. Yet in his own mind he caught a moment's glimpse of it; for the instant he was abashed, and bent his lofty head with involuntary self-humiliation; but looking up, saw his own thought still clearer in the eye of Agnes, and turned defiant upon her, as if it had been a spoken reproach.

"Well!" he said, turning to her, "was I to blame for thinking little of the possibility of grief in such a man?"

"I did not say so," said Agnes, simply; but she looked awed and grave, as the others did. They had no personal interest at all in the matter; they thought in an instant of the vacant places in their own family and stood silent and sorrowful, looking at the great calamity which made another house desolate. They never

thought of Lord Winterbourne, who was their enemy ; they only thought of a father who had lost his son.

And Rachel, who remembered George Rivers, and thought in the tenderness of the moment that he had been rather kind to her, wept a few tears silently.

All these things disconcerted the Rector. He was impatient of excess of sympathy—ebullitions of feeling ; he was conscious of a restrained, yet intense spring of new hope and vigour in his own life. He had endeavoured conscientiously to regret his cousin ; but it was impossible to banish from his own mind the thought that he was free—that a new world opened to his ambition—that he was the heir !

And he had come, unaware of his own motive, to share this overpowering and triumphant thought with Agnes Atheling, a girl who was no

mate for him, as inferior in family fortune and breeding as it was possible to imagine—and now stood abashed and reproved to see that all his simple auditors thought at once, not of him and his altered position, but of those grand and primitive realities—Death and Grief. He went away hastily and with impatience, displeased with them and with himself—went away on a rapid walk for miles out of his way, striding along the quiet country roads as if for a race ; and a race it was, with his own thoughts, which still were fastest, and not to be overtaken. He knew the truths of philosophy, the limited lines and parallels of human logic and reason ; but he had not been trained among the great original truths of nature ; he knew only what was true to the mind,—not what was true to the heart.

CHAPTER IX.—A VISIT.

“Come down, Agnes, make haste ; mamma wants you—and Miss Anastasia’s carriage is just driving up to the door.”

So said Marian, coming languidly into their sleeping-room, and quite indifferent to Miss Anastasia. She was rather glad indeed to hasten Agnes away, to make an excuse for herself, and gain a half-hour of solitude to read over again Louis’s letter. It was worth while to get letters like those of Louis. Marian sat down on one of Miss Bridget’s old-fashioned chairs, and leaned her beautiful head against its high unyielding angular back. The cover on it was of an ancient blue-striped tabinet, faded, yet still retaining some of its colour, which answered very well to relieve those beautiful half-curled, half-braided locks of Marian’s hair, which had such a tendency to escape from all kinds of bondage. She lay there half reclining upon this stiff uneasy piece of furniture, not at all disturbed by its angularity, her pretty cheek flushing, her pretty lips trembling into half-conscious smiles, reading over again Louis’s letter, which she held after an embracing fashion in both her hands.

And Rachel, with great diffidence,

yet by the Rector’s invitation, had gone to visit Miss Rivers at the Old Wood House. When the other Miss Rivers, chief of the name, entered the little parlour of the Lodge, she found the mother and daughter, who were both acquainted with her secret, awaiting her very anxiously. She came in with a grave face and a deliberate step. She had not changed her dress in any particular, except the colour of her bonnet, which was black, and had some woeful decorations of crape ; but it was evident that she too had been greatly moved and impressed by her young cousin’s death.

“He is dead,” she said, almost as abruptly as the Rector, when she had taken her usual place. “Yes, poor young George Rivers, who was the heir of the house—it was very well for him that he should die.”

“Oh, Miss Rivers !” said Mrs Atheling, “I am very, very sorry for poor Lord Winterbourne.”

“Are you ?” said Miss Anastasia ; —“perhaps you are right,—he will feel this, I dare say, as much as he can feel anything—but *I* was sorry for the boy. Young people think it hard to die—fools !—they don’t know the blessing that lies in it. Living

long enough to come to the crown of youth, and dying in its blossom—that's a lot fit for an angel. Agnes Atheling, never look through your tears at me."

But Agnes could not help looking at the old lady wistfully, with her young inquiring eyes.

"What does the Rector do here?—they tell me he comes often," said Miss Rivers. "Do you know that now, so far as people understand, *he* comes to be heir of Winterbourne?"

"He came to tell us yesterday of the poor young gentleman's death," said Mrs Atheling, "and I thought he seemed a little excited. Agnes, I am sure you observed it as well as I."

"No, mamma," said Agnes, turning away hastily. She went to get some work, that no one might observe her own looks, with a sudden nervous tremor and impatience upon her. The Rector had been very kind to Louis, had done a brother's part to him—far more than any one else in the world had ever done to this friendless youth—yet Louis's friends were labouring with all their might, working in darkness like evil-doers, to undermine the supposed right of Lionel—that right which made his breast expand and his brow clear, and freed him from an uncongenial fate. Agnes sat down trembling, with a sudden nervous access of vexation, disappointment, annoyance, which she could not explain. She had been accustomed for a long time now to follow him with interest and sympathy, and to read his thoughts in those wild public self-revelations of his, which no one penetrated but herself; but she felt actually guilty, a plotter, and concerned against him now.

"I am sorry for Lionel," said Miss Rivers, who had not lost a single fluctuation of colour on Agnes's cheek, nor tremble of emotion in her hurried hands—"but it would have been more grievous for poor George had he lived. There will be only disappointment—not disgrace—for any other heir."

She paused awhile, still watching Agnes, who bent over her work, greatly disposed to cry, and in a very agitated condition of mind. Then

she said as suddenly as before, "I forget my proper errand—I have come for the girls. You are to go up with me to the Priory. Go, make haste—put on your bonnet—I never wait, even for young ladies; call your sister, and make ready to go."

Agnes rose, startled and unwilling, and cast an inquiring look at Mamma. Mrs Atheling was startled too, but she was not insensible to the pride and glory of seeing her two daughters drive off to Abingford Priory in the well-known carriage of Miss Anastasia. "Since Miss Rivers is so good, make haste, my dear," said Mrs Atheling; and Agnes had no alternative but to obey.

When she was gone, Miss Rivers looked round the room inquisitively. Rachel was no great needlewoman, nor much instructed in ordinary feminine pursuits; there were no visible traces of the presence of a third young lady in the little dim parlour. "Where is the girl?" said Miss Anastasia, cautiously,—"*I* was told she was here."

"The Rector asked her to go and see his sister—she is at the Old Wood House," said Mrs Atheling. "I am very sorry—but we never thought of your coming to-day."

"I might come any day," said Miss Rivers, abruptly—"but that is not the question—I prefer not to see her—she is a frightened little dove of a girl—she is not in my way. Is she good for anything?—you ought to know."

"She is a very sweet, amiable girl," said Mrs Atheling, warmly—"and she sings as I never heard any one sing, all my life."

"Ah!" said Miss Rivers, with a look of gratification, "it belongs to the family—music is a tradition among us—yes, yes! You remember my great-grandfather, the fourth lord—he was a great composer." Miss Anastasia was perfectly destitute of the faculty herself, and more than half of the Riverses wanted that humblest of all musical qualifications, "an ear"—yet it was amusing to mark the eagerness of the old lady to find a family precedent for every quality known as belonging to Louis or his sister. "I recollect," added Miss Rivers, bending her brows darkly,

"they wanted to make a singer of her—the more disgrace the better—Oh, I understand their tactics! You are sorry for him?—look at the devilish plans he made."

Mrs Atheling shook her head, but did not reply; she only knew that she would have been sorry for the vilest criminal in the world, had he lost his only son.

"I have heard from your boy," said Miss Rivers. "He is gone now, I suppose. What does Will Atheling think of his son? If he does but as I expect he will, the boy's fortune is made; he shall never repent that he did this service for me."

"But it is a great undertaking," said Mrs Atheling. "I know Charlie will do his best—he is a very good boy, Miss Rivers; but he may not succeed after all."

"He will succeed," said the old lady; "but even if he does not—which I cannot believe—so long as he does all he can, it will not alter me."

The mother's heart swelled high with gratification and pleasure; yet there was a drawback. All this time—since the first day when she heard of it, before she made her discovery,—Miss Anastasia had never referred to the engagement between Louis and Marian. Did she desire to discourage it? Was she likely to perceive a difference in this respect between Louis nameless and without friends, and Louis the heir of Winterbourne?

But Mrs Atheling's utmost penetration could not tell. Miss Rivers began to pull down the books, to look at them, to strike her riding-whip on the floor, and call out good-humouredly in her loud voice, which every one in the house could hear, that she was not to be kept waiting by a parcel of girls. Finally the girls made their appearance in their best dresses; their new patroness hurried them into her carriage, and drove instantly away.

CHAPTER X.—MARIAN ON TRIAL.

Miss Anastasia "preferred not to see" Rachel—yet, with a wayward inclination still, was moved to drive by a circuitous road in front of the Old Wood House, where the girl was. The little vehicle went heavily along the grassy road, cutting the turf, but making little sound as it rolled past the windows of the invalid. There was the velvet lawn, the trim flower-plots, the tall autumnal flowers, the straight and well-kept garden-paths, lying vacant and shadowless beneath the sun—but there was nothing to be discovered under the closed blinds of this shut-up and secluded house.

"Why do they keep their blinds down?" said Miss Anastasia; "all the house surely is not one invalid's room? Lucy was a little fool always. I do not believe there is anything the matter with her. She had what these soft creatures call a disappointment in love—words have different meanings, child. And why does this girl go to see Lucy Rivers? I suppose because she is such a one herself."

"It is because Miss Rivers was

kind to her," said Agnes; "and the Rector asked her to go——"

"The Rector? Do you mean to tell me," said Miss Anastasia, turning quickly upon her companion, "that when Lionel Rivers comes to the Lodge it is for *her* he comes?"

"I do not know," said Agnes. She was provoked to feel how her face burned under the old lady's gaze. She could not help showing something of the anger and vexation she felt. She looked up hastily, with a glance of resentment. "He has been very much interested in Louis—he has been very kind to him," said Agnes, not at all indispensed, for the sake of the Rector, whom every one plotted against, to throw down her glove to Miss Anastasia. "I believe, indeed, it has been to inquire about Louis, that he ever came to the Lodge."

Miss Anastasia touched her ponies with her whip, and said, "Humph!" "Both of them! odd enough," said the old lady. Agnes, who was considerably offended, and not at all in an amicable state of mind, did not choose to inquire who Miss Anas-

tasia meant by "both of them," nor what it was, that was "odd enough."

Marian occupied the seat behind. She liked it very well, though she would rather have written her letter to Louis. She did not quite hear the conversation before her, and did not much care about it. Marian recognised the old lady only as Agnes's friend, and had never connected her in any way with her own fortunes. She was shy of speaking in that stately presence; she was even resentful sometimes of the remarks of Miss Anastasia; and the lofty old gentlewoman had formed but an indifferent idea yet of the little beauty. She was amused with the pretty pout of Marian's lip, the sparkle, sometimes of fun, sometimes of petulance, in her eye; but Marian would have been extremely dismayed to-day had she known that she, and not Agnes, was the principal object of Miss Anastasia's visit, and was, indeed, about to be put upon her trial, to see if she was good for anything. At all events, she was quite at ease and unalarmed now.

They drove along in silence for some time after this—passing through the village and past the Park gates. Then Miss Anastasia took a road quite unfamiliar to the girls—a grass-grown unfrequented path, lying under the shadow of the trees of Winterbourne. She did not say a word till they came to a sudden break in the trees, when she stopped her ponies abruptly, and fixed a sorrowful gaze upon the Hall, which was visible, and close at hand. The white, broad, majestic front of the great house was not unlike a funeral pile at any time; now, with white curtains drawn close over all its scarcely perceptible windows, still veiled in the pomp of mourning, without a gleam of light or colour, in its blind, grand aspect, turning its back upon the sun—there was something very sadly imposing in the desolated house. No one was to be seen about it—not even a servant: it looked like a vast mausoleum, sacred to the dead. "It was very well for him," said Miss Anastasia with a sigh, "very well. If it were not so pitiful a thing to think of, children, I could thank God."

But as the old lady spoke, the tears stood heavy in her eyes.

This was very dreadful, very mysterious, altogether beyond comprehension to Marian. She was glad to turn her eyes away from the house with dislike and terror—it had been Louis's prison, and place of suffering, and not a single hope connected with the Hall of Winterbourne was in Marian's mind. She drew back from Miss Rivers with a shudder—she thought it was the most frightful thing in existence to thank God because this young man had died.

The Priory opened its doors wide to its mistress and her young guests. She led them herself to her favourite room, a very strange place, indeed, to their inexperienced eyes. It was a long narrow room, built over the archway which crossed the entrance to the town of Abingford. This of itself was peculiarity enough; and the walls were of stone, wainscoted to half their height with oak, and the roof was ribbed with strong old oaken rafters, and of course unceiled. Windows on either side, plain lattice windows, with thick mullions of stone, admitted the light in strips between heavy bars of shadow, and commanded a full sight of every one who entered the town of Abingford. On the country side was a long country road, some trees, and the pale convolutions of the river; on the other, there was a glimpse of the market-place of the town, even now astir with a leisurely amount of business, in the centre of which rose an extraordinary building with a piazza, while round it were the best shops of Abingford, and the farmers' inns, which were full on market days. A little old church, rich with the same rude Saxon ornament which decorated the church of Winterbourne, stood modestly among the houses at the corner of the market-place. A few leisurely figures, such as belong to country towns, stood at the doors, or lounged about the pavement; and market-carts came and went slowly under the arch. Marian brightened into positive amusement; she thought it very funny indeed to watch the people and the vehicles slowly disappearing beneath her, and laughed to herself, and thought it

a very odd fancy of Miss Anastasia, to choose her favourite sitting-room here.

The old lady came and stood beside her, somewhat to the embarrassment of Marian. She bade the girl take off her bonnet, which produced its unfailing result, of throwing into a little picturesque confusion those soft, silken, half-curved tresses of Marian's hair. Marian looked out of the window somewhat nervously, a little afraid of Miss Rivers. The old lady looked at her with a keen scrutiny. She was stooping her pretty shoulders in an attitude which might have been awkward in a form less elastic, dimpling her cheek with the fingers which supported it, conscious of Miss Anastasia's gaze, somewhat alarmed, and very shy. In spite of the shrinking, the alarm, and the embarrassment, Miss Rivers looked steadily down upon her with a serious inspection. But even the cloud which began to steal over Marian's brow could not disenchant the eyes that gazed upon her—Miss Anastasia began to smile as everybody else; to feel herself moved to affection, tenderness, regard; to own the fascination which no one resisted. "My dear, you are very pretty," said the old lady, entirely forgetting any prudent precautions on the score of making Marian vain; "many people would tell you, that with a face like that, you need no other attraction. But I was once pretty myself, and I know it does not last for ever; do you ever think about anything, you lovely little child?"

Marian glanced up with an indignant blush and frown; but the look she met was so kind, that it was not possible to answer as she intended. So the pretty head sank down again upon the hand which supported it. She took a little time to compose herself, and then, with some humility, spoke the truth: "I am afraid, not a great deal."

"What do you suppose I do here, all by myself?" said Miss Anastasia, suddenly.

Marian turned her face towards her, looked round the room, and then turned a wistful gaze to Miss Rivers. "Indeed, I do not know," said Marian, in a very low and troubled tone: it

was youth, with awe and gravity and pity, looking out of its bright world upon the loneliness and poverty of age.

That answer and that look brought the examination to a very hasty and sudden conclusion. The old lady looked at her for an instant with a startled glance, stooped over her, kissed her forehead and hurried away. Marian could not tell what she had done, nor why Miss Anastasia's face changed so strangely. She could not comprehend the full force of the contrast, nor how her own simple wonder and pity struck like a sudden arrow to the old lady's heart.

Agnes was puzzled too, and could not help her sister to an explanation. They remained by themselves for some time, rather timidly looking at everything. There were a few portraits hanging high upon the walls, portraits which they knew to be of the family, but could not recognise; and there was one picture of a very strange kind, which all their combined ingenuity could not interpret. It was like one of those old *Dyptichs* used to preserve some rare and precious altar-piece. What was within could not be seen, but on the closed leaves without were painted two solemn angels, with a silvery surrounding of wings, and flowers in their hands. If Miss Anastasia had been a Catholic—even if she had been a dilettante or extreme high churchwoman, it might have been a little private shrine: perhaps it was so: there was a portrait within, which no eyes but her own ever saw. Between the windows the walls were lined with book-cases; that ancient joke of poor Aunt Bridget's, her own initials underneath her pupil's name—the B.A., which conferred a degree upon Anastasia Rivers—turned out to be an intentional thing after all. The girls gazed in awe at Miss Anastasia's book-shelves. She was a great scholar, this old lady. She might have been one of the Heads of Houses in the learned city, but for the unfortunate femininity which debarred her. All by herself among these tomes of grey antiquity—all by herself with her pictures, the sole remnant of another time—it was not wonderful that the two girls paused, looking

out from the sunshine of their youth with reverence, yet with compassion. They honoured her with natural humility, feeling their own ignorance, but notwithstanding, were very sorry for Miss Anastasia, all by herself—more sorry than there was occasion to be—for Miss Anastasia was used to be all by herself, and found enjoyment in it now.

When Miss Anastasia came back she took them to see her garden, and the state-apartments of her great stately house. When they were a little familiar she let them stray on before her, and followed watching. Agnes, perhaps, was still her own favourite

of the two ; but all her observation was given to Marian. As her eyes followed this beautiful figure, her look became more and more satisfied ; and while Marian wandered with her sister about the garden, altogether unconscious of the great possibilities which awaited her, Miss Anastasia's fancy clothed her in robes of state, and covered her with jewels. "He might have married a Duke's daughter," she said to herself, turning away with a pleased eye—"but he might never have found such a beautiful fairy as this ; she is a good little child too, with no harm in her ; and a face for a fairy queen !"

CHAPTER XI.—DISCONTENT.

No one knew the real effect of the blow which had just fallen upon Lord Winterbourne. The guests, of whom his house was full, dispersed as if by magic. Even Mrs Edgerley, in the most fashionable sables, with mourning liveries, and the blinds of her carriage solemnly let down, went forth, as soon as decency would permit, from the melancholy Hall. After all the bustle and all the gaiety of recent days, the place fell into a pause of deadly stillness. Lord Winterbourne sought comfort from no one—showed grief to no one ; he made a sudden pause, like a man stunned, and then, with increased impetus, and with a force and resolution unusual to him, resumed his ancient way once more, and rushed forward with exaggerated activity. Instead of subduing him, this event seemed to have roused all his faculties into a feverish and busy malevolence, as if the man had said, "I have no one to come after me—I will do all the harm I can while my time lasts." All the other gentry of the midland counties, put together, did not bring so many poachers to "justice" as were brought by Lord Winterbourne. It was with difficulty his solicitor persuaded him to pass over the pettiest trespass upon his property. He shut up pathways privileged from time immemorial, ejected poor tenants, encroached upon the village rights, and oppressed the village patriarchs ; and animated as he was by this spirit of ill-will to

every one, it was not wonderful that he endeavoured, with all his might, to press on the suit against the Athelings for the recovery of the Old Wood Lodge.

Mrs Atheling and her daughters, unwilling, embarrassed, and totally ignorant of their real means of defence, remained in their house at the pleasure of the lawyer, and much against their own inclination. Mrs Atheling herself, though with a spark of native spirit she had seconded her husband's resolution not to give up his little inheritance, was entirely worried out with the task of defending it, now that Charlie was gone, and winter was approaching, and her heart yearned to her husband and her forsaken house in Bellevue. When she wrote to Mr Atheling, or when she consulted with Agnes, the good mother expressed her opinion very strongly. "If it turns out a mistake about Louis, none of us will care for this place," said Mrs Atheling ; "we shall have the expense of keeping it up, and unless we were living in it ourselves, I do not suppose it is worth ten pounds a-year ; and if it should turn out true about Louis, of course he would restore it to us, and settle it so that there could be no doubt upon the subject ; and indeed, Agnes, my dear, the only sensible plan that I can think of, would be to give it up at once, and go home. I do think it is quite an unfortunate house for the

Athelings ; there was your father's poor little sister got her death in it ; and it is easy to see how much trouble and anxiety have come into our family since we came here."

"But trouble and anxiety might come anywhere, mamma," said Agnes.

"Yes, my dear, that is very true ; but we should have known exactly what we had to look for, if Marian had been engaged to some one in Bellevue."

Mamma's counsels, accordingly, were of a very timid and compromising character. She began to be extremely afraid that the Old Wood Lodge, being so near the trees, would be damp after all the autumn rains, and that something might possibly happen to Bell and Beau ; and, with all her heart, and without any dispute, she longed exceedingly to be at home. Then there was the pretty pensive Marian, a little love-sick, and pining much for the society of her betrothed. She was a quiet but potent influence, doing what she could to aggravate the discontent of Mamma ; and Agnes had to keep up the family courage, and develop the family patience, single-handed. Agnes, in her own private heart, though she did not acknowledge, nor even know it, was not at all desirous to go away.

The conflict, accordingly, about this small disputed possession, lay a great deal more between Lord Winterbourne and Miss Anastasia than between that unfriendly nobleman and the house of Atheling. Miss Anastasia came frequently on errands of encouragement to fortify the sinking heart of Mrs Atheling. "My great object is to defer the trial of this matter for six months," said the old lady significantly. "Let it come on, and we will turn the tables then."

She spoke in the presence of Marian, before whom nothing could be said plainly—in the presence of Rachel even, whom it was impossible to avoid seeing, but who always kept timidly in the background—and she spoke with a certain exultation which somewhat puzzled her auditors. Charlie, though he had done nothing yet, had arrived at the scene of his labours. Assured of this fact, the

courage of his patroness rose. She was a woman and an optimist, as she confessed. She had the gift of leaping to a conclusion, equal to any girl in the kingdom, and at the present moment was not disturbed by any doubts of success.

"Six months !" cried Mrs Atheling, in dismay and horror, "and do you mean that we must stay here all that time—all the winter, Miss Rivers ? It is quite impossible—indeed I could not do it. My husband is all by himself, and I know how much I am wanted at home."

"It is necessary some one should be in possession," said Miss Rivers. "Eh ? What does Will Atheling say ?—I daresay he thinks it hard enough to be left alone."

Mrs Atheling was very near "giving away." Vexation and anxiety for the moment almost overpowered her self-command. She knew all the buttons must be off Papa's shirts, and stood in grievous fear of a fabulous amount of broken crockery ; besides, she had never been so long parted from her husband since their marriage, and very seriously longed for home.

"Of course it is very dreary for him," she said, with a sigh.

"Mr Temple is making application to defer the trial on the score of an important witness who cannot reach this country in time," said Miss Rivers. "Of course my lord will oppose that with all his power ; he has a natural terror of witnesses from abroad. When the question is decided, I do not see, for my part, why you should remain. This little one pines to go home, I see—but you, Agnes Atheling, you had better come and stay at the Priory—you love the country, child !"

Both the sisters blushed under the scrutinising eye of Miss Anastasia ; but Agnes was not yet reconciled to the old lady. "We are all anxious to go home," she said with spirit, and with considerably more earnestness than the case at all demanded. Miss Rivers smiled a little. She thought she could read a whole romance in the fluctuating colour and troubled glance of Agnes ; but she was wrong, as far-seeing people are so often. The girl was disturbed, uneasy, self-con-

scious, in a startled and impatient condition of mind ; but the romance,

even if it were on the way, had not yet definitely begun.

CHAPTER XII.—A CONVERSATION.

Agnes's rambles out of doors had now almost always to be made alone. Rachel was much engrossed with the invalid of the Old Wood House, who had "taken a fancy" to the gentle little girl. The hypochondriac Miss Rivers was glad of any one so tender and respectful ; and half in natural pity for the sufferings which Rachel could not believe to be fanciful, half from a natural vocation for kindly help and tendance, the girl was glad to respond to the partly selfish affection of her new friend, who told Rachel countless stories of the family, and the whole chronicle in every particular of her own early "disappointment in love." In return, Rachel, by snatches, conveyed to her invalid friend—in whom, after all, she found some points of interest and congeniality—a very exalted ideal picture of the Athelings, the genius of Agnes, and the love-story of Marian. Marian and Agnes occupied a very prominent place indeed in the talk of that shadowy dressing-room, with all its invalid contrivances—its closed green blinds, its soft mossy carpets, on which no footstep was ever audible, its easy little couches, which you could move with a finger ; the luxury, and the stillness, and the gossip, were not at all unpleasant to Rachel ; and she read *Hope Hazlewood* to her companion in little bits, with pauses of talk between. *Hope Hazlewood* was not nearly romantic enough for the pretty faded invalid reposing among her pillows in her white dressing-gown, whom Time seemed to have forgotten there, and who had no recollection for her own part that she was growing old ; but she took all the delight of a girl in hearing of Louis and Marian—how much attached to each other, and how handsome they both were.

And Marian Atheling did not care half so much as she used to do for the long rambles with her sister, which were once such a pleasure to both the girls. Marian rather now preferred sitting by herself over her

needlework, or lingering alone at the window, in an entire sweet idleness, full of all those charmed visions with which the very name of Louis peopled all the fairy future. Not the wisest, or the wittiest, or the most brilliant conversation in the world could have half equalled to Marian the dreamy pleasure of her own meditations. So Agnes had to go out alone.

Agnes did not suffer very much from this necessity. She wandered along the skirts of the wood, with a vague sense of freedom and enjoyment not easy to explain in words. No dreamy trance of magic influence had come upon Agnes ; her mind, and her heart, and her thoughts, were quickened by a certain thrill of expectation, which was not to be referred to the strange romance now going on in the family—to Charlie's mission, nor Louis's prospects, nor anything else which was definite and ascertained. She knew that her heart rose, that her mind brightened, that her thoughts were restless and light, and not to be controlled ; but she could not tell the reason why. She went about exploring all the country byways, and finding little tracks among the brushwood undiscoverable to the common eye ; and she was not cogitating anything, scarcely was thinking, but somehow felt within her whole nature a silent growth and increase not to be explained.

She was pondering along, with her eyes upon the wide panorama at her feet, when it chanced to Agnes, suddenly and without preparation, to encounter the Rector. These two young people, who were mutually attracted to each other, had at the present moment a mutual occasion of embarrassment and apparent offence. The Rector could not forget how very much humbled in his own opinion he himself had been on his late visit to the Lodge ; he had not yet recovered the singular check given to his own unconscious selfishness by the natural sympathy of these

simple people, with the grander primitive afflictions and sufferings of life : and he was not without an idea that Agnes looked upon him now with a somewhat disdainful eye. Agnes, on her part, was greatly oppressed by the secret sense of being concerned against the Rector ; in his presence she felt like a culprit—a secret plotter against the hope which brightened his eye, and expanded his mind. A look of trouble came at once into her face ; her brow clouded—she thought it was not quite honest to make a show of friendship, while she retained her secret knowledge of the inquiry which might change into all the bitterness of disappointment his sudden and unlooked-for hope.

He had been going in the opposite direction, but, though he was not at all reconciled to her, he was not willing either to part with Agnes. He turned, only half consciously, only half willingly, yet by an irresistible compulsion. He tried indifferent conversation, and so did she ; but, in spite of himself, Lionel Rivers was a truer man with Agnes Atheling than he was with any other person in the world. He who had never cared for sympathy from any one, somehow or other felt a necessity for hers, and had a certain imperious disappointment and impatience when it was withheld from him, which was entirely unreasonable, and not to be accounted for. He broke off abruptly from the talk about nothing, to speak of some intended movements of his own.

"I am going to town," said Mr Rivers. "I am somewhat unsettled at present in my intentions ; after that, probably, I may spend some time abroad."

"All because he is the heir!" thought Agnes to herself ; and again she coloured with distress and vexation. It was impossible to keep something of this from her tone ; when she spoke it was in a voice subdued a little out of its usual tenor ; but all that she asked was a casual question, meaning nothing—"If Mr Mead would have the duty while the Rector was away?"

"Yes," said the Rector ; "he is very much better fitted for it than I am. Here I have been cramping my

wings these three years. Fathers and mothers are bitterly to blame ; they bind a man to what his soul loathes, because it is his best method of earning some paltry pittance—so much a-year!"

After this exclamation the young clergyman made a pause, and so did his diffident and uneasy auditor, who "did not like" either to ask his meaning, or to make any comment upon it. After a few minutes he resumed again—

"I suppose it must constantly be so where we dare to think for ourselves," he said in a tone of self-conversation. "A man who thinks *must* come to conclusions different from those which are taught to him—different, perhaps, from all that has been concluded truest in the ages that are past. What shall we say? Woe be to me if I do not follow out my reasoning, to whatever length it may lead!"

"When Paul says, Woe be to him, it is, if he does not preach the Gospel," said Agnes.

Mr Rivers smiled. "Be glad of your own happy exemption," he said, turning to her, with the air of a man who knows by heart all the old arguments—all the feminine family arguments against scepticism and dangerous speculations. "I will leave you in possession of your beautiful Gospel—your pure faith. I shall not attempt to disturb your mind—do not fear."

"You could not!" said Agnes, in a sudden and rash defiance. She turned to him in her turn, beginning to tremble a little with the excitement of controversy. She was a young polemic, rather more graceful in its manifestation, but quite as strong in the spirit of the conflict as any Mause Headrigg—which is to say, that, after her eager girlish fashion, she believed with her whole heart, and did not know what toleration meant.

Mr Rivers smiled once more. "I will not try," he said. "I remember what Christ said, and endeavour to have charity even for those who condemn me."

"Oh, Mr Rivers!" cried Agnes suddenly, and with trembling, "do not speak so coldly—do not say Christ ;

it sounds as if you did not care for Him—as if you thought He was no friend to you.”

The Rector paused, somewhat startled; it was an objection which never had occurred to him—one of those subtle touches concerning the spirit and not the letter, which, being perfectly sudden, and quite simple, had some chance of coming to the heart.

“What do you say?” he asked with a little interest.

Agnes’s voice was low, and trembled with reverence and with emotion. She was not thinking of him, in his maze of intellectual trifling—she was thinking of that Other, whom she knew so much better, and whose name she spoke. She answered with an involuntary bending of her head—“Our Lord.”

It was no conviction that struck the mind of the young man—conviction was not like to come readily to him—and he was far too familiar with all the formal arguments, to be moved by the reasonings of a polemic, or the fervour of an enthusiast. But he who professed so much anxiety about truth, and contemplated himself as a moral martyr, woefully following his principles, though they led him to ever so dark a desolation, had lived all his life among an infinite number of shams, and willingly enough had yielded to many of them. Perhaps this was the first time in his life in which he had been brought into immediate contact with people who were simply true in their feelings and their actions—whose opinions were without controversy—whose settled place in life, humble as it was, shut them out from secondary emulations and ambitions—and who were swayed by the primitive rule of human existence—the labour and the rest, the affliction and the prosperity, which were real things, and not creations of the brain. He paused a little over the words of Agnes Atheling. He did not want her to think as he did; he was content to believe that the old boundaries were suitable and seemly for a woman; and he was rather pleased than otherwise, by the horror, interest, and regret which such opinions as his generally met with. He paused upon her words,

with the air of a spectator, and said in a meditative fashion, “It is a glorious faith.”

Now Agnes, who was not at all satisfied with this contemplative approval, was entirely ready and eager for controversy; prepared to plunge into it with the utmost rashness, utterly unaccoutred and ignorant as she was. She trembled with suppressed fervour and excitement over all her frame. She was as little a match for the Rector in the argument which she would fain have entered into, as any child in the village; but she was far too strong in the truth of her cause to feel any fear.

“Do you ever meet with great trouble?” said Agnes.

It was quite an unexpected question. The Rector looked at her inquiringly, without the least perception what she meant.

“And when you meet with it,” continued the eager young champion, “what do you say?”

Now this was rather a difficult point with the Rector; it was not naturally his vocation to administer comfort to “great trouble”—in reality, when he was brought face to face with it, he had nothing to say. He paused a little, really embarrassed—that was the curate’s share of the business. Mr Rivers was very sorry for the poor people, but had, in fact, no consolation to give, and thought it much more important to play with his own mind and faculties in this solemn and conscientious trifling of his, than to attend to the griefs of others. He answered, after some hesitation: “There are different minds, of course, and different influences applicable to them. Every man consoles himself after his own fashion; for some there are the sublime consolations of Philosophy, for others the rites of the Church.”

“Some time,” said Agnes suddenly, turning upon him with earnest eyes, “some time, when you come upon great sorrow, will you try the name of our Lord?”

The young man was startled again, and made no answer. He was struck by the singular conviction that this girl, inferior to himself in every point, had a certain real and sublime acquaintance with that wonder-

ful Person of whom she spoke ; that this was by no means belief in a doctrine, but knowledge of a glorious and extraordinary Individual, whose history no unbeliever in the world has been able to divest of its original majesty. The idea was altogether new to him ; it found an unaccustomed way to the heart of the speculatist—that dormant power which scarcely any one all his life had tried to reach to. “I do not quite understand you,” he said somewhat moodily ; but he did not attend to what she said afterwards. He pondered upon the problem by himself,

and could not make anything of it. Arguments about doctrines and beliefs were patent enough to the young man. He was quite at home among dogmas and opinions—but, somehow, this personal view of the question had a strange advantage over him. He was not prepared for it ; its entire and obvious simplicity took away the ground from under his feet. It might be easy enough to persuade a man out of conviction of a doctrine which he believed, but it was a different matter to disturb the identity of a person whom he knew.

CHAPTER XIII.—SUSPENSE.

In the mean time, immediate interest in their own occupations had pretty nearly departed from the inhabitants of the Old Wood Lodge. Agnes went on with her writing, Mamma with her work-basket, Marian with her dreams ; but desk, and needle, and meditations were all alike abandoned in prospect of the postman, who was to be seen making his approach for a very long way, and was watched every day with universal anxiety. What Louis was doing, what Charlie was doing, the progress of the lawsuit, and the plans of Miss Anastasia, continually drew the thoughts of the household away from themselves. Even Rachel’s constant report of the unseen invalid, Miss Lucy, added to the general withdrawal of interest from the world within to the world without. They seemed to have nothing to do themselves in their feminine quietness. Mamma sat pondering over her work—about her husband, who was alone, and did not like his solitude—about Charlie, who was intrusted with so great a commission—about “all the children”—every one of whom seemed to be getting afloat on a separate current of life. Agnes mused over her business with impatient thoughts about the Rector, with visions of Rachel and Miss Lucy in the invalid chamber, and vain attempts to look into the future and see what was to come. As for Marian, the charmed tenor of *her* fancies knew no alteration ; she floated on, without inter-

ruption, in a sweet vision, full of a thousand inconsistencies, and wilder than any romance. Their conversation ran no longer in the ancient household channel, and was no more about their own daily occupations ; they were spectators eagerly looking from the windows at nearly a dozen different conflicts, earnestly concerned, and deeply sympathetic, but not in the strife themselves.

Louis had entered Mr Foggo’s office ; it seemed a strange destination for the young man. He did not tell any one how small a remuneration he received for his labours, nor how he contrived to live in the little room, in the second floor of one of those Islington houses. He succeeded in existing—that was enough—and Louis did not chafe at his restrained and narrow life, by reason of having all his faculties engaged and urgent in a somewhat fanciful mode of securing the knowledge which he longed for concerning his own birth and derivation. He had ascertained from Mr Atheling every particular concerning the Rivers family which *he* knew. He had even managed to seek out some old servants once at the Hall, and with a keen and intense patience had listened to every word of a hundred aimless and inconclusive stories from these respectable authorities. He was compiling, indeed, neither more nor less than a *life* of Lord Winterbourne—a history which he endeavoured to verify in every particular

as he went on, and which was written with the sternest impartiality—a plain and clear record of events. Perhaps a more remarkable manuscript than that of Louis never existed; and he pursued his tale with all the zest, and much more than the excitement, of a romancer. It was a true story, of which he laboured to find out every episode; and there was a powerful unity and constructive force in the one sole unvarying interest of the tale. Mr Atheling had been moved to tell the eager youth *all* the particulars of his early acquaintance with Lord Winterbourne—and still the story grew—the object of the whole being to discover, as Louis himself said, “what child there was whom it was his interest to disgrace and defame.” The young man followed hotly upon this clue. His thoughts had not been directed yet to anything resembling the discovery of Miss Anastasia; it had never occurred to him that his disinheritance might be absolutely the foundation of all Lord Winterbourne’s greatness; but he hovered about the question with a singular pertinacity, and gave his full attention to it. Inspired by this, he did not consider his meagre meal, his means so narrow that it was the hardest matter in the world to eat daily bread. He pursued his story with a concentration of purpose which the greatest poet in existence might have envied. He was a great deal too much in earnest to think about the sentences in which he recorded what he learnt. The consequence was, that this memoir of Lord Winterbourne was a model of terse and pithy English—an unexampled piece of biography. Louis did not say a word about it to any one, but pursued his labour and his

inquiry together, vainly endeavouring to find out a trace of some one whom he could identify with himself.

Meanwhile, Papa began to complain grievously of his long abandonment, and moved by Louis on one side, and by his own discomfort on the other, became very decided in his conviction that there was no due occasion for the absence of his family. There was great discontent in No. 10 Bellevue, and there was an equal discontent, rather more overpowering, and quite as genuine, in the Old Wood Lodge, where Mamma and Marian vied with each other in anxiety, and thought no cause sufficiently important to keep them any longer from home. Agnes expressed no opinion either on one side or the other; she was herself somewhat disturbed and unsettled, thinking a great deal more about the Rector than was at all convenient, or to her advantage. After that piece of controversy the Rector began to come rather often to the Lodge. He never said a word again touching that one brief breath of warfare, yet they eyed each other distrustfully, with a mutual consciousness of what had occurred, and might occur again. It was not a very lover-like point of union, yet it was a secret link of which no one else knew. Unconsciously it drew Agnes into inferences and implications, which were spoken at the Rector; and unconsciously it drew him to more sympathy with common trials, and a singular inclination to experiment, as Agnes had bidden him, with her sublime talisman—that sole Name given under heaven, which has power to touch into universal brotherhood the whole universal heart of man.

CHAPTER XIV.—NEWS.

While the Lodge remained in this ferment of suspense and uncertainty, Miss Anastasia had taken her measures for its defence and preservation. It was wearing now towards the end of October, and winter was setting in darkly. There was no more than a single rose at a time now upon the porch, and these roses looked so pale,

pathetic, and solitary, that it was rather sad than pleasant to see the lonely flowers. On one of the darkest days of the month, when they were all rather more listless than usual, Miss Anastasia’s well-known equipage drew up at the gate. They all hailed it with some pleasure. It was an event in the dull day and discour-

raging atmosphere. She came in with her loud cheerful voice, her firm step, her energetic bearing—and even the pretty *fiancée* Marian raised her pretty stooping shoulders, and woke up from her fascinated musing. Rachel alone drew shyly towards the door; she had not overcome a timidity very nearly approaching fear, which she always felt in presence of Miss Anastasia. She was the only person who ever entered this house who made Rachel remember again her life at the Hall.

“I came to show you a letter from your boy; read it while I talk to the children,” said Miss Rivers. Mrs Atheling took the letter with some nervousness; she was a little fluttered, and lost the sense of many of the expressions; yet lingered over it, notwithstanding, with pride and exultation. She longed very much to have an opportunity of showing it to Agnes; but that was not possible; so Mrs Atheling made a virtuous attempt to preserve in her memory every word that her son said. This was Charlie’s letter to his patroness:—

“MADAM,—I have not made very much progress yet. The courier, Jean Monti, is to be heard of as you suggested; but it is only known on the road that he lives in Switzerland, and keeps some sort of inn in one of the mountain villages. No more as yet; but I will find him out. I have to be very cautious at present, because I am not yet well up in the language. The town is a ruinous place, and I cannot get the parish registers examined as one might do in England. There are several families of decayed nobles in the immediate neighbourhood, and, so far as I can hear, *Giulietta* is a very common name. Travelling Englishmen, too, are so frequent that there is a good deal of difficulty. I am rather inclined to fix upon the villa Remori, where there are said to have been several English marriages. It has been an extensive place, but is now broken down, decayed, and neglected; the family have a title, and are said to be very handsome, but are evidently very poor. There is a mother and a number of daughters, only one or two

grown up; I try to make acquaintance with the children. The father died early, and had no brothers. I think possibly this might be the house of *Giulietta*, as there is no one surviving to look after the rights of her children, did she really belong to this family. Of course, any relatives she had, with any discretion, would have inquired out her son in England; so I incline to think she may have belonged to the villa Remori, as there are only women there.

“I have to be very slow on account of my Italian—this, however, remedies itself every day. I shall not think of looking for Monti till I have finished my business here, and am on my way home. The place is unprosperous and unhealthy, but it is pretty, and rather out of the way—few travellers came, they tell me, till within ten years ago; but I have not met with any one yet whose memory carried back at all clearly for twenty years. A good way out of the town, near the lake, there is a kind of mausoleum which interests me a little, not at all unlike the family tomb at Winterbourne; there is no name upon it; it lies quite out of the way, and I cannot ascertain that any one has ever been buried there; but something may be learned about it, perhaps, by-and-by.

“When I ascertain anything of the least importance, I shall write again.

“Madam,

“Your obedient servant,
“CHARLES ATHELING.”

Charlie had never written to a lady before; he was a little embarrassed about it the first time, but this was his second epistle, and he had become a little more at his ease. The odd thing about the correspondence was, that Charlie did not express either hopes or opinions; he did not say what he expected, or what were his chances of success—he only reported what he was doing; any speculation upon the subject, more especially at this crisis, would have been out of Charlie’s way.

“What do you call your brother when you write to him?” asked Miss Anastasia abruptly, addressing Rachel.

Rachel coloured violently; she had

so nearly forgotten her old system—her old representative character—that she was scarcely prepared to answer such a question. With a mixture of her natural manner and her assumed one, she answered at last, in considerable confusion, “We call him Louis; he has no other name.”

“Then he will not take the name of Rivers?” said Miss Anastasia, looking earnestly at the shrinking girl.

“We have no right to the name of Rivers,” said Rachel, drawing herself up with her old dignity, like a little queen. “My brother is inquiring who we are. We never belonged to Lord Winterbourne.”

“Your brother is inquiring? So!” said Miss Anastasia; “and he is perfectly right. Listen, child—tell him this from me—do you know what Atheling means? It means noble, illustrious, royally born. In the old Saxon days the princes were called Atheling. Tell your brother that Anastasia Rivers bids him bear this name.”

This address entirely confused Rachel, who remained gazing at Miss Rivers blankly, unable to say anything. Marian stirred upon her chair with sudden eagerness, and put down her needlework, gazing also; but after quite a different fashion, in Miss Anastasia’s face. The old lady caught the look of both, but only replied to the last.

“You are startled, are you, little beauty? Did you never hear the story of Margaret Atheling, who was an exile, and a saint, and a queen? My child, I should be very glad to make sure that you were a true Atheling too.”

Marian was not to be diverted from her curiosity by any such observation. She cast a quick look from

Miss Rivers to her mother, who was pondering over Charlie’s letter, and from Mrs Atheling to Agnes, who had not been startled by the strange words of Miss Anastasia; and suspicion, vague and unexplainable, began to dawn in Marian’s mind.

“The autumn assizes begin to-day,” said Miss Anastasia with a little triumph; “too soon, as Mr Temple managed it, for your case to have a hearing; it must stand over till the spring now—six months—by that time, please God, we shall be ready for them. Agnes Atheling, how long is it since you began to be deaf and blind?”

Agnes started with a little confusion, and made a hurried inarticulate answer. There was a little quiet quarrel all this time going on between Agnes and Miss Rivers; neither the elder lady nor the younger was quite satisfied—Agnes feeling herself something like a conspirator, and Miss Anastasia a little suspicious of her, as a disaffected person in the interest of the enemy. But Mamma by this time had come to an end of Charlie’s letter, and, folding it up very slowly, gave it back to its proprietor. The good mother did not feel it at all comfortable to keep this information altogether to herself.

“It is not to be tried till spring!” said Mrs Atheling, who had caught this observation. “Then, I think, indeed, Miss Rivers, we must go home.”

And, to Mamma’s great comfort, Miss Anastasia made no objection. She said kindly that she should miss her pleasant neighbours. “But what may be in the future, girls, no one knows,” said Miss Rivers, getting up abruptly. “Now, however, before this storm comes on, I am going home.”

A CROW PLUCKED WITH MR J. BULL.

"Let us reason together."—PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY.

A STOUT gentleman! Well, show him in—quick! Too cold this to let a man stand in a lobby. Who on earth can be our stout visitor? We can make no sort of guess concerning him. Those champions of the helpless, the guardians of the aged Doe and venerable Roe, are, in this our borough, of a semblance befitting their caitiff calling—lean and gaunt. The myrmidons of the Exchequer, being curses to all sorts and conditions of men, are individually known as well as Pauls, and would have been announced by name with a shudder. Our warm and portly relatives do not affect our society about Christmas-time—only they of the empty paunch and napless sleeve do frequent our hearth and discover our worthiness. Stout—stout, eh! Surely our uncle from Singapore—without a line—or the letter miscarried, perhaps! Heavens! if he should?—Hah! our excellent Mr Bull! Why, among all our speculations relative to the stout arrival, you never crossed our imagination. You have been so engaged abroad of late that one had forgotten how you look at a fireside. Most heartily do we welcome you, our dearsir, and wish you sincerely a happy new-year, and many of them. There, sir, in that large chair, kept for guests of your capacity. We cannot half fill it. And now let us inquire how Mrs Bull has got through the last trying year or two. Yes, nervous, no doubt; but her maternal anxieties will be allayed, now that her progeny are tranquil again. Poor lady! she must have suffered severely with the loss of some and the peril of others. But this is not the season for mournful subjects. Allow us, sir,—undeniable October, sweet and home-brewed, such as your soul loveth. None of your *amari aliquid* to smother our Christmas jokes. The genuine hop—nothing worse. And now a slice of our cake—dreadfully shorn of the proportions which it owned on the 25th ultimo; but, *ex pede Herculem!* the sector shows

you what the circle *was*. These little mouths, Mr Bull, which are one day, if God will, to speak out for your rights at home, or shout your war-cry in distant lands, are at present very maelstroms for plum-cake. Quite right, sir, and thank you kindly for the compliment. It is the handiwork of our helpmate, God bless her! and she still thrives and blooms. She has a weakness, of which Mrs Bull herself is not entirely guiltless, and of which we are reminded in the Church-service every Christmas. She has multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy; ha, ha, ha! Well, sir, I suppose we ought to rejoice in our full quivers. Our little party are all gone with their mother to the Pantomime, which is the reason why our better-half is not here to welcome you; and we ourself were just inditing an epistle to one of your best and truest friends, whose warnings and advice you would do well to "bind for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes." We were addressing Maga. Maga would have saved you a world of trouble, if you would have listened to her. She detects in advance the knaves and quacks, whom you don't discover till after they have fleeced you. Talking of that, two of your sons, Smith and Brown, called here lately, and both appeared a good deal out of sorts. Brown was surly about the way in which you were persuaded to patch up that last row, and said you hadn't even achieved the paltry object of saving your money by putting an end to the strife, for your steward is still making you pay fighting prices. And Smith seemed in despair about a big loaf, for the promise of which, never fulfilled, you had, he said, bartered half the patrimony. Pardon us, dear sir, if we are indiscreet in repeating Smith Bull's growling. We knew not the subject was so sore. Let us change it, and ask concerning your other children. Indeed! we grieve to hear you speak so of Jack. We

remember him as your favourite son. His blue jacket and bituminous continuations appeared more becoming to parental eyes than the most dazzling teguments of Bond Street. You used to talk with such pride of his achievements, and his dashing, open, dare-devil character! "Show me the danger or the difficulty," you used to say, "that human powers can face or overcome, and if my Jack don't compass it, I'll eat the rascal, body and sleeves. Let his foes be ten to one, and it makes no difference, save that Jack's energy and appetite for fighting are redoubled. Jack, damn him, 's my own son!" Then how obstinately you shut your ears and eyes to his defects, and made virtues of his vices. His thriftlessness, his alcoholic bias, his imprecatory conceits, his polygamic modes—how you excused all for the glory which he brought to his father's house. A wave of that bit of bunting, which you so exultingly associate with the battles and breezes of a thousand years, unlocked his fond parent's heart, and unbuttoned his breeches pocket. Sad, indeed, to hear that Jack, who used to *go in* anywhere and everywhere, should go and look at a fortress, exchange a broadside at long range, and haul off; or, worse still, take up a position out of his enemy's reach, throw iron through the sky like hail, and sail away, crowing as if the ears of every hearer should tingle at his deeds. Very different, certainly, from the Jack of Basque Roads or Aboukir. But bethink you, good sir, whether Jack does not in the main derive his character from yourself, and change as *you* change. When your behaviour was hearty and liberal and wise toward Jack, he did not disappoint you. There was no accident in the matter. They under whose guidance Jack earned his deathless name all appeared and disappeared together. You desired heroes, and you had nothing else. To name Jack, his chiefs, or his mates, was to name heroes. One of them might have risen by chance in spite of unfavourable times; but when they abounded—when Hoste and Phillimore were second-rate names—when, after finding, ten times over, his match for every man of note that

had gone before, you had still, without co-rival, on the very pinnacle of renown, your Sidney Smith, your Cochrane, your Pellew, and that other whom we need not name to you—that other who lived but that your enemies might lick the dust, and whose last-recorded thought was for your honour, and a watchword for true Bulls in all time—who could call such a galaxy the work of chance? No; you, Mr Bull, made Jack what he then was; you, and not Jack, are to blame, if your glory does not shine with the old lustre. When you beat up your spear into a spinning-jenny, and your sword into a gold-digger's spade—when you got tired of hearing Jack called "the chivalrous"—when you thought you would grow rich and luxurious, and never want Jack any more—then Jack's heart broke, and by the time your need of him came, you had reduced him to a skeleton.

By the by, Mr Bull, while we are on this subject, allow us to ask, whether you, who have so straitly scrutinised the doings of other people during the last two or three years, are entirely satisfied with your own conduct in the same period? Don't trouble yourself to repeat the stereotyped flummery about high principles, rights of nations, defence of the oppressed, and so forth. Keep that for dinner and hustings oratory. But just tell us, like a man, and confidentially, whether your late doings afford a pleasing retrospect, and increase your self-respect? You think so! Well, we confess our inability to reconcile your proceedings with any of your acknowledged guides of action. You have just come out of an expensive and tolerably bloody war, undertaken, so you would have us believe, on high chivalrous grounds. You appeared as the champion of the oppressed, the ally of the weak against the strong, the assertor of the rights of nations. You had nothing to gain, not you; on the contrary, you had a bill like a woodcock's to pay, and your steward has been squeezing you ever since more than you like, and apparently more than you intend to endure for many months more. That's correct, eh? Yes, those com-

placent nods show how very disinterested you think your own conduct to have been. You think the argument unanswerable, "because you paid a great deal, and set to work with the full knowledge that you could not possibly gain by the war, therefore you were actuated by the most honourable motives." Well, pause a minute, and think. "Are there no other discreditable inducements to action besides the prospect of material gain; and are there not evil desires, for the gratification of which men will submit to considerable sacrifices?" Most of us, we fear, often attain, at great cost, indulgences which we would rather not hear called by their right names. You remember your friend Shylock's disinterested little remark—

"If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them; I would have my bond."

No, no, sir, pray don't lose your equanimity. We don't mean to compare you with Shylock—we don't indeed. We merely quote a familiar character to prove that sometimes those who are proverbially fond of their money (and you know, Mr Bull, that common fame attributes to you a very high respect for the precious metals) will part with it liberally to indulge another passion, standing, for the occasion, still higher in their affections. You don't see how the observation applies? Well, permit us a moment longer. You know that high moral principles will in similar cases always lead the same way. They are based on a paramount respect for equity, and know no distinction between great and small, between black and white. They discard all selfish considerations. Now you, if you acted in the spirit by which you flatter yourself, and would fain persuade the world, that you are inspired, would be just as ready to spend your guineas in the cause of one oppressed nation as of another, wouldn't you? But if our memory deceive us not, you looked on with charming equanimity while unfortunate Mexico was being "rasped into eternal extinction, and having of her limbs took off, and

getting of 'em starved and striped considerable unceremonious," as her bucaneeering invaders boasted. We don't remember that your sense of justice was greatly shocked on this occasion, or that you took much notice of the matter, further than to observe that Jonathan had robbed the Mexicans of their territory, much as you would remark, in the present day, that an old gentleman had been garrotted, or a house been burglariously entered opposite the station-house in Westbourne Park. It never seemed to strike you that the affair in any respect concerned you. Very different this coolness from the noble indignation you expressed at the Menschikoff insolences, and the invasion of the Principalities! In the one case you were quite apathetic—nay, half an abettor of the wrong; in the other your whole soul is aroused, you cannot contain your holy wrath, and you at length take up arms to vindicate outraged justice. Contemptible people! Why, dear sir, are Spaniards more contemptible than Turks? And if they were, we can't see how that alters the moral complexion of the cases; nor why that should be atrocious and intolerable when committed by an autocratic ruler, which is pardonable and insignificant when the act of an "almighty coagulation of onshackulated intelligences."

Let us leave this subject for a while, and say a word or two touching another matter. You have been very lately meddling in the internal affairs of a petty Italian kingdom, whose ruler does not administer justice exactly according to your canons. His offences caused your virtuous rage so to boil over, that you condescended to bully the miserable regulus—you who could crush him with your little finger! You have been ranting for months past about Neapolitan tyranny, and unable to rest in your bed while such a monster stalked unpunished. It interfered in no manner with you. It paid you the compliment of agreeing to all your theories about paternal governments, greatest happiness, rights of man, and so on; but it did not carry them into practice exactly as you would have had it. You

threatened hostilities, and though you saw some good reason for at length drawing in your horns, you showed unmistakably, like that gentleman who was found in a Kentuckian ploughed field with each of his thumbs cruelly probing a furrow, "how you *would* have gouged him." Now, let us compare the government of Naples with another government. We can point to a country where, for every sufferer by Neapolitan tyranny, at least a thousand are in the light of day crushed in open and hopeless slavery; where, instead of the inhumanity being an abuse or evasion of the law of the country, the law itself supports and commands the atrocity; where you, if you express your disapprobation, instead of receiving a propitiatory answer, or a denial or explanation of your charge, will be told that the thing is, and is to be; and that if any Britisher desires an anodyne for his outraged sensibility, he may have it in the form of whipping, gouging, skewering, or chawing up, if he will cross the Atlantic to receive those compensations. If it needs be that you defend and avenge the oppressed, here, undoubtedly, is the country where your interference is most required. It is an extensive and powerful nation, a match for you; one that you may attack without discredit, which can hardly be said of a poor Italian state. Yet you not only tolerate Jonathan's cruelties and injustice, but you endure from him insults such as no country in Europe would dare to offer you. You, the champion of morality and humanity, single out for your forbearance, and accept injury from, the very power which is most open to reproach in these respects. How is this, sir? We fear that your boasted principles do not stand very well the test of an examination of this kind! Jonathan took advantage of your being engaged in an ugly contest, to pick a quarrel with you, and, but for your settling your affair when you did, might have proved an irritating thorn in your side. He dismissed your minister, insulted you, and, but for your temperate bearing, would have blown up a war. Well, we will hope and concede that the bluster then heard was not a serious

expression of Jonathan's mind. Still it was injudicious, ill-timed, and not over complimentary. Had a monarch done so,

"Even though he swore it only was in fun,"

you would have stirred the fires of Phlegethon, and precipitated upon him that vast armament which you happened at the moment to have disengaged from recent strife. You had, however, blown off your superfluous steam, your bristles were down, you exhibited your patience, and—

Don't be angry, our dear friend; we do not, and never did, mean to say that you *were* afraid of him. We think we understand pretty clearly why you acted as you did; but our present object is simply to show that you are not over-consistent in your conduct, and that although you give utterance to sounding sentiments, and appear so delighted with your own doings, the whole world is not disposed to take you at your valuation. We must tell you candidly that we consider you something of a *humbug*. That you have reasons for what you do, we feel certain; but we are equally certain that your ostensible are not your real motives. We doubt whether you are yourself aware of your real motives. Persons under the influence of prejudice generally allow it to deceive them.

Well, sir, don't be impatient, and we *will* come to the point. We say that you hated Nicholas, and hate his son—that you hate Clicquot, and Bomba, and Francis Joseph, because the form of their governments does not assimilate to the form of yours: that you tolerate Jonathan and some other individuals because their governments do assimilate in form to yours. Tried by this rule, your conduct is consistent and intelligible enough. The justest, the ablest, and the most humane ruler in the world, would experience your odium if his power were absolute: the greatest ruffians, if acknowledging a government nominally constitutional and liberal, are, to a certain extent, assured of your sympathy and support. But this is not your way of putting the case. You are too prudish to proceed boldly and avowedly to the gratification of discreditable

passions and prejudices. You pay to justice and humanity the homage of hypocritically allying yourself with them. You do not, like your precious friend across the Atlantic, incontinently knock down and rob or murder those against whom you conceive a dislike; but you wait until, under some moral pretext, you can indulge your aversion. If the occasion is long in coming, the offender's prudence but aggravates wrath against the day of wrath. The longer your vengeance is postponed, the more it increases. You make but a sorry show of suppressing your ill-will, which is evermore breaking out in some petty paltry spite.

Pardon us, sir; Louis Napoleon is *not* an exception to the rule. His case tells quite the other way. Look back a few years, to the time when he made himself absolute, and reflect on your feelings and language towards him at that time. His extreme prudence, and, may be, a thought of "*auld lang syne*," gained time for your indignation to evaporate. You remembered the day when he was *not exactly* an emperor, but as disaffected as your heart could desire; when he tasted of your salt and you held before him your crabstick like an *Ægis*. Then came the Nicholas affair, which forced you both to join hands. He stood by you there; and his day's service at Shrewsbury has gilded over his exploit on Gadshill. Have a care, sir, that no nonsensical tetchiness destroy the existing harmony.

By no means, sir, quite the contrary. We don't want you to go to war with Jonathan, nor with any other power that will leave you uninjured and unmolested. We think you submitted to a great deal from Jonathan the other day, but you can afford to be magnanimous, if you would but be consistent. Show yourself superior to his impertinence, if you will; but do not suffer your forbearance to be misunderstood. Do not, by behaving in an undignified, galling, waspish manner, on this side the Atlantic, give grounds for depreciating your conduct on the other. You don't like Bomba or his government. Do you know, or do you wish to know, much about either the one

or the other? Have you taken any pains to inform yourself of the real state of things in his country? Have you not, rather, made up your mind that Bomba is and shall be detestable, and that you will listen to no argument which may dispute his hatefulness? Be certain, that as long as you wish to hear nothing good of Bomba, nothing good will be told you concerning him. Accounts are prepared, not to inform, but to please you. Your disposition with regard to any question is carefully ascertained by persons whose living depends on making their communications agreeable and popular. They will tell you nothing but what you desire to hear. If facts be too stubborn for their purpose, they will colour and veil them so that they shall be facts no longer. While you rail against tyrants, you are subject to the tyrant's greatest disability—it is dangerous to tell you the truth, and few dare to do it: it is profitable to humour your prejudices, and that is universally done! The Bomba depicted to you is a mere fiction—a portrait made to order, like the ogres in children's books. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as exhibited for your entertainment—a land where the voice of joy and gladness is never heard, and where the unhappy serf exists but to suffer, to despair, and to curse the oppressor—is about as real as the scenes which you enjoyed on boxing-night. Visit Bomba and his people, and judge for yourself. You will see a stout good-natured monarch, much of your own figure, driving four-in-hand through the streets of his capital. His wife and children are packed in the coach, just as you on a Sunday afternoon bestow Mrs Bull and her little never-never-will-be in your one-horse. You prick your ears as you detect the clank of iron, and then find it only proceeds from the drag-chain. Instead of guards, executioners, and bravos, he is attended by three or four grooms mounted on thoroughbreds, and turned out in careful imitation of the practice here. He bows politely to everybody—especially to your relatives, notwithstanding *your* rudeness to *him*. If it be carnival time, he will invite you

to his palace, place you on the same carpet with the great of all nations (live princes and lords, Mr Bull, only think of that !) bring you into proximity with royal and noble dames, whom you have hitherto worshipped through faith in Mr Finden or the *Book of Beauty* ; and give you a supper such as you never took out of the funds of a charity, or spread in honour of a hungry and idolised demagogue. Then if you turn out among his populace as the friend of humanity, you will find none but knife-grinders. Instead of the gaunt, scowling tyrannicide, whose words are monosyllables, and whose thoughts are vengeance, you shall find a grinning knave basking in the sunshine, who will turn up his palms and make you a grimace that shall extract the *grano* from your pocket, spiritless outcast though he be. Watch him then expend your gratuity. Either you will be petrified at seeing him (the miserable devil !) purchase a glass of *cold water*, ha, ha, ha ! or if his desire be toward solid food, he will devour coils of macaroni the length of the Great Western telegraph wire, in a fashion peculiar and irresistibly ridiculous. Go to the theatres at night, in the hope to see the national wrongs allegorically exposed, and the sentiments which patriots dare not utter in the street pour from the mimic Tell or Junius, all glowing in the tongue of Tasso, while the tears of thousands, rather than their plaudits, attest how near their hearts the tones have penetrated, and you shall yourself weep with laughter at the antics of Pulcinello—a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,—who shall distort his countenance, execute incomprehensible mimes, and joke in cruelly-clipped Italian, after a sort that shall seriously damage the reputation of Messrs Wright and Bedford, and shake your affiance in the great gun-trick. Your sides will ache for a day, and you will never cease to laugh until you reflect how you have been cheated out of your revenge. Some annoyance you will experience in meeting a crowd of pitiful fellows, painters, musicians, and so forth, whose names you never endure to hear until their

works begin to sell for thousands of pounds. But, on the whole, your experience will be found to falsify your expectation. You will feel more kindly toward Bomba in spite of yourself, and would not stick a knife in him if old Walter Savage actually gave you the blood-money beforehand, instead of only printing his promissory note in the *Times*. At the same time, you will wonder greatly where all the gibbeting and torturing, the ferocious police, the indomitable patriots, have concealed themselves. And you may continue to wonder until you chance to encounter some of the restless members of your own family ; then you will confess, like the Misses Pecksniff, when Todgers's at length *did it*, that your anticipations, so long balked, were not unwarranted after all : you shall be satisfied, like patient Shacabac, who, after his long suffering with Barmecidal caprice, at length dug his eager fingers into a veritable lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts. Your eyes shall be opened that you may see. You will be confidentially informed that Bomba's coach, which seemed to you so harmless a vehicle, was impelled, like the car of Juggernaut over thousands of prostrate wretches ; that the music to which you danced in his palace drowned the cries of victims stretched on racks, and torn with hot pincers on the floor beneath ; and that the champagne which you so vastly enjoyed, was but yesternight made the vehicle of fatal potions for suspected patriots. The lazzarone will be shown to you to have swallowed his macaroni with a sound which, though it appeared but the effort to recover breath after such a feat, was in reality a patriot sigh, recognisable from one end of Italy to the other : and the tricks of Pulcinello, which made your jaws ache, to have had each one a secret meaning, understood by banded thousands, who wait but the word to rise that the tyrant may be no more. Besides receiving so much enlightenment, you may possibly in this society be permitted to see a specimen or two of the devoted patriot got up regardless of expense, and who hold tickets of French leave from the gal-

leys, and quite answer the penny-aline descriptions of the patriotic fraternity. With them you may behold the discontented and ejected of all nations ; a band of heroes who will name the day from which the regeneration of Italy is to date—when an explosion, to which Guy Fawkes's would have been but a cracker, will for ever annihilate principalities and powers, and create a millennium, in which murderers, thieves, and rebels shall fill the priests' offices. Here you will detect the source from which you were duped, while you remained at home ; but, having seen for yourself, you will have become less easy of belief. You will return to England and pity daily the numbers of your race whom you know to be gulled as you once were, but whom it is impossible to undeceive, so dearly do they love the imposture.

Faultless, dear friend, spare your sneer ; we are not setting up Bomba's government as a model, nor denying that it is wrought on old-world principles, which do not tend to develop the resources of the country, nor the genius of the people. Superstitious and priest-ridden we know him to be ; and from this infirmity, rather than from a malignant or cruel disposition, he may have been induced to act in a manner which no man can justify. But remember that our present aim is not to exonerate Bomba ; it is to admonish *you*, if you will deign to hear us. We give Bomba over, if you please, as requiring great improvement. On the other hand, we do not think that a constitution like yours would be practicable at Naples. But if you would have the government of that country admire and imitate your institutions, your wisest course certainly is to be conciliatory rather than to be everlastingly "geeking and galling," as is your present practice. You cannot expect them to think well of a power which avails itself of superior strength to meddle in the management of their internal affairs,—to find fault with everything they do, to misrepresent and hold up to odium their every act, and to abuse their king and his ministers. The Italians, if not a warlike, are an intelligent people. They can feel in-

juries which they dare not resent. They appreciate and condemn the cowardly and coarse indignities to which you daily subject them. Cease to dream that in goading and vilifying the governments you are supporting the people, or that such championship gains their goodwill. Restless intriguing spirits there undoubtedly are in Italy, who avail themselves of your or any other person's infatuation to excite discontent and revolt ; but, be assured, these are exceptional personages. The population are not rebels in the mass. Like yourself, they are cursed with agitators, who would fain grow fat as yours do ; but Cisalpine agitation pays badly. Cobden fills his pockets and moderates his yell ; Mazzini starves and raves. You are entirely mistaken if you suppose that the soft Italian does not fully respect your powers, your enterprise, your practical character ; he would admire, and perhaps imitate them, if you would but let him.

No, sir, we don't remember Murat's reign at Naples, nor even his death. Those were early days with us. Our reading was strictly elementary. We were then engrossed by the digestive peculiarities of the Sprat family, and the achievement of that architect who, although known to us by only a homely Christian name, is as safe for immortality as if he rejoiced in the more imposing prænomen of Inigo or Christopher. Subsequently we were placed under the ferula of a pedagogue portly as yourself, to acquire principles which he instilled fundamentally. By that time we were breeched, and our integuments, like the robe of the Trappist, concealed the traces of daily mortifications. Three years served we under this oppressor ; then we turned and rebelled against him. Ah, sir, how we envy you your perennial vigour ! We didn't, in those days, pick a plum from the pudding, or nibble the extreme fraction of a mince-pie, deprecating nightmare and nausea. A pudding then was to us—like the primrose to Peter Bell—a pudding, and nothing more. If we ever thought of a consequence, it was in the form of a tightened girdle on the succeeding day, or, peradven-

ture, the inability to do justice to the fried remains. We were as fond then of having our finger in a pie as you are now, sir. Apropos of which observation, let us say that you contrive somehow to make your interference always most ungracious and irritating. Even Jonathan, to whom you were so forbearing when it was a question of fighting, you managed to exasperate three or four years back, while you pretended to coax and beseech him. Your animadversion concerning his niggers has undoubtedly contributed largely to the hopeless aspect of the slave question at the present time. Instead of letting the example which you had set him work, and allowing him slowly and quietly to renounce his errors as you had done, you forced it upon him, as a point of honour, to persist in that which he might possibly have been by this time ready to abjure if left to himself. His jealous and tenacious nature saw dishonour in being even just and merciful at your dictation. He penetrated your devices, laughed at your attempt to influence him through his women—gammon *him*, indeed, with them 'ar gals and critters!—and was stung to the quick at your Beecher Stowe fetish orgies. He could not fail to see that your idolatry proceeded not so much from veneration of the idol, as from a determination to condemn his conduct, and to omit no opportunity of *peacefully* venting your ill opinion. The whole of that ridiculous exhibition was simply a reproach to him, and he knows it. He is well aware of the way in which you commonly recognise literary merit. He remembers the utmost you ever did to honour Scott or Burns, Bulwer or Macaulay, and can probably judge, through all his prejudice, of the disparity between either of these names and his countrywoman, for whom you testified such violent enthusiasm. Possibly your conduct at that time, which he so keenly felt, but could not resent, rankled until it resulted in those insulting acts and imputations which you have in your turn been obliged to pocket from him.

Combine against you, sir; why on earth should they combine against

you? You don't suppose that the nations of Europe think of seizing on your property and dividing it among them? Gracious! you will break our chandelier if you flourish your stick in that way. For heaven's sake sit down and let the blood run out of your head a little, or you will fall in a fit. You must, you know, find some motive for people to combine against you, and if it be not plunder, then what is it? Well, to humble you. And why should every nation wish to humble *you*? Simply because you bear yourself so arrogantly and unkindly towards them all, that they regard you as a common annoyance. You will not let one of them live in peace. You must be, forsooth, a sort of divinity, to propitiate whom is their paramount duty, before they think of national, territorial, or politic considerations. Depend on it, most of them would rather have you for a friend than an enemy, if you would but be an affable friend. They have tried going to loggerheads with you, and found you a difficult old gentleman to deal with. But you have no idea of equal friendship. You must always be director and censor. Better have a mother-in-law for an inmate than you for an ally! Well, dear sir, if you wish for our advice, here it is. We think that you would be much better employed in looking to your own affairs, than in prescribing to your neighbours how to manage theirs. You discovered the other day that they are not so entirely your inferiors as you were flattering yourself. They turned out their armaments in a more efficient condition, considering their materials, than you did yours, which would probably not have been the case if you had given to your own interests the attention which you bestowed on their affairs. The best justification that you can offer for presuming to admonish and direct others, is, that you have first regulated your own business and institutions in the wisest manner. But can you say that you have done this? Are you not your own accuser? The fault which you are at this moment finding with every one of your departments testifies strongly that the time has not arrived

when you may profitably turn your attention to the reformation of your neighbours.

We would gladly see you, in forming your friendships, elect by some other criterion than the form of government. It can never be for your real honour or advantage to ally yourself with persons whose open and avowed course is an outrage upon religion and justice, any more than it can be right to stir up strife with an unoffending nation; and the maxim applies to all forms of government, and is independent of them. We would have you choose for your associates those who, in their conduct to their neighbours, and in their general bearing, approach nearest to the standard of moderation and equity; and we would not have you, for the loudest call of expediency, for the fairest chance of realising wealth, or for their aid in gratifying malignant passions, disgrace yourself by the companionship of the lawless and iniquitous. If you would be consistent, you must be circumspect in your connection with Jonathan. He is entitled to your patience and good offices—

“Partly because they blend you with his line,

And partly that you did his sire some wrong.”

But discriminate carefully between his acts. Never for a moment countenance oppression or violence. Speak out boldly your disapproval of that which he cannot possibly defend; but abstain from covertly irritating and exciting him. When you can honestly and consistently do so, give him your hand; but remember that your hand has never been knowingly, certainly never avowedly, concerned in fraud or robbery, and that it unbound the manacle of the slave. It has thus acquired a lustre in the eyes of the world, and you have lost the right to pawn it wantonly. We are not counselling enmity. There are many degrees between that and strict friendship. What honour and equity demand, that do: but feel as did the noble Douglas:—

“My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone,
The hand of Douglas is his own.”

You must try and subdue your dislike to your nearer neighbours, and find some friends among them. If they are not all you desire, perhaps a charitable survey may show them less black than they are painted for you. You once set up a manufactory of model confederates, and did not find it a satisfactory business. Each of the persons that was to be an help meet for you—made in your own image—turned out a sad failure. Isabella, your Isle of Dogs creation, does you but little credit; Louis Philippe has vanished at a touch of Harlequin’s blade; and Otho, your peculiar puppet, is so valuable an ally that you were compelled to hold him with one hand while you pummelled Nicholas with the other. Well, it is something that you acknowledge that to have been a failure. Your next step must be to believe that there are powers ready made who are fit for the sublime distinction of being your associates, and who are not disqualified for the alliance, notwithstanding that their governments differ from yours. We know quite well how you are told that your foreign alliances are not matters to be profanely discussed—that race, religion, expediency, ever regulate them, and that you are but the tool of circumstances when you fancy that you follow your own will. In reply to which, we would observe, that you always pretend to decide in each case according to its merits, not according to any long-established and recognised line of policy; and that however profoundly statesmen and sages may prate about abstruse causes and inevitable tendencies, none of their schemes can receive your sanction until they have been placed before you clear of school jargon and diplomatic cant, and in a popular intelligible form. That they are always, after being simplified, fairly proposed to you, we do not say; but if the statement be suspicious, there is so much the more reason why you should hear both sides; and we have told you our opinion.

A fresh jug, sir, in which we will drown political care. Let us speak again of your family. And so you are beginning to think better of Tunic. We always thought it strange

that you cared so little about him. Poor Tunic! he was an affectionate, brave, and devoted son no less than Jack, and yet you never regarded them impartially. You would now and then, when you couldn't but confess his merit, throw Tunic a word of encouragement; but for every pat you gave him a dozen kicks. We rejoice to see that he is gaining a proper place in your estimation. Here's to Tunic's health—

"Your never weaned, though not your favoured child;"

and may he and his capricious old father understand each other better than they ever did before.

Ha, ha!—it was a bit of a blunder, sir, sure enough; *weaned* is but metaphorically applicable to the operation of your sons upon you, unless you have usurped Mrs Bull's functions. In extracting from you, they generally address themselves to your pocket, and a wonderful power of suction, and protracted nursing period, some of them exhibit. Fill again, sir; such a drain requires adequate support. And what of your cousin Pat? no doubt you send an inquiry and kind message after him to his new home at this season. No, no, sir, not *richer*. Pat is not a richer man than you; but we are rejoiced to hear that he is independent and comfortable. Who could have thought that thriftless, laughing, pleasant, drinking, cunning, bellowing, fractious, murdering Pat would ever turn to a staid Paterfamilias, and rule his house with discretion. His separation from Peter was, we fancy, a great cause of his improvement. How strange to him must be the character of a sober, law-revering citizen; how unlike the past! We wonder whether, when he commemorates old times at this season, he cards the back of a mimic proctor, or knocks down an automaton landlord, and cuts his throat, as we reproduce our ancient national recreations. Good-luck to Pat! Let him do his *bating* in jest, and his labour in earnest, and then "more power to his elbow!"

Of all your dependants, sir, we believe that the most unfortunate is

Quashee. He and his master are both ruined; and you, we fear, Mr Bull, are the author of their fall. A little more sense and a little less temper on your part would have made him by this time a thriving and respectable freeman, instead of the filthy, idle, ignorant, degraded wretch that he now is. We were present and witnessed his capers in Jamaica on the 1st of August 1838, and we have since paid him a long visit in your other estates. We wish that *you* could see him in any part of your West India property; then, perhaps, you would acknowledge the expediency of being kind after an apparently cruel fashion—of subjecting Quashee to some little constraint and disability for his own benefit. It is nearly twenty years since you set him free, and he is literally more ignorant, more idle, and more vicious than when first emancipated. If this is the effect of freedom, the old slavery were better. You are bound, by every obligation which can influence a responsible being, to abate your silly fondness, and to treat him in a rational manner. Instead of reversing your insane policy with regard to him, you have been venting your ill-will upon Bamboo his master, thus reminding us of gentlemen who occasionally figure in the police-reports. Returning home under the influence of powerful refreshment, they chastise their helpmates; but finding this entertainment disturb the moral equilibrium, they seek to adjust the balance by smashing the furniture and crockery. How Bamboo's ruin is to benefit your beloved Quashee, or what you expect Quashee to become when Bamboo is extinct, we cannot divine, and we doubt if you can make these points clear to us. Something you must do for Quashee, and speedily, or he will revert to a savage state, and his country to a wilderness.

Pity you with all your perplexing affairs? Oh yes! as a crossing-sweeper pities an alderman driving to a corporation dinner; as a curate with ten children pities a bishop; as a governess *à la mode* pities a lapdog; or a trembling author pities the discerning public. Pity *you*, indeed, with

your magnificent manors, your inexhaustible wealth, your indefatigable sons and servants, and your robust constitution! Nay, our heart is as the nether-millstone.

A really unfortunate old man, are you? Well, all the misfortune that we can allow you arises from your being a facile, excitable, obstinate, well-meaning old gentleman. Your estate would be an amusement to you, if you would but work it in a reasonable way. Ha, ha! half-ruined! You are not so easily ruined, excellent sir.

No, for heaven's sake, don't mention economy. We know what that means—putting Jack and Tunic on fever diet till they become as lean and seedy as cab-horses, and then, when they are wanted, feeding them up against time at a guinea a mouthful. Well, sir, we rejoice to hear you profess that you will never make that mistake again; but we should like to feel as certain of a competence for ourself in three years as that you will in that time be again the prey of some artful knave. As Brown Bull remarked to us lately, "When one of them wermin gets hold of father, he sticks to the hold gent like a vampire, and not only blows hout his own infernal skin, but upsets the gov'nor's constitoooshon, and turns his hold noddle queer, so that he damages hisself at every one of these wisitations more than he can vork hup in half-a-dozen wide-awake years." To see the names of Weller and Gammon coupled together caused a melancholy amazement to the head of the former house. Unfortunately the names of Gammon and Bull are oftener found in conjunction than separate.

We hope, indeed, sir, that you *have* had enough of it. That weaver fellow was truly an unlucky customer! But don't take on in that way. Confess, like a man, that you have been made a fool of, and don't fret yourself by the attempt to appear satisfied. Dear, dear, don't drivel so, sir. Nonsense. Suppose you *have* lost twenty stone. It is a trifle to one of your substance. So far are you from being a broken man, that we have never seen your disposition so promising, your pulse so even, or your complexion so clear. Cheer up, good sir,

you have weathered many a worse day than this; only, for heaven's sake, keep clear of the quacks. We hope and trust that there are innumerable jolly Christmases in store for you, and that you will find yourself wiser and stronger at every return of the season. There, sir. Pray, permit us. There is no danger in the home-brewed. Next year, perhaps, if you persuade your steward to lay his hand a little more lightly, we may be able to offer you a glass of punch when you honour us with a visit. You don't take in your spirituous mixtures as you did when we were young, and on that ground we certainly will not quarrel with you. A decided improvement in all the Bulls since they found out the treachery of alcohol; but *medio tutissimus*, you know: no teetotal nonsense. We will throw on a billet or two, if you please, to be ready for the return of our party from the theatre. That's it; three longitudinally and two across; dry as a bone, you see. Capital grate, is it not, sir? throws out no end of heat. This is pleasanter than Moscow, as your old friend Napoleon said, after his Russian expedition. We shall rejoice when *your* Russian exploit is settled for, and we are enabled to contend with Thor at home on easier terms. Deuce of a bill for coals, and, indeed, for other things too. Obligated to eat second-quality bread and cold meat ourselves, and find it difficult enough to provide hot joints and fine loaves for the servants, who are not inclined to join in family economy. We can't flatter you that the condition of flunkeyism is to be included in your list of boasted improvements. They are growing a most unmanageable set. Our small fry have just lost their nurse at a day's warning, she having been, as she said, "trampled upon." The trampling consisted in our better half forbidding her to walk with her charge attired in a brocaded silk flounced dress, with a squirrel muff and boa, and pink flowers under her bonnet. You can hardly lift your foot for fear of "trampling" unintentionally on some of these high-spirited individuals. *You* must have witnessed a curious succession of them from the born thrall to the modern trampled domestic.

No, no, sir, you miscounted ; 'twas only eleven. Pray sit still. We have very deferentially entreated the Buttons to produce our cold round and a devilled kidney. Stay awhile, we beseech you, Mr Bull. Well, we are really sorry ; but if Mrs Bull is expecting you, we, a pattern of marital obedience, feel reluctantly compelled to cede the point. Here, Buttons, do you think you and Betsey can bring in Mr Bull's greatcoat, which is stretched on six or seven pegs in the hall ? Try ; that's it ; and now the hat and muffler. Allow us, sir ; that sleeve's all right ; now a little

lower with the right hand : so, that's well. Thus protected, you are frost-proof. Let us, before we part, present you with a rare havannah—to be lit at the hall-door, remember, for we are under stringent treaty with our spousetouching the weed. Whew ! what a blast ! But you laugh at the cold, sir. Many thanks for your friendly visit. Say our kind compliments to Mrs B. Take care of the ticket-of-leaves, though. Ha, ha ! true, they *would* find you an awkward customer ! Well, good-night, sir. What a grasp you have ! Mind the step. Good-night.

PICTURE-BOOKS.

THE days of annuals are over and past. We are no longer called upon to adventure a mimic criticism upon those pretty fooleries in which once upon a time "the most distinguished writers" good-naturedly consented to make themselves ridiculous for the amusement of the public. Those wonderful stories—those scraps of murdered drama and sublime blank verse—those invocations of the serene beauty steel-graven on the frontispiece—those stanzas to the primrose, or the snowdrop, or the evening star. It is hard to guess where, fallen from their native firmament, such wonderful productions could find a fitting place ; but they are gone for ever from the expensive luxuries of hot-pressed paper and gilt edges, and another race and dynasty has risen in their stead.

Whether it will ever be possible to make verses and pictures "to match" without sacrificing one of the united arts—and whether distinguished writers will ever be found generous or lavish enough to spend the full *material* of a three-volume novel in the elaboration of an occasional novellette, is a question which we will not undertake to answer. It does not seem at all unreasonable, however, to suppose that we, who do a great deal for money, might now and then be capable of doing a little—our very best—for love ; nor that, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of

the non-producing world, literature and art might not sometimes make a volume—*crème de la crème*—the *chef-d'œuvre* in little, of everybody employed upon it—which should remain to our children after us, the true ideal of gift-books, and console the workers in it with the comfortable thought of one true and worthy present, worthily accompanied, to those unknown friends for whom we make all our books and paint all our pictures. We are afraid it is rather too true what Mr Ruskin and his followers say—those delicate works of fancy, those lifelong loving labours of the ancient art, which "would not pay" by any means in our days, are not for encumbered hands like ours. People who, in the false emulation of "society," must earn all they can, and spend more than they earn, are obliged to be very economical of their ideas, and cannot afford to spend the imagination, the wit, or the eloquence which would do for greater works upon a little bit of a story or a morsel of verse. However, no one has attempted the experiment. The old annuals, being very silly, expensive, and useless, have died out like other toys ; nobody has tried to get up the ideal gift-book—the love-token worthy of all the authors and all the givers, and of the very love itself of which it should be a sign. But we have not given up the laudable practice of making pre-

sents at Christmas, nor of making books, magnificent and sumptuous, for the same.

Accordingly these winter blossoms, resplendent with gilding and bright with colour, give to the dingy table before us, at this present writing, the aspect of a *boudoir*. Never was annual so finished, so brilliant, so gay. Our wealth, our luxury, and our generous habit of present-making, have resuscitated the half-forgotten art of binding books. After all, let people say what they will about the perfect compatibility of cheap materials with artistic form and embellishments, it cannot be denied that art loves splendour, and never exercises its faculty with such zeal and relish as when it works on imperial purple and royal gold. Art-manufactures, like most other things in this talkative generation, have a good deal of nonsense spoken about them; and the Soulages and other such collections, where every bit of metal is costly, and very crockery worth half its weight in gold, is no very convincing proof of the cheapness of art. Nevertheless we are delighted to contradict our own assertion point-blank, and instantly, by directing everybody's admiring attention to the covers of the Christmas books on everybody's table. That splendid star of gold which makes quite a lustre in the frosty sunshine, who could suppose that it was only impressed upon a bit of crimson cloth, and came to us "into the bargain" of ever so many admirable wood-cuts and three or four hundred pages of sumptuous typography, all for one poor guinea? We presume there are few things more likely to cultivate the taste of the mass of ordinary people than pretty books; for our own part, we confess ourselves quite ready to receive any number of practical lessons in this department of art, though our tables groan under the instruction; and it is comfortable to see those very beautiful productions brought, as the advertisements say, as far as it is possible such luxuries can be, "within the reach of all." There is not one ungraceful example of the art of book-

binding among the works before us—all after their different fashions are effective and striking; but we return with special admiration to the shining golden star which recommends to us, in the first instance, the *Book of Job*.*

The *Book of Job*, by John Gilbert. We confess candidly that we were somewhat amazed, not to say startled, by the title; for it is hard to perceive any particular affinity, *a priori*, between that very clever and prolific artist and the solemn drama of the man of Uz. Mr Gilbert has created the *Illustrated News*, which in its way is a very satisfactory achievement. We presume he may even be called the founder of a school of illustration; and there can be little doubt that he has done notable good service to a great many books. However, we doubt whether hands so busy, rapid, and clever, were quite the hands to work upon this weird and mysterious story, with all its solemn interlocutors. Thanks to Captain Burton and Mons. De Sauley, and other saucy and disrespectful travellers, we have lost our ancient admiration for the sons of Ishmael. A Bedouin Sheikh does not represent to us nowadays the picturesque and lofty personage whom we used to take him for; visions of dirt and clamours for baksheesh, sully, to our too much-instructed sight, the flowing garments and poetic speech of the heroes of the desert; and we by no means accept a hooded Arab, however correct his costume, for the patriarch prince and poet of those times unknown. Perhaps, with such a subject, the conventional draperies of the old religious art, those flowing robes, vague and unparticular, which attempt no national correctness, but are content to be mere garments and necessities, without special signification of their own—are more fit for the uses of illustration than the recognised dress of a half-savage and unelevated people, even though that dress be the most ancient and the least changed in the world. Being as they are, however, it is impossible to contest the talent of Mr Gilbert's sketches. We select, in particular,

* *The Book of Job, with illustrations.* By JOHN GILBERT. Nisbet & Co.

the flying dromedary, with its cloud of desert dust, and its wide-striding hoofs, which seem to turn to all the airts, in splendid defiance of ordinary rules of locomotion; and there are some exceedingly clever heads, and graceful episodical vignettes, such as that one entitled "Distraining"—a well-worn subject—which actually looks novel in its change of costume. We observe, too, a very real rhinoceros, tossing out of his savage way, with his mighty horn, the fallen capital of an Assyrian pillar. A few years ago we might have pointed out many other excellencies in those clever pictures; but we daily grow more fastidious as we are better served; thanks, among others, to the very artist whose performance on this occasion is not up, by a very long way, to his subject—as perhaps no other illustrator's could.

For this *Book of Job*, though it is perhaps, of all the inspired books, the one which answers best to appear alone, is not on that account the one most suitable for illustration. Ruth, the sweetest of all pastorals, or that strange tale of Eastern courts and intrigues, the little Book of Esther, would task less, and reward more, the labours of the pencil. But Job, with its mysterious introductory scene, which is not capable of description in words, much less in pictures, with its long monologues, and unchanging *dramatis personæ*, the four figures who do nothing, and whose conversation cannot be expressed by pictorial representation, must always be exceedingly difficult to illustrate; and can, in fact, only be done at all, as the artist in this case has wisely done a considerable part of it, by means of its own episodical illustrations. Thoughts and words, arguments and consolations, are things which even a Raphael could not draw, nor a Titian paint.

The text of these solemn disputations is printed, in this fine edition, in its true poetic form, without the arbitrary interruption of chapters and verses, and appears one continuous story as it was written; which is no small help to the full appreciation of

the poem. It appears also—all laud and honour to the reverend editor—without that intolerable burden of foot-notes with which so many editors encumber our minds and consciences. A graceful introductory chapter, which will be acceptable to everybody, will also betray to all those readers who are acquainted with modern religious literature, that this wise discretion has been exercised by Dr James Hamilton, one of the most graceful and tender of modern religious authors. With his own audience, criticism could neither increase nor lessen the well-established fame of this accomplished writer; and this little introduction is not ground sufficient for any comment of the kind; but had our space been wide enough, we should gladly have delayed a little to speak of the series of modest little volumes, without either pictures or gilding, which bear his name,—volumes almost too little and too modest to take their proper place among bulkier literature, but ranking very high in that limited range of *good* books, in which the common reader, pious or not, would find as much delightful reading as sound doctrine. We do not profess to meddle with the doctrine, which is not in our way at this moment; but we are quite ready to stake our credit upon the grace and beauty of the books.

But we are, we own it with modesty, the most candid and unprejudiced of critics. From the *Book of Job*, in which the artist by no means acquits himself to our satisfaction, we hasten to turn, with the greatest pleasure in the world, to a beautiful little *Evangeline*,* in which Mr Gilbert, with a suitable subject, does full justice to himself and it. If Longfellow is seldom great, he is always picturesque; and there is a remarkable charm of wistfulness—tender, pure, and pensive—in the story which here attains its apotheosis. Young readers, and more especially women, will always like *Evangeline*. Its very cadence enhances the interest of that refinement of devotion, that lifelong melancholy search, never satisfied, never

* *Evangeline*. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Illustrated by JOHN GILBERT. Routledge & Co.

ending, which finds an echo of sympathy in every generous young spirit. We advise, accordingly, all uncles, grandpas, and brothers, willing to do pleasure to the young ladies of their respective households, to make large provision of this most maidenly and pretty volume, which would not come at all amiss either, as a love-token of a more special kind. The illustrations are all admirable. The Acadian peasant girl, so pretty, so modest, so graceful; the old priest, with his little troop of village dames and children; the boy and girl over their lesson at the old man's knee; the betrothed lovers in the old-fashioned homestead; all these tranquil scenes of humble content and happiness are rendered with a real grace and feeling which every one must appreciate; nor are the merry old fiddler and the stout herdsman of the prairie less successful. Of its kind, the little book is perfect;—a pretty token, fit to come in, even to the innermost sanctuary of any lady's bower.

We come now to another artist who divides popularity with Mr Gilbert, and whose labours are more equal and more exquisite. Very rare, indeed, are the occasions on which we turn with disappointment from the works of Birket Foster. A true eye for nature keeps him always fresh, always vigorous, and almost always original. It is marvellous, indeed, with such unceasing production, how seldom he repeats himself; his rustic stiles, though he is rather fond of them—his cottages and trees—his low English hills, breezy and far-seeing—and his sunny levels of country—have each varieties of their own to distinguish them. His very church towers—and he has few landscapes without one—can venture to be boldly alike, because each is individual—and you could suppose every illustration he makes a direct sketch from nature, did you not feel that to be impossible. Of all his many admirable works we are least sure of his Highland castles and mountains, and of the foreign scenes in the *Traveller*, many of which, however, are exquisite; but

he is never at a loss upon English soil; and, to prove what we say, we have but to glance over the *Task*, the *Sabbath*, and the *Course of Time*.

The *Task** is familiar and well-accustomed ground. We know almost as well the scenes which the artist will choose before we open the volume as after we have examined it. We are quite prepared to look for the colonnade of Benevolus—"the obsolete prolixity of shade" in which the gentle poet delighted; and for the *peasant's nest*, the cottage—

"Perched upon the green hill-top, but close
Environed with a ring of branching
elms;"

and perfectly confident that "the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge" will find a place in the miniature picture-gallery. They do accordingly; but there are few artists who, even with the help of colour, much less with mere black and white, could present to us such a wintry night as this one, through which the horn of the Olney postboy rings its cheerful intimation. The tall church-tower rising up into the moonlight, the black trees, crisp and colourless, with every twig defined,—

"The wintry flood in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected
bright;"

the entire atmosphere so frosty, sharp, and distinct,—are as real as they are fine; and it must be a very unimaginative reader who does not turn from the chilly brightness of the scene out of doors, feeling almost the full force of the actual contrast, to the poet's fireside, warm and ruddy, where already the perfect comfort brightens with a touch of excitement as the news-horn rings through the sharp air without. Then how fine is the waggon labouring through the snow—the atmosphere in a haze with falling snowflakes—the horses turning their heads aside from the storm, the man plodding on "with half-shut eyes and puckered cheeks." These snow-scenes are perhaps the finest in the book; and we know nothing better, for chillness and

* *The Task*. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER. Nisbet & Co.

dreary silent reality, than the illustration at page 171, where

"The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness."

The numb apathy of cold, and shrinking huddle of the animals, the long white waste of country, the half-frozen birdies by the frozen pool, are not to be surpassed in expressiveness; and the same praise is due to a different aspect of the same season—the cold but extreme sunshine of the wintry morning, in which the poet measures his shadow, "spindleing into longitude immense." There are no lack of summer scenes in this beautiful volume; but for full exuberant leafiness and sunshine we prefer to turn to another perfect little book, adorned by the same hand.

*The Sabbath** to be a poem of secondary rank, has had, and promises to have, a very universal and unflinching popularity. The most disdainful critic of our "gloomy Sundays," the wildest caricaturist of Scotch Sabbatarianism, owns admiration for the unpretending sweetness of this tender little pastoral. The Sabbath-day, in which there are no dances, no music, no theatres—when even the British Museum, most virtuous and most wearisome of all public shows, is shut up from the public, and the Crystal Palace has no existence—the Sabbath-day, we are constrained to admit, is a picturesque institution—a great deal lovelier to the ideal sense than any vulgar holiday. Even here, amidst the biggest clamour in the world, there is something impressive in the weekly stillness; and we venture to say that no sort of amusement or recreation—no mazy dance or fluttering promenade down the long line of Regent Street, could touch the mind or fancy half so much as does the Sabbath sunshine, filling full, with little more interruption from passing shadows than the street of a village, that centre of traffic and of fashion. And Sabbath fancies crowd through all our thoughts of the country. Quite possible that we

do not like the uses of the day; but we have too much regard for æsthetic proprieties not to acknowledge how beautiful it is.

Apart from its subject, Grahame's little poem has many beauties of its own. Sweet and tender in its verse, refined in its sentiment, very pure, very *Scotch*, and full of a most true, simple, and unostentatious observation of nature, it is just short enough to catch our memory as well as our liking; and in its plain and unpretending strain suggests a hundred familiar pictures, pleasant to every sober eye. This little book came into congenial hands when it was given to those of Birket Foster. His illustrations are not *Scotch*, like the poem; but the English rural landscape makes a very good substitute; and the leafiness and sunniness, the summer warmth and calm of these pictures, are perfect of their kind. Take, for example, the very first illustrations. The mill-wheel at rest upon the quiet stream; the field-path gleaming through the grass; the church-tower white in the sunshine; and the low pasture-hills which break the horizon line. Then the fine old church among its trees (we cannot have everything, though we are a superior nation: few and far between are the rural churches like this through the breadth of Scotland); and then that lovely leafy nook—flowery, umbrageous, still, with gleams of sky through the branches; another "temple, one not made with hands." Yes, we should have very great pleasure in going over it page by page; but as that would not do, we pass reluctantly two or three delightful river-scenes, to point out one morsel of a vignette at the bottom of page 100. It has nothing at all in the way of subject—only a stile and some trees on the summit of a low grassy hill relieved against the sky, with an indefinite sketch of country and atmosphere before—the merest trifle in the world. Yet, somehow, one feels the fresh breeze, the hush of the rural air, the far-away country hum, and owns at once how these few lines of the pencil outmaster all the eloquence of description; though we confess the

pencil gains such power as this only in a very few hands.

Mr Foster's chief contributions to the embellishment of the *Course of Time** are of a more ambitious character. Running water and moonlight—two most subtle and delicate appearances—inspire him to his utmost; and whereas he has hitherto contented himself with the fair varieties of tree and field, the levels of the mother-soil, we find him venture, with a bolder hand, upon the clouds and winds, the delicate variations of atmosphere and effects of light. At page 90 we find a noble example.

"The moon awoke, and, from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth."

What she looks on in the picture is a river, rippling over a ridge in the foreground, and shining white under the intense radiance of her own silvery light behind. The trees rising dark through the white air, the little wooded island clinging close to the shore, defined by a touch of light, and the stream and current of the water, quickening as it approaches the rocky step over which it has to fall, are as true as they are beautiful, and must charm every mind which ever made a friendship with a river. Another, somewhat of the same character—a vision of sea and sky, with a stormy moon glistening through the clouds, and a corresponding gleam upon the water, rippling up white and intense upon the horizon, with one solitary speck of sail, becalmed in the midst—is extremely impressive in its simplicity. Then there is a moorland scene, distinguished by a somewhat odd quotation—

"How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of lofty mind,"—

which is wonderfully true in its grassy breadth and large luxuriant undergrowth, half weeds, half flowers; and in this picture the central group of trees, untouched by the light, and black as a photograph, retain their texture and leafage, dark as they are, in a marvellous fashion.

We cannot pause to distinguish all the lovely little vignettes which grace this volume, but they are almost all charmed scenes of moonlight, or of the visionary gloaming with a young moon in sight, that tender and delicate interval which is neither night nor day.

We do not say, as people used to say long ago, that the author of the *Course of Time* was a second Milton; but the work of the grave young Seceder holds a singular and solitary position in the "world of letters," to which it can scarcely be said to belong. It has a ponderous and unmanageable subject, and sometimes a heavy style. It has few popular episodes, and no individual story; yet it has come to that point in its history when publishers no longer think it needful to number its editions. Many a score of Scottish houses, whose inhabitants have little poetical taste, and are not given to the cultivation of literature in any shape, possess and read the long and serious poem of Pollok. Perhaps in these same grave houses, the *Paradise Lost* finds at the same time its largest audience—and the *Course of Time* is dear to many a sober spirit which does not find poetry much in its way, but reads with devotion the solemn poem, which is a good book as well. The intense pleasure which an intelligent mind, directed out of the full range of literature, and limited by conscience, education, or habit, finds in perhaps the solitary and single volume within its reach, which unites a solemn subject and a pious spirit with the charms of art, is scarcely to be described in common words. It is not admiration, or interest, or common regard—it is real love, which fixes upon the favourite volume. This has been the fate of Pollok; and we do not suppose any other kind of fame would have satisfied him so well. To many readers who regard this book with a less special interest, it will still come surrounded with recollections; to many it shines in the old fervour of youthful admiration; and different as is its tenor and fashion from the literature of to-day, we find ourselves, when we

* POLLOK'S *Course of Time*. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

open the book to glance at a picture, carried on unconsciously, and betrayed into involuntary reading of half-a-dozen pages ere we remember ; a thing which does not happen often to a well-accustomed reader. Heaven help the critic's puzzled brains if it did !

From the *Course of Time* we make a sudden leap into *Rhymes and Roundelayes* ;* not that there is the slightest resemblance between this very fine and stupid book and the grave epic of Pollok, but because it contains some kindred illustrations of a very high class, from the hand of the same artist. *Rhymes and Roundelayes* is a collection of extracts from various poets — an indifferent selection embracing a great many minor minstrels, and which, being entirely about lilies and roses, sunset and sunrise, the May and the harvest, and classified in sections embracing the same, is somewhat meagre ground for the educated reader. It makes up for this small defect, however, by the luxuriousness of its tinted pages, and the beauty and size of its illustrations. We are grieved to remark in this, as in nearly all the other books of the kind we have glanced over, the poverty of the figure-subjects, which are almost all as wooden, lifeless, and devoid of interest, as it is possible to conceive. But this book, which has few other attractions, has some wonderful landscapes. There is here another moonlight scene, bright, chill, and tranquil, the long even line of light intense upon a bit of water, whitening the peaks of the hills, the steep edges of a cliff, and the angle of a half-ruined tower—which is quite exquisite ; as is also another moon, shining out among stormy clouds upon a church, a field, some trees, and Mr Foster's favourite stile, all feathered with snow ; and in the beginning of the book, a sunrise on the sea. There are other scenes not to be surpassed for foliage and luxuriance, and some effects of warm autumnal light, in which other artists come very close upon the steps of Mr Foster ; and altogether, for a picture-book which is

not intended for reading, none of the productions of the season surpass this, which, however, might just as well have been a little better in that inferior portion of its contents which we are safe in calling “ the letter-press.”

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century† is a more ambitious work of the same kind, but differs in so far that it is a great deal better done, and is really a graceful selection, without any ulterior design or classification, from our modern poets. The examples are generally chosen with good taste and judgment, though several of them are very well worn and familiar—the stock examples, which suggest themselves at once to every one moderately well-read in poetry ; as, for instance, Keats' *Nightingale*, which represents that hapless poet everywhere, though we own with thankfulness that the *Sensitive Plant*, which is about as well worn as the *Nightingale*, does not appear this time under the name of Shelley. We are puzzled to find out, moreover, why, in any book above the rank of a youthful poetry-book, the *May Queen* should be selected as the example of Tennyson. It is a very sweet, simple, touching little poem ; but it is not Tennysonian, and scarcely could be cited even as an instance of his “ early manner,” as connoisseurs class pictures. *Locksley Hall* is a stock “ piece ” also, but it is a much more true example of its author, and would have borne illustration better, had it been substituted in place of the other. Wordsworth, too, is very inadequately represented. Coleridge fares better, perhaps because Coleridge spent all his vagaries in prose, and left no poem behind him which is not exquisite.

Among the illustrations of this volume, most people will look first at the two designs of Millais, the art-hero of the day—the first of which illustrates Byron's *Dream*, and the second *Genevieve*. *Liking*, of course, will differ largely as to these pictures. We do not ourselves like very much the embrace of the two long-limbed and thick-clad figures which represent

* *Rhymes and Roundelayes in Praise of a Country Life*. Bogue, London.

† *The Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. Selected and Arranged by the Rev. R. A. Wilmott. Routledge & Co.

the poet and his bride, nor does the lady's attitude at all express to us the action of the poem—the flutter of “all thoughts, all passions, all delights,” the sudden impulse which was

“Partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art.”

Mr Millais has a special gift for the expression of *extreme* emotion; but it is not, perhaps, within the reach of “black and white” to express that tenderest blending of impulses, or to come up to the description of this unrivalled poem. This sketch, however, we have no doubt, will charm that reader most who has an eye best trained and educated for the excellent in art. For ourselves, we prefer the boy Byron and his leave-taking. A lesser member of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood also contributes to this book; and we cannot, help being strongly reminded of the expressive negro description, “Cæsar and Pompey very much alike—especially Pompey,” when we see what Mr Maddox Brown does for the *Prisoner of Chillon*. We need not point out to any one, however, how marked is the speciality of Pompey in this case, nor what a pugilistic ruffian he has made of the long-suffering and last-surviving brother of that dismal captivity. We do not feel much disposed to linger over the other “figure”-pictures in the book; but it has, like its companion volumes, some exquisite bits of landscape. We remember, apropos of these figures, one of the odd old stories which people used to tell of one of the odd old ministers of Scotland, who, unable at a presbyterial ordination to reach his hand to the head of a shallow-pated neophyte, said quietly, “Timmer to timmer,” and stretched out his stick instead. It is timmer to timmer, wood to wood, with most of the popular subject” illustrations, even of those luxurious and dainty volumes.

These, however, are all drawing-room books—handsome, proper, and edifying. Fun, sport, satire—or humour even, the kindest and highest of all—do not get themselves printed

on cream-coloured paper, or clothed in crimson and gold. We suppose Mr John Leech does not much mind. These* two long, thin, awkward-looking volumes of his—expressly adapted, as one would suppose, to give room for a crowd of merry faces—will be talked over and laughed over a score of times after the refined picture-books are exhausted. *Sketches of Life and Character* will come amiss nowhere, in library, schoolroom, or drawing-room, though we confess that prudent mammas should keep them carefully out of the way of young people who have anything else to do. There is no resisting the charm of the hearty, genuine, good-humoured fun which overflows in every page—fun which is often satirical, but never ill-natured; and at all times very different from the trenchant old caricature which it has displaced. For Leech's pictures have more than fun in them—they are always clever, graceful whenever the subject permits, and full of life, nature, and spirit. We do not feel quite sure how far their entire *Londonism* (which is not Cockneyism) may lessen the enjoyment of them with people unacquainted with London. Thanks, however, to our wandering habits, there are few people nowadays entirely unacquainted with this Babylon, of which Leech is the painter-laureate, unrivalled and inimitable. His street-boys, his complacent little snobs, his servant-girls and cabmen, are perfect; and who else can come within a hundred miles of that superb creation, the awful swell? He who, in reply to the remark of the commercial gentleman that “this war will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business,” answers, “Aw—dessay! D'lighted to hear it. A always had the gweatest aversion to all kinds of business,” and he who, setting out for the Crimea, finds it “rather a bore just at the beginning of the season,” and would prefer having “the Russians over here, because then we could have thrashed 'em in Hyde Park, and dined at Greenwich afterwards, you know.” No one else has caught the secret

* *Pictures of Life and Character*. By JOHN LEECH; from the Collection of Mr Punch.

of those good, generous, honourable, brave, stupid young fellows whom Mr Thackeray has given to our acquaintance. Our readers will also find a most interesting epic, which has not as yet reached its concluding part, in Mr Leech's volumes—the "History of Mr Briggs."—How he emerges into public life on the occasion of having his house repaired—how "a few bricks and a little mortar" turn all his respectable household upside down—how he becomes a sporting character—rides a steeple-chase, and follows the hounds with infinite pluck and spirit, cowed by no misadventures, except on that unfortunate occasion when Mrs Briggs finds his hunting-cap,—may be learned in the pleasantest fashion in the world from the sketches of his biographer. His misfortunes in horses; his feats of riding, of fishing, of deer-stalking; his jolly good-humour and unabated spirit throughout, all are capital—we only wish there had been a little more of him—for Mr Briggs is very well worthy of the separate publication to which, we trust, he will by-and-by attain.

And nobody like Leech can do justice to those dainty little dandies, the incipient swells of the rising generation—nor to their pretty sisters, who laugh, tease, and sympathise with Gus. and Fred. The young ladies of Bloomsbury and Belgravia owe no small amount of gratitude to Mr Leech; the delicate little figures, fair faces, and pretty fashions, in which our artist delights, may show all the world how high is our standard of *domestic* beauty—beauty "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food." The very Bloomers are so dainty, so trim, so elegant—the female policemen, flunkies, and omnibus-conductors so pretty and refined, that we are sure the most strong-minded of women could not find in her heart to denounce the saucy artist who gives these pretty masqueraders so many charms. Then the sea-side scenes, with their delightful groups of girls and children—who would not be Paterfamilias, even though he be stout, bald-headed, and irascible, and the young fellows make fun of him, to have unquestioned possession of

all those chubby little cherubs, and to be teased, provoked, and delighted by the pretty saucy faces under those round hats, and the precocious Toms and Charlies, who take Grandmamma and the girls out for a row? One has such a confidence, too, that the girls are good girls, in spite of their little wiles and vanities—that Charlie and Tom will grow up fine fellows; and that those abundant households, with their heaps of children, nursemaids, and hangers-on, and all the disagreeables incident thereto, are pleasant families, warm-hearted and social, whom one would like to know. He makes fun of us openly, this Mr Leech—exposes our amiable pretences, laughs even at our little personal peculiarities and innocent foibles—does not spare us, old or young, fair or ugly—yet, odd enough, we not only like the artist all the better, but are actually stirred with feelings of increased regard towards our neighbours, victims like ourselves of the same blithe mockery. Even those little imps of evil, the London boys—even that small chivalrous wretch of a crossing-sweeper, who adjures the astonished swell, "If you doubt my honour, hold my broom!"—find favour in one's eyes and a kinder consideration; and who would not rejoice to go down to the sea-side with the girls and Grandmamma, or to accept an invitation to dinner from Mr Briggs?

And everybody, of course, has admired the landscapes by which all this fun, good-humour, and kindness are so often surrounded—the sea-views, so fresh, vigorous, and true—the hunting-scenes, with their stretch of sky and country, windy, open, and exhilarating. Mr Leech is no niggard. He does not hoard up his powers for great efforts, but goes into everything he touches liberally and with all his heart. Mr Punch is an important personage in these days, and his work an institution potent and acknowledged; but though he does a great many clever things in the way of literature, he has no such staff and support as the pencil of Leech.

Almost the only defect—as it is also one of the additional attractions

of these pleasant pictures—lies, as we have already said, in the fact that it is *London* life and character, and not any wider range, which they illustrate. For Paterfamilias, though he has his yearly holiday—though you may find him in Brighton or in Paris, on the Rhine or at the Pyramids—has always, without any doubt, his house and established habitation somewhere near Russell Square; and we are much inclined to believe that Mr Briggs lives in St John's Wood; and the reckless fox-hunter, who calls to the poor man in the ditch, "Keep still there! we shall clear you," rides languidly, when it is the proper time for such recreations, in Rotten Row. It is a fact, too, that London fun often falls very flat in what London calls "the country," and that London cabmen, policemen, and flunkies, are not so entertaining and attractive to all the world as they might be. Granting this, however, it is not to be disputed that London gathers more and more to itself those craftsmen, both of pen and pencil, who provide for the entertainment of the country; and that it is natural to find in their productions the scenes and people among whom they live. Ephemeral literature of all descriptions, hastens like other arts to the centre of modern activity; and the busy art of everyday illustration may be said to exist only in the crowd and bustle of this metropolis. It answers very well in Leech's sketches—too well almost in the popular fiction of the time; but it would be rather a pity to find, in place of all the humble humour of England and of Scotland—humour so full of character and individual expression—only the bad grammar of Pleaseman X. and John Thomas of Belgravy—the chaffing of London *gamins* and crossing-sweepers. A great deal of it is very clever, witty,

and wicked, but we do not gain by it half so much as we lose.

By this time, however, we are all tolerably well tired of Christmas: the holly-berries are withered; the glossy leaves have gathered dust; the mistletoe has dropped to pieces; the dreary falling of the year—that wintry decadence and despondency which it seems somehow Christian-like to interrupt and defy at its darkest by the heartiest and most genial of all festivals—has yielded and given way to the new year. Already, though there is not much of the sunshine, there is in the freshened air and softened skies the sentiment of the spring. The turn of the year is over; we are on the sunny side again, looking out for the first primrose, and lingering no longer over the snow-cold leaflets of the Christmas rose. These pretty books, however, each and all, are Christmas flowers, more permanent than the feeble wintry blossoms of the soil—admirable memorials of the season in which we sober British people, whether we call our feast the Christmas or the New Year, take our most thorough and honest holiday; and of all the affection, neighbourship, and kindness which reach their spring-tide at this time. It is pleasant to think they should reach their spring-tide when everything below the level of our humanity is at its farthest ebb and lowest level. We have gathered ourselves together close, to bid defiance once more to all the elements and influences of this old tyrant Time, who assails us yearly with his wintry chill and apathy; and now that we have outdone the ancient rogue, and made his darkest day our brightest, we loose hands lightly for the milder season—spring, that struggles forward with us, smiling and weeping, the perpetual renewal, the unfailing hope!

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. II.

MR GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN old Mr Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was general sorrow in Shepperton; and if black cloth had not been hung round the pulpit and reading-desk, by order of his nephew and principal legatee, the parishioners would certainly have subscribed the necessary sum out of their own pockets, rather than allow such a tribute of respect to be wanting. All the farmers' wives brought out their black bombasines; and Mrs Jennings, at the Wharf, by appearing the first Sunday after Mr Gilfil's death in her salmon-coloured ribbons and green shawl, excited the severest remark. To be sure, Mrs Jennings was a new-comer, and town-bred, so that she could hardly be expected to have very clear notions of what was proper; but, as Mrs Liggins observed in an under-tone to Mrs Parrot when they were coming out of church, "Her husband, who had been born i' the parish, might ha' told her better." An unreadiness to put on black on all available occasions, or too great an alacrity in putting it off, argued, in Mrs Liggins's opinion, a dangerous levity of character, and an unnatural insensibility to the essential fitness of things.

"Some folks can't a-bear to put off their colours," she remarked; "but that was never the way i' *my* family. Why, Mrs Parrot, from the time I was married till Mr Liggins died, nine years ago come Candlemas, I niver was out o' black two year together!"

"Ah," said Mrs Parrot, who was conscious of inferiority in this respect, "there isn't many families as have had so many deaths as yours, Mrs Liggins."

Mrs Liggins, who was an elderly widow "well left," reflected with complacency that Mrs Parrot's observation was no more than just, and that Mrs Jennings very likely belonged to a family which had had no funerals to speak of.

Even dirty Dame Fripp, who was a very rare church-goer, had been to Mrs Hackit to beg a bit of old crape, and with this sign of grief pinned on her little coal-scuttle bonnet, was seen dropping her curtsy opposite the reading-desk. This manifestation of respect towards Mr Gilfil's memory on the part of Dame Fripp had no theological bearing whatever. It was due to an event which had occurred some years back, and which, I am sorry to say, had left that grimy old lady as indifferent to the means of grace as ever. Dame Fripp kept leeches, and was understood to have such remarkable influence over those wilful animals in inducing them to bite under the most unpromising circumstances, that though her own leeches were usually rejected, from a suspicion that they had lost their appetite, she herself was constantly called in to apply the more lively individuals furnished from Mr Pilgrim's surgery, when, as was very often the case, one of that clever man's paying patients was attacked with inflammation. Thus Dame Fripp, in addition to "property" supposed to yield her no less than half-a-crown a-week, was in the receipt of professional fees, the gross amount of which was vaguely estimated by her neighbours as "pouns an' pouns." Moreover, she drove a brisk trade in lollipop with epicurean urchins, who recklessly purchased that luxury at the rate of two hundred per cent. Nevertheless, with all these notorious sources of income, the shameless old woman constantly pleaded poverty, and begged for scraps at Mrs Hackit's, who, though she always said Mrs Fripp was "as false as two folks," and no better than a miser and a heathen, had yet a leaning towards her as an old neighbour.

"There's that case-hardened old Judy a-coming after the tea-leaves again," Mrs Hackit would say; "an'

I'm fool enough to give 'em her, though Sally wants 'em all the while to sweep the floors with!"

Such was Dame Fripp, whom Mr Gilfil, riding leisurely in top-boots and spurs from doing duty at Knebley one warm Sunday afternoon, observed sitting in the dry ditch near her cottage, and by her side a large pig, who, with that ease and confidence belonging to perfect friendship, was lying with his head in her lap, and making no effort to play the agreeable beyond an occasional grunt.

"Why, Mistress Fripp," said the Vicar, "I didn't know you had such a fine pig. You'll have some rare fitches at Christmas!"

"Eh, God forbid! My son gev him me two 'ear ago, an' he's been company to me iver sin'. I couldn't find i' my heart to part wi'm, if I niver knowed the taste o' bacon-fat again."

"Why, he'll eat his head off, and yours too. How can you go on keeping a pig, and making nothing by him?"

"O, he picks a bit hisself wi' rootin', and I dooant mind doin' wi'-out to gie him summat. A bit o' coompany's meat an' drink too, an' he follers me about, an' grunts when I spake to'm, just like a Christian."

Mr Gilfil laughed, and I am obliged to admit that he said good-by to Dame Fripp without asking her why she had not been to church, or making the slightest effort for her spiritual edification. But the next day he ordered his man David to take her a great piece of bacon, with a message, saying, the parson wanted to make sure that Mrs Fripp would know the taste of bacon-fat again. So, when Mr Gilfil died, Dame Fripp manifested her gratitude and reverence in the simple dingy fashion I have mentioned.

You already suspect that the Vicar did not shine in the more spiritual functions of his office; and indeed, the utmost I can say for him in this respect is, that he performed those functions with undeviating attention to brevity and despatch. He had a large heap of short sermons, rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality

in the selection by taking them as they came without reference to topics; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other in his pocket to Knebley, where he officiated in a wonderful little church, with a checkered pavement which had once rung to the iron tread of military monks, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area, and the twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls. Here, in an absence of mind to which he was prone, Mr Gilfil would sometimes forget to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, and only become aware of the omission by feeling something mysteriously tugging at the skirts of that garment as he stepped into the reading desk. But the Knebley farmers would as soon have thought of criticising the moon as their pastor. He belonged to the course of nature, like markets and toll-gates and dirty bank-notes; and being a vicar, his claim on their veneration had never been counteracted by an exasperating claim on their pockets. Some of them, who did not indulge in the superfluity of a covered cart without springs, had dined half an hour earlier than usual—that is to say, at twelve o'clock—in order to have time for their long walk through miry lanes, and present themselves duly in their places at two o'clock, when Mr Oldinport and Lady Felicia, to whom Knebley Church was a sort of family temple, made their way among the bows and curtsies of their dependants to a carved and canopied pew in the chancel, diffusing as they went a delicate odour of Indian roses on the unsusceptible nostrils of the congregation.

The farmers' wives and children sate on the dark oaken benches, but the husbands usually chose the distinctive dignity of a stall under one of the twelve apostles, where, when the alternation of prayers and responses had given place to the agreeable monotony of the sermon, Pater-

familias might be seen or heard sinking into a pleasant doze, from which he infallibly woke up at the sound of the concluding doxology. And then they made their way back again through the miry lanes, perhaps almost as much the better for this simple weekly tribute to what they knew of good and right, as many a more wakeful and critical congregation of the present day.

Mr Gilfil, too, used to make his way home in the later years of his life, for he had given up the habit of dining at Knebley Abbey on a Sunday, having, I am sorry to say, had a very bitter quarrel with Mr Oldinport, the cousin and predecessor of the Mr Oldinport who flourished in the Rev. Amos Barton's time. That quarrel was a sad pity, for the two had had many a good day's hunting together when they were younger, and in those friendly times not a few members of the hunt envied Mr Oldinport the excellent terms he was on with his Vicar; for, as Sir Jasper Sitwell observed, "next to a man's wife, there's nobody can be such an infernal plague to you as a parson, always under your nose on your own estate."

I fancy the original difference which led to the rupture was very slight; but Mr Gilfil was of an extremely caustic turn, his satire having a flavour of originality which was quite wanting in his sermons; and as Mr Oldinport's armour of conscientious virtue presented some considerable and conspicuous gaps, the Vicar's keen-edged retorts probably made a few incisions too deep to be forgiven. Such, at least, was the view of the case presented by Mr Hackit, who knew as much of the matter as any third person. For, the very week after the quarrel, when presiding at the annual dinner of the Association for the Prosecution of Felons, held at the Oldinport Arms, he contributed an additional zest to the conviviality on that occasion by informing the company that "the parson had given the squire a lick with the rough side of his tongue." The detection of the person or persons who had driven off Mr Parrot's heifer, could hardly have been more welcome news to the Shepperton tenantry,

with whom Mr Oldinport was in the worst odour as a landlord, having kept up his rents in spite of falling prices, and not being in the least stung to emulation by paragraphs in the provincial newspapers, stating that the Honourable Augustus Purrwell, or Viscount Blethers, had made a return of ten per cent on their last rent-day. The fact was, Mr Oldinport had not the slightest intention of standing for Parliament, whereas he had the strongest intention of adding to his unentailed estate. Hence, to the Shepperton farmers it was as good as lemon with their grog to know that the Vicar had thrown out sarcasms against the squire's charities, as little better than those of the man who stole a goose, and gave away the giblets in alms. For Shepperton, you observe, was in a state of Attic culture compared with Knebley; it had turnpike roads and a public opinion, whereas, in the Boeotian Knebley, men's minds and waggons alike moved in the deepest of ruts, and the landlord was only grumbled at as a necessary and unalterable evil, like the weather, the weevils, and the turnip-fly.

Thus in Shepperton this breach with Mr Oldinport tended only to heighten that good understanding which the Vicar had always enjoyed with the rest of his parishioners, from the generation whose children he had christened a quarter of a century before, down to that hopeful generation represented by little Tommy Bond, who had recently quitted frocks and trousers for the severe simplicity of a tight suit of corduroys, relieved by numerous brass buttons. Tommy was a saucy boy, impervious to all impressions of reverence, and excessively addicted to humming-tops and marbles, with which recreative resources he was in the habit of immoderately distending the pockets of his corduroys. One day, spinning his top on the garden-walk, and seeing the Vicar advance directly towards it, at that exciting moment when it was beginning to "sleep" magnificently, he shouted out with all the force of his lungs—"Stop! don't knock my top down, now!" From that day "little corduroys" had been an especial favourite with Mr Gilfil, who

delighted to provoke his ready scorn and wonder by putting questions which gave Tommy the meanest opinion of his intellect.

"Well, little Corduroys, have they milked the geese to-day?"

"Milked the geeae! why, they don't milk the geese; yer silly!"

"No! dear heart! why, how do the goslings live, then?"

The nutriment of goslings rather transcending Tommy's observations in natural history, he feigned to understand this question in an exclamatory rather than an interrogatory sense, and became absorbed in wind-ing up his top.

"Ah, I see you don't know how the goslings live! But did you notice how it rained sugar-plums yesterday?" (Here Tommy became attentive.)

"Why, they fell into my pocket as I rode along. You look in my pocket, and see if they didn't."

Tommy, without waiting to discuss the alleged antecedent, lost no time in ascertaining the presence of the agreeable consequent, for he had a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the "young shavers" and "two-shoes"—so he called all little boys and girls—whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar-plums or gingerbread, or some other nice thing. Indeed, little Bessie Parrot, a flaxen-headed "two-shoes," very white and fat as to her neck, always had the admirable directness and sincerity to salute him with the question—"What zoo dot in zoo pottet?"

You can imagine, then, that the christening dinners were none the less merry for the presence of the parson. The farmers relished his society particularly, for he could not only smoke his pipe, and season the details of parish affairs with abundance of caustic jokes and proverbs, but, as Mr Bond often said, no man knew more than the Vicar about the breed of cows and horses. He had grazing-land of his own about five miles off, which a bailiff, ostensibly a tenant, farmed under his direction; and to ride backwards and forwards, and look after the buying and selling of stock, was the old gentleman's chief

relaxation, now his hunting days were over. To hear him discussing the respective merits of the Devonshire breed and the short-horns, or the last foolish decision of the magistrates about a pauper, a superficial observer might have seen little difference, beyond his superior shrewdness, between the Vicar and his bucolic parishioners; for it was his habit to approximate his accent and mode of speech to theirs, doubtless because he thought it a mere frustration of the purposes of language to talk of "shear-hogs" and "ewes" to men who habitually said "sharrags" and "yowes." Nevertheless the farmers themselves were perfectly aware of the distinction between them and the parson, and had not at all the less belief in him as a gentleman and a clergyman for his easy speech and familiar manners. Mrs Parrot smoothed her apron and set her cap right with the utmost solicitude when she saw the Vicar coming, made him her deepest curtsy, and every Christmas had a fat turkey ready to send him with her "duty." And in the most gossiping colloquies with Mr Gilfil, you might have observed that both men and women "minded their words," and never became indifferent to his approbation.

The same respect attended him in his strictly clerical functions. The benefits of baptism were supposed to be somehow bound up with Mr Gilfil's personality, so metaphysical a distinction as that between a man and his office being, as yet, quite foreign to the mind of a good Shepperton churchman, savouring, he would have thought, of dissent on the very face of it. Miss Selina Parrot put off her marriage a whole month when Mr Gilfil had an attack of rheumatism, rather than be married in a makeshift manner by the Millby curate.

"We've had a very good sermon this morning," was the frequent remark, after hearing one of the old yellow series, heard with all the more satisfaction because it had been heard for the twentieth time; for to minds on the Shepperton level it is repetition, not novelty, that produces the strongest effect; and phrases, like tunes, are a long time making themselves at home in the brain.

Mr Gilfil's sermons, as you may imagine, were not of a highly doctrinal, still less of a polemical, cast. They perhaps did not search the conscience very powerfully; for you remember that to Mrs Patten, who had listened to them thirty years, the announcement that she was a sinner appeared an uncivil heresy; but, on the other hand, they made no unreasonable demand on the Shepperton intellect—amounting, indeed, to little more than an expansion of the concise thesis, that those who do wrong will find it the worse for them, and those who do well will find it the better for them; the nature of wrongdoing being exposed in special sermons against lying, backbiting, anger, slothfulness, and the like; and well-doing being interpreted as honesty, truthfulness, charity, industry, and other common virtues, lying quite on the surface of life, and having very little to do with deep spiritual doctrine. Mrs Patten understood that if she turned out ill-crushed cheeses, a just retribution awaited her; though, I fear, she made no particular application of the sermon on backbiting. Mrs Hackit expressed herself greatly edified by the sermon on honesty, the allusion to the unjust weight and deceitful balance having a peculiar lucidity for her, owing to a recent dispute with her grocer; but I am not aware that she ever appeared to be much struck by the sermon on anger.

As to any suspicion that Mr Gilfil did not dispense the pure Gospel, or any strictures on his doctrine and mode of delivery, such thoughts never visited the minds of the Shepperton parishioners—of those very parishioners who, ten or fifteen years later, showed themselves extremely critical of Mr Barton's discourses and demeanour. But in the interim they had tasted that dangerous fruit of the tree of knowledge—innovation, which is well known to open the eyes, often in an uncomfortable manner. At present, to find fault with the sermon was regarded as almost equivalent to finding fault with religion itself. One Sunday, Mr Hackit's nephew, Master Tom Stokes, a flippant town youth, greatly scandalised his excellent relatives by declaring that

he could write as good a sermon as Mr Gilfil's; whereupon Mr Hackit sought to reduce the presumptuous youth to utter confusion, by offering him a sovereign if he would fulfil his vaunt. The sermon was written, however; and though it was not admitted to be anywhere within reach of Mr Gilfil's, it was yet so astonishingly like a sermon, having a text, three divisions, and a concluding exhortation beginning "and now, my brethren," that the sovereign, though denied formally, was bestowed informally, and the sermon was pronounced, when Mr Stokes's back was turned, to be "an uncommon cliver thing."

The Rev. Mr Pickard, indeed, of the Independent Meeting, had stated, in a sermon preached at Rotherby, for the reduction of a debt on New Zion, built, with an exuberance of faith and a deficiency of funds, by seceders from the original Zion, that he lived in a parish where the Vicar was very "dark;" and in the prayers he addressed to his own congregation, he was in the habit of comprehensively alluding to the parishioners outside the chapel walls, as those who, "Gallio-like, cared for none of these things." But I need hardly say that no church-goer ever came within earshot of Mr Pickard.

It was not to the Shepperton farmers only that Mr Gilfil's society was acceptable; he was a welcome guest at some of the best houses in that part of the country. Old Sir Jasper Sitwell would have been glad to see him every week; and if you had seen him conducting Lady Sitwell in to dinner, or had heard him talking to her with quaint yet graceful gallantry, you would have inferred that the earlier period of his life had been passed in more stately society than could be found in Shepperton, and that his slipshod chat and homely manners were but like weather-stains on a fine old block of marble, allowing you still to see here and there the fineness of the grain, and the delicacy of the original tint. But in his later years these visits became a little too troublesome to the old gentleman, and he was rarely to be found anywhere of an evening beyond the bounds of his own parish—most fre-

quently, indeed, by the side of his own sitting-room fire, smoking his pipe, and maintaining the pleasing antithesis of dryness and moisture by an occasional sip of gin-and-water.

Here I am aware that I have run the risk of alienating all my refined lady readers, and utterly annihilating any curiosity they may have felt to know the details of Mr Gilfil's love-story. Gin-and-water! foh! you may as well ask us to interest ourselves in the romance of a tallow-chandler, who mingles the image of his beloved with short dips and moulds.

But in the first place, dear ladies, allow me to plead that gin-and-water, like obesity, or baldness, or the gout, does not exclude a vast amount of antecedent romance, any more than the neatly executed "fronts" which you may some day wear, will exclude your present possession of less expensive braids. Alas, alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes—there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fulness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden-scenes and fair perspectives, overturned and thrust out of sight.

In the second place, let me assure you that Mr Gilfil's potations of gin-and-water were quite moderate. His nose was not rubicund; on the contrary, his white hair hung around a pale and venerable face. He drank it chiefly, I believe, because it was cheap; and here I find myself alighting on another of the Vicar's weaknesses, which, if I cared to paint a flattering portrait rather than a faithful one, I might have chosen to suppress. It is undeniable that, as

the years advanced, Mr Gilfil became, as Mr Hackit observed, more and more "close-fisted," though the growing propensity showed itself rather in the parsimony of his personal habits, than in withholding help from the needy. He was saying—so he represented the matter to himself—for a nephew, the only son of a sister who had been the dearest object, all but one, in his life. "The lad," he thought, "will have a nice little fortune to begin life with, and will bring his pretty young wife some day to see the spot where his old uncle lies. It will perhaps be all the better for *his* hearth that mine was lonely."

Mr Gilfil was a bachelor, then?

That is the conclusion to which you would probably have come if you had entered his sitting-room, where the bare tables, the large old-fashioned horse-hair chairs, and the thread-bare Turkey carpet perpetually fumigated with tobacco, seemed to tell a story of wifeless existence that was contradicted by no portrait, no piece of embroidery, no faded bit of pretty triviality, hinting of taper-fingers and small feminine ambitions. And it was here that Mr Gilfil passed his evenings, seldom with other society than that of Ponto, his old brown setter, who, stretched out at full length on the rug with his nose between his fore-paws, would wrinkle his brows and lift up his eyelids every now and then, to exchange a glance of mutual understanding with his master. But there was a chamber in Shepperton Vicarage which told a different story from that bare and cheerless dining-room—a chamber never entered by any one besides Mr Gilfil and old Martha the house-keeper, who, with David her husband as groom and gardener, formed the Vicar's entire establishment. The blinds of this chamber were always down, except once a-quarter, when Martha entered that she might air and clean it. She always asked Mr Gilfil for the key, which he kept locked up in his bureau, and returned it to him when she had finished her task.

It was a touching sight that the daylight streamed in upon, as Martha drew aside the blinds and thick cur-

tains, and opened the Gothic casement of the oriel window! On the little dressing-table there was a dainty looking-glass in a carved and gilt frame; bits of wax-candle were still in the branched sockets at the sides, and on one of these branches hung a little black lace kerchief; a faded satin pin-cushion, with the pins rusted in it, a scent-bottle, and a large green fan, lay on the table; and on a dressing-box by the side of the glass was a work-basket, and an unfinished baby-cap, yellow with age, lying in it. Two gowns, of a fashion long forgotten, were hanging on nails against the door, and a pair of tiny red slippers, with a bit of tarnished silver embroidery on them, were standing at the foot of the bed. Two or three water-colour drawings, views of Naples, hung upon the walls; and over the mantel-piece, above some bits of rare old china, two miniatures in oval frames. One of these miniatures represented a young man about seven-and-twenty, with a sanguine complexion, full lips, and clear candid grey eyes. The other was the likeness of a girl, probably not more than eighteen, with small features, thin cheeks, a pale southern-looking complexion, and large dark eyes. The gentleman wore powder; the lady had her dark hair gathered away from her face, and a little cap, with a cherry-coloured bow, set on the top of her head—a coquettish head-dress, but the eyes spoke of sadness rather than of coquetry.

Such were the things that Martha had dusted and let the air upon, four times a-year, ever since she was a blooming lass of twenty; and she was now, in this last decade of Mr Gilfil's life, unquestionably on the wrong side of fifty. Such was the locked-up chamber in Mr Gilfil's house: a sort of visible symbol of the secret chamber in his heart, where he had long turned the key on early hopes and early sorrows, shutting up for ever all the passion and the poetry of his life.

There were not many people in the parish, besides Martha, who had any very distinct remembrance of Mr Gilfil's wife, or indeed who knew anything of her, beyond the fact that

there was a marble tablet, with a Latin inscription in memory of her, over the vicarage pew. The parishioners who were old enough to remember her arrival were not generally gifted with descriptive powers, and the utmost you could gather from them was, that Mrs Gilfil looked like a "furriner, wi' such eyes, you can't think, an' a voice as went through you when she sung at church." The one exception was Mrs Patten, whose strong memory and taste for personal narrative made her a great source of oral tradition in Shepperton. Mr Hackit, who had not come into the parish until ten years after Mrs Gilfil's death, would often put old questions to Mrs Patten for the sake of getting the old answers, which pleased him in the same way as passages from a favourite book, or the scenes of a familiar play, please more accomplished people.

"Ah, you remember well the Sunday as Mrs Gilfil first come to church, eh, Mrs Patten?"

"To be sure I do. It was a fine bright Sunday as ever was seen, just at the beginnin' o' hay harvest. Mr Tarbett preached that day, and Mr Gilfil sat i' the pew wi' his wife. I think I see him now, a-leadin' her up th' aisle, an' her head not reachin' much above his elber: a little pale woman, wi' eyes as black as sloes, an' yet lookin' blank-like, as if she see'd nothin' wi' em."

"I warrant she had her weddin' clothes on?" said Mr Hackit.

"Nothin' partickler smart—on'y a white hat tied down under her chin, an' a white Indy muslin gown. But you don't know what Mr Gilfil was in those times. He was fine an' altered afore you come into the parish. He'd a fresh colour then, an' a bright look wi' his eyes, as did your heart good to see. He looked rare an' happy that Sunday, but somehow, I'd a feelin' as it wouldn't last long. I've no opinion o' furriners, Mr Hackit, for I've travelled i' their country wi' my lady in my time, an' seen anuff o' their victuals an' their nasty ways."

"Mrs Gilfil come from It'ly, didn't she?"

"I reckon she did, but I niver

could rightly hear about that. Mr Gilfil was niver to be spoke to about her, and nobody else hereabout knowed anythin'. Howiver, she must ha' come over pretty young, for she spoke English as well as you an' me. It's them Italians as has such fine voices, an' Mrs Gilfil sung, you never heard the like. He brought her here to have tea wi' me one afternoon, and says he, in his jovial way, 'Now, Mrs Patten, I want Mrs Gilfil to see the neatest house, and drink the best cup o' tea, in all Shepperton; you must show her your dairy and your cheese-room, and then she shall sing you a song.' An' so she did; an' her voice seemed sometimes to fill the room; an' then it went low an' soft, as if it was whisperin' close to your heart like."

"You never heard her again, I reckon?"

"No; she was sickly then, an' she died in a few months after. She wasn't in the parish much more nor half a year altogether. She didn't seem lively that afternoon, an' I could see she didn't care about the dairy, nor the cheeses, on'y she pretended, to please him. As for him, I niver see'd a man so wrapt up in a woman. He looked at her as if he was woshippin' her, an' as if he wanted to lift her off the ground ivery minute, to save her the

trouble o' walkin'. Poor man, poor man! It had like to ha' killed him when she died, though he niver gev way, but went on ridin' about and preachin'. But he was wore to a shadder, an' his eyes used to look as dead—you wouldn't ha' knowed 'em.

"She brought him no fortin'?"

"Not she. All Mr Gilfil's property come by his mother's side. There was blood an' money too, there. It's a thousand pities as he married a' that way—a fine man like him, as might ha' had the pick o' the county, an' had his grandchildren about him now. An' him so fond o' children, too."

In this manner Mrs Patten usually wound up her reminiscences of the Vicar's wife, of whom, you perceive, she knew but little. It was clear that the communicative old lady had nothing to tell of Mrs Gilfil's history previous to her arrival in Shepperton, and that she was unacquainted with Mr Gilfil's love-story.

But I, dear reader, am quite as communicative as Mrs Patten, and much better informed; so that if you care to know more about the Vicar's courtship and marriage, you need only carry your imagination back to the latter end of the last century, and your attention forward into the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

It is the evening of the 21st of June 1788. The day has been bright and sultry, and the sun will still be more than an hour above the horizon, but his rays, broken by the leafy fret-work of the elms that border the park, no longer prevent two ladies from carrying out their cushions and embroidery, and seating themselves to work on the lawn in front of Cheverel Manor. The soft turf gives way even under the fairy tread of the younger lady, whose small stature and slim figure rest on the tiniest of full-grown feet. She trips along before the elder, carrying the cushions, which she places in the favourite spot, just on the slope by a clump of laurels, where they can see the sunbeams sparkling among the water-

lilies, and can be themselves seen from the dining-room windows. She has deposited the cushions, and now turns round, so that you may have a full view of her as she stands waiting the slower advance of the elder lady. You are at once arrested by her large dark eyes, which, in their inexpressive unconscious beauty, resemble the eyes of a fawn; and it is only by an effort of attention that you notice the absence of bloom on her young cheek, and the southern yellowish tint of her small neck and face, rising above the little black lace kerchief which prevents the too immediate comparison of her skin with her white muslin gown. Her large eyes seem all the more striking because the dark hair is gathered away from

her face, under a little cap set at the top of her head, with a cherry-coloured bow on one side.

The elder lady, who is advancing towards the cushions, is cast in a very different mould of womanhood. She is tall, and looks the taller because her powdered hair is turned backward over a toupee, and surmounted by lace and ribbons. She is nearly fifty, but her complexion is still fresh and beautiful, with the beauty of an auburn blond; her proud pouting lips, and her head thrown a little backward as she walks, give an expression of hauteur which is not contradicted by the cold grey eye. The tucked-in kerchief, rising full over the low tight boddice of her blue dress, sets off the majestic form of her bust, and she treads the lawn as if she were one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's stately ladies, who had suddenly stepped from her frame to enjoy the evening cool.

"Put the cushions lower, Caterina, that we may not have so much sun upon us," she called out, in a tone of authority, when still at some distance.

Caterina obeyed, and they sat down, making two bright patches of red and white and blue on the green background of the laurels and the lawn, which would look none the less pretty in a picture because one of the women's hearts was rather cold and the other rather sad.

And a charming picture Cheverel Manor would have made that evening, if some English Watteau had been there to paint it: the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel-walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, towards the pool—on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds, surmounted by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans

are swimming lazily with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, sloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream that winds away from the pool, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure-ground; and on this lawn our two ladies, whose part in the landscape the painter, standing at a favourable point of view in the park, would represent with a few little dabs of red and white and blue.

Seen from the great Gothic windows of the dining-room, they had much more definiteness of outline, and were distinctly visible to the three gentlemen sipping their claret there, as two fair women, in whom all three had a personal interest. These gentlemen were a group worth considering attentively; but any one entering that dining-room for the first time, would perhaps have had his attention even more strongly arrested by the room itself, which was so bare of furniture that it impressed one with its architectural beauty like a cathedral. A piece of matting stretched from door to door, a bit of worn carpet under the dining-table, and a sideboard in a deep recess, did not detain the eye for a moment from the lofty groined ceiling, with its richly-carved pendants; all of creamy white, relieved here and there by touches of gold. On one side, this lofty ceiling was supported by pillars and arches, beyond which a lower ceiling, a miniature copy of the higher one, covered the square projection which, with its three large pointed windows, formed the central feature of the building. The room looked less like a place to dine in than a piece of space enclosed simply for the sake of beautiful outline; and the small dining-table, with the party round it, seemed an odd and insignificant accident, rather than anything connected with the original purpose of the apartment.

But, examined closely, that group was far from insignificant; for the eldest, who was reading in the newspaper the last portentous proceed-

ings of the French parliaments, and turning with occasional comments to his young companions, was as fine a specimen of the old English gentleman as could well have been found in those venerable days of cocked-hats and pigtails. His dark eyes sparkled under projecting brows, made more prominent by bushy grizzled eyebrows; but any apprehension of severity excited by these penetrating eyes, and by a somewhat aquiline nose, was allayed by the good-natured lines about the mouth, which retained all its teeth and its vigour of expression in spite of sixty winters. The forehead sloped a little from the projecting brows, and its peaked outline was made conspicuous by the arrangement of the profusely-powdered hair, drawn backward and gathered into a pigtail. He sat in a small hard chair, which did not admit the slightest approach to a lounge, and which showed to advantage the flatness of his back and the breadth of his chest. In fact, Sir Christopher Cheverel was a splendid old gentleman, as any one may see who enters the saloon at Cheverel Manor, where his full-length portrait, taken when he was fifty, hangs side by side with that of his wife, the stately lady seated on the lawn.

Looking at Sir Christopher, you would at once have been inclined to hope that he had a full-grown son and heir; but perhaps you would have wished that it might not prove to be the young man on his right hand, in whom a certain resemblance to the baronet, in the contour of the nose and brow, seemed to indicate a family relationship. If this young man had been less elegant in his person, he would have been remarked for the elegance of his dress. But the perfections of his slim well-proportioned figure were so striking that no one but a tailor could notice the perfections of his velvet coat; and his small white hands, with their blue veins and taper fingers, quite eclipsed the beauty of his lace ruffles. The face, however—it was difficult to say why—was certainly not pleasing. Nothing could be more delicate than the blond complexion—its bloom set off by the powdered hair—than

the veined overhanging eyelids, which gave an indolent expression to the hazel eyes; nothing more finely cut than the transparent nostril and the short upper-lip. Perhaps the chin and lower jaw were too small for an irreproachable profile, but the defect was on the side of that delicacy and *finesse* which was the distinctive characteristic of the whole person, and which was carried out in the clear brown arch of the eyebrows, and the marble smoothness of the sloping forehead. Impossible to say that this face was not eminently handsome; yet, for the majority both of men and women, it was destitute of charm. Women disliked eyes that seemed to be indolently accepting admiration instead of rendering it; and men, especially if they had a tendency to clumsiness in the nose and ankles, were inclined to think this Antinous in a pigtail a “confounded puppy.” I fancy that was frequently the inward interjection of the Rev. Maynard Gilfil, who was seated on the opposite side of the dining-table, though Mr Gilfil’s legs and profile were not at all of a kind to make him peculiarly alive to the impertinence and frivolity of personal advantages. His healthy open face and robust limbs were after an excellent pattern for everyday wear, and in the opinion of Mr Bates, the north-country gardener, would have become regimentals “a fain saight” better than the “peaky” features and slight form of Captain Wybrow, notwithstanding that this young gentleman, as Sir Christopher’s nephew and destined heir, had the strongest hereditary claim on the gardener’s respect, and was undeniably “clean-limbed.” But alas! human longings are perversely obstinate; and to the man whose mouth is watering for a peach, it is of no use to offer the largest vegetable marrow. Mr Gilfil was not sensitive to Mr Bates’s opinion, whereas he *was* sensitive to the opinion of another person, who by no means shared Mr Bates’s preference.

Who the other person was it would not have required a very keen observer to guess, from a certain eagerness in Mr Gilfil’s glance as that little figure in white tripped along

the lawn with the cushions. Captain Wybrow, too, was looking in the same direction, but his handsome face remained handsome—and nothing more.

"Ah," said Sir Christopher, looking up from his paper, "there's my lady. Ring for coffee, Anthony; we'll go and join her, and the little monkey Catina shall give us a song."

The coffee presently appeared, brought not as usual by the footman, in scarlet and drab, but by the old butler in threadbare but well-brushed black, who, as he was placing it on the table, said—

"If you please, Sir Christopher, there's the widow Hartopp a-crying i' the still-room, and begs leave to see your honour."

"I have given Markham full orders about the widow Hartopp," said Sir Christopher, in a sharp decided tone. "I have nothing to say to her."

"Your honour," pleaded the butler, rubbing his hands, and putting on an additional coating of humility, "the poor woman's dreadful overcome, and says she can't sleep a wink this blessed night without seeing your honour, and she begs you to pardon the great freedom she's took to come at this time. She cries fit to break her heart."

"Ay, ay; water pays no tax. Well, show her into the library."

Coffee despatched, the two young men walked out through the open window, and joined the ladies on the lawn, while Sir Christopher made his way to the library, solemnly followed by Rupert, his pet bloodhound, who, in his habitual place at the baronet's right hand, behaved with great urbanity during dinner; but when the cloth was drawn, invariably disappeared under the table, apparently regarding the claret-jug as a mere human weakness, which he winked at, but refused to sanction.

The library lay but three steps from the dining-room, on the other side of a cloistered and matted passage. The oriel window was overshadowed by the great beech, and this, with the flat heavily-carved ceiling and the dark hue of the old books that lined the walls, made the room look sombre, especially on

entering it from the dining-room, with its aerial curves and cream-coloured fretwork touched with gold. As Sir Christopher opened the door, a jet of brighter light fell on a woman in a widow's dress, who stood in the middle of the room, and made the deepest of curtsies as he entered. She was a buxom woman approaching forty, her eyes red with the tears which had evidently been absorbed by the handkerchief gathered into a damp ball in her right hand.

"Now, Mrs Hartopp," said Sir Christopher, taking out his gold snuff-box and tapping the lid, "what have you to say to me? Markham has delivered you a notice to quit, I suppose?"

"O yis, your honour, an' that's the reason why I've come. I hope your honour 'll think better on it, an' not turn me an' my poor children out o' the farm, where my husband al'ys paid his rent as reglar as the day come."

"Nonsense! I should like to know what good it will do you and your children to stay on a farm and lose every farthing your husband has left you, instead of selling your stock and going into some little place where you can keep your money together. It is very well known to every tenant of mine that I never allow widows to stay on their husbands' farms."

"O, Sir Christifer, if you *would* consider—when I've sold the hay, an' corn, an' all the live things, an' paid the debts, an' put the money out to use, I shall have hardly anuff to keep wer souls an' bodies together. An' how can I rear my boys and put 'em 'prentice? They must goo for dey-labourers, an' their father a man wi' as good belongins as any on your honour's estate, an' niver threshed his wheat afore it was well i' the rick, nor sold the straw off his farm, nor nothin'. Ask all the farmers round if there was a stiddier, soberer man than my husband as attended Ripstone market. An' he says, 'Bessie,' says he—them was his last words—'you'll mek a shift to manage the farm, if Sir Christifer 'ull let you stay on.'"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Sir Christopher, Mrs Hartopp's sobs having

interrupted her pleadings, "now listen to me, and try to understand a little common-sense. You are about as able to manage the farm as your best milch cow. You'll be obliged to have some managing man, who will either cheat you out of your money or wheedle you into marrying him."

"O your honour, I was never that sort o' woman, an' nobody has known it on me."

"Very likely not, because you were never a widow before. A woman's always silly enough, but she's never quite as great a fool as she can be until she puts on a widow's cap. Now, just ask yourself how much the better you will be for staying on your farm at the end of four years, when you've got through your money, and let your farm run down, and are in arrears for half your rent; or perhaps, have got some great hulky fellow for a husband, who swears at you and kicks your children."

"Indeed, Sir Christifer, I know a deal o' farming, an' was brought up i' the thick on it, as you may say. An' there was my husband's great-aunt managed a farm for twenty year, an' left legacies to all her nephys an' nieces, an' even to my husband, as was then a babe unborn."

"Psha! a woman six feet high, with a squint and sharp elbows, I dare say—a man in petticoats. Not a rosy-cheeked widow like you, Mrs Hartopp."

"Indeed, your honour, I never heared on her squintin', an' they said as she might ha' been married o'er an' o'er again, to people as had no call to hanker after her money."

"Ay, ay, that's what you all think. Every man that looks at you wants to marry you, and would like you the better the more children you have and the less money. But it is useless to talk and cry. I have good reasons for my plans, and never alter them. What you have to do is to make the best of your stock, and to look out for some little place to go to, when you leave The Hollows. Now, go back to Mrs Bellamy's room, and ask her to give you a dish of tea."

Mrs Hartopp, understanding from Sir Christopher's tone that he was

not to be shaken, curtsied low and left the library, while the baronet, seating himself at his desk in the oriel window, wrote the following letter:—

"MR MARKHAM,—Take no steps about letting Crowsfoot Cottage, as I intend to put in the widow Hartopp when she leaves her farm; and if you will be here at eleven on Saturday morning, I will ride round with you, and settle about making some repairs, and see about adding a bit of land to the take, as she will want to keep a cow and some pigs.—Yours faithfully,

"CHRISTOPHER CHEVEREL"

After ringing the bell and ordering this letter to be sent, Sir Christopher walked out to join the party on the lawn. But finding the cushions deserted, he walked on to the eastern front of the building, where, by the side of the grand entrance, was the large bow-window of the saloon, opening on to the gravel-sweep, and looking towards a long vista of undulating turf, bordered by tall trees, which, seeming to unite itself with the green of the meadows and a grassy road through a plantation, only terminated with the Gothic arch of a gateway in the far distance. The bow-window was open, and Sir Christopher, stepping in, found the group he sought, examining the progress of the unfinished ceiling. It was in the same style of florid pointed Gothic as the dining-room, but more elaborate in its tracery, which was like petrified lacework picked out with delicate and varied colouring. About a fourth of it still remained uncoloured, and under this part were scaffolding, ladders, and tools; otherwise the spacious saloon was empty of furniture, and seemed to be a grand Gothic canopy for the group of five human figures standing in the centre.

"Francesco has been getting on a little better the last day or two," said Sir Christopher, as he joined the party: "he's a sad lazy dog, and I fancy he has a knack of sleeping as he stands, with his brushes in his hands. But I must spur him on, or we may not have the scaffolding cleared away before the bride comes,

if you show dexterous generalship in your wooing, eh, Anthony? and take your Magdeburg quickly."

"Ah, sir, a siege is known to be one of the most tedious operations in war," said Captain Wybrow, with an easy smile.

"Not when there's a traitor within the walls in the shape of a soft heart. And that there will be, if Beatrice has her mother's tenderness as well as her mother's beauty."

"What do you think, Sir Christopher," said Lady Cheverel, who seemed to wince a little under her husband's reminiscences, "of hanging Guercino's 'Sybil' over that door when we put up the pictures? It is rather lost in my sitting-room."

"Very good, my love," answered Sir Christopher, in a tone of punctiliously polite affection, "if you like to part with the ornament from your own room, it will show admirably here. Our portraits, by Sir Joshua, will hang opposite the window, and the 'Transfiguration' at that end. You see, Anthony, I am leaving no good places on the walls for you and your wife. We shall turn you with your faces to the wall in the gallery, and you may take your revenge on us by-and-by."

While this conversation was going on, Mr Gilfil turned to Caterina and said,—

"I like the view from this window better than any other in the house."

She made no answer, and he saw that her eyes were filling with tears; so he added, "Suppose we walk out a little; Sir Christopher and my lady seem to be occupied."

Caterina complied silently, and they turned down one of the gravel walks that led, after many windings under tall trees and among grassy openings, to a large enclosed flower-garden. Their walk was perfectly silent, for Maynard Gilfil knew that Caterina's thoughts were not with him, and she had been long used to make him endure the weight of those moods which she carefully hid from others.

They reached the flower-garden, and turned mechanically in at the gate that opened, through a high thick hedge, on an expanse of brilliant colour, which, after the green

shades they had passed through, startled the eye like flames. The effect was assisted by an undulation of the ground, which gradually descended from the entrance-gate, and then rose again towards the opposite end, crowned by an orangery. The flowers were glowing with their evening splendours; verbenas and heliotropes were sending up their finest incense. It seemed a gala where all was happiness and brilliancy, and misery could find no sympathy. This was the effect it had on Caterina. As she wound among the beds of gold and blue and pink, where the flowers seemed to be looking at her with wondering elf-like eyes, knowing nothing of sorrow, the feeling of isolation in her wretchedness overcame her, and the tears, which had been before trickling slowly down her pale cheeks, now gushed forth accompanied with sobs. And yet there was a loving human being close beside her, whose heart was aching for hers, who was possessed by the feeling that she was miserable, and that he was helpless to soothe her. But she was too much irritated by the idea that his wishes were different from hers, that he rather regretted the folly of her hopes than the probability of their disappointment, to take any comfort in his sympathy. Caterina, like the rest of us, turned away from sympathy which she suspected to be mingled with criticism, as the child turns away from the sweetmeat in which it suspects imperceptible medicine.

"Dear Caterina, I think I hear voices," said Mr Gilfil; "they may be coming this way."

She checked herself like one accustomed to conceal her emotions, and ran rapidly to the other end of the garden, where she seemed occupied in selecting a rose. Presently Lady Cheverel entered, leaning on the arm of Captain Wybrow, and followed by Sir Christopher. The party stopped to admire the tiers of geraniums near the gate; and in the mean time Caterina tripped back with a moss rosebud in her hand, and going up to Sir Christopher, said—"There, Padroncello—there is a nice rose for your button-hole."

"Ah, you black-eyed monkey," he

said, fondly stroking her cheek ; “ so you have been running off with Maynard, either to torment or coax him an inch or two deeper into love. Come, come, I want you to sing us ‘ *Ho perduto* ’ before we sit down to picquet. Anthony goes to-morrow, you know ; you must warble him into the right sentimental lover’s mood, that he may acquit himself well at Bath.” He put her little arm under his, and calling to Lady Cheverel, “ Come, Henrietta ! ” led the way towards the house.

The party entered the drawing-room, which, with its oriel window, corresponded to the library in the other wing, and had also a flat ceiling heavy with carving and blazonry ; but the window being unshaded, and the walls hung with full-length portraits of knights and dames in scarlet, white, and gold, it had not the sombre effect of the library. Here hung the portrait of Sir Anthony Cheverel, who in the reign of Charles II. was the renovator of the family splendour, which had suffered some declension from the early brilliancy of that Chevreuil who came over with the Conqueror. A very imposing personage was this Sir Anthony, standing with one arm akimbo, and one fine leg and foot advanced, evidently with a view to the gratification of his contemporaries and posterity. You might have taken off his splendid peruke, and his scarlet cloak, which was thrown backward from his shoulders, without annihilating the dignity of his appearance. And he had known how to choose a wife too, for his lady, hanging opposite to him, with her sunny brown hair drawn away in bands from her mild grave face, and falling in two large rich curls on her snowy gently-sloping neck, which shamed the harsher hue and outline of her white satin robe, was a fit mother of “ large-acred ” heirs.

In this room tea was served ; and here, every evening, as regularly as the great clock in the court-yard with deliberate bass tones struck nine, Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel sat down to picquet until half-past ten, when Mr Gilfil read prayers to the assembled household in the chapel.

But now it was not near nine, and Caterina must sit down to the harpsichord and sing Sir Christopher’s favourite airs from Gluck’s *Orfeo*, an opera which, for the happiness of that generation, was then to be heard on the London stage. It happened this evening that the sentiment of these airs, “ *Che farò senza Eurydice ?* ” and “ *Ho perduto il bel semblante,* ” in both of which Orpheus pours out his yearning after his lost love, came very close to Caterina’s own feeling. But her emotion, instead of being a hindrance to her singing, gave her additional power. Her singing was what she could do best ; it was her one point of superiority, in which it was probable she would excel the highborn beauty whom Anthony was to woo ; and her love, her jealousy, her pride, her rebellion against her destiny, made one stream of passion which welled forth in the deep rich tones of her voice. She had a rare contralto, which Lady Cheverel, who had high musical taste, had been careful to preserve her from straining.

“ Excellent, Caterina,” said Lady Cheverel, as there was a pause after the wonderful linked sweetness of “ *Che farò.* ” “ I never heard you sing that so well. Once more ! ”

It was repeated ; and then came “ *Ho perduto,* ” which Sir Christopher encored, in spite of the clock, just striking nine. When the last note was dying out, he said—

“ There’s a clever black-eyed monkey. Now bring out the table for picquet.”

Caterina drew out the table, and placed the cards ; then, with her rapid fairy suddenness of motion, threw herself on her knees, and clasped Sir Christopher’s knee. He bent down, stroked her cheek, and smiled.

“ Caterina, that is foolish,” said Lady Cheverel. “ I wish you would leave off those stage-players’ antics.”

She jumped up, arranged her music on the harpsichord, and then, seeing the baronet and his lady seated at picquet, quietly glided out of the room.

Captain Wybrow had been leaning near the harpsichord during the singing, and the chaplain had thrown

himself on a sofa at the end of the room. They both now took up a book. Mr Gilfil chose the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Captain Wybrow, stretched on an ottoman near the door, opened *Faublas*; and there was perfect silence in the room which, ten minutes before, was vibrating to the passionate tones of Caterina.

She had made her way along the cloistered passages, now lighted here and there by a small oil-lamp, to the grand-staircase, which led directly to a gallery running along the whole eastern side of the building, where it was her habit to walk when she wished to be alone. The bright moonlight was streaming through the windows, throwing into strange light and shadow the heterogeneous objects that lined the long walls. Greek statues and busts of Roman emperors; low cabinets filled with curiosities, natural and antiquarian; tropical birds, and huge horns of beasts; Hindoo gods and strange shells; swords and daggers, and bits of chain-armour; Roman lamps, and tiny models of Greek temples; and, above all these, queer old family portraits—of little boys and girls, once the hope of the Cheverels, with close-shaven heads imprisoned in stiff ruffs—of faded, pink-faced ladies, with rudimentary features and highly-developed head-dresses—of gallant gentlemen, with high hips, high shoulders, and red pointed beards.

Here, on rainy days, Sir Christopher and his lady took their promenade, and here billiards were played; but, in the evening, it was forsaken by all except Caterina—and, sometimes, one other person.

She paced up and down in the moonlight, her pale face and thin white-robed form making her look like the ghost of some former Lady Cheverel come to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

By-and-by she paused opposite the broad window above the portico, and looked out on the long vista of turf and trees now stretching chill and saddened in the moonlight.

Suddenly a breath of warmth and roses seemed to float towards her, and an arm stole gently round her waist, while a soft hand took up her

tiny fingers. Caterina felt an electric thrill, and was motionless for one long moment; then she pushed away the arm and hand, and, turning round, lifted up to the face that hung over her, eyes full of tenderness and reproach. The fawnlike unconsciousness was gone, and in that one look were the ground tones of poor little Caterina's nature—intense love and fierce jealousy.

"Why do you push me away, Catina?" said Captain Wybrow in a half-whisper; "are you angry with me for what a hard fate puts upon me? Would you have me cross my uncle—who has done so much for us both—in his dearest wish? You know I have duties—we both have duties—before which feeling must be sacrificed."

"Yes, yes," said Caterina, stamping her foot, and turning away her head; "don't tell me what I know already."

There was a voice speaking in Caterina's mind, to which she had never yet given vent. That voice said continually, "Why did he make me love him—why did he let me know he loved me, if he knew all the while that he couldn't brave everything for my sake?" Then love answered, "He was led on by the feeling of the moment, as you have been, Caterina; and now you ought to help him to do what is right." Then the voice rejoined, "It was a slight matter to him. He doesn't much mind giving you up. He will soon love that beautiful woman, and forget a poor little pale thing like you."

Thus love, anger, and jealousy were struggling in that young soul.

"Besides, Catina," continued Captain Wybrow in still gentler tones, "I shall not succeed. Miss Assher very likely prefers some one else; and you know I have the best will in the world to fail. I shall come back a hapless bachelor—perhaps to find you already married to the good-looking chaplain, who is over head and ears in love with you. Poor Sir Christopher has made up his mind that you're to have Gilfil."

"Why will you speak so? You speak from your own want of feeling. Go away from me."

"Don't let us part in anger,

Catina. All this may pass away. It's as likely as not that I may never marry any one at all. These palpitations may carry me off, and you may have the satisfaction of knowing that I shall never be anybody's bridegroom. Who knows what may happen? I may be my own master before I get into the bonds of holy matrimony, and be able to choose my little singing-bird. Why should we distress ourselves before the time?"

"It is easy to talk so when you are not feeling," said Catina, the tears flowing fast. "It is bad to bear now, whatever may come after. But you don't care about my misery."

"Don't I, Tina?" said Anthony in his tenderest tones, again stealing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him. Poor Catina was the slave of this voice and touch. Grief and resentment, retrospect and foreboding, vanished—all life before and after melted away in the bliss of that moment, as Anthony pressed his lips to hers.

Captain Wybrow thought, "Poor little Tina! it would make her very happy to have me. But she is a mad little thing."

At that moment a loud bell startled Catina from her trance of bliss. It was the summons to prayers in the chapel, and she hastened away, leaving Captain Wybrow to follow slowly.

It was a pretty sight, that family assembled to worship in the little chapel, where a couple of wax-candles threw a mild faint light on

the figures kneeling there. In the desk was Mr Gilfil, with his face a shade graver than usual. On his right hand, kneeling on their red velvet cushions, were the master and mistress of the household, in their elderly dignified beauty. On his left, the youthful grace of Anthony and Caterina, in all the striking contrast of their colouring—he, with his exquisite outline and rounded fairness, like an Olympian god; she dark and tiny, like a gypsy changeling. Then there were the domestics kneeling on red-covered forms,—the women headed by Mrs Bellamy, the natty little old house-keeper, in snowy cap and apron, and Mrs Sharp, my lady's maid, of somewhat vinegar aspect and flaunting attire; the men, by Mr Bellamy the butler, and Mr Warren, Sir Christopher's venerable valet.

A few collects from the Evening Service was what Mr Gilfil habitually read, ending with the simple petition, "Lighten our darkness."

And then they all rose, the servants turning to curtsy and bow as they went out. The family returned to the drawing-room, said good-night to each other, and dispersed—all to speedy slumber except two. Caterina only cried herself to sleep after the clock had struck twelve. Mr Gilfil lay awake still longer, thinking that very likely Caterina was crying.

Captain Wybrow, having dismissed his valet at eleven, was soon in a soft slumber, his face looking like a fine cameo in high relief on the slightly-indented pillow.

THE CONQUEST OF BACCHUS.

A LAY OF AN OLD GREEK VASE.

[In the following poem the writer has departed no doubt from the more veracious chronicles of the gods, and the more generally received dogmas of the old Greek faiths. There is no word in classic story of an interview between Bacchus and Apollo, when the latter tended the flocks of King Admetus during his seven years' exile from Olympus, for killing the Cyclops. In fact, according to the more esoteric doctrines of the old mythological divines, Apollo and Bacchus are merely different manifestations of the same deity. Then there is a great heresy, no doubt, in ascribing to any influence of Apollo the agricultural results of the mysterious union of Bacchus and Ceres, although some may see in it

"The symbols of a larger sense"

even according to mythological principles. Moreover, there is no doubt that the jealous Athenians would have warmly resented any attempt to represent Apollo as interfering in the special department of their tutelary deity, Pallas, and shaken their heads at the classical solecism of regarding Song as a synonym with Wisdom. Upon the whole, however, the old doctors of mythology were very liberal in their views; and, provided one spoke respectfully of the Olympic conclave conjunctly and severally, they took little offence at the conduct, humours, and peculiarities ascribed to them. The following poem is intended to represent the two phases in the career of Dionysus,—viz. the frolicsome wine-god, wild with the first joy of the grape, and roaming over the world to establish his divinity,—with wild beasts and frantic monads in his train,—till, either subdued by some softer influence, or educated by experience, he settled down into a gentlemanly god, and carrying his experiments beyond the wine-vat into the virgin soil, became the parent of Agriculture and Civilisation. If more general ideas be sought, they will be found in the ordinary development of man's life, and in the conquest of the sensual by the spiritual, and that re-union of the spiritual with the sensuous, which constitutes Art to all whose ideas of such things are not sublimated beyond earth and nature.]

AN old Greek cup for old Greek wine
That many an age has left unbroken,
And Time, and Art, made half divine!
Its mystic story, long unspoken,
Seems to tell

Some lesson well;
Ivy leaves and laurel twine*
Round its lips—a pleasant token;
Mirth and wisdom meetly join.

And once perchance this old Greek vase†
Has fired the Panathenic victors,
When filled with Pallas' oil of praise, —
The pride of potters and depicitors.

It brings the faces,
Brings the graces,
Of the old, old, years, and ways,
More clearly back than learned lectures,
All in the light of the old Greek days.

* The ivy and the laurel, the badges of Bacchus and Apollo.

† At the greater Panathenaic games the principal prizes consisted of vases containing oil from the sacred olives of the Acropolis. There, likewise, the potters of the street called Keramicus, a highly-esteemed class of artists in these days, exhibited their finest works.

The dithyrambic chorus rings,
 Down from Pelion's piney mountain,
 Where Cithæron's forest flings
 Deepest shades by Dirce's fountain,*
 Rings the Evøe,
 Evøe ! Evøe !

Wake the dithyrambic strings,
 From Bacchic Lydia's flowery mountain,†
 And Pieria's woodland springs.

Through forests green, with garlands gay,
 His spotted panthers lightly guiding,
 Giving earth a holiday,
 And care and common things avoiding,

 He sweeps along,
 With shout and song,
 The youthful God in glory riding,
 Beauty brightening all the way,
 And rosy Joy before him gliding.

Raise aloud the Lydian song,
 Where youth and beauty tread the measure ;
 Raise aloud the Lydian song,
 Where hearts, like wine-cups, brim with pleasure,
 Brimming o'er,
 By board and bower,

'Neath myrtle boughs and skies of azure ;
 Raise aloud the Lydian song,
 For youth is more than golden treasure.

With clustering grapes, and flowing hair,
 The radiant mazes lightly threading,
 Hoary Time, and all his care,
 With kingly laughter all unheeding—

 On they go,
 Where roses blow,
 Where wine-cups flow,
 And love is leading,
 Till they reach the valleys fair,
 Where King Admetus' herds are feeding.

Oh the laughter ! oh the song !
 Oh the ivy ! oh the laurel !
 There they listen all day long,
 A silent rapture, gathering o'er all,
 Hearts all listening,
 Eyes all glistening,
 As with careless grace they wore all,
 O'er their snowy shoulders flung,
 Their ivy crowns, and garlands floral.

Raise the song to higher themes,
 Strike the lyre to louder numbers,
 Lydian measures lapt their dreams,
 Delphic fires have burst their slumbers,
 Burst the cloud,
 And burst the shroud—

* The fountain where Bacchus was concealed by Jupiter, when he had liberated him from his thigh,—where he was sewed up to be out of Juno's way, after she had burnt the beautiful Semele.

† "The flowery Tmolus," as Euripides calls it, where Bacchus was nursed. As Lydia was the scene of the wine-god's infancy, the other allusions to that somewhat pleasure-loving region may be left to most people without further explanation.

Burst the cloud that beauty cumber :
 Psyche's moth in glory beams
 Above its cerements of slumbers.

A shepherd touched the golden strings,
 To tones that woke the muses' wonder,
 Sang the joy of olden things,
 Outmurmured love, outrolled the thunder ;

Griefs as deep

As eyes could weep,

He sang, and drew, with accents tender,
 Angels down, on folden wings,
 Made one of the hearts most wide asunder ;

The herdsmen crowd from all the plain,
 The satyrs leave their leafy cover,
 Nymphs of Dian's sylvan train,
 Beneath the forest fringes hover,

Every hearer

Drawing nearer,

Listening to the wondrous strain,
 Till, their wild sweet eyes run over,
 Amber light and holy rain.

A newer beauty spread abroad,
 More leafy fair the forest growing,
 A brighter green o'ershed the sod,
 More brightly sweetest blossoms blowing ;

At every tone

The sunbeams shone

More fair, and men, in rapture glowing,
 Kneel all around the minstrel god,
 Their spirits with his anthems flowing.

And brighter still the glory grew ;
 The wine-god dropt his sparkling chalice :
 Each wild Bacchante's eyes dropt dew,
 As sweet as flowers by Lydian Halys ;

All bow before

Such tones of power

As ne'er Tyrrhennian trumpet blew,
 Nor yet were woke when Indian valleys
 Heard the Panic Eilleleu.

The old Ægean's sullen roar
 Is hushed as from Olympus' zenith,
 Down the soft Thessalian shore
 A voice proclaims—Apollo reigneth !

And they wear all

Wreaths of laurel,

Not an ivy crown remaineth ;
 Bacchus' lays are alien lore,
 And the purple light of his glory waneth.

Waneth ? no ! a nobler morn
 Its lustrous light is round him shedding ;
 Springs the olive, sprouts the corn,
 Where his rosy foot is treading.

And he goeth,

And he roweth

Blessings, over lands forlorn,
 Peace and plenty round him spreading,
 Rich as Amalthea's horn.

Then raise again the Lydian song
 To Phœbus' lyre in nobler measures ;
 The shrilling syrinx, silent long,
 Faintly pleads for Bacchic pleasures.

Lo ! the god
 Has blessed the sod ;
 Lo, the thyrsus teems with treasures ;
 While they wear all
 Wreaths of laurel—

Ivy glints the leaves among,
 Wisdom o'er all, wine to cheer all,
 Raise again the Lydian song.

For lo, the songs of forest trees
 Are all of beauty and abundance ;
 In every rustling autumn breeze
 Are songs of fertile fields' redundancy ;
 As boyhood bright,
 So fleet of flight,
 Throws back its light of long-gone glees,
 O'er manhood's heart with soft resplendence
 Bacchus cometh back to please.

Bacchus, beautiful and young,
 Come back to labour late and early,
 Conquered by the glorious song
 That great Apollo sings so yarely !

And through all his
 Hills and valleys
 Breaks the light of beauty fairly—
 Breaks the hymn from every tongue,
 And rings through all the woodlands clearly.

The laurels, where young Daphne died,*
 Grow green beside her parent river ;
 The dews of Pindus swell the tide,
 And keep them fresh and green for ever—

The greener still,
 By stream and hill,
 That laureled song is silent never,
 That love and joy go side by side,
 And mirth and wisdom seldom sever.

Then raise again the Lydian song ;
 While higher thoughts bring higher pleasures :
 Pray thee, count it nothing wrong,
 If both these gods should mix their measures.

Let Bacchus follow
 Young Apollo,
 Strewing round him rural treasures,
 While they wear all
 Wreaths of laurel,
 Ivy sprigs the leaves among ;
 Wisdom o'er all, wine to cheer all,
 All things fair to life belong—
 Through nobler aims like lighter pleasures,
 Twine the lightsome Lydian song.

* Daphne, the daughter of the river-god Peneus, whose watery dwelling-place rises on Mount Pindus, and flows into the sea through the vale of Tempe, was, as everybody knows, changed into a laurel, when praying to be delivered from the violence of Apollo ; and the god, in a compound fit of love, grief, disappointment, and penitence, chose that tree for his special symbol ever after ; and, it is to be hoped mended his manners out of respect to the virtue which he professed to honour.

HESTER BENFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

STRETCHED upon the pebbly beach which fringes one of our southern counties, a man, whose appearance indicated that he belonged to what are termed the "higher classes," watched, or rather seemed to watch, on a lovely afternoon in August, the progress of the incoming tide, of which the waves, as they followed one upon another with a pleasing sound, approached him more nearly at every rush.

He did indeed but seem to watch, for the abstracted look told plainly the spirit was far away, and had no part in the strange intentness with which he leaned forward and endeavoured, by using his stick, to draw towards him a portion of pink seaweed, each time as the rippling water washed it almost to his feet, and as quickly bore it back, until, at length, as a wave cast it within his reach, he with earnest vehemence beat the mass to pieces, and scattered here and there the clinging transparent leaves, which, a moment before, had floated so lightly before him.

George Maldon Asleigh was one of Fortune's favourites: heir to a title, and possessed of means sufficient to procure for him everything that wealth could purchase, it had been rare for him to find a wish ungratified. Sufficiently good-looking, and gifted with talents above the average, he had been courted until life seemed one long sunshine. Naturally of an easy temper, he could be capable of acts of kindness and generosity in cases where his own interests or whims were not in question; but, like a spoilt child—as the crushed sea-weed illustrated—his best energies were too frequently exerted in the pursuit of objects which, when attained, were cast aside as valueless, and speedily forgotten. And still, inconsistent as it may seem, if ever a pure and true affection warmed the heart of man since the days of our great forefather, it had burned within his bosom for one who, believing him to be in all things fickle, had refused

to listen to his prayer; yet he, the envied Asleigh, would for her sake have gladly sacrificed wealth and title—would have served cheerfully to win her, like another Jacob for his Rachel; but, denied the treasure of the love he sought, he looked upon all the gifts showered on him by a bountiful Providence as worthless now.

His humour alternated from despair to angry defiance; at one moment the desire to end a life now so aimless was uppermost, at another the wish for retaliation took its place. He would marry, and wound her thus—yes, marry at once the person he thought she would like least; that would pierce her woman's heart. A victim to such feelings, and shunning society, he had sought refuge in a distant village on the southern coast of England, where we first find him.

The sea-weed completely demolished and scattered to the winds, he took his way dreamily across the common, until a cry for help in a woman's voice aroused him, and turning hastily, he perceived at a short distance a girl running wildly along, followed by a sailor, whose unsteady movements told plainly how the morning had been spent.

"Protect me, sir, for Heaven's sake!" she screamed, and, tottering forward, fell fainting on the ground, while a blow from Asleigh at the same moment arrested her pursuer's progress.

Asleigh looked round for assistance, but no one was to be seen, and to leave the fainting girl there was impossible. Her drunken persecutor, after giving utterance to some incoherent abuse, and making several ineffectual attempts to rise, lay where he had fallen, and seemed to be already settling himself to sleep. Nothing could be done but to endeavour to restore animation as best he might; and Asleigh, after loosening her bonnet and shawl, ran to the beach, and dipping his handkerchief

in the sea water, returned to place it on her pale forehead ; and as he chafed her cold hands, fastidious as he was, their whiteness and symmetry struck him, notwithstanding that one first finger bore marks of the needle. But when returning consciousness brought back the colour to her cheek, he was astonished at the beauty of the young creature so unexpectedly thrust upon his notice.

With the instinctive feeling of a gentleman, he endeavoured to lessen his companion's confusion, as he conducted her across the common, until perceiving her to grow uneasy as they approached the village, he gently took leave of her, and turned towards the house which for the time he called his home.

He occupied himself that evening in speculating upon what his new acquaintance would turn out to be, where she lived, &c. She was, certainly, very lovely, and her language not ill chosen ; but she could scarcely be in the rank of a lady ; her printed gown and common shawl belonged to a different class ; and yet the delicate soft hands bore testimony to no rough work : she must, he thought, have occupied a higher station in life than her plain dress indicated ; what could she be ?

Reader, Hester Benfield—for such was her name—was a sewing-girl, and an orphan : her father had died during her early youth, and she had but recently lost her mother, to whom she owed the teaching and high principle which had hitherto caused her to be as much respected for her blameless life, as admired for her beauty ; she had but a short time previously come to the village of W—, for the purpose of learning millinery, her desire being first to obtain initiation into the mysteries of bonnet-making, and then proceed to London, that city of fabled golden pavements, where alone, she believed, fortunes were to be made.

Asleigh quickly discovered Hester's calling and place of business, and frequently waylaid her in the evening, on her return to her solitary lodging. At first, curiosity and mere idleness induced him to seek her, then, piqued by the coldness of her manner, and resolute endeavours to

avoid him, he became more earnest ; lastly, information which reached him from the metropolis renewed the idea that his marriage, and such a marriage, would of all things most deeply wound the woman who had rejected him ; and thus it ended, that on one October evening, when, as usual, he had been waiting for Hester, and at length in the darkening caught sight of her light figure hurrying across the common, he joined her, and ere long had declared himself her suitor, eliciting in return from her quivering lips the assurance that she loved him.

She knew nothing of her lover's real rank, and it pleased him to think how great would be her surprise when some day she should find herself a countess-elect. There was much, however, to do in the mean time. George Asleigh's wife must be educated as well as beautiful, and this he resolved to undertake himself. She was not wanting in talent and delicacy of taste, and a year devoted to study would work wonders ; then would come his hour of triumph. So thought the newly-affianced husband, as he parted from the trembling girl, destined by an evil fortune to be his wife.

And they were married ; not in the village, the place of their first meeting ; he did not wish it should be so, and none of the friends she had made at W— knew of the step she was about to take. Their marriage was celebrated in a distant town, and Asleigh conveyed his bride thence to a pretty residence he had chosen, where, both being unknown, he intended they should remain until such time as it might please him to reappear in the world with the lovely companion he had chosen.

Hester had been a wife little more than a fortnight, when one morning Asleigh entered the room suddenly, to tell her that business of a pressing nature required his immediate presence in London, and that he must leave her for a few days.

"I have marked your studies, Hester : we shall finish the *Tempest* together, dearest, when I return ; be sure to write out your portion of Milton daily ; God bless you ; good-by"—and he was gone.

The cause of her husband's hurried departure, which Hester guessed not, was this: a paragraph in the morning papers had met his eye, announcing the dangerous illness of the Earl of Redland, at his house in town.

Lord Redland was Asleigh's uncle and guardian. George had been almost as a son to the old man, and fondly had they both hoped he would in very truth become so. But such was not to be: had she not driven him from her? And now a barrier was placed between them, which Asleigh smiled bitterly as he thought upon—poor Hester!

He reached town to find his uncle in the extremity of illness, and his cousin more interesting in her grief than he had ever thought her in her brightest days. There was a timidity in her manner towards himself which touched him more than any other reception could have done. At one time he had believed she loved him; could it be possible he had mistaken her, when lately she had refused to allow it was so? The doubt almost distracted him; and his agony was complete, as his uncle, ignorant of what had passed between them, joined their hands, and blessed his children. Then he would have fled, but the old man clung to the society of his nephew, declaring he felt always better when George was by, and in truth he seemed so. With an affectionate garrulity he would speak of the union of his children when he should be well again. "Helen," he said, "required a protector;" and though Helen would blush deeply, she did not dissent.

It was at night, when in solitude the voice of conscience spoke loudest, that George suffered most. During the day he could scarcely be said to struggle against the fascination of his cousin's society: and it was no slight ordeal; for Helen, although she had her faults, was very lovable; her chief failing being pride—that old family pride, which had been almost inculcated as a virtue. Her mind, highly stored, rendered her a fitting companion for a man of intellect; her refinement and beauty admitted of no question; and wherever the Lady Helen appeared, all others fell for

the time into the shade. Her very pride seemed to add to her perfections, and gave her that highborn look of dignity which is never to be acquired.

George's thoughts would revert to his bride far away, illiterate, though most lovely; and it must be written—the toy was becoming unsightly to his mind's eye, and at length grew hateful. He had intended writing to his wife; by the close of the fourth day he felt he could not address her. With bitter regret, half in remorse, half in anger, he recalled the acts of the past three months; now he would curse his own folly, now his innocent victim, the obstacle he had with his own hand upreared to prevent the accomplishment of his dearest wishes.

And poor Hester! still studying that dry history till your blue eyes lose their lustre—still copying, with anxious care, from the sublime writings of Milton—lines which your un-instructed mind cannot yet follow—all to please the husband who never loved you, and to whom you are each hour growing more repugnant.

She does not wonder at not hearing from him, for he said he should not write; but every day, as the evening mail arrives, finds her, dressed in her choicest, watching for him who comes not.

"George, my dear cousin George, I have wished to ask your forgiveness, oh, so often; you must have seen my desire to do so," and drawing herself up, "you know my pride, it was long ere I could do it; but my beloved father's illness, that perhaps softened me, and your kindness to him, George—am I forgiven?"—and Helen held out to him her matchless hand.

Suppressing a groan of agony, and to hide the deathlike pallor of his working face, he turned away, and then, without a word, drew her to him, and clasped her in his arms, while one deep sob burst from his overcharged heart.

"Dear George, I now know how truly you love me. When you spoke hurriedly that day, you remember, I had heard something which caused me pain, and I was hurt and angry. You don't know how I repented

afterwards having wounded you. Do not now ask me to tell you what it was I heard. You shall some day know *all*: I shall never conceal anything from you, George, *then*."

"God bless you—may God bless you," was all his reply.

They were together in the large drawing-room, but at this moment a summons from her father called Helen away, and the door closed on Asleigh, than whom the world scarcely then contained a more miserable man.

Desperate was the inward struggle before honour gained the mastery: at one moment the spirit of evil whispered, "Cannot your marriage be annulled, perhaps denied, and Helen made your own?" at the next, happily for him, a better impulse succeeded. Should the name which for generations had remained unspotted be sullied by him? "And yet," he murmured, "oh, Helen, Helen, why did you drive me to do that which I have done? Wretched, hateful woman that I have made my wife, why did I ever meet you?"

Helen watched for Asleigh all that evening, but he did not appear. It had rather surprised her to find him gone, when, on her return from her father, she re-entered the drawing-room. How great became her astonishment during the following day, when a letter from her cousin was placed in her hand, the contents of which were as follows:—

"Helen, my dearest cousin, we may never meet again on this earth. An insurmountable barrier stands in the way of our union. I dare not meet you again, nor can I further explain my conduct, which I know must appear incomprehensible and fickle. Forgive me, I beseech you, and believe only that, whatever I may seem, I love, and shall ever love you better than life—better

than all, save honour. I shall have quitted England ere you receive this, it may be to return no more. Forgive me. Farewell. G. M. A."

How the proud Lady Helen suffered in secret, no mortal was permitted to know. Not another eye but her own saw George's letter, and while the old man mourned over the quarrel which he supposed had deprived him of his nephew's society for a season, he little suspected the truth, but imagined that, like other lovers' quarrels which had preceded it, it would blow over, and his children, when reconciled, be better friends than ever.

In the mean time Hester watched on, but her husband came not; days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and still he was absent. No word reached her to tell of his wellbeing or probable return: terrible fears for his safety assailed her, vexatious calls upon her purse, which she could not meet, came in daily; her servants grew insolent; and when she told the tradespeople her husband's absence alone caused delay in the payment of their bills, they answered by smiles which cut her to the quick. Gradually, to liquidate as far as possible what was due, Hester parted with everything she possessed but a few articles of clothing; she grew pale—she was soon to become a mother—what to do, or where to turn, she knew not: friendless and alone, the future was dark indeed for her.

It transpired one day in the town that Hester had disappeared. No one knew whither the poor deserted girl had bent her steps. The hard-hearted laughed, and said they had always suspected something wrong; and those more kindly disposed pitied while they blamed, adding, they feared, indeed, they feared it was the "old tale," so often told.

CHAPTER II.

On the night before his departure from England, Asleigh wrote to his wife, and enclosed an order for money, telling her, at the same time, where to apply for a yearly allow-

ance. He gave no reason for deserting her, but praying for her forgiveness, and applying to himself every epithet of opprobrium, bade her farewell. The letter by some accident

never reached her—fortunately perhaps—for the shock might have been fatal in the delicate state of her health, while the “hope deferred,” even though it burned but faintly within, still sustained her, in a measure, and encouraged the attempt she had resolved to make of following her husband to London, on the chance of discovering him.

Late in the month of May, footsore and weary, Hester had arrived within a stage or two of the metropolis. She had walked the last few miles, and now, with feeble limbs and tottering steps, entered the yard of a wayside inn, and sitting down in the porch of the long low building, asked when the next mail for London would pass.

The kindly landlady was bustling out with some refreshment for the “poor dear,” as she called Hester, when a carriage drove up; and while fresh horses were prepared, an old gentleman, looking like an invalid, alighted, and, supported on the arm of a lady who accompanied him, began to pace slowly, in the warm sunshine, in front of the door of the inn.

The lady was young, and Hester, who cast a furtive glance at her, when she could do so unperceived, thought she had never seen a face more beautiful.

On the other hand, Lady Helen—for she it was—equally struck with Hester’s appearance, had drawn Lord Redland’s attention to her, as, tired of exercising in the yard, he passed through the porch to enter the inn.

Little did these two women guess the secret sympathy which, perhaps, caused them thus to be attracted towards one another.

“Yes, my lady, she only just arrived before you and my lord; she is a pretty dear, my lady, but seems poorly enough: she is going on to London by the next mail, your ladyship.”

“Thank you, landlady; she is very interesting, poor thing; I wonder if I might speak to her.”

“Oh, I’m sure, my lady, she would be very proud. I’ll go and tell her your ladyship has something to say to her.”

“Oh no, not on any account.

Thank you, that will do;” and as the hostess retired curtsying, Lady Helen returned through the porch, in which Hester still sat. Playing for a minute with the flowers which clung about the trellis, Lady Helen, addressing Hester, said, “What lovely and enjoyable weather it is! will you have one of these?” offering her at the same time a sprig of jessamine.

“Thank you, miss.”

“You are going to London, are you not? You must be sorry to leave the country while everything is so beautiful; I am so happy at finding myself in it again.”

Tears filled Hester’s eyes. “No place looks beautiful now to me, miss;” and then she hesitated and stopped.

“How so? It is sad to hear one so young as you are speak thus. I see by the ring you wear that you are married: is your husband in business in town?”

“I don’t know, miss; I am going in search of him; he has left me these many months past, and I do not know whether he is dead or alive.”

“Poor thing, poor thing! have you friends in London?”

“None,” she replied in a faint voice.

“Have you ever been there before?”

“No,” in a voice still fainter.

Helen paused, and then bending down, said, “My poor girl, are you well provided with money? I fear not: do take this.”

Hester’s wan face flushed crimson as, gently putting aside Lady Helen’s hand, she answered, “You mean kindly, miss, I am sure, but I have never asked or received charity, and cannot accept it now.”

“I do not mean it as charity,” persisted Helen; “you shall repay me when you can. See,” she said, taking a card from her reticule, “when you find your husband, which God grant you may soon do, you can remit the little loan I have made to you; the address is written here. I wish I could assist you further,” and she placed a bank-note in Hester’s trembling hand.

The carriage was by this time

ready, and Lord Redland, seated in it, waited for his daughter. Hester had scarcely recovered sufficient composure to utter her thanks, when her benefactress was gone.

It had not been Hester's intention to take an inside place, but the beauty of the weather having tempted most of the passengers to travel outside, she found herself, as the mail drove up, compelled, against her will, to incur an expense too great for her scanty means; but a kind Providence was again watching over her, and providing another friend for the lonely girl.

An old lady, the only occupant of the coach with Hester, interested in her appearance, entered into conversation with her, and listened with the deepest commiseration to the story she presently unfolded.

A very discerning old lady she was, or one very unsuspecting, for neither doubt, nor fear of imposition, seemed to enter her mind to deter her from her charitable purpose, when, having reached London, she bade Hester enter the hackney-coach she had provided, and getting in beside her, took the poor wanderer to her own comfortable home.

"I shall call you 'Hester' at once; and remember, you pass for my cousin, and then the servants and neighbours need have nothing to gossip about; and by the by, my name is Morris—*Miss Morris*: thank goodness I never had a husband to control *me*. We must look into this business of yours, my poor child. It was providential that I met you in the coach to-day; London is a dangerous place for young and beau—I mean unprotected women. We shall find this husband of yours at last, I have no doubt—never fear."

Poor Hester's heart swelled with gratitude; and the cheerful kindness of her new friend imparted more of hopefulness to her drooping spirits than she had known for many weeks. The next day, seated at her side, and listened to with close attention, Hester entered minutely into the incidents of her past life; with tears she recalled the days of her happy childhood, and spoke of the mother who had been taken from her when most she needed her protection; of

her meeting with George Asleigh, and of all that had subsequently occurred.

"He is a gentleman, you say, Hester?"

"Yes, I believe so; at least I always considered him to be one; but indeed I did not think much about that at the time—I loved him"—she covered her face with her hands and wept afresh—"and trusted him, God knows how truly; and it little mattered to me what he was, it would have been just the same. He said he wished me to be better educated, and left me all my studies marked, and how hard I worked to please him through many dreary months, although each day my heart grew fainter and fainter. But I am sure, when he left me, he meant to return, as he said, in a few days. Oh! I fear, I fear he must be dead, and I shall never see him again;" and the tears fell thickly through her fingers.

"Were you married in the village where you met him first?"

"No; he did not wish any one there to know of our intention, and he went several days before our marriage, that no suspicions might be created, to T——. It was arranged that I should follow afterwards. We were married on the day I joined him, and immediately set out for the pretty spot where, for a fortnight, we lived so happily."

Miss Morris shook her head, unperceived by Hester, as she muttered the word "bad." "Have you the certificate of your marriage, Hester?"

"No, my husband has it. I remember seeing him place it in his desk."

Another shake of the head, and a repetition of the little word twice over.

"Were there any witnesses to your marriage?"

"I think not, but I really do not know; I was so frightened, and it was all so unlike the merry weddings I had seen at home, that—that—"

"Ah, I fear so, indeed—God help you, my poor child."

Old Miss Morris was untiring in her efforts to discover Hester's husband. An advertisement addressed to "G. M. A.," entreating him to return to his sorrowing wife, was in-

sented in several of the newspapers, but to no effect. More for the satisfaction of a friend whom she had consulted than for her own, she wrote privately to the various places at which Hester had lived, and found her statements all corroborated. Her anxiety was much increased by an answer she received to a note she had written to the clergyman of the parish in which Hester last resided. He said he had made inquiries about the persons mentioned by Miss Morris, and found that a gentleman of the name of Asleigh had lived in the town for some weeks, having as his companion a young woman who passed for his wife, and who had subsequently disappeared. Miss Morris no longer doubted that Hester had been the victim of a false marriage, but so confident did the poor girl continue of the truth and honour of the man she loved, that her kind friend shrank from expressing this conviction to her. She saw that Hester, in her feeble state of health, could better bear to hear of his death than of his having deceived her.

The time at length came when Miss Morris felt she dared speak on the subject to Hester. It was after her child's birth, when, in recovered strength, she was about to take him to the church to be christened.

"Hester, my dear, what was your father's name?" inquired her friend.

"Frank, Miss Morris."

"A good honest name, and one that, I am sure, belonged to an honest man. I hope you will give that name to your boy."

Hester hung her head.

"Hester"—a pause. "Hester, my dear, I must say something to you: you will try to bear it bravely. Hester, I much fear your son cannot honestly bear the name of Asleigh. I have thought it all over again and again, and have spoken to one I can trust on the subject. I fear, my poor child, your marriage was not a real one; I cannot doubt but that you were deceived. God only knows whether he is alive or dead. You are not the first victim this wicked world has seen, Hester, nor will you be the last; your case is one that is but too common, I grieve to say. Oh, if women were not so ready to fall in love and

marry, and—that sort of thing, how much better off would they be. Look at me, Hester; I do not believe there is faith or truth in any man living—but one: well, I must except him; I do think Doctor Thornton a true-hearted man. I had once other notions, but, thank heaven, I have outlived them.

"Hester, Hester *Benfield*," with a stress on the surname, "resume the name under which you were happiest—the honest name which never called a blush to your cheek—and let your son be called by it likewise. Now weep here, my poor one, but let us not speak more on this sad subject;" and Hester's arms were thrown around the old lady's neck, and her sobs hushed on her sympathising bosom.

Frank Benfield was a fine boy of seven years of age, when one day a quiet party, decorated with a few white favours, set out from Miss Morris's house. As they stepped into the carriage which had been hired for the occasion, you might have recognised in the bride-elect no other than our old friend Hester, still handsome, but very different from the Hester of earlier days. A look of decision and self-reliance had replaced the expression of trusting timidity which had been the characteristic of her youthful beauty, and a serious earnestness pervaded her countenance. She was about to give her hand—her heart had been his for many a day—to the one honourable man the world contained, according to the idea of her benefactress, Miss Morris—to Dr Thornton. He was indeed very estimable, and this marriage delighted the heart of the old lady. Frank, too, she prophesied, was to grow up another "only man to be trusted;" so that though his predecessor might be disposed of, the world was not to be left without some one in whom to put faith, when all others were proved unstable.

And where, meanwhile, was the Lady Helen? By a strange coincidence, her marriage was solemnised on the same day as Hester's, though in a far more splendid manner. Hester read of the festivities which had attended the celebration of the

nuptials of the lovely Lady Helen Maldon, and prayed fervently for her happiness. She told her husband, tearfully, of the kindness she had received at the hands of Lady Helen, when, friendless and poor, she was making her weary way towards London. The debt in money had been long repaid, she said, but the debt of gratitude she owed could never be obliterated.

George Asleigh, still a wanderer on the face of the earth, had hurried from place to place, seeking the repose of mind which no change of scene could bring, till, having travelled through Greece and Egypt, he journeyed on to India. He had expected upbraids from his wife, in answer to the letter he had sent her on leaving England, or, at any rate, that she would have drawn the allowance placed at her disposal. Finding neither to be the case, he wrote, at the end of twelve months, to his man of business, requesting that inquiries might be made about a lady with whom he had resided in — shire. The answer he received to this letter was to the effect that she had disappeared, no one knew whither. The writer added that her health had, prior to her disappearance, been much impaired, and that in all probability she was since dead, especially as no inquiry had ever been made at the banker's with whom the money left for her maintenance had been placed.

Asleigh's sufferings and remorse were increased fourfold after this. Oh, if the past could be but his once more!—but there was now no remedy, no—none. He could not present himself before his cousin, the woman still so dearly loved, for a dark mystery hung over his wife's fate, and all his efforts to clear it away were baffled. With anxious eye did he search the newspapers, dreading to see the announcement of Lady Helen's marriage, but for very long he was spared this additional pang. At length, when seven years had passed over the head of the self-exiled man, he learned that she had pledged her faith to another.

He could remember her husband, one worthier than he had himself ever been to possess the treasure he had lost.

After passing two years longer in India, the climate began to tell seriously on Asleigh's health, and, little caring where he went, he retraced his steps through Egypt, and over the well-known beaten track through the Continent, until he reached Paris. While idling in that capital during the tenth year of his banishment, tidings reached him of his uncle's death; and business rendering it necessary that he should now return to England, the new earl once more set foot on his native land.

Helen could not avoid an involuntary start as she read "that the Earl of Redland had, after an absence of some years, arrived in London;" but she had tutored herself perfectly. Had she not torn his unworthy image from her heart, with a merciless hand, made strong by wounded pride? She could long since have met him anywhere, without her colour deepening a shade or the quickening of a pulse. And now, as a wife and mother, she would indeed have scorned herself had it been otherwise.

"I see my cousin Redland has returned," she said, in her coldest accents, when she met her husband, Colonel Allenby, at dinner.

"Oh, indeed! I wonder he has not come to see you. I must call on him to-morrow."

"No, if you please, do not: we quarrelled many years ago, and I should not wish my husband to seek him."

"Surely it is time now, dearest, to forgive and forget," Colonel Allenby remonstrated, half laughing, but the way in which his wife uttered the word "never," ended the conversation.

Helen piqued herself on being a good wife, and her husband's devotion to her admitted of no question. If her exhausted heart had been incapable of loving again, still her admiration and respect for the partner she had chosen were most genuine, and enabled her to do her duty towards him cheerfully and well. Allenby remembered—though he had never exchanged a word with his wife on the subject—that the world had once given Lady Helen to her cousin, Lord Redland, and he refrained from any further remark

about him, believing he fully understood her reasons for speaking as she had just done.

It was fated that Lord Redland should soon go through the ordeal he most dreaded, and which he had yet, in a manner, sought—a meeting with his cousin Helen. It was only when her black eyes rested on his care-worn face for an instant, and were withdrawn with an expression in them of cold unforgiving disdain, that he felt how much he had miscalculated the effect of the influence of old recollections.

He had suffered so much—such dreary years of remorse had been his, that it seemed to him as if she and all the world should have been aware of this, and, instead of stabbing still more deeply, have placed the finger of love and pity on the yet open wounds, and bid them close, and throb no more. He left the ball-room in which they had met, too unnerved to bear society, and wandered through the streets to his lonely home.

How changed was the aspect of all things to the child whose birth Fortune had rung in with golden bells.

He tried first one thing, and then another; still the old failing of instability seemed to haunt him, but now it was not from fickleness of purpose. Want of heart in every pursuit rendered him incapable of performing, as he ought, the duties required of him, and a sense of right, in many instances, made George Asleigh give up what he felt he could do with so little earnestness. Thus the two first years, after his return to England, were devoted to politics. On entering the arena, cheered by his friends, and excited for a while by questions which were at that time the interesting topics of the day, he seemed to have cast aside for ever the apathy they had so deplored, and his talents, varied and brilliant, shone forth and caused the country to reckon him amongst her rising statesmen. But the highest offers were made to him in vain. Sick of public life, where all was empty as the void within his own yearning heart, he determined on burying himself in the country, and seeking there for the

peace of mind which had hitherto been denied him.

Worn in mind and body, his health had also given way, and before leaving town, he, at the solicitations of some of his oldest friends, agreed to ask the advice of one of the great medical authorities—none other than Doctor Thornton, now an established man.

Hester's husband had mounted, step by step, the ladder of eminence, and, respected by all who knew him, possessed of a store of this world's goods, and of better hopes beyond, her lot with him was indeed an enviable one. Their union was blessed with three children, of which number one, a little girl, alone survived; and how Hester loved this dear one, many mothers may tell.

Her son, Frank Benfield, now a fine promising lad of twelve years, was, through the good Doctor's liberality, pursuing his education under a clergyman in the country prior to entering the army, the profession he had chosen, and for which Miss Morris had expressed her intention of fitting him out; for, still as kindly interested in Hester and her son as of yore, their good old friend had settled her little fortune on Frank—"her boy," as she called him; and thus all was bright and prosperous in and about the house of the once friendless and deserted girl.

Hester was in her dining-room, her child by her side dressed for her morning's walk.

"There, darling, go to Nurse," said the fond mother, pressing a kiss on the lips of the little upturned face. "Shall mamma take you to her?" and catching up the child in her arms, she carried her from the room, calling as she went, "Here, Nurse, take your charge."

The nurse was standing without at the hall door, through which, at the moment, the man-servant was admitting a gentleman, by whom, ere Hester could escape, she found herself accosted.

In some little confusion, she begged him to walk in, adding that Doctor Thornton, whom she presumed he came to see, would be disengaged directly; and was in the act of leaving the room, when, with an agitated

gesture, he detained her, and in trembling accents, a voice which she now recognised—one she had believed to be long silenced in the grave—called her by name, “Hester, Hester! don’t you know me?—am I so changed?” She staggered back, and nearly fainted.

“George Asleigh, do I see you again? After these many years, why have you sought me? Is it to bring more shame on the head of one who never wronged you?”

“You mistake my purpose in coming to this house, Hester, though seeing you has relieved me from a load of misery and remorse. I came to visit Doctor Thornton. How is it that I find you here?”

“I am—I am—his wife!” she almost shrieked; and then, dropping on her knees, clasped her hands, and said in a voice scarce audible, “Oh, for the love of heaven, tell me, George Asleigh, that I was never yours; tell me I was wronged, deceived—anything, but not that I am your wife. My child, my little Mary, think of her.”

“The infant I saw in your arms but now?”

“Yes, yes; she is dearer to me than my life. Oh, Asleigh, in mercy tell me it was all as they said, false, and that you deceived me.”

“I did not deceive you, Hester, as regarded our marriage, nor did I wish to do so subsequently. A letter from me, did it not reach you?”

“None—oh, none; and God knows how long I sought for and trusted you.”

“And now you hate me,—is it not so? I am detestable in your eyes. Listen, Hester, while I explain the past. Accident threw us in each other’s way; at the time I met you I was smarting from what I believed to be my rejection by the woman I loved beyond all else on earth. You were beautiful, and the thought seized upon my mind of making you my wife, in the hope of wounding the pride of one who had so lacerated mine. I meant to do my duty by you. I saw you were not indifferent to me, and it was in

my power to raise you to a sphere much above that in which you then were. This, perhaps, I looked upon as sufficient compensation for everything else. We were scarcely married when news reached me of the dangerous illness of a near relative. I hurried to what I believed to be his deathbed—the deathbed of *her* father. There it was my miserable fate to learn that she loved me, and had ever done so; and, like a coward, unable to face the consequences of my own actions, I fled—fled from England: but ere I left, I wrote to you. When, after waiting many months, no answer came to my letter, I wrote to England, and directed that inquiry should be made about you. From what I learnt, I had reason to believe you were dead. What I suffered from remorse, God alone knows; I thank Him now, that at least I did not cause your death.”

“And, George Asleigh, you never loved me, and yet I am your wife. Oh! great heavens, be merciful; it cannot be that I am bound to this man.”

“Hester, hush! There is but little time to spare; we may be interrupted. Listen yet again. I can make you this sole reparation; no one knows of our marriage—no one need know, if you can keep your own secret, of my existence; my name even has been changed since we last met. Hear me: I solemnly swear, by all I hold most sacred, never to molest you more by my presence, nor to reveal anything that may throw light on the past. Let us make this compact: swear with me that the events of our earlier days shall be buried in oblivion—swear;” and their hands were joined once more to register a vow, how different from the first!

“And now, Hester, farewell for ever; be lenient to my memory; pity me while you condemn, for I am a wanderer on the face of the earth,”—and, turning from her, he left the room, the sound of the closing of the hall door telling her the next moment that he was gone.

CHAPTER III.

Old Miss Morris is dead, and Frank Benfield, now in the army, has left England with his regiment to join the brave men doing battle with the Sikhs in India. And how has Hester borne this parting from her son? Alas! alas! she is much changed. Long had Frank mourned over a blight which seemed to have fallen on his mother's love for him, for the cause of which he and the true old friend, now no more, had sought in vain. Severe in look, and cold in manner; suspicious at one moment, repentant at the next; captious, or painfully humble by turns, it was difficult to recognise in Doctor Thornton's wife the Hester of other days. Her husband did not, perhaps, remark these variations so much as others, for time seemed to have rather increased than lessened her devotion to him; but he even was grieved occasionally by her doubts, bitterly expressed, of his affection; and when, in his own gentle true-hearted way, he would kindly soothe her, and direct her thoughts to the fountain which calms the most turbulent feelings of frail humanity, she would weep upon his breast, and tell him that his love was her chief happiness.

To poor Frank, on his return from school for the holidays, the change was sad; he who had been for so long his mother's darling, to find himself now supplanted in her affections, as he believed, by his little sister, for whom his mother's passionate attachment amounted almost to idolatry.

Nothing the boy could do appeared to please her; accused harshly of duplicity, of untruthfulness, where no grounds existed for the accusations, his stepfather would mildly interfere, and point out to Hester her injustice; then, perhaps, remorseful and ashamed of her conduct, she would entreat her son's forgiveness; but this, he had observed, was during the earlier phase of the change. Gradually her demeanour towards him and all, save the favoured two, her husband and her daughter, became colder and more impenetrable. Water could be struck no longer from the rock, and a bar-

rier arose, between the mother and son especially, which caused him to feel happiest when freed from the chilling influence of her presence.

Ten long years had Hester kept her dread secret, hidden in the deepest recesses of her heart—this secret which had turned all that had before been sweetest to her in life to gall. George Asleigh had kept his word, and since last they had met and parted she had neither seen nor heard of him. Little did she dream that the Lord Redland whose acts of benevolence the papers so often related, and of whom the world spoke so highly, was the one man who had caused this embittering of her existence.

He, in the mean time, had withdrawn to the country, and devoted himself to the improvement of those about him. It was the first pursuit which in any way rewarded his efforts; and during the time thus passed in ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, he experienced feelings of contentment to which he long had been a stranger.

Colonel Allenby—now a general holding a high military appointment in India, which, when offered to him, he could not refuse, as it gave him an opportunity of seeing active service,—had been obliged to leave Lady Helen, and his sweet daughter Alice, to proceed eastward. Lady Helen, still proud, perhaps more so than ever, and in her matured beauty almost magnificent, saw him depart with deep anxiety and sincere regret; but there was something of the Spartan in her character, which perhaps made his soldier-heart love her all the more; for with the field of honour spread before him, had power been given her to solve the future, even though the path upon which he was about to enter should lead to death, hers would not have been the lips to bid him stay. Not so the gentle loving Alice, his daughter of fifteen summers. How tearfully did she nestle in his breast, and pray that God would preserve her noble father from every danger! He had

called her his little dove, and as such, when far away, he thought upon her—his dear and only child.

And Alice would sit at home, and longingly think if she could but obtain one of those mystic fairy glasses, which enable their happy possessors to peer through space, how she would watch his footsteps! Ah, Alice, well is it for us all that many things are hidden from our view. Could your sensitive nature have borne to follow him in that long dreary march beneath that burning Indian sun—to look upon him in that bloody pass, where lie bleaching still the bones of our murdered men—had you seen him unhorsed, surrounded, and that dark sinewy arm uplifted to hew him down, would not your heart have sickened, and your vision failed to distinguish longer, amidst that fearful scene, the father you love so dearly? And yet a moment's longer gaze had shown him to you, though faint and bleeding, rescued by a gallant youth, who, at imminent peril to himself, bears him onward to a place of safety.

"My dearest Helen," wrote General Allenby on the morning after the action, "I trust this may reach you before you read in the newspapers any account of our last disastrous affair. Yes, my beloved wife and child, but for the care of an all-merciful Providence, I might now be lying side by side with those poor fellows who entered with me yesterday into that treacherous pass, to return no more. I owe my life to a young officer of the name of Benfield, who, seeing me unhorsed, disarmed, and on the point of being cut down, struck my assailant to the ground, and supporting me on one arm—for I am slightly wounded—fought his way with the other from the scene of bloodshed. I am now awaiting my deliverer, and I shall tell him there are *two* who will thank him better than I can for having so bravely risked his own young life to save mine—you, my beloved wife, and you, my Alice. I shall write again soon: at present I am not equal to greater exertion; my wound is but trifling, so have no anxiety on that score."

Frank Benfield also wrote to his mother to tell her of his safety, and

as he did so, a sigh escaped him at the thought, which would intrude itself, that she would have but lightly regretted him had he been numbered with the fallen. He was interrupted in his occupation by a message from General Allenby, requesting his attendance at his tent. When, on his return, he resumed his pen, he added to his letter that he had had, on the previous day, the good fortune of saving the General's life, and that, overrating this service, which he would have equally rendered to any fellow-creature in the same danger, the kind old General had appointed him to his staff, and recommended him for promotion.

His mother's reply to this letter was more affectionate than any she had ever written to him. She called him her gallant brave boy, and told him how intense had been her anxiety on his account, on the arrival of the news of the action, until his letter dispelled her fears. She added that she was under the deepest obligations to General Allenby's wife—although she desired he would not mention this—and it had given her the greatest satisfaction to hear of the assistance which Frank had been able to afford him.

Bells were ringing and cannon firing to announce successes in the East, while mourners whose hearts' best treasures had been taken from them in the struggle for these very victories, listened tearfully to sounds which to them were as the funeral knell of the dear ones they had lost for ever. Heroes, both real and unreal, were flocking home; amongst the former were daily expected, General Sir William Allenby and his aide-de-camp, Major Benfield.

"Mamma, dearest, don't you long to see Major Benfield?" said Alice Allenby.

"Don't you long rather to see your father, Alice?" returned Lady Helen.

"Oh, of course, my own precious father is before every one else in the world. I thought you would have understood that, mamma; but if there is one person I wish to know, it is Major Benfield—only think of all we owe him."

This, Lady Helen admitted, was very true, and equally true was it

that she was sincerely grateful ; but she ardently wished, at the same time, that instead of being a young unmarried officer, her husband had owed his deliverance to some steady old Benedict, or to a soldier in the ranks, whose reward would have been very different to that which the General had given to Frank Benfield. She was disconcerted by Alice's enthusiasm on the subject of their bounden gratitude to him. It fretted her, and alarmed her pride to think that, perhaps, in Alice's devotion to her father, she might look with too kindly an eye on the young soldier to whom he owed so much ; her hope was that he might not prove to be a person likely to captivate one so fastidiously reared as her daughter had been ; but in this respect Lady Helen was grievously disappointed. She was compelled to admit to herself, when at length they became acquainted, that she had never met with a brighter, handsomer, or more engaging being than the man to whom, in her fear of giving him too great encouragement, she had determined to accord outwardly but a scant measure of gratitude.

But, Lady Helen, you may work as you will. You may call Major Benfield to this side of the room, on the smallest pretext, when he is speaking to Alice on the other—you may carry her off from the ball-room just before that *last* dance—yet will they still fall in love, notwithstanding all your efforts to prevent it. They know it not themselves.

It was only accidentally that they discovered it at all. When Alice's little Arab, which was supposed to have finished his education at the training-school, became restive one day and threw her, then it all burst forth, and the dreadful part of it was, that Sir William Allenby saw nothing in it that was objectionable.

"Heavens, Sir William, how you try me !" cried Lady Helen, ending her string of arguments against such an engagement, by asking him if his life had been saved by a common soldier, whether he would have thought it necessary to unite his only daughter to the man as a mark of gratitude ; to which her husband smilingly replied, by quoting the marriage

of David, the shepherd-boy, with the king's daughter, in acknowledgment of a far lighter debt.

"You know I am grateful, Allenby. God knows how thankful I was for your deliverance," she said, her eyes filling with tears ; "but the blood of the Maldons has never yet mingled with that of a plebeian, and I cannot bear to think of it."

"How do you know he is a plebeian, as you call it ? I am sure there is nothing in Frank Benfield's appearance to indicate this ; a finer-looking, more gentlemanly fellow I have never seen. And think of our little Alice ; she loves him. Poor child, it is her first love, and for a question of mere pride would you wound her young heart ?"

"Oh, Allenby, that will soon heal, never fear," said Lady Helen, coldly—"first love is all a dream—a mere fancy."

"Do you say so, Helen ?" asked her husband searchingly.

She coloured deeply, over face and neck, and then replied firmly, "Yes, because I have proved it."

Frank Benfield had a conversation with Lady Helen, which more than ever hardened her against him, and made him leave London to seek his mother, resolved to learn something from her of his parentage. She had hitherto evaded all his questions on the subject, but now he has an object in view, which, in spite of her coldness, nerves him to press for the truth. She was living by the seaside, whither she had gone for the benefit of the health of his sister Mary, whose declining state her mother alone was unable to perceive.

"Mother," cried Frank, "I beseech you to tell me who my father was—who you yourself were previously to your marriage with Dr Thornton ? If you retain the slightest affection for me, I entreat you to do what I ask ; the happiness of my life may depend upon your answer."

He waited for a reply, but none came. Her face worked convulsively for a moment, and then grew as calm and stony as before.

"Oh, mother, answer me !"

"I will, Frank—listen. From my lips you shall never learn what you seek to know—*never* ; and none but

mine can reveal it—*none*. Nay, listen further” (and there was passion and almost madness in the glance with which she regarded him), “if again you approach the subject, my curse, boy, my bitter curse, shall fall on you; so beware.”

“Mother,” he urged hoarsely, “you do not know to what misery you are condemning your son. Be merciful, I implore you.”

“Are you alone the sufferer, think you? Bear your share, boy. *He* had no mercy,” she concluded wildly, and then, waving her hand peremptorily, she said, “Go.” Her agitation was alarming to witness, and he would have remained to soothe her, but again she commanded him to be gone, and sadly he obeyed.

In the garden he met his sister, and for a while his thoughts were diverted from his own griefs by the shock he received at seeing the ravages which a few weeks had made on the young creature before him.

“Oh! Frank, my dear brother, how glad I am to see you!” she exclaimed. “Have you come down to stay with us for some time? I hope so. I have been so wishing to see you; there is something I want to ask you.”

“No, dear Mary, I can only stay for an hour; I must return to town by the next train: but tell me, dear child, about yourself, how you feel? Do you grow stronger here?”

“That is just it, Frank—just what I want to speak to you about. Come, let us sit down quietly, and then I shall be better able to tell you. You know, my dear brother, how passionately our mother loves me. I have sometimes mourned over this blind affection for one so little worthy of such devotion. Frank, I have thought it sinful. Sometimes lately I have been almost terrified at her outbursts. One night since we came *here*, when she thought I slept—but I don’t sleep much, dear Frank—I felt our mother leaning over me; presently she kissed me gently, and then murmured, “For you, my precious, my darling, I must go on enduring;” and shortly afterwards she named some one—I could not catch distinctly who—George, coupled with some other name, and called him, almost fiercely, the ruiner

of her peace. I have been longing to tell you all this, and also something else. Dear Frank,” and her voice slightly shook, “do you not see that I am dying? Do not turn away, or seek to deceive me. I feel, too surely, that I am soon to leave this earth; and it pains me that my darling mother should not perceive how nearly my end is approaching. The blow will fall so much heavier if she is unprepared to receive it. My dear father, I see, expects it; but even he does not know how quickly the last sands are running out. Do you not think I should tell her? I wish, dear brother, you could be at hand, to support me by your presence, to soothe and calm her into resignation. You must console her, you know, when I am gone; and, Frank, when I am taken away, the scales will fall from her eyes, and she will do you the justice which it has often grieved me, oh! so deeply, to see withheld. You will come again soon—some very early day; for, remember, I have little time to abide here, and then I shall tell her. You will come, will you not, dearest Frank?”

It was almost a relief to Frank Benfield’s pent-up feelings to hold his young sister to his heart and weep. It seemed to him, as he did so, that every being whom he loved was either to be severed from him by a cruel fate, or cut off by death. The mother of his earlier days, how changed was she! What could be that mysterious something which had arisen between them? The old friend who had taken that parent’s place also gone. Of Alice he dared think no more, and Mary, his dearly-loved sister, about to sink prematurely to the grave. Long did he hold her in his arms, her pale cheek resting on his shoulder. “I shall come, Mary dearest, the day after to-morrow. Oh, my sister!” he cried passionately, after he had snatched a last kiss, “would that I, uncared for and an outcast, were to be taken, and that you, the light of many hearts, might still be spared to spread sunshine around.”

He left her puzzled and amazed at his last words. “Mamma,” she suddenly inquired that evening, “why have you never told me anything about Frank’s father? I never heard

you speak to Frank about him either ; he died long years before you married papa."

It was a thrust Hester little expected from such a quarter, and she gasped for breath in her vain efforts to articulate.

"Poor Frank seemed very unhappy this evening, mother dear, and said things which distressed and puzzled me when he was leaving. What could he mean by calling himself an outcast, and uncared for? Oh, mother, it grieved me to hear him say such things; I trust you were not speaking severely to him to-day, he is so good."

"Mary, my own angel, spare your wretched mother," cried Hester, throwing herself at the feet of her child, "every word you utter is a dagger in my heart. Do not *you* reproach me. Let all the world accuse me, but not *you*;" and then, with her face hidden in the folds of her daughter's dress, the secret of so many years was told—told almost ere she knew it had passed her lips.

"My own darling mother, what have you not suffered? Oh, mamma, I must tell you now; I cannot delay, for I feel—I feel that it is coming closer even than I thought. Look at my hand; is it not thin and pale? Look at my face; is it not wan? Can you believe health will ever again visit it? I told dear Frank to-day, mamma, what I am going to say to you now, instead of waiting, and begged him to come and be beside you when I broke it. I am not growing better; daily, hourly, my strength decreases. Do you not understand—do you not see, dearest mother, that I must quickly be at rest—that I shall soon fall into that blessed sleep which knows no waking? When I am gone—mother! mother!!"

Hester's eyes grew distended, and the hand which clasped her child's pale fingers, grasped them more tightly for an instant, as, with a shriek, she fell backwards on the floor in strong convulsions.

CHAPTER IV.

Frank Benfield stood beside a couch, on which lay extended the figure of his sister, on the evening succeeding the day last mentioned. He had been suddenly recalled in consequence of the dangerous illness of his mother, whose cries, in the height of delirium, from an adjoining room, pierced his heart, though they failed to bring any expression into the face of the marble form on which he gazed; for Mary was past all earthly emotion—she was dead.

Days passed, and still Hester raved on, watched and cared for by the husband she had loved so dearly, and the son she had so wronged. At length a change came, which they hoped might be for the better—first a glimmering of reason, then a gradual recognition of those about her; but the mental shock, joined to great bodily prostration, on learning that her daughter was dead, which they had tried in vain, by every gentle fiction, to keep from her knowledge, was too great for the little strength remaining; and though her mind continued clear, it became evident to them that her days were numbered.

It was during one of these latter days that, calling Doctor Thornton and her son to her side, she with much pain and difficulty revealed to them likewise the secret which had burned in her heart so long, and recounted to Frank all the incidents with which the reader is already acquainted.

"I do not know, my son, whether your father still lives. I may be going down to the grave to find he has preceded me there; and if so, then the reparation I ardently wish to make you will be all too late. Give me my desk. "See," she said, taking a small volume of Milton from it, "this is the only thing I have to give you to aid your search—the writing on the fly-leaf is his. He bought the book shortly after we were married, in the town in which for a few weeks he resided with me;" and Frank read on the page to which she pointed, "George Maldon Asleigh," 10th Dec. 18—."

"It was thirteen years, in September last, since I saw or heard of him. This also, Frank, I wish to give you; take it to Lady Helen Allenby, and

tell her the dying blessing of the woman she once succoured is hers," and she placed in his hand the card which Lady Helen Maldon had given her so many years before.

"If I could but write a few words," she said, striving to raise herself in bed: "if he is found, they would satisfy him, if he at all doubted. Husband, dearest, help me;" and while Doctor Thornton supported her in his arms, with a trembling hand she traced the following words:—

"GEORGE ASLEIGH,—I am on my death-bed—a few hours, and the hand which writes these lines will be motionless for evermore. If you still live, they will be given to you by our son. Do not start; what I say is true, although, when last we met, fearful that a desire to right him might weigh more with you than the wish you expressed to repair the injury done to me, I was tempted to conceal his existence. Enclosed is the certificate of his birth. The last request of his mother is that you will do him the justice which she has so wickedly withheld. That God may pardon me, and forgive you, is the earnest prayer of

"HESTER."

Her peace was made with all, and in the sombre twilight, with the gentle loving heart of old restored to her, Hester was passing away. "Hark! did you not hear a voice calling me? It is my Mary's. I see her now; she is going to bear me upwards on her bosom. Dearest husband, I may not stay—kiss me, and let me depart. Frank, my dear dutiful son, forgive me; let me clasp you once more," and in that close embrace her last sigh was breathed.

Not many weeks after the events we have narrated, Frank Benfield presented himself at General Allenby's to give his mother's message to Lady Helen, and entreat her to put off his dismissal until he had had time to make inquiry respecting his father. The only clue he possessed was so slight, that how to follow it had been a matter of anxious thought. He had determined to consult his kind friend the General, and as he drove to the house the thought struck him

that Maldon, which was one of his father's names, had also been Lady Helen's—that it was at any rate a strange coincidence, if it should lead to nothing—and Maldon was not a very common name.

Lady Helen received him coldly enough, though her glance softened when she noticed his dress of deep mourning, and learnt from him that he had been absent attending the deathbeds of his mother and sister.

"My mother, Lady Helen, desired me to give you this, and to tell you"—Lady Helen was looking with a puzzled air at the card he had handed to her—"and to tell you that the dying blessing of the woman to whom you yourself gave that card, and whom you once succoured, was yours. I see you have no recollection of the occurrence to which she alluded. When you were Lady Helen Maldon, do you remember, on a journey from London about five-and-twenty years ago, observing in the porch of a wayside inn a young girl?"

"I do, I do—I remember all now. I assisted her with a trifling sum, which she unwillingly accepted as a loan, and to satisfy her I gave her this card with my address. I see, I see; she paid back the money a few months afterwards, when she found her husband. It was he she was going in search off."

"My mother did not find him, Lady Helen. You were not the only good Samaritan Providence cast in her lonely way. An elderly lady, whom she met in the mail, took her home, and assisted her in her search for her husband—my father—which proving fruitless, after seven years she became the wife of Doctor Thornton, believing her first husband to be dead. Thirteen years ago they found themselves face to face, and—do not think harshly of her—my little sister was dearer to her than life. Concealing my birth from him, she entered with him into a solemn compact to preserve secrecy on the subject of their marriage. It was a voluntary proposal on his part, to repair in a degree the wrong he had done her; for, Lady Helen, entangled in an attachment formed previously to meeting my mother, he had intentionally deserted her."

"A sad story, Major Benfield. Poor girl, I remember her well—she was very beautiful; and your father, is he since dead?"

"That I do not know. Benfield was my mother's name—this is his, the only clue I have to him"—and drawing the copy of Milton from his pocket, he opened and presented it to Lady Helen.

He was about to proceed with what he had to say, when, looking up, he was shocked to see her face deadly pale. She stretched her hand out feebly for a bottle of essence that stood on a table near, and, closing her eyes, motioned him to be silent.

When presently colour returned to her cheek, and she was able to command herself sufficiently, she sat up, and in a low clear voice addressed him thus:—

"If your statement is true, you are the son of my first cousin, Lord Redland, and your proper appellation is Viscount Maldon."

"Oh! madam, my father is then alive—you can direct me to him," cried her listener joyfully.

"Yes, he is living down in — shire, on one of his properties." She closed her eyes again, and then Frank saw the white lids quiver, and tears struggle from beneath the long lashes.

"I see it all now," she murmured—"poor George—Frank," she said hastily, as if to speak before the old pride gained the mastery over her gentler feelings, "when you have seen and told him all, add that his cousin, once Helen Maldon, forgives him, and prays for his forgiveness in return. Young man, I was the woman whom your father loved—I have been the cause of all his and your poor mother's unhappiness. Stay—I will tell you. In an angry haughty moment, when he had told me of his love, I sent him from my side, little dreaming to what his pride—great as my own—would lead him; but it is all plain to my vision now. Go, and God speed you"—and unable to control longer the emotions which this rush of memory caused her, Lady Helen, with kindly pressure, grasped his hand, and left

him—how much bewildered, may be well conjectured.

But one great joy stood out from all others—Alice might yet be his; and this reflection was uppermost in his mind, while he travelled, as quickly as steam could take him, to the part of the country where Lord Redland still led his hermit life.

It is needless to describe what passed between the father and son. All substantiated and proved to their mutual happiness, they returned together to London, and a joyful meeting and reconciliation took place at Sir William Allenby's. The world had, of course, plenty to say when Lord Redland introduced his son, and no little scandal fell on poor Hester. But she was beyond the range of calumny then; and as for the old Doctor, he was not of the world, nor did he live in it, so the tongue of malice did not reach him. It was curious to mark how this gay world, whose tongue wagged so busily, struggled and fought for the favour of the young Viscount, and the vexation which the announcement of his engagement to Alice, and subsequent marriage, caused to all its votaries. It failed, however, to disturb the happiness of any of the parties concerned; and at length the great world found some fresher subject to occupy it, and left our friends alone.

Lord Redland did not long survive Hester: he lived to see two of his grandchildren born, and then, amidst the tears and regrets of his family and friends, joined her, we may hope, in that better land for which he had many years been preparing.

There are few people so happily mated as Frank and Alice, and it is one of their greatest pleasures to visit and cheer the good old Doctor, who, having long given up practice, resides near the spot where his dear ones lie buried, waiting to be called hence.

Sir William and Lady Allenby are quite of one mind now on the subject of their son-in-law, and if there is a fault which grandmamma, in her lectures to Alice's little daughters, particularly condemns, it is that of pride.

BARRY CORNWALL.

AMONG the minor poets whose misfortune it was to arrive at the maturity of their power in an age which was peculiarly fertile in the production of men of commanding genius, a conspicuous place is due to Barry Cornwall, under which pseudonym we recognise the person of the amiable and accomplished Bryan W. Procter. Indeed, we are by no means certain that he occupies, even now, the place which he is entitled to have in public estimation; for of late years his muse has been perversely taciturn; and only now and then, and after long intervals, have we heard a note of the music which delighted us in the days of our boyhood. There is much truth in the observation which has frequently been made, that a living author cannot afford to rest long under the shadow of his former laurels. Readers are like babies, always crying out for fresh nutriment, and are very apt to forget the hand which had once fed them. Cessation from labour is considered tantamount to an acknowledgment of decaying strength; and when the new athlete leaps into the arena, there are no cheers for the old gladiator. The ovation, if it does come, is after apotheosis. Then, when nothing more can be looked for—when the lips of the sweet singer are sealed for ever, and the voice of envy or of emulation is dumb—men turn with a chastened and affectionate recollection to the works which once fascinated them, and accept them as the legacy of the dead. We could cite many instances, within our own remembrance, in which fame, churlishly withheld or grudgingly doled out during life, has been lavished after the stone has been laid upon the surface of the grave; and although we may regret such apathy, it is by no means impossible that the consciousness of this tendency on the part of his fellow-men, and the hope of even posthumous recognition, may have

smoothed the pillow of many a dying man, whose labours had not yet commanded the public attention, or secured the general applause.

Let it not, however, be understood from this somewhat dolorous preface that we consider Mr Procter in the light of a neglected man. The youth of the rising generation may not be so familiar with the writings of Barry Cornwall as we were when *Marcian Colonna* appeared to us the quintessence of everything that was beautiful and pathetic: nay, we are free to confess, that before we emerged from our teens, Cornwall was the object of our idolatry; and that our earliest verses, long ago committed to the custody of Vulcan, were as bad imitations of his manner, as are forty-nine out of fifty of the little volumes which are now annually composed under the intoxicating influence of the Tennysonian alcohol. We are quite aware that youthful loves are not, in the general case, to be considered as indicative of well-directed judgment. No later than a week ago, we were introduced to a lady of unalluring appearance, in whom, to our dismay, after a conversation conducted with much animation on the part of Medusa, we discovered an object of our early attachment. Since the day when we weakly presented her with a locket, she had been thrice married to subalterns in marching regiments, was the mother of a numerous colony, and possessed an immense store of valuable information on the subject of half-pay: yet, despite of all these recommendations, and other winning ways which shall be unmentioned, we could not rekindle the ancient flame, and, in fact, were exceedingly glad when the opportunity was afforded us of effecting a bolt. Not that the temptation was strong, though the tempter was excessively urgent. Love and poetry may not go hand in hand, though we do bethink ourselves of certain

sonnets, which, doubtless, Medusa burned before she wedded Ensign Green; and if we mistake not, two-thirds of the lines were direct plagiarisms from Mr Cornwall.

We by no means intend to advance the opinion that the works of an artist are to be estimated by the amount of following which he may secure. The founder of a bad school, so that it be showy and glittering, has even a better chance of attracting neophytes than the man whose taste has been chastened and controlled; for at a certain period of life, and in a certain phase of intellectual development, decoration has an irresistible charm. But the mere fact that a poet can so far rivet the attention of a youth as to excite the desire of imitation, is of itself some testimony of his power; and, moreover, proves that he has an originality of his own. Young men do not—at least wittingly and wilfully—copy copyists. More refined judgment, and more cultivated perception, may afterwards convince them of the error of their early worship; but not on that account should they undervalue the real merits of the artist who first inspired them with the feeling of emulation. Our estimate as to the quality of Mr Procter's poetry may have undergone some modification; yet his voice is still pleasant to our ears, and certainly we are not ashamed of our juvenile impression in his favour.

We are quite satisfied, that if his earlier poems had never been published till now—if they had been brought before the world for the first time, in our day, when tinsel, verbal decoration, and spasmody are so prevalent—they would have met with a most gratifying reception. For although they may occasionally exhibit a lack of power, there is no lack of finish and delicacy. The taste of Mr Procter is peculiarly refined—indeed, almost feminine; and in dealing with the softer and gentler emotions—the higher phase of passion being beyond his reach—he is, to borrow the phrase applied by our Scottish poet to the race of Douglas, at once “tender and true.” It is only when he deserts nature, and addresses himself to sub-

jects unsuitable to his genius, that he is chargeable with errors of taste; and we wish to enforce that distinction upon the mind of the reader. Innumerable are the instances in which men of real genius have failed, and even made themselves ridiculous, by attempting too much, or rather by proceeding upon a false estimate of the nature and extent of their powers. The lark cannot sing like the nightingale—the kestrel is no comrade for the eagle. Ambition in literature, when it tempts men to forsake their proper sphere, is like that hallucination which often afflicts comedians—namely, that they are qualified to shine in tragedy. In the case of Mr Procter it is impossible to deny that he has sacrificed a great deal, both in energy and in reputation, by repeated attempts to go beyond his natural compass and range. But of that more hereafter. We greet him now as a veteran who has long been absent from the poetical lists, and who merely takes a place in the pageant.

“I now feel,” says he in his modest preface to the beautifully-decorated volume before us, “that I ought to disburden myself from my armour, and leave to more active and heroic spirits the glory of the struggle, and the crown that awaits success.” But the deeds of the past always deserve recognition; and we cannot let the occasion pass away without some notice. Mr Procter is indeed well entitled to that mark of our respect. He is one of the few survivors of a very brilliant period—men whose names are associated with those of Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley; not, indeed, as equals, but as minor stars in the galaxy. And if we feel—as indeed we confess to be the case—that this last publication of his does not exhibit the same amount of rhythmical beauty, prodigality of fancy, or felicity of expression which charmed us in his earlier works, we must at least accept it as a proof of his long-continued affection for the Muse, from whom, had he chosen to woo her more ardently and devotedly, he might have won the gifts of love.

The fact is, that poets, if they seek to attain eminence in their art, must

necessarily bestow a great deal of attention to it, and regard it in the light of a craft. We hear much about heaven-born poets ; but the phrase is an unlucky one, and ere now has led many a promising youth astray. It seems to be a popular idea that the composition of poetry differs from every other kind of known labour, in this respect, that it requires no study or cultivation, but flows from the inspired brain as naturally as water issues from a well. Never was there a greater fallacy. The art of poetry is of all others the most intricate and difficult, requiring constant attention, study, and practice, if a higher result is contemplated than the mere reputation of a versifier or an amateur. So is it with other kindred branches of art. Take two lads with the same natural turn for design, and the same ambition to be painters. Send one to an academy where he receives regular instruction, works hard, studies models, and applies his whole mind to the mastery of drawing and of colour ; bind the other apprentice to some regular trade or profession, to which he must necessarily give the greater part of his attention, but allow him full scope and liberty in his leisure hours to indulge his natural propensities. What will be the result at the end of a couple of years ? Why, that the first will be rapidly rising as an artist, whereas the second will at best be but a clever botcher. And so in music. If you doubt that, please attend a professional concert, and, after that, one given by amateurs ; and unless your ears are as faulty or overgrown as those of King Midas, you will speedily acknowledge the truth of our proposition. We have heard more than one syren warbling at the pianoforte, who might have sung quite as well, or nearly so, as Grisi, provided she had received Grisi's musical education, and had practised as incessantly. But such performances can rarely, with truth, be characterised otherwise than as delightful skirling. In almost every regiment in the British service there is some one captain or lieutenant who has a decided turn for theatricals, and who can convulse an indulgent audience at a garrison play, by

his drolling in "Box and Cox," "Pigs and Wigs," or any other of the favourite military stock-pieces. But place the gallant defender of his country on the regular stage beside Buckstone, Lloyd, or Charles Matthews, and the difference is at once apparent. The habitual stiffness of Mars is at once perceptible beneath the assumed garb of Momus. And is it credible that eminence in poetry, which is the highest species of art—the most exalted as well as subtle manifestation of the human intellect—can be attained by intuition ? Let us at once dismiss the idea. No man has ever gained eminence in poetry without devoting himself to it as an art. That thousands who have so devoted themselves have failed, is no proof whatever that our proposition is unsound. There may be an ambition far greater than the power—inclination may be mistaken for impulse—enthusiasm may be misconstrued into talent. In all arts, professions, undertakings, and callings, men are apt to form a false estimate both of their capacity and of their power of endurance ; and small indeed is the number of those who, at the close of a laborious life, have realised their early dreams. But those who do succeed have worked steadily onwards towards the point which they saw afar from the very commencement, and have never deviated from their course, though they sometimes may have lingered on the way. So settled is our belief upon these points, that, in poetry, we are always chary of pronouncing a positive judgment upon an early, and it may be an immature effort. In the great majority of cases, poems written by very young men afford no more than indications of genius, which possibly, if well directed and cultivated, may lead to happy results, but which cannot be accepted with certainty as promise for the future. Critics sometimes are accused of harshness, because they do not give adequate encouragement. That is hardly fair ; because critics have, in reality, if they are conscientious, a grave duty to perform. Suppose that a critic receives a volume of verses exhibiting a certain amount of poetic sensibility, but without manifesting any-

thing like power—it is no kindness to the writer to exhort him to make another effort, or to persevere in a course for which he seems obviously unfitted. Is there anything rude, heartless, or unfriendly in advising him to exert his energies in some other direction, instead of following a will-o'-the-wisp which must necessarily lead him into the mire? On the other hand, even supposing the critic should be of opinion, that by indefatigable perseverance, and, as is often the case, by the sacrifice of immediate and substantial results which lie before him in the ordinary path of life, the poetical aspirant has a fair chance of attaining to honour and renown, he ought not, in our opinion, to be extravagant of his praise, or to stimulate too highly the conceit or self-esteem of youth, which is usually sufficiently developed. It is a serious matter to tell a young man, without equivocation or mental reservation of any kind, that he is a poet. Let a competent judge, or one who has the reputation of being so, express a positive and emphatic opinion to that effect, and the new competitor for the laurels, unless he is gifted with enormous powers of self-denial, or extreme Caledonian caution, will throw law, physic, or divinity to the dogs, and betake himself wholly to the manufacture of dactyls. Now dactyls—and the same remark applies to spondees, trochees, anapests, and every other kind of rhythmical formation—are not articles of manufacture for which there is an extensive, constant, and remunerative demand: and as, in this working and overtaxed world of ours, food and raiment and lodging are things of paramount necessity, it really becomes a moral question whether any one is entitled, upon slight grounds, to advise an unfriended youth to forsake the common walks of industry, and expose himself to the privations and tortures which threw Chatterton into an early grave. As for buttering or belabouring a mere amateur who has a fortune at his back, we count that a matter of perfect indifference. Your rising young man, who affects to be a poet, with a good quarterly allowance, and chambers in the

Albany, has of course both friends and foes. If a Tory, the Whigs do their best or worst to put him down; if a Whig—which is a rare instance—he receives no Tory applause, save in the columns of *Maga*, where he is sure of honourable notice, if he is really a man of mettle. But no amount either of puffing or rebuffing will either elevate or lower him permanently from the place which he is entitled to hold. Let him, by all means, go on versifying, whether for amusement or for fame. Such intellectual exertion will in all probability keep him from worse occupations; and though it is possible that his books may not sell, he is positively doing good, and stimulating industry by giving employment to the printers; who, moreover, constitute no contemptible audience, as, from the nature of their function, they must necessarily peruse his lucubrations.

We have known instances of men, who, having in the first instance directed their energies successfully towards the attainment of an honourable independence, have afterwards devoted themselves entirely to the pursuits of literature. Having won the great privilege of leisure, unembarrassed by the necessity of providing for the wants of each succeeding day, through unremitting taskwork, they have availed themselves of it to enter the domain of art; and as persons of this stamp are persevering by force of habit, economical of their time, and possessed of matured judgment, they are not unfrequently successful. Much, however, depends upon the age and previous occupation of the man; because it is quite certain that a prolonged course of study in any one direction, is not favourable to a change. Others have tried to combine professional distinction with literary eminence, but in most instances they have failed. High success cannot be achieved by bifurcated ambition: one face of Janus bears no proportion to the other. But the course pursued by Mr Procter differs in some material respects from any other which we remember. Thousands of young men have published volumes of verse which have failed

to rivet the public attention; and they have thereafter, with becoming prudence, abandoned the object of their ambition, and betaken themselves to other avocations. Mr Procter, however, went further. He not only sought, but he gained reputation as a poet, and reputation of no ordinary kind. He was far beyond an amateur. He was emphatically a professional in art. He had found his way to considerable eminence, and had a fair prospect of climbing higher, when Themis came stealthily behind him, muffled his head in a lawyer's gown, and carried him off to a dusty chamber, furnished with parchments, in which he lay buried for many a year, and he now comes before us, like a rescued prisoner from the Bastille, bearing evident marks of his long and dreary incarceration.

Barry Cornwall, we must needs acknowledge, was a much better poet than Bryan W. Procter, the successful legal practitioner. Pleased as we are to see the reappearance of our old friend under any shape or name, our satisfaction would have been much greater if the present beautifully illustrated volume had contained the favourites of our youth, instead of verses which have no great merit beyond being smooth and decorous, and which do not rise much above the level of compositions for ladies' albums, or of dramatic scenes vastly inferior to those which first established his reputation. It is true that we have here six of the old dramatic scenes, two of which, *The Way to Conquer* and *The Broken Heart*, are perhaps the best pieces that he ever wrote; but we miss, and we are sorry for it, the *Sicilian Story* (which was a worthy rival of Keats' *Isabella*), *Marcian Colonna*, and *Mirandola*. Why these should have been excluded we cannot conceive, for they are of much greater intrinsic worth than all the rest put together; and on them the future fame of Mr Procter, in whatever measure that may be meted out, must depend. The new dramatic scenes contained in this volume are not at all to our liking. Mr Procter's power, as we have already hinted, is limited in its range; and when-

ever he deserts the gentler emotions to portray passion in its stronger moods, he becomes extravagant. Moreover, though not gifted by nature with high imaginative impulses, he has ever and anon exhibited a tendency to dabble in the supernatural, which is at all times a dangerous department. Appended to his poem of the *Flood of Thessaly*—in itself no very remarkable production—was *Tartarus, a Sketch*, which was purely, in point of merit, execrable. Not even the most fanatical fancier of nightmares could attempt to vindicate *Tartarus*; and the real admirers of Mr Procter were sincerely sorry that he should have committed himself by printing anything so ineffably absurd. In the volume now before us, we find two dramatic sketches, *Pandemonium*, and *The Temptation*, which are, to say the least of them, though it is saying a great deal, quite as bad as *Tartarus*. The other dramatic scenes, which we now see for the first time, are harmless, but vapid, and deficient in point; so that, with all our regard for the author, we cannot do otherwise than fall back upon his earlier productions in estimating his poetical claims.

When we say that Mr Procter has an originality of his own, we mean simply to imply that he did not, like many versifiers of the last generation, belong to a particular school, or imitate immediate models, at least in his happiest efforts. *Tartarus* perhaps never would have been written, had not Lord Byron published his *Cain*; nor should we have had *Gyges*, but for the previous appearance of *Beppo*. These things, however, are of little consequence, for no writer, poetical or otherwise, can altogether escape the influence of cotemporaries. Besides, long ago, *Tartarus* has swallowed *Gyges*, and has itself subsided, like a preposterous snapping-turtle, into the mud of oblivion. But the best writings of Mr Procter show that he was an ardent and diligent student of the old dramatists and poets of the Elizabethan age, and we are certain that he will consider it no mean praise when we express our conviction that, in more than one instance, he has transcended his models. It is, of

course, a much easier thing to write a single good dramatic scene than to construct a regular play; but the early dramatic scenes of Mr Procter are really remarkable, from this circumstance, that they contain in themselves, within a very small space, the whole essence of a drama. They are not fragmentary, or merely episodic. They are complete compositions; and, though not adapted to the stage, two of them which we have already mentioned—*The Way to Conquer*, and *The Broken Heart*—are preferable to the most elaborate efforts of either Ford or Massinger. These compositions may hereafter have a value of which the public are not yet aware. It is quite evident that, from divers causes, the reign of old lengthened explanatory tragedy is nearly over. Men will not sit to listen to long plays, and the vaunted virtue of five acts is now regarded as a vice. Dramatic entertainments, if they are to be continued as popular, must be shortened; and we really know of no author who has so well proved that this is possible as Mr Procter. We must yield, even in literary matters, to the spirit of the age, more especially in dramatic representation. "Cut it short!" is not only the cry from the galleries, but the universal feeling; and if, as Mr Procter has shown, the essence of a tragedy can be expressed, and the circumstances understood, within the limits of a single or a duplicate scene, it is possible that the histrionic art, now rapidly decaying, may revive. But beyond this Mr Procter has great merit. One of his dramatic scenes, which we have not yet hitherto noticed, but which we are glad to find included in the present volume, *Lysander and Ione*, strikes us as being far more beautiful than any of the compositions of Fletcher, although the echo of the "Faithful Shepherdess" may have called it into being. But what of that? The whole poetical life is little more than an echo, articulate or inarticulate; and, in our times, the voice of the present poet must always, more or less, remind us of the sound of the past. Exception has often been taken to poems, the subjects of which are borrowed from the Greek, or which

are revivals of the Greek mythology; and certainly it is not to be desired that our young versifiers should deluge the public with crambo borrowed from the choruses of Sophocles. The manner and style of the antique poetry is essentially different from that of our own, and therefore we have invariably discountenanced attempts towards the reproduction of the classical peculiarities in the English tongue. But to decry or broadly to prohibit the use of classical subjects, would be, to our thinking, a fanatical stretch of puritanism. So long as the present system of classical education is pursued—so long as the works of the old masters are made text-books at school and college—so long as a knowledge of Hellenic superstition and fable is recommended and required—we must expect that the early vivid impressions will not only linger on the mind, but manifest themselves in some shape or other, when the mind has attained to maturity. The voyage of the good ship Argo—the enchanted land of Colchis—the rape of Helen—the siege of Troy—the woes of Dido—the old classic stories, interwoven as they are with legends of deities, nymphs, and demigods, still continue to exercise a wonderful charm and fascination; and to them, ever and anon, we must expect our poets to recur, as they wander through the fields of imagination. All that we can require is, that the poet shall not, when dealing with such subjects, desert his native and national manner, so as to appear before us as a cold parodist or imitator of the Greeks—that he shall not attempt the old classical metres, in which his attitudes must needs be as awkward as those of the melodramatic malefactor who dances a hornpipe in fetters—and, above all things, that he shall abstain from the introduction of heathen philosophy or ethics. If, in his modern costume of broadcloth, plush, or corduroy, he can successfully woo the Oreads or the Dryads, we see not upon what ground he can be debarred from following them, any more than from enlisting in the regiment of the Queen of Faëry. Of course, as the risk is great and the pursuit is a very

delicate one, he must expect to incur a vast amount of ridicule in case of failure, which, nine times out of ten, will be the result of the experiment; for nothing can be more preposterously absurd than the spectacle of Bottom the weaver snoring in the midst of the elves, with his asinine head recumbent on the knees of Titania.

Mr Procter is one of the few who can walk gracefully, at times, on classic ground; and we consider this sketch, *Lysander and Ione*, as one of far more than ordinary merit. We are sorry that we cannot be so encomiastic in regard to his art-sketches, of which this volume contains two, *Michael Angelo*, and *Raffaello and Fornarina*. It is some time ago since the Germans set the fashion of selecting what they call "Art-Life" as the theme of song; and from Correggio and Salvator Rosa, down to Poussin and Rembrandt, there is hardly a brother of the brush of any renown who has not figured in some play or drama. Of course, when a situation is evolved or imagined, which in itself is fit for dramatic purposes, there can be no reason why painters, any more than other eminent personages, should be excluded. But we object altogether to the Teutonic method of dispensing with some great passion or emotion as the theme of a play, and substituting instead of such, the eidolon of some world-renowned artist, whose fame is assumed to be of itself sufficient to give interest to the composition. The value of a play lies in its conception and plot, not in empty parade of the resuscitated shadows of men of celebrity; nor is it possible to establish an extrinsic interest through the introduction of mere names, even though all the heroes of the earth, from Achilles to Wellington, were to be marshalled in a phantom procession. Except in very few cases, the lives of artists or of men of letters do not furnish adequate material for dramatic representation. They move and have moved in the domains of thought and imagination, not in the stirring fields of action; and their conversation, however æsthetically interesting, is not of a kind suited to arouse enthusiasm

when uttered in the form of blank verse upon the stage. If Mr Ruskin were to try his hands at "Turner, a Tragedy," we apprehend that the product would be nearly as bad as that mysterious manuscript poem, from which the late distinguished artist was in the habit of selecting mottoes for his pictures in the catalogues of the Royal Academy Exhibitions. The fact is, that, in Germany as among ourselves, dilettantism is very rampant. Men, whose original powers are of an extremely limited range—who have no invention, little energy, and still less ingenuity—try to establish a reputation for elegance, culture, and acumen, by talking and writing with vague fervour and simulated enthusiasm upon art and its principles—their discourse being all the while about as clear and intelligible as an alchemist's exposition of the formulæ of the grand arcanum. Mercurius Trismegistus himself was not more dreary, obscure, or empirical than are the bulk of our connoisseurs, who, nevertheless, do contrive, by dint of many words, to get themselves in some measure acknowledged as persons of extraordinary enlightenment. But criticism, especially on subjects relating to high art, is caviare to the million. Even the dupes who believe in the superior intelligence of men who spin interminable yarns about Van Eyck, Cimabue, Giotto, and the painters of the Byzantine period, take no real interest in their talk. A man may achieve notoriety without being either appreciated or understood: witness the great metaphysical writers, whose names are repeated reverentially by thousands who are utterly unable to comprehend the nature of their systems, or indeed to master the meaning of any one sentence that they ever wrote. In like manner, a fellow resolute on gaining credit as a scholiast may succeed, by unremittingly boring his audience with dissertations upon Plotinus, Anaxagoras, or Hegesinus, though, in reality, his sole knowledge of these defunct obscurities consists in the pronunciation of their names.

Poets, however, and men of talent, though they may not belong to the first order, should be above such miserable affectation. Starvelings,

who have no fire of their own, may be allowed to rake and puff among decayed cinders ; but we deprecate such ignoble employments for those who possess even a spark of inherent genius. True, they may not be able to set the Thames on fire ; but, at all events, they can kindle a blaze sufficient on a wintry day to keep their audience from shivering. We regret, therefore, to find that Mr Procter, in his art-sketches, has been simply blowing a dead coal with a pair of dilapidated bellows, raising thereby a disagreeable dust without eliciting any perceptible warmth. *Michael Angelo* has two especial faults. In the first place, it is entirely devoid of meaning, for it tells no story, and is apparently written without any object ; in the second place, the language put into the mouth of the great painter is at once puerile and bombastic, no more imbued with high aspiration and lofty thought than the howling of an ogre in a pantomime. If this should seem harsh criticism, let the reader peruse the following lines, being Michael's preliminary sketch of his picture of "The Judgment"—

"Here shall be seen the bless'd, and there the damn'd ;
Sinners, whom diabolic strength shall hurl
Down to perdition. Insolent visages,
Born in the reign of Sin, shall flesh their
fangs ;
Dwarfs, devils, and hideous things, and
brute abortions !
Some who make sick the moon, and some
who hide
Their monstrous foreheads in a reptile's
mask :
Pale Palsy, and crook'd Spasm, and bloated
Plague,
And Fear, made manifest, shall fill the
wind
With Hell—for Hell is horror link'd to
pain.

RAFFAELLE.

No more. Thou dost bewitch my flesh
to ice !!!"

If that passage should not be deemed sufficiently intense by the admirers of fustian—for there are many among us who mistake big words for godlike utterances—we shall furnish them with another, which is still more in the vein of the royal Cambyzes :—

MICHAEL.

"Now I would rather be on some vast
plain,
And hear the wolves upbraiding the cold
moon,
Or on a rock where the blown thunder
comes
Booming along the wind. *My* dreams are
naught,
Unless with gentler figures fierce ones mix ;
Giants with Angels, Death with Life,
Despair
With Joy—even the Great One comes in
terror
To me, apparelled like the fiery storm.

RAFFAELLE.

Thy fancy was begat i' the clouds.

MICHAEL.

My soul
Finds best communion with both ill and
good.
Some spirits there are, all earth, which
only thrive
In wine or laughter : But my nature seeks
Darkness and night, Power or the death of
Power—
A mountain riven—a palace sacked—a
town
Rent by an earthquake (such as once up-
tore
Catania from its roots, and sent it down
To the centre, split in fragments)—Famine
—Plague ;
Earth running red with blood, or deluge-
drowned :
These are *my* dreams——"

If such indeed were the nature of Buonarrotti's dreams, it is easy to understand why he never married. No female constitution could have endured the loss of sleep occasioned by the snortings and groanings of the artist, whose slumbers were so malignantly haunted ! It is possible that this scene may have been printed before now, but if so, we have no recollection of it ; and certainly its reproduction will not tend to the increase of Mr Procter's fame. We are led, from his preface, to imagine that it was written many years ago ; and if, during the interval, it was allowed to rest in the obscurity of his desk or cabinet, we regret that it should have been brought forward now. Some men shrink with horror from the sight of their early manuscripts, and would proffer a larger ransom than the Sibyl demanded of Tarquin, so that they could see them burning. Others feel a thrill of genuine satisfaction when they chance to light upon a copy of their forgotten

verses, and marvel, like Jack Horner, in advanced age, at the excellence and promise of their boyhood. We have been very anxious to extract a plum, for the delectation of our readers, from Mr Procter's Christmas pie; but, alas! in this instance we have only lighted upon a sloe. Undeterred by the failure of that attempt, we have again put in our thumb; but, we regret to say, with not much better success. For Raffaele, though different in his kind, is not a whit more attractive than Buonarrotti, at least as he appears in the pages of our author. Indeed, of the two, we rather prefer Michael. The old representative of the Counts of Canosa, was, while he lived, undeniably a bit of a bully; and therefore his swaggering in verse cannot be characterised as altogether inappropriate. But the pure and spiritual style of Raffaele has created in our minds such an association of ideas with the person of the artist, that we are really angry when we find him portrayed as a rake, a coxcomb, and a Cockney.

Had Lillo composed his play of *George Barnwell* in blank verse, the portraiture of the amours of the erring apprentice with Milnwood could not have materially differed from those sketches which Mr Procter gives us of the billing and cooing of Raffaele with his frail Fornarina. That young lady, as all the world knows, was the daughter of a Roman baker, for whose advent the great painter was wont to wait, after the manner described by the facetious Bon Gaultier, in his ballad of "Bursch Groggenburg:"—

"Stared for hours and hours together,
Stared yet more and more,
Till, in fine and sunny weather,
At the baker's door,
Stood, in apron white and mealy,
That beloved dame,
Counting out the loaves so freely,
Selling of the same."

Alfred Tennyson, though he can deal fitly on occasion with princesses, has very wisely not attempted to elevate either the daughter of the miller or the daughter of the gardener beyond their proper spheres. He has surrounded them with no adventitious pageantry; and the con-

sequence is, that we love them from their simplicity. But Mr Procter will not treat of his Fornarina so. In his eyes, the divine Raffaele would have been degraded by an amour with a young woman who both manufactured tarts and vended them to the public; so he changes her, by a slap of his harlequin's wand, into a courtesan—a Phryne—surrounded by young women of equally creditable character ("wenches" the Fornarina calls them), and the scene shifts from suburban Rome to the questionable purlieus of St John's Wood. Here enters Raffaele Sanzio Barnwell, fresh from the perusal of Tooke's *Pantheon*.

RAFFAELLE.

"Come nearer to me—near. Mad Jove
Ne'er loved white Leda with such tenderest heart,
Nor Dis (forsaking his Tartarean halls)
Pale Prosperine, as I do rage for thee.
Come nearer, thou wild witch! nearer,
I say.
Be to me as the green is to the leaf,
Crimson to roses, juice to the fresh plant,
My life, my strength, my beauty.

FORNARINA.

I am here.

RAFFAELLE.

I love thee; dost thou hear? I languished for thee.
Ay, I have left sweet praises for thee—
gold,
Thrilling ambition, and the crowned delight
Which waits upon bold men who dare
and do.
Near, near; I have left—ha, ha!—a
Triton winding
His brawny arms around a shapeless
nymph,
God Cupid without eyes, fish without
tails,
And Galatea naked as the dawn.
What is it that I see in these black eyes
Beyond all others?

FORNARINA.

Love! 'Tis love for thee!
But, what didst paint to-day

RAFFAELLE.

A team of dolphins,
A brace of Tritons, and a crooked shell,
And some thoughts else—which I forget. These things
Shine well enough for men below the
moon:
But I have taken flight for Venus' aery,
Where I must rest to-night."

Should any of our readers ask us, why, after the cheerful recognition we have made of Mr Procter's claims to be considered as an English poet, we quote lines which are not calculated to give a high impression of his powers, we answer, that, unless we were to draw upon the old dramatic sketches, with which many are familiar, and which we are able to praise without equivocation or reserve, we can find nothing valuable to lay before them in the shape of extracts from the present volume. Very heartily indeed do we despise that kind of criticism which makes former excellence the excuse for panegyric upon present failure—a practice highly derogatory to the honour of the craft, and exceedingly unfair as regards new aspirants. It is sufficient if, in cases of marked deterioration, reference is made to former excellence, with the view of preventing a catholic judgment or generally unfavourable impression being formed from an imperfect or ill-considered production. It is the more necessary to say this, because Mr Procter, as we have already remarked, has, through long silence, somewhat passed out of the public view; and we are really unwilling that this last offering should be taken as an adequate specimen of his genius. Looking to the bulk of his works, and considering them in the mass, we find that, like most other poets, he has written alternately from the heart and from the head—from the impulse of feeling, or from mere vague excitement. When his feelings are really aroused and interested—when he sympathises thoroughly with his subject, and is under the influence of emotion, Mr Procter shows, or has shown himself, to be a poet of no

ordinary power. When, on the other hand, he attempts to write ambitiously or artistically, without real sympathy or feeling, he fails; and his failure appears the greater on account of his previous success. In the thermometer of poetry there are various degrees. Some men never sink below the temperate mark; others go down to zero. There are authors who, by dint of rhetoric, aptitude of expression, and neatness of illustration, have been able to write verses which pass current, albeit there is in them no touch of real inspiration. Mr Procter has not that gift. When inspired, he rises rapidly upwards; when uninspired, he drops, like the mercury in the tube, when the breath of winter prepares the Serpentine for the skaters. But let it be remembered that the quality of men is to be judged from their excellences, not their failures. In default of recent exploit, we turn to previous achievement; and though Mr Procter has voluntarily chosen a career which has precluded him from cultivating to the full the talent which he no doubt yet possesses, we are not, on that account, less ready to bear our testimony to his merits, and to assign him that place which he deserves to hold in the literary roll of the century. We might easily—even gracefully—have abstained from uttering a word of censure; but that course is not in accordance with our estimate of the critic's duty, both to the author whose works he is reviewing, and to the public for whom he writes. As all honey-comb is not pure, so do Mr Procter's poems contain an admixture of what is unpalatable with what is really sweet; and as the poems are, so must be our judgment upon them.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

ALMA, Balaklava, Inkermann ! These three words, it may with truth be said, caused the nineteenth century to open its eyes not a little, for the world was beginning to believe that the antique Elizabethan heroism of England, if not stone-dead, was at least enjoying a spell of slumber as long as those of Nourjahad. Civilisation and its accompanying luxury seemed to have placed human life at so high a premium—at least to those endowed with the means of enjoying it to the full—that it appeared almost incredible that men, possessing every earthly advantage which rank and wealth could give them, should imperil them all in the chances of war as recklessly as in the old days of hard sleeping, hard eating, hard drinking, and hard fighting. Yet such was the fact—

“Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ;”

and it may be added, *vice versa*. For the marvel was, that those who had everything to lose, with loss of life, put their lives on the hazard as easily as those who had to lose nothing but life, the gains being the same. So it is, and so it has been. The Duke of Wellington said, that for desperate service there were no heroes like the dandies of his army. But human nature furnishes an explanation. Whatever we have gained, we cease to care for, and want some new excitement ; and to a man in the position of all others most complete, perhaps, on this habitable earth, that of a British peer or landed proprietor, what remains to those who, unlike Lord Rosse, have no special turn for star-gazing, but

“The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife,
The earthquake voice of victory,
To them the breath of life” ?

Thus, while Manchester made such a noise in the world with the racket of her spinning-jennies, that the existence of any other class but cotton cords on our island began to be ignored by the Continental million, and we were stigmatised as “la nation la plus prosaïque du monde,” the trumpet of war resuscitated another class, who had buried themselves in retirement, to be out of the way of the eternal clatter, and sent them, bounding with new blood, like giants refreshed with wine, into the battle-field, the descendants of the gentlemen of England, whose lances won Hastings, and the descendants of her yeomen, whose bows won Agincourt. Politically stifled, they were only too glad to assert their claims to vitality in so grand and congenial a sphere. The Saxon Briton is no coward ; in him resides the indomitable pluck which enabled a handful of eight thousand to keep at bay the whole Russian army at Inkermann. But his chief triumphs are industrial, and it is especially in peace that his laurels are gathered, the laurels of conquering industry. In peace he gains ground on the Norman, and by his patience and dogged perseverance forces him to yield political and social vantage, as in earlier times he fatigued him by passive resistance into the adoption of his language.

But with the Dane or Norseman who fringed with his settlements in the times before the Conquest the whole seaboard of Briton, as the Phœnicians studded with their colonies in like manner the coasts of Sicily, resides yet another energy—an energy the most eminently national of all. As the Norman’s proper sphere is war, and dominion held by the sword, he being rather inclined to slumber when the trumpet is silent ; as the Saxon’s

The Discovery of the North-West Passage, chiefly from the Journals of Sir Robert M’Clure, in 1850-54. Edited by CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN. Longmans.

Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853-55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N. Child & Paterson, Philadelphia.

Narrative of Voyages towards the North-West, in Search of a Passage to Cathay and India, 1496-1631. By THOMAS RANDELL, Esq. Printed for the Hakluyt Society.

proper province is peaceful industry and material progress, triumphs won over nature, time, and space, by dint of gold, iron, and steam, he looking on war as an obstructive nuisance, to be bravely endured for the sake of being the sooner rid of it,—so the part of the Dane or Norseman is the life of maritime adventure ; adventure being the essence of this life, and war and commerce, and voyages of discovery, its several developments. The genuine Norseman never can or could breathe freely but in an atmosphere of danger ; and as in former times he became a sea-robber, not from innate dishonesty but innate love of peril, so now he delights in sea-fights, if they present themselves ; and if they do not, in going to all points of the compass in search of a hero's death, or a hero's hair-breadth 'scapes, or, with a more humane ambition, living on the sea-shore as a boatman of Deal or Broadstairs, to rescue the lives of sailors in distress at the risk of his own. It is perhaps to the Danish element of the British nation that is due *par excellence* the merit of rescuing us from the reproach of an unpoetical spirit. The spirit of the religion of Odin still animates it. Those who died ingloriously, according to that creed, sunk into the dismal shades of Hela, while those who perished in the midst of bold action were carried to the Hall of Heroes, or kindly taken to the bosom of an ocean-goddess.

It is difficult, without the supposition of some such hereditary bent strengthening itself in its progress downward from remote eld, to account for the multitude of expeditions which have set forth from this country, under no compulsion whatever but that of an instinct which would not be gainsaid, to explore the terrible secrets of the polar regions of the earth. The excuse has always been the advantage to commerce in finding a short cut to the Indies, or the hope of gold-mines under the ice, or something equally frivolous. The Dane has been always obliged to find some such pretext in order to throw dust in the eyes of the Saxon, and to induce him, the holder of the money-bag, to furnish the necessary funds. Of course,

when we make use of these national names, we must not be understood to assume that the races have kept separate and distinct to our own time ; such an assumption would be undoubtedly contrary to fact, as, in all probability, every individual Englishman and lowland Scotchman at any rate has three or four, if not five or six, sorts of blood in his veins ; but at the same time, every man partakes more of the nature of one class of his progenitors than another, as we see in the same family some of the children bearing the features or nature of the father, some of the mother, and some, perhaps, recalling a grandfather or remoter ancestor. Thus, although we cannot say, from an analysis of family names, to which original stem each Briton is to be referred, we may form a more correct estimate from the analysis of his disposition. Thus, if John Smith is physically well-finished, haughty, domineering, and pugnacious, no doubt there runs in his veins some drops at least of the original *sangre azul* or "true blood" of the Norman aristocracy. If he is a plodding landsman, he dates from Hengist and Horsa. If he will go to sea in spite of his weeping mother, he is an irreclaimable Dane, and his weeping mother, if she is a sensible woman, will make a virtue of necessity, and let him go to sea with a good grace, for he will only run wild on dry land from snuffing the inspiring salt. That the seafaring propensity and love of maritime adventure in Britons is of Norse or Danish origin, is to be inferred from what early histories tell us of this wonderful people. In times when Greeks thought it an extraordinary feat to cross the Egean out of sight of land, and Romans scarcely dared to pass the Pillars of Hercules, creeping along shores, and drawing up their vessels at night because they could not sleep on shipboard—these Northmen, for all we know, were discovering America. Certain it is that they found out Iceland and Greenland without chart or compass ; and if they could discover Greenland, it was according to what probability that they would see what the world contained nearer to the sun, and cross Davis'

Strait to the shores of America proper. Not that we would disparage Christopher Colon, after whose name the continent ought to be called, instead of Americus Vespucius, who has no real claim. But fact is fact. It is the fate of all human genius to find that they have been anticipated. It does not detract from the glories of Watt that Archimedes most probably made a steam-engine; for Watt first applied steam, and Columbus first utilised America.

Unless Greenland is a part of the American continent, it is hard to say to what continent it belongs. It is surely not a continent of itself, for it is probably an island, though a large one. We do not call Borneo a continent, though we do call Australia; so that it only seems a question of size. And Greenland, on the whole, may, we think, be considered a part of America, as much as England may be considered a part of Europe, being divided by a strait from the continent proper. Its original inhabitants, the Esquimaux, evidently belong rather to the American than the European families. Thus, those who discovered Greenland may fairly be said to have discovered America; and the New World loses its distinction from the Old World, proving a literal illustration of the proverb that there is nothing new under the sun, either eastward or westward. Unless the Norman Conquest can be considered new, this name cannot be given to North America, which appears to have been known to Europeans (the Norwegians) somewhat earlier than the time of the Norman Conquest. It is difficult, with all the appliances of modern science which we have, to estimate the hardihood of these primeval voyagers. Chart or compass they had none, and the want of these two things implies all other nautical wants. Without these, a ship is as much abroad on the face of the waters as Noah's ark. The world was a watery desert, without latitude or longitude. And the terrors of the North, sufficient in their reality to appal the stoutest heart, were enhanced by innumerable superstitions. The fabled Symplegades of the Greek mariners

were nothing but some ugly rocks of which they had to run the gauntlet in getting into the Euxine. They only *seemed* to clash together, and catch ships between them. This was nothing to the Arctic Ocean, filled with myriads of real Symplegades, floating mountains and islands of ice wandering about at the will of the winds and tides in every direction within the arctic circle, and in many instances without it, often coming on obscurely in fogs and darkness, their whereabouts only to be ascertained by increasing coldness in the air. What must the danger of these icebergs have been to the unmanageable ships of the ancients, when they are supposed to have caused the destruction of those great ocean-steamers which have been lost between the United States and Liverpool, because no other adequate cause can be assigned for the mystery of their total disappearance? Conceive Ailsa Craig set afloat in the Atlantic in a fog, and going at the rate of six to ten knots an hour, what would become of any vessel that encountered it? And this peril of rambling icebergs was only as a summer frolic to these stalwart old salts. They must sometimes, although we have, it appears, no precise evidence on the point, have become entangled in the ice of the arctic winter, and perilously frozen in, and yet more perilously and painfully delivered by the thaw—as the recovery from a fainting-fit is more painful than the swooning—passing the greatest part of the year in comparative darkness and scorching cold, with their poor chattering teeth almost dropping out of their heads with scurvy, the inevitable consequence of a want of wholesome food. There were no contrivances in those days for keeping the interior of ships a few degrees above the freezing-point; no stoves or hot-water pipes, no curiously preserved meat or vegetables. These precautions, which have been found in later times indispensable for the preservation of human life and health, were altogether unknown. And they must have been assailed by mortal terrors in their voyages, which moderns can scarcely

appreciate. Such were the apparitions of these sea-monsters foreboding storm; the first a "demi-man erased," as heralds would say, in gigantic proportion, floating up to the waist in water, the rest invisible; the next, a woman to match, with arms cut off at the elbows and enormous outstretched palms, which, if it fell flat on its face and sank into the water before the ship, denoted that she and the crew would be saved in the certainly approaching tempest, but if it turned its back upon them, that they would be lost; the third monster, or rather prodigy, being the appearance of three hills of water, between which if the vessel was caught she would be inevitably swamped. It was a great misfortune for those early mariners, the pioneers of discovery, that they could leave no record of their actions: if they kept log-books, they perished with them, and there was no printing-press to give them additional chances of preservation by multiplying them. All voyages to the polar seas are more or less fabulous, until we come to the Elizabethan era, the maritime annals of which, even with the aids which the knowledge of the age afforded to seafaring men, are scarcely more astonishing. There is a wide interval of time between the adventurous voyages of the mythical age of our ancestors, which much resembled that of Jason in the good ship *Argo* in quest of the Golden Fleece, and the expeditions sent out with a definite object in the time of the Tudors. The invention of the compass reawakened the spirit of the Vikings in the inhabitants of these islands, and conduced with other causes to guide this kingdom in the path of its true destiny. From the Norman Conquest until the time of Henry VI., England had appeared rather as part of the Continent than as a self-existent island power. Engaged in perpetual wars with France on the one side, and Scotland on the other, her maritime energies were dwarfed, and the seafaring Danish element in her population lost its peculiar character in gaining laurels ashore. The same was the fate of the Norse element in

the Scottish population. Changed into a part of those formidable pikemen who struggled for their country's existence with the archers of England, they had little leisure for maritime occupations. It was fortunate for England that the victories of Edward III. and Henry V. were barren of result; and indeed there are no names in history which she has greater reason to bless than those of Joan of Arc and Charles VII. of France. Had the successors of Henry V. been able to consolidate their power, Paris, and not London, would have been the metropolis of England, and the especial greatness of Britain would have been adjourned *sine die*—perhaps have never been brought to light at all. Expelled from France and united with Scotland, England became Great Britain, an island of defined boundaries, with power to pursue her peculiarly insular destiny. But even before the union of the two crowns, the internal troubles of Scotland disproportionately weakening that kingdom, joined with the discovery of the powers of the loadstone, gave England an opportunity of laying the foundation of a maritime ascendancy.

The initiation of the north-westerly voyages is due to the impulse given by the feat of Columbus to the spirit of nautical adventure at the court of Henry VII. of England. Sebastian Cabeta, a young Genoese, stimulated by the fame of his illustrious countryman, came and offered his services to the English king, who, regretting that his engagement with Columbus had come to nothing, gladly accepted them. "Understanding, by reason of the sphere, that if he should sail by the north-west, he might be enabled to reach India by a shorter route than Columbus had pursued, Cabeta determined to make the attempt, and 'caused the king to be advertised of his device.' Without hesitation Henry VII. acceded to the suggestion, and placed at the command of the adventurer two caravals, furnished with all things appertaining to the voyage, and manned with sufficient crews."

Cabeta did not discover the north-west passage, but he did discover

Newfoundland and Florida. The date of his voyage appears to be 1496, A.D. The authorities in those days appear to have been divided between the partisans of a north-western and a north-eastern passage to the Indies. The open state of the sea, and the comparative mildness of the temperature round the North Cape of Norwegian Lapland, caused by the Gulf Stream, probably induced some to think that a passage would be found more easily by taking the direction of Nova Zembla. This is sufficient to account for the expedition of Sir Hugh Willoughby, the Franklin of the Elizabethan era. The commencement of these voyages, with their successful conclusion, had its martyr. Sir Hugh Willoughby, with a party of volunteers, many of them gentlemen of family, started from Seynam on the coast of Norway, in latitude 70°, on the 2d of August, A.D. 1553. That he started so late without being provided for wintering, proves the ignorance of the conditions of arctic research which prevailed at that time. He seems to have made the coast of Nova Zembla by the 14th of August, but it is a disputed point. Baffled by contrary winds, the expedition returned into a harbour which they had explored before, "the haven of Aczina, near Kega in Lapland." They probably imagined, from the well-known openness of the sea during winter at the North Cape, that the same conditions applied farther east to the coast of Russian Lapland. Winter came upon them, and they were frozen in, and no succour being at hand, perished miserably in their ships. The concluding words of Sir Hugh Willoughby's journal, recovered through the agency of some Russian fishermen, are to the effect that they "sent out three men S.S.W. to search if they could find people, which went three dayes journey, but could find none. After that they sent out three W. four dayes journey, which also returned without finding any people. Then they sent out three men S.E. three dayes journey, which in like sorte returned without finding any people, or any similitude of habitation."

The scriptural phraseology of the day gives a touching solemnity to

the narrative of the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his seventy frozen heroes. And no less a writer than Milton himself writes the epitaph of the ships, in a work entitled a *Brief History of Muscovia*. "Whereof (of the perishing of the expedition) the English agent at Mosco having notice, sent and recovered the ships with the dead bodies and most of the goods, and sent them for England; but the ships being unstaunch, as is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk by the way with their dead, and them also that brought them." Though the fate of the living was to be deplored, it is scarcely regrettable that Willoughby and his men met with the proper grave of the British sailor. This great man is thus characterised by an old writer: "No less intrepid in action than ardent in temperament, he boldly pursued untried paths and perilous ways. He sought and found new regions, and the merit of his actions is not the less because his discoveries are ill-defined, or because their boundaries are difficult to be established. Bodily he fell a sacrifice to his adventurous spirit, and his reputation was left to the uncertain mercy of the robustious elements. To chance and the kindly care of semi-barbarians, posterity are indebted for all they know of the proceedings of the hapless Sir Hugh." Other attempts in the same direction of uncertain authenticity followed. But all eyes were now set upon the probability of a north-western passage. Martin Frobisher was named "captain and pylot" of a subscription expedition in 1576, consisting of two barks, the "Gabriel" and "Michael," "between twenty and twenty-five tunne a-piece," and a pinnace of 6 tons; but a moderate equipment wherewith to do battle with the polar ice. Queen Elizabeth herself saw them off, and wished them "happie successe," and in defiance of nautical prejudices, they set sail on a Friday. On the 11th of July, after parting from the Shetlands, they discovered a land to the W.N.W., which rose like "pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." This must have been part of Greenland. They were prevented from landing by the mists, and "ye great store

of yee" which fringed the coast. The pinnace foundered at sea in a storm, and all hands on board, four in number, perished, and the people of the "Michael" in consequence, as they well might, "mistrusting the weather, privily conveyed themselves away, and reached England in safety." Frobisher was left alone in his bark of from twenty to twenty-five tons. Nothing daunted, but somewhat, it may be assumed, distrusting his powers to cope with ice, he altered his course to S.W., and sighted Labrador. A passage occurs in a manuscript journal of the voyage, strongly illustrative of the dangers to which the mariners were exposed, and the intrepidity as well as the simple piety of the commander:—

"In the rage of an extreme storme, the vessell was cast flat on her syde; and being open in the waste, was fylled with water, so as she lay still for sunk, and would neither weare nor steare with any help of the helme; and could never have risen agayn, but by the merveilous work of God's great mercy to help them all. In this distres, when all the men in the ship had lost their courage, and did despair of life, the captayn, *like himselfe*, with valiant courage, stood up, and passed alongst the ship's side, in the chayn-wales (channels), being on her flat syde, and caught holde on the weather leche of the foresail; but in the weather-coyling (going about) of the ship, the foreyarde brake." To ease her, the mizenmast was cut away; but she still rolled heavily, so that the water "yssued from both sides, though withal without anything fleeing over."

As soon as practicable, the poor storm-buffeted bark "was put before the sea, and all hands were set to work to repair damages." Frobisher sailed to the mouth of the straits called after his name, but could not succeed in crossing the ice; so he entered that passage, since that time also called Lumley's Inlet, sailed up it for sixty leagues, and discovered several islands at the extreme point of its navigation, falling in with "savage people" much like Tartars, who used canoes of seal-skin, with keels of wood within. One of these aborigines was captured, "whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdain he bit his tongue in twain within his

mouth. Notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but lived until he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea." Frobisher returned safely to England, arriving at Harwich on the 26th of October. He received great praise especially "for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cataya." Some stones that he brought with him supposed to contain gold ore, furnished an additional reason somewhat more weighty than the first for undertaking a second expedition. The second time he set out with the "Aid," a royal ship of 180 to 200 tons, and 100 men, thirty of them being gentlemen and soldiers, the rest "sufficient and able sailors;" the "Gabriel" and "Michael" accompanied. This expedition sailed May 26th, 1577. Many and various were the adventures of this fleet; but, as the narrator devoutly observes, "as their dangers were great, so God was greater;" and after a tempestuous passage, in which many of the ships "were dangerously distressed, and severed allmost all asunder," the great majority arrived safe at home in different ports, the last on the 1st of October 1578. The material results of this expedition were inferior to its moral.

The next voyages of any importance are those of Captain John Davis. In his first voyage he discovered the straits named after him, and that water which in a subsequent voyage was named Cumberland Strait, the appearance of which was such as to induce the voyager to entertain confident hopes that the desired passage was at length found. In his second voyage, in which he was deserted by the greater part of the expedition, and left to prosecute his adventures in a bark of thirty tons, he got somewhat further to the west, until, being in latitude 54° N., he states that he had "perfect hope of the passage, finding a mightie great sea passing between the two lands west." But September was upon him, and winter close upon it, and on the 19th of that month he was obliged to set sail for England. At the conclusion of his third voyage, he writes with equal hope, "I have been in seventy-three degrees, finding the sea all open, and

forty leagues between land and land ; the passage is most probable, the execution easy." Troubles with Spain prevented the further prosecution of his enterprise. Many other navigators followed nearly in Davis's track, making important discoveries, but all balked by natural or artificial difficulties in the main object of their quest. Amongst these Hudson and Baffin have acquired immortal renown by exploring the two great bays called after their names—the latter of which has been changed to Baffin's Sea, in consequence of the discovery of its outlets into the polar ocean. Few of these voyages are so interesting as that of Captain James, who sailed in 1631, A. D., and endured incredible hardships by wintering in Charlton Island. All these arctic heroes of the Tudor era were sustained by a courage almost superhuman, added, in the case of most of them, to a simple and childlike piety, which is more often to be found, in the present day, among sailors and men brought in contact with the grandeur and powers of nature, than perhaps any other class. The civil wars followed, then the Dutch wars, then the Spanish, French, and American—then the great struggle of a national existence with consular and imperial France. After the fall of Napoleon, men's minds recurred again to the problem of the Northwest Passage. The solution of that problem was hoped for from the genius of Parry. Sir Edward Parry got further west than any navigator before him,—as far as any navigator since. He got also further north than any of his predecessors. He spent two winters in the terrific latitudes of Melville Island, proving that a ship's crew, with proper precautions, could not only be kept alive, but kept in health and spirits, in that region of the maximum of cold and the minimum of light. And Parry, in his third voyage, attempted, not for the first time it had been done, but the first time with any prospect of success, to reach the Pole itself over the ice to the north of Spitzbergen. He failed, not because he did not succeed in making progress, but because the progress he made was nullified by the fact that

the ground he walked over moved backwards with him,—the ice-fields floating southward in proportion as he walked, or towed, or floated northward. It seemed as if the Divine voice itself had said, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further ;" for all natural obstacles of an ordinary kind had been victoriously surmounted. No less wonderful was the exploration of the coast of North America, about the same time, by the late Sir John Franklin, whose fate is invested in a solemn mystery, like that of Enoch : "He was not, for God took him." It is impossible to read the simple narrative of the sufferings of that great man and his companions, in those forlorn latitudes, without emotion, and admiration at the unconquerable spirit of the men who could volunteer to dare to suffer in the same way a second time. The extraordinary dangers, difficulties, and pains, that Franklin and his brave comrades went through on that occasion, instead of disgusting them with enterprises of the kind, seem to have bred in them a passion that death only could satisfy,—as we should suppose, persons of common human mould affected by the taste of some strange superhuman pleasure. And the example was catching. With the North yet unexplored, Sir James Ross went to find out new regions at the Antarctic pole, fraught with waves mountain-high, strewn with icebergs, in momentary apprehension of destruction ; and was only prevented from penetrating to the South Pole by the impassable cliffs of ice that fenced the mysterious southern continent, whose terrors even surpassed that of the Northern Sea, in that volcanic alps vomited fire in the midst of the snows and darkness. And when Franklin disappeared from news and knowledge in his last fatal expedition in the "Erebus" and "Terror," his fate, instead of deterring others, seems but to have given an impulse to the whole maritime spirit of his country, bidding all who felt the same worthiness to compete for the same glorious crown of martyrdom, until the great problem was solved, though the honours were divided, and the living M'Clure was

obliged to acknowledge the dead Franklin as a claimant of equal rights with himself to the credit of having discovered the long-sought-for North-west Passage. Two passages were discovered—one, we have every reason to suppose, by Franklin, to the south, and another by M'Clure to the north. The victory was won, like that of the Roman Decius, by the sacrifice of a noble general. The result proved that the passage might have been discovered earlier, had simultaneous expeditions been despatched to Behring's Straits and the Baffin Sea, for the great difficulty was the exact middle of the course. No vessel could hope to make the entire passage in any reasonable number of years—in fact, even now, no vessel ever has made it; but the same crew has passed from west to east the entire distance with the sacrifice of their vessel. The North-west Passage has been discovered, but, at the same time, been discovered to be impracticable, or, if barely practicable, useless for all ordinary commercial purposes.

If we were attempting in this article a condensed history of arctic adventure, or even a brief recapitulation of the deeds of polar heroes, we should be under the necessity of exceeding all ordinary limits, or of continuing the subject through many numbers of the Magazine. We must guard ourselves from the supposition of any attempt to do even-handed justice to the glorious memories of the dead, or the reputations of the living. In that case the Danes, the Dutch, and even the Russians, could have claims on our attention, as well as the hundreds of our countrymen, or our quasi-countrymen the Americans, who have fought the elemental war—some nobly conquering, some nobly defeated, some perishing, if possible, more nobly still, in the moment of victory. Our present purpose is to give a certain prominence to two recent publications, both occasioned by voyages, the main object of which was the search for Franklin—in themselves of considerable literary merit, and fraught with a peculiar graphic interest, inasmuch as they appear to present

within their compass, as well as any books we know, as fair pictures of arctic adventure, in all its rare dangers, difficulties, and glories, and between which, as they adorn the literature of two kindred and rival nations, we should be sorry to attempt to draw invidious comparisons. We have also, it may be premised, some sort of moral purpose in our background. These books are, *The Discovery of the North-west Passage* by Sir Robert M'Clure, edited by Captain Osborn; and Dr Kane's *Arctic Explorations*. Both, as all books of travel should be, are illustrated with maps and engravings, the latter taken from the rough sketches of Captain Osborn and Dr Kane. The map in Captain Osborn's book is remarkable for its clearness, and the bird's-eye view it gives of the last achievements of discovery; the engravings in Dr Kane's book are eminently happy, as the productions of a man who is a real poet in art, Mr Hamilton, whose good taste scatters beautiful vignettes, like gems, through the two volumes, and invests the whole work with a halo of romance, mysterious as the effects of light in those northern regions, and which could scarcely have been produced by the power of words, or letterpress, unassisted. It is, we believe, fair to consider Franklin and M'Clure as the joint discoverers of the North-west Passage, for they discovered a north-west passage each.

M'Clure certainly did, and Franklin did also, according to the weight of circumstantial evidence. But M'Clure lives to tell his story, and Franklin has passed away. We cannot suppose that the living hero would grudge the dead a single leaf of his well-earned laurels. While Dr Kane was sent in a due northerly direction from the head of Baffin Sea, M'Clure was sent round Behring's Straits, from west to east, in order to meet the line of former discoveries. It was owing to the sending out of the expedition of Sir Edward Belcher, to search at once for him and Franklin, that the memorable junction was effected and the passage discovered.

Captain Osborn's narrative thus ably commences:—

"The 'Enterprise' and 'Investigator,' it will be remembered, had failed in their attempt to get to the westward of Leopold Island in 1849, and only escaped from that inhospitable spot to be bound in the drifting pack-ice of Barrow's Strait, and swept with it out of Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, so that they could but just secure their retreat to England before the Arctic Sea has become generally sealed for that season.

"Tempest-tossed and ice-worn though they were, yet a little dockyard work soon put the good ships into proper condition for once more resuming their contest with floe and iceberg. Captain Richard Collinson, C.B., was appointed as senior officer and leader of the expedition to the 'Enterprise,' and Commander Robert L. M. McClure to the 'Investigator.' The former officer enjoyed a high naval reputation, and in China his ability as a surveyor had done the State good service; the latter—the destined discoverer of the North-west Passage—had served through a long and severe probation in every grade, until, after a struggle of twenty-six years, he was appointed to the command of the 'Investigator,' as a reward for the good service he had rendered as first-lieutenant to Sir James Ross in his voyages of 1848, 1849."

McClure and Collinson raced for Behring's Strait. McClure won the race by taking a short and dangerous cut among the Aleutian Islands. On the other side of the Strait, with a westward course, he was launching into unknown regions. He took leave of his tender with a misgiving that he might never return; and under the circumstances, we do not wonder at the language he uses in his letter to the Admiralty:—

"In the event of this being our last communication, I would request you to assure their Lordships that no apprehension whatever need be entertained of our safety until the autumn of 1854, as we have on board three years' of all species of provisions, which, without much deprivation, may be made to extend a period of four years; as, moreover, whatever is killed by the hunting-parties, I intend to issue in lieu of the usual rations, which will still further protract our resources."

He made his way gallantly, as Collinson did also, along the north coast of America, passing the formidable opening of the Mackenzie River,

with the perpetual danger of the great pack of oceanic ice to the northward closing in upon him, and imprisoning him against the shore; and he fought on and on to the entrance of the narrow channel of the Prince of Wales' Strait. He forced his way for some distance up that channel, until the goal was almost within his grasp, when the winter of 1850-51 came upon him, and locked him in, almost within sight of the North-west Passage.

"Sept. 9, 1850.—Albert Land on the starboard hand, exhibited, in its interior, ranges of mountains covered with snow, but the lower grounds were as yet free. Here and there peaks of a volcanic character and outline were seen, but none that appeared active; and the rocks were mostly limestone, as on the western shore. Among the islands, gulls still lingered, giving a hope of winter having delayed its arrival; and that arrival was now what the voyagers most feared. They felt as if they would give all they held dear in life for another week of summer. The dangers of the navigation,—cold, hunger, and hardship, all were forgotten. 'Only give us time,' they said, 'and we must make the North-west Passage.' At noon the observations placed the 'Investigator' only *sixty* miles from Barrow's Strait. 'I cannot,' writes Captain McClure in his private journal, 'describe my anxious feelings. Can it be possible that this water communicates with Barrow's Strait, and shall prove to be the long-sought North-west Passage? Can it be that so humble a creature as I am will be permitted to perform what has baffled the talented and wise for hundreds of years? But all praise be ascribed unto Him who hath conducted us so far in safety. His ways are not our ways, or the means that He uses to accomplish His ends within our comprehension. The wisdom of the world is foolishness with Him.'"

But the "Investigator" was never destined to pass this Prince of Wales' Strait: a vast barrier of moving ice was before her; backwards and forwards and sideways, with great danger of wreck, she was driven, with the much-coveted prize tantalisingly dangling almost within the grasp of her gallant commander, when, with patience as exemplary as his courage, he determined to try his fortune by altering his course, and sailing round the northern coast

of Banks' Land, acting on the French proverb, "*Reculer pour mieux sauter.*"

The prize was awhile withdrawn from sight, and on the north of Banks' Land new difficulties and dangers crowded on the navigators.

"Noon that day (the 19th of August) found them in $73^{\circ} 55'$ north latitude, and $123^{\circ} 52' 30''$ west longitude, and already did Captain M'Clure insist upon extending his voyage to the north of Melville Island, and the striking for some strait or sound leading into Baffin's Bay! That night, however, a sudden and remarkable change took place. They had just crossed Burnet Bay, within Norway and Robilan Island, when the coast suddenly became as abrupt and precipitous as a wall; the water was very deep, sixty fathoms by the lead-line within four hundred yards of the face of the cliffs, and fifteen fathoms water when actually touching them. The lane of water had diminished to two hundred yards in width where broadest, and even that space was much hampered by loose pieces of ice aground or adrift. In some places the channel was so narrow that the quarter-boats had to be topped up to prevent them touching the cliffs upon the one hand, or the lofty ice upon the other; and so perfectly were they running the gauntlet, that on many occasions the ship could not 'round to' for want of space. Their position was full of perils, yet they would push on, for retreat was now as dangerous as progress. The pack was of the same fearful description as that they had fallen in with in the offing of the Mackenzie River during the previous autumn; it drew forty and fifty feet water, and rose in rolling hills upon the surface, some of them a hundred feet from base to summit. Any attempt to force the frail ship against such ice was of course mere folly; all they could do was to watch for every opening, trust in the goodness and mercy of God, and push ahead in the execution of their duty. If the ice at such a time had set in with its vast face against the sheer cliff, nothing, they all felt, could have saved them; and nothing in the long tale of arctic research is finer than the cool and resolute way in which all, from the captain to the youngest seaman of his gallant band, fought inch by inch to make their way round this frightful coast. . . . After the 20th of August, the 'Investigator' lay helplessly fixed off the north-west of Banks' Land; the wind had pressed in the ice, and for a while all hopes of farther

progress were at an end. On the 29th of August, however, a sudden move took place, and a moving floe struck a huge mass to which the ship had been secured, and, to the horror of those on board, such was the immense power exerted, that the mass slowly reared itself on its edge close to the ship's bows, until the upper part was higher than the fore-yard, and every moment appeared likely to be the 'Investigator's' last; for the ice had but to topple over, to sink her and her crew under its weight. At this critical moment there was a shout of joy, for the mass, after oscillating fearfully, broke up, rolled back in its original position, and they were saved. Hardly, however, was this danger passed, than a fresh one threatened, for the berg to which the ship was secured was impelled forward by the whole weight of the driving pack towards a low point of land, on which, with frightful pressure, the great floes were breaking up, and piling themselves tier upon tier.

"The 'Investigator' had no power of escape; but every hawser was put in requisition, and hands stationed by them. An attempt to blow up a grounded berg upon which the ship was driving only partially succeeded; the nip came on, the poor ship grounded, and every plank and timber quivered from stem to stern in this trial of strength between her and the ice. 'Our fate seemed sealed,' says Captain M'Clure, and he made up his mind to let go all hawsers. The order was given, and with it the wreck of the 'Investigator' seemed certain. All the leader hoped for was, to use his own words, 'that we might have the ship thrown up sufficiently to serve as an asylum for the winter;' if she should sink between the two contending bergs, the destruction of every soul was inevitable. But at the very moment when the order to 'Let go all hawsers' was given, and even before it could be obeyed, a merciful Providence caused the berg which most threatened to break up, and the 'Investigator' was once more saved, though still so tightly was she beset that there was not room to drop a lead-line down round the vessel, and the copper upon her bottom was hanging in shreds, or rolled up like brown paper.

"On the 10th September the wind veered to the northward, the temperature rose, and at midnight the ice went off the coast, without the slightest warning, carrying the poor 'Investigator' with it, and handing her thus over to the tender mercy of the much-dreaded pack

in the offing. Fortunately, the ship was on its weather edge, although so cradled-in under her bottom as to be helpless; and painful were the feelings of all on board of her until their position was ascertained at daylight; but amid the roar of the gale and tossing of the floes, which had caused this sudden danger, the firm hand of the leader wrote in his diary: 'Thus we launch into this formidable frozen sea. *Spes mea in Deo.*'"

The "Investigator" was cleared from the ice by enormous charges of powder, and got round to Mercy Bay, so fitly called by the devout commander, a position from which she was never destined to be extricated with her crew on board.

In this region of extremest possible cold the second arctic winter was passed. The imprisoned sailors shot and hunted and amused themselves as best they could, in an atmosphere often fallen to 60° below zero, and made travelling parties to explore the coasts, whose reports confirmed the existence, though not the practicability, of the passage. They found on Melville Island the signs of Parry's presence, and left a memorial which enabled their countrymen afterwards to find them. But their hardships were terrific. One of the great plagues was that of the African desert—thirst. If they attempted to eat snow, it blistered like caustic. The travelling parties had no fuel to warm them, but only just enough to thaw their scanty pittance of ice-water. But summer would come in time, and release them. Summer came, or some faint semblance of it, but release them it did not; for as fast as the old ice broke up, the new ice formed. July came and passed; August came also. Surely August must release them. With September their hopes are gone. The "Investigator" never moved during that summer of 1852, more appalling to the imagination than any winter, because it seemed to seal their fate for ever. Was it a punishment for their presumption in transgressing human domains, and trespassing on the exclusive manor of nature? Now they were put on short allowance, and in a latitude where cold exhausts like

tropical heat, and human nature needs extraordinary nourishment. Officers and men shared and suffered alike; and scurvy began to strike them down.

Dreadfully passed the winter of 1852-53. All hope seemed dead; but despair was not written in M'Clure's vocabulary. He resolved to feed up his sick by full rations, and send them off across the ice under escort in the spring—a forlorn hope—while he stood by his ship yet another winter. All was ready for the desperate start, when an event took place of the most vital importance to all, best related in the commander's own words:—

"While walking near the ship in conversation with the first-lieutenant upon the subject of digging a grave for the man who died yesterday, and discussing how we could cut a grave in the ground whilst it was so hardly frozen—a subject naturally sad and depressing—we perceived a figure walking rapidly towards us from the rough ice at the entrance of the bay. From his pace and gestures, we both naturally supposed at first that he was one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was, certainly, unlike any of our men; but recollecting that it was possible some one might be trying a new travelling dress preparatory to the departure of our sledges, and certain that no one else was near, we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us, this strange figure threw up his arms, and made gesticulations resembling those used by Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us both fairly to a stand-still. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony, and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or of the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs; as it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out—"I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the "Herald," and now in the "Resolute." Captain Kellet is in her at Dealy Island.'"

Lieutenant Pim came like the reprieve in romances to the con-

demned. There was not much in his message apparently. The "Resolute" was at Dealy Island, but the poor fellows well understood the interpretation of the laconic phrase. It meant nothing less than life instead of death, friends and families instead of arctic solitude, the green fields of old England for their eyes, instead of a white freezing waste as a bed for their corpses, which was hard even to open into a grave, and which would mock death itself by denying decay, and consigning their remains to unseemly preservation, even if they escaped the ravening maw of the arctic bear or wolf.

The arrival of Lieutenant Pim is the climax of the interest of this memorable expedition. It is well known how all the ships were abandoned in the ice by a decision of Sir Edward Belcher, which has since been seriously questioned, and how the united crews made their way over the ice to Baffin Sea and Greenland, and thence got home in safety; and how Collinson, who was left behind, turned up afterwards. It is also known how the "Resolute" was picked up by the American whaler, having drifted out by herself into navigable seas, bought by the American Government, and gracefully presented, through Captain Hartstein, U.S.N., to her Majesty Queen Victoria, in spick-and-span order, with all her fittings complete, even her little nautical elegancies being carefully and delicately replaced. The "Resolute" is a sacred ship—as it appears to us, rescued even providentially—even as her crew providentially rescued the discoverers of the North-west Passage. If we might, we would have a new Crystal Palace built over her, and keep her so for the gaze of the million, as an enduring and characteristic memorial of Britain's peculiar heroism, as well as a monument of the great discovery.

America looked upon Franklin as belonging to herself no less than to the mother country, and sent out expeditions in search of him. The last and most interesting of these was that commanded by Dr Kane, which

explored up the east coast of Greenland, and the stupendous glacier of Humboldt, beyond the 80th degree of latitude. The plan of the expedition was founded, according to Dr Kane, on five principles: firstly, *Terra firma* as the basis of operations, avoiding the capriciousness of ice-travel; secondly, A due northern line, which would soonest lead to the open sea, should such exist; thirdly, The benefit of the fanlike abutment of land on the south face of Greenland, to check the ice in the course of its equatorial drift, thus obviating Parry's great drawback in his attempts to reach the Pole; fourthly, Animal life to sustain travelling parties; and, fifthly, The co-operation of the Esquimaux, whose settlements had been found in a very high latitude. Dr Kane had got together, as necessary to the overland journeys, a large pack of hounds, or rather harness-dogs. They were a plague to him at first, a perpetual anxiety afterwards, but their services a great assistance in the end.

"The bother with these wretched dogs! worse than a street of Constantinople emptied upon our decks; the unruly thieving wild-beast pack! Not a bear's paw, or an Esquimaux's cranium, or any specimen whatever, can leave your hands for a moment without their making a rush at it, and, after a yelping scramble, swallowing it at a gulp. I have seen them attempt a whole feather-bed; and here, this very morning, one of my Harsuk brutes has eaten up two entire birds' nests, which I had just before gathered from the rocks; feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least. One was a perfect specimen of the nest of the tridactyl, the other of the big burgomaster. When we reach a floe, or crag, or temporary harbour, they start out in a body, neither voice nor lash restraining them, and scamper off like a drove of hogs in an Illinois oak-opening. Two of our largest left themselves behind at Fog Inlet, and we had to send off a boat-party to-day to their rescue. It cost a pull through ice and water of about eight miles before they found the recreants, fat and saucy, beside the carcass of the dead narwhal. After more than an hour spent in attempts to catch them, one was tied and brought on board, but the other suicidal scamp had to be left to his fate."

On the coasting voyage they encountered a storm which tore the

brig from her moorings under an island, and drove her out into the open sea, packed with ice.

"I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwale, smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our stanch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life. But a new enemy came on right ahead. Directly in our way—just beyond the line of floe-ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose as the gale drove us towards this passage and into it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that the bergs were not at rest—that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two. Just then a broad sconce-piece or low water-washed berg came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Nutville Bay; and as the sconce moved rapidly close alongside us, Mr Gary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and held on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing from his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet: we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls. . . . We passed clear, but it was a close shave—so close that our port quarter-boat would have been smashed if we had not taken it in from the davits; and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in water comparatively open. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with greater thankfulness their merciful deliverance from a wretched death."

But whatever the danger incurred, the progress was satisfactory.

"Our latitude, determined by the sun's lower culminations, if such a term can be applied to his midnight depression, gives 78° 41'. We are further north, therefore, than any of our predecessors, except Parry on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp."

After much beating about, they got their brig into a haven, where she was frozen up, and remains, for all we know to the contrary, to this day. They housed her in for the winter, and prepared for the travelling parties in the spring. The horrors of this winter are most graphically described by Dr Kane, and he notes the intensity of the frost with a remarkable scientific precision:—

"On the 5th of February our thermometers began to show unexampled temperatures. They ranged from 60° to 75° below zero, and one very reliable instrument stood upon the taffrail of our brig at 65°. The reduced mean of our best spirit-standards gave —67°, or 99° below the freezing-point of water. At these temperatures chloric ether became solid, and carefully prepared chloroform exhibited a granular pellicle on its surface—spirit of naphtha froze at —54°, and oil of sassafras at 49°. The oil of wintergreen was in a flocculent state at —56°, and solid at —63° and —65°. The exhalations from the surface of the body invested the exposed or partially clad parts with a wreath of vapour. The air had a perceptible pungency upon respiration, but I could not perceive the painful sensation which has been spoken of by some Siberian travellers. When breathed for any length of time, it imparted a sensation of dryness to the air-passages. I noticed that, as it were, involuntarily we all breathed guardedly with compressed lips."

To add to the horrors of their situation, the invaluable dogs all went mad—not hydrophobous, but lunatic—in consequence of the continuous darkness, and perished.

But at length the sun, who appeared to have perished from the face of the earth, showed his fair face again in February.

"I saw him once more, and upon a projecting crag nestled in the sunshine. It was like bathing in perfumed water."

Spring came, but with nominal spring no abatement of cold. The sledging parties underwent incredible hardships, when going to rescue strayed comrades.

The loss of the dogs was a fatal blow to the hopes of Dr Kane, who seems to have even thought of reaching the actual Pole, for he speaks in one place of the tantalising verticality of the Polar star. After exploring to somewhere about latitude 82° , and seeing some open water, which they had good reason to believe formed part of the mysterious Polynia, or Polar Ocean—after it had been found impossible to move the brig from her winter-quarters—and a severe winter was passed in the midst of terrible difficulties and privations, with a majority of the company down in scurvy—Kane determined to make his way home as best he could, and at length miraculously succeeded by means of ice-boats. Either the adventures of this party surpass in actual interest almost any other that we ever recollect to have read, or they are much better described than usual. A cold that burnt like the hot breath of the Sahara, want of provisions, want of fuel, scurvy, frost-bites, incessant labour and sleeplessness, attacks from bears by night, who plundered their stores, insubordination and desertion; such form part of the list of miseries that this admirable commander had to endure either in person, or in the persons of those nearest him. Wonders were seen and done; and we cannot help thinking that, added to his philanthropic object, Jonathan was animated by secret hope of out-doing John Bull. Whether such an emulation existed or not, it would have been one innocent, even noble, in the highest degree. Would that the more bitter feuds of America and England could be concluded over the desert-grave of Franklin, as the Montagues and Capulets were reconciled beside the corpses of their children. The differences, though equally fantastical and unreasonable

in both cases, have been none the less acrimonious. It is time now that they should cease for ever. As for the utility of these polar expeditions, so often questioned, although it may be difficult to establish it as far as the avowed objects are concerned, there is but little question of it, looking to other ends. They have been valuable as presenting a rallying-point for the two great nations of America and Great Britain as one people; and they are valuable as a school of danger for the warrior-sailors of both—nay, more, as a school of self-denial, patience, trust in God, and, indeed, almost every human virtue. If man is perfected through suffering, surely such sufferings are not undergone without a result. Strange it is that the men of only one race have been found willing to undergo them, for what is called barren glory, in long-continued efforts; and the men of that race are falsely branded as comprising a mere nation of shopkeepers. The French are brave as lions; they have gone to the Pole too, represented by the chivalrous Bellot; but few of them could stand the intolerable ennui, sufferings, and darkness of two or three arctic winters, one after another. Yet crew after crew of Englishmen and Americans has passed through them, not only unrepining and uncomplainingly, but cheerful and jovial, or, at worst, calmly resigned to the Divine will. People who can do this, can do and suffer anything. All beside need stand in awe of them whenever the war with nature changes into the war with men. Whatever discoveries have been made—Pole or Polynia, North-west or North-east Passages—these hardy yet gentle sailors have at least discovered the *ne plus ultra* and the *Thule* of human endurance and human heroism.

LETTERS FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.—NO. II.

MY DEAR EBONY,—From the contents of the papers which reached me by last post, I perceive that the public attention is almost entirely engrossed by questions of reduced taxation ; and that the prodigality, for I will not call it generosity, which was manifested during the war period, is likely to be succeeded by a fit of the severest economy. This is natural enough, and to a certain extent even praiseworthy ; for the tax-payers are clearly entitled to some relief from the burdens which they have borne without grumbling ; and this can only be effected by a large reduction of naval and military expenditure, involving of course a great disbandment and diminution of the forces. But I must be allowed to express my opinion, that this is being done too rapidly, and at the risk of incurring, in the event of the resumption of hostilities, an immense future expenditure. If we have learned no other lesson from the history of the past campaign, this at all events ought to be kept in mind, that, at the commencement of the war with Russia, we had not a military force adequate to the occasion, and that it was only by dint of unparalleled exertion that we were able to furnish out an army capable of maintaining the honour of Britain in the field. I need not remind you how confidently it was stated, but a very few years ago, that no possible contingency could arise to array the states of Europe in a hostile attitude against one another,—how dogmatic were the prophecies that the system of free-trade, adopted and recommended by Great Britain, was of itself sufficient to insure perfect and permanent pacification,—and how we were then urged by the Manchester politicians, to get rid of what they pleased to term the last relic of barbarism, by dispensing altogether with the services of a standing army, and by reducing our naval establishment to the lowest possible point. The progress of events has shown that these prophecies were as lying as the Book of Mormon—that the confident anticipations of the peace-

mongers were gross and dangerous delusions,—and that their advice, had it been taken, would have led to an utter prostration and loss of our political power. Still, however, the prophets are among us ; and though a shade less oracular than before, they insist upon their bygone conclusions. They preach up economy and retrenchment ; and the rate-payers of the three kingdoms, nothing loth to be relieved from a burden, one-half of which at least was the consequence of previous parsimony and of unwise reductions, seem ready to swell the cry. Now it seems to me to be a self-evident proposition, that, if it be desirable to maintain an efficient army—not on a war-footing, but in a reasonable state of preparation—you cannot all at once bring down your expenditure to the level of the old peace estimates. These violent reductions are both unwise, and they are unjust. Unwise, because before twelve months have expired, you may again be called upon to undertake the enormous effort of creating another army,—unjust, because you thereby throw out of employment, without provision, thousands of men who have imperilled their lives, and shed their blood for the country. It is very easy to tell those brave fellows, at banquets and patriotic gatherings, that they have merited well of their country ; but what will that profit them if the country turns them unceremoniously adrift ? That some reduction must take place is not only desirable, but necessary ; but let it be so arranged as not to throw away or render nugatory the experience which, at the cost of so much blood and treasure, has been gained in the fields of battle, or to expose us to the risk of humiliation, before we can hope to advance to victory.

I am quite aware that this is a very ticklish subject, and one which above all others presents the greatest difficulty to politicians ; for popular constituencies, however eager they may be to rush into a fray, invariably grumble when they are presented

with the bill of costs. It does not seem to occur to them that a standing army is nothing more than the modern substitute for personal service, imperative upon all the lieges ; and that, in reckoning the expense of such an establishment, they are bound to consider what would be the amount of inconvenience and loss, if every man capable of bearing arms was liable in his turn to conscription and enrolment. Standing armies were for some time regarded in Great Britain with extreme jealousy, as a force which might be despotically employed for the suppression of the liberties of the people. But all such apprehensions have long ago been dissipated ; and experience has shown, that the maintenance of such a body, in a state of thorough efficiency, is not only a prudential but an economical system, inasmuch as it leaves the great bulk of the people to follow industrial pursuits without molestation or disturbance. This immunity from military service is a privilege well worth the cost, even were that greater than has ever yet been imposed when the country was not actually at war ; and it seems to me that instead of wishing that the army should be reduced to that state of inefficiency in which it was when the Russian war began, the people of this country have a manifest interest in maintaining it, so as to prevent, for the future, the recurrence of calamities which all of us have had reason to deplore. I say *interest*, because that motive, though not the highest, is the one which weighs most with the masses of the people ; and I wish, from the bottom of my soul, that it were possible to free them from prejudice, to disenchant them of the delusions industriously propagated by demagogues whose aims are purely selfish, and to persuade them to regard this question by the light of common sense, instead of trusting to the illumination of quacks, mountebanks, and impostors.

The war now concluded has cost us, as we all know, an infinite expenditure of treasure, and a lamentable loss of life. Now, what was it that led to the concatenation of circumstances which hurried us into

that war ? Primarily, no doubt, it was the fixed ambition of Russia to gain possession of Turkey : but that was an object well known to have been contemplated long ago, and the merest tyro in diplomacy was fully aware of the design. That Russia would one day attempt the conquest of Turkey was certain, but it was equally certain that she would make no such attempt until she saw the probability of success. So far from being precipitate, Russia was very wary, patient, and cautious in her mode of advance, and, without absolutely making a spring, such as the tiger does on his intended victim, confined her efforts to weakening the power of the Ottoman empire. In this she succeeded by the movements which led to the independence of Greece, and the treaties of Adrianople and Unkiar-Skelessi, by the latter of which Turkey did in fact become a vassal power. After that, Russia was only restrained from consummating her triumph by the opposition of the Western powers, and perhaps also, in some degree, by the apprehension that Austria, if war should prove inevitable, might side, for her own interest, with France and Britain, who, so long as they remained in firm alliance, were likely to resist any violent attempt to overthrow the balance of power in Europe. But in 1849, Russia had the opportunity of rendering such signal service to Austria that opposition from the latter State was hardly to be expected in the event of a move upon Constantinople. That difficulty removed, there remained only the barrier of the French and British alliance, which more than once seemed to be on the verge of dissolving. The accession of Lord Aberdeen to office as British premier, and the shameful language employed by some of his subordinates with regard to the Emperor of the French, were considered as indications that the vaunted alliance existed but in name ; and accordingly the Czar, who now thought that the favourable opportunity for carrying his designs into effect had arrived, made overtures to the British government for the dismemberment of Turkey, and the partition of her spoils.

As bad luck would have it, the conduct of foreign affairs was at that time intrusted to the hands of Lord John Russell; who, being of a literary turn, thought this a capital opportunity of distinguishing himself by the composition of diplomatic notes, and straightway concocted despatches so feeble, servile, and undecided, that it is no wonder if the Czar regarded them in the light of mere formal protestations, not to be followed up by any overt act of opposition. The Russian tendencies of Lord Aberdeen were notorious, and his mediocre intellect so thoroughly understood by the acute diplomats of the north, that they calculated upon no active resistance, provided the British nation did not take the matter into their own hands, and insist upon an appeal to arms. That danger still remained, and was by no means overlooked; for it is a great mistake to suppose that Russian statesmen are ignorant of the peculiar nature and working of our constitution. They knew very well that no government could stand for a moment against the declared will of the nation; but they also knew that *Britain was not then in a condition to declare war without the support of France*, owing to the small number of her standing army, and the want of military preparation, arising from reduced estimates, and a short-sighted system of parsimony, consequent upon impatience of taxation. Along with France, Britain was quite able to oppose effectual resistance to the aggressions of the Czar. Apart from France, she could do nothing, and it was this latter circumstance, coupled with the evident coolness between the French and British governments, which induced the Czar to persevere in his purpose, and which have entailed on us the consequences of a desperate and expensive war.

No sooner is that war over, than we are again about to reduce our establishments to the lowest possible point—in other words, to place ourselves in such a position, that, in the event of another European crisis, we shall not be able to act independently—nay, absolutely invoking such a crisis by reducing to a mere skeleton a splendid army, formed at a vast cost,

which, if it were to be maintained in efficiency, would constitute the best guarantee for the preservation of order throughout Europe and the long continuance of peace. Of course, I expect to hear a dismal howl of horror from the economists at such a proposition; but I would pray them, if sufficient composure is left for the purposes of arithmetical calculation, to take the slate in hand, and to work out the following sums. By the statement of the Chancellor of Exchequer it appears that the late war has cost us seventy-six millions in money, besides loss of life, which is not commutable into pounds, shillings, and pence. Of those seventy-six millions, forty have been raised by taxation and thirty-six by loan,—a distinction, however, which is immaterial for the consideration of this question, as the whole amount has been expended. Now let us suppose that this sum had been capitalised, and the interest of it applied to keeping our armaments in an efficient state, over and above the sums annually voted for their maintenance in the time of peace; we should have had, at the outbreak of the war, a military and naval force of such strength, that Russia, had her power been twice as gigantic as it was, would not have dared to defy us into the field. But as matters now stand, the whole sum of seventy-six millions has perished, and, moreover, the country is henceforward saddled with a permanent annual charge for the interest of the thirty-six millions borrowed.

I say, therefore, that the immediate result to the country of this false economy, purchased by reducing our armaments to a state of inefficiency, has been a loss of seventy-six millions of capital and a permanent annual charge of about a million and a half, all which might have been saved, had the people and their rulers not yielded to the infatuation of securing an immediate small saving at the risk of an enormous prospective loss. To a country situated like Great Britain, the maintenance of its armaments in a proper state of efficiency, by which I mean the power of immediately, when occasion occurs, displaying a menacing front, is very much analo-

gous to the fire insurance which private individuals pay for the security of their houses and goods. Years may elapse without the occurrence of an accident; but when an accident does occur, the loss is tremendous, and must fall exclusively on the shoulders of those who have neglected the prudential precaution.

Of course, it is open to any one to deny that my proposition rests upon sound premises. Penny-wise and pound-foolish economists may say that the war would have broken out whether or not Britain was prepared to have offered immediate and effectual resistance to the Russian schemes of aggrandisement. That is matter of opinion; but I rest my view upon the concurrent testimony of the leading men of Europe, and of the Russians themselves, who do not hesitate to aver that the war would not have been commenced, had Britain been in possession of a military force which could be instantly brought into the field. Usually the Russians couple with that statement an allegation that they were misled as to the intentions of the British ministry; but that has nothing whatever to do with the present question. It was the absence of adequate force on our part that tempted them into the field; and to that alone, I maintain, is the recent expenditure attributable.

But even supposing that no preparation on our part could have prevented the war, is it not obvious that such preparation must materially have lessened the expense? With an adequate force in hand we might have done for forty millions, or even less, what it has cost us seventy-six millions to accomplish; for, in war, time is everything, and where sudden provision is required, it must be purchased at twice the ordinary rate. So that, on the lowest possible view that can be adopted, we have sustained a most serious loss by reducing, in time of peace, our armaments to so miserable a state that they were practically useless for military operations at the time when the war began.

Nor ought it to be forgotten that we were greatly favoured during the whole period of the recent struggle. Britain had but one enemy to cope

with, and there were no disturbances either at home or in the colonies, or elsewhere, to distract her attention. It may never again be our fortune to plunge into a contest with so little extraneous embarrassment, but that circumstance, so far from exciting foolhardiness, ought to teach us circumspection, and to impress upon us the necessity of adequate preparation. I am quite aware that this kind of Cassandra talk is not likely to find favour either with the bulk of the tax-payers, or with the politicians who are competitors for rule, and who think that the straight road to popularity lies through diminished taxation—nevertheless I am determined (always with your kind permission) to have my say out on a subject so important for the welfare of the country; and I do not care whose prejudices I startle, or whose preconceived opinions I discompose, so long as I am enunciating what I solemnly, sincerely, and deliberately believe to be the truth.

There is a numerous class of men in this country who think, as I do, that the British army and navy ought always to be maintained in a state of high efficiency—by which I mean on a scale proportionate to the wealth of the country, and to the magnitude of the interests at stake. But they, like others who take a different view, see an insuperable objection in the concomitant expense. I have endeavoured already to show, with what success I know not, that the result of parsimony in the maintenance of our establishments has been an enormous additional burden. But I shall pass from that argument, and bring forward another which deserves at least equal consideration.

One leading maxim of economy, both private and public, is, that you should cut your coat according to your cloth—in other words, that your expenditure should be regulated by the amount of your income. I do not admit the universal application of this rule, because I hold that in every case there are certain precautions which, however expensive, ought not to be omitted. But, not to complicate matters, let us take the maxim as it stands. I suppose it will be admitted that the expendi-

ture of a rich country ought to be greater than that of a comparatively poor one; and it follows as a corollary, that a country as it becomes rich ought to extend its expenditure. I turn to the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made no later than the 13th February—had it been made later, in all probability I should not have had an opportunity of noticing it—and I find him congratulating the country on its state of unexampled prosperity. I could cut out from the *Times*, and wafer into this letter, a very pleasing column of statistics, showing how rapidly our wealth is increasing; but I shall content myself with the following sentence: "The general result is, that our exports have doubled in value since the year 1849; and if we compare this year with the year following, the conclusion of the last great European war, we shall find that we commence this period of peace with exports three times greater than they were in 1816." Next, by referring to my old friend Porter, I find that in 1816 the charge for the navy, army, and ordnance was £27,293,064; whereas the charge for the ensuing year, according to the calculation of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, is only £19,734,000. Now I readily admit that the estimates for years immediately succeeding a general peace are not to be taken as a criterion of future expenditure; for I find that in 1817 the amount dwindled to £17,608,777. In 1853 it was reduced to £15,768,417. In 1817 the amount of interest on the national debt was £31,436,245. In 1857, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is £28,550,000, being a difference in favour of the public of very nearly three millions. I note this to show that our annual necessary burden, for which the public credit is engaged, has diminished so much in amount that if we add together the amount of interest of the national debt, and the amount of the army and navy estimates for the years 1817 and 1857 respectively, the result is a saving of £761,000 in favour of the latter year. So then, even supposing that the wealth of the nation had not increased at all during the intervening forty years, here is a considerable reduction in

the amount of the combined items which press heaviest on the country.

But the wealth of the nation has increased, and increased enormously, if any faith whatever is to be reposed in statistics. The declared value of British and Irish exports is £115,390,000 in 1856, against £41,492,312 in 1817. The tonnage inwards and outwards from ports of the United Kingdom was 17,904,000 in 1856, against 4,069,090 in 1817. Mr Porter calculates, founding upon the produce of the legacy duty, that in thirty-one years, between 1814 and 1845, *one thousand millions of pounds* was added to the value of personal property. I have no means within my reach of ascertaining what may be the increase in the value of real property; but I observe that, in Scotland alone, the valuation of 1856 gives a yearly return of £11,757,138, whilst in 1815 the value of the real property was assessed at £6,652,655.

If these things be true—and they defy the possibility of denial—it follows, as a matter of course, that the country is at least twice as wealthy as it was in 1817, and consequently well able to endure an increased amount of taxation. Don't misunderstand me. I am not one of those who hold that burdens should be imposed in a corresponding ratio to the increase of the national wealth, but I do say that this enormous augmentation of wealth is a conclusive answer to the men who object to any increase of establishments on account of the inability of the nation to support them. The nation is perfectly able to maintain the army and navy in an effective state and numbers, and that without rendering taxation burdensome or oppressive. The present clamour against the income-tax is not a clamour against taxation. It is simply an outcry and protest against a particular impost, indefensible, as I think, in principle, and most unjust in its operation.

This is a matter which deserves and requires consideration, because, until our system of taxation is put upon a totally different footing, the old howl against expensive establishments will be continued; and I thoroughly sympathise with that section of the public who insist that

the "war ninepence" shall be immediately remitted, and provision made for the extinguishment of the income-tax in 1860. The property and income-tax was introduced by the late Sir Robert Peel in 1842, not as a permanent or just mode of taxation; indeed, he did not conceal his opinion that it was *not* equitable, and could not be permanent; but as an exceptional impost to last only for three years, for the purpose of effecting an improvement in the state of "the manufacturing interests." Again, its continuance in 1845 was proposed on the sole ground that Sir Robert Peel might be enabled "to make such arrangements *with regard to general taxation* as shall be the foundation of great commercial prosperity." Well, in the opinion of all it has served that special purpose, and it has, moreover, saved us from adding forty millions to the amount of the national debt. Surely it is time now that it should cease, unless its character has altogether been changed.

But how is the revenue to be raised? That, after all, is the question which concerns us most, and it is one which must be solved without delay; for even allowing for a progressive increase in the items of customs and excise, as regulated at present, I cannot see my way to the abolition of the income-tax in 1860, if our establishments are to be kept up on a proper footing, without a substitute. And I may here remark that there seems no likelihood of a cessation from demands on the public purse for civil and other purposes. There is a demand for education, public works, and fifty other things, some just and good, some questionable, and many bad, which are annually dinned into the ears of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Some of these, I am perfectly sure, will, in the course of the next year or two, be conceded; for, whatever may be the advantages of popular representation, it acts as a terrible drag on the convictions of public men, and forces ministries, through fear of being displaced, to adopt measures which are not in accordance with their honest and deliberate judgment. In the present broken state of parties, either the imposition of a

new tax or the revival of an old one is a matter of serious moment and of decided difficulty; not because the nation is unable to stand taxation, but because there is so much disagreement upon the principle of raising a revenue.

One thing, I think, is clear; and that is, that the augmentation of the income-tax, levied from a very small proportion of the population, for the purposes of the late war, without a corresponding rise in those duties which are understood to represent indirect taxation, must be taken as a proof that the present system is essentially and radically bad. It is worse than the old financial system practised in the times of the Crusades; for then a poll-tax, under the name of Peter's Pence, was levied throughout England; and the baron or knight who went out to the Holy Land had, besides his chance of winning a seignury in the East, a dispensation from paying his debts during the period of his pilgrimage. Now the great mass of the population is not only relieved from payment of the pence peculiarly appropriated to Saint Peter, but they get most of the articles of their consumption free of duty, and the war-burden is laid on the shoulders of the men whose superior intelligence and energy have enabled them to realise incomes, in the general case very moderate, in return for which exertion they are made to undergo the agonies of the hydraulic press of the Income-tax Commissioners. I question whether the Inquisition, abominable as it must have been, was a greater grievance. Even here, in this remote Pharos, I have seen a specimen of its working. My respected principal, Archy McCraw, falls under the limit of its operation; and though he would be ready to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the cause of his country, it has irked him sorely, that, owing to the war ninepence, he has been obliged to curtail his allowance to his daughters—both widows with more children than Malthus would believe—to shorten his own modicum of pigtail, and even to interfere with Elspeth's snuff-box, without which she can derive but little comfort or

edification from the perusal of the Cameronian divines. So that this poor fellow, because he has been steady, industrious, and intelligent, has been forced to surrender to Government one and fourpence out of every pound of his salary, in order that men who do not earn one hundred pounds a-year, may escape direct taxation altogether, and have their indirect taxation lowered. Let us suppose that the wages of ten subordinate M'Craws amount collectively to £990, while Archy has £150. The ten are allowed to go scot-free, and Archy pays the reckoning for the whole.

That property, realised property, should be taxed, I admit; but it should not be taxed exorbitantly, so long as it remains in one hand. It appears to me that the proper time for laying a considerable tax on property is when it changes owners; and I think that in this direction there is room for an increase of the revenue. I can see no good reason for adhering to the present scale of legacy and succession duty, under which lineal descendants and ascendants are charged at one per cent, immediate collaterals at three, more remote collaterals at five and six, and strangers at ten per cent. This latter imposition as it relates to property, which must be regarded in the light of a windfall, should be continued; but I cannot persuade myself that the other distinctions are equitable. If I were Chancellor of the Exchequer, which, thank heaven, I am not, I should be very much inclined to propose a uniform tax on succession, with the one exception first noted, at a rate not exceeding five per cent. In this way the whole realised property in the country would be made to contribute equally as it changed owners; and property is unquestionably a far more legitimate subject for taxation than industry.

Next, I think that the time has come for a thorough and impartial revision of customs' duties, for the purpose of ascertaining how much the consumer has benefited by each remission of duty. When no such advantage has been gained, then it is obvious that the particular article

is a fit subject for taxation. During the heat of the free-trade controversy, it is no wonder that a good deal of extravagance should have been manifested on both sides, that theories should have been pushed too far, and that men, otherwise sagacious, should have become so tenacious of their opinions, simply because these were challenged, as absolutely to believe in their own infallibility. That is always the case during the existence of a keen opinionative contest; but when the contest is over, and experience, like the dawn, breaks upon the battle-field, we invariably discover that, upon both sides, there have been blunders and miscalculations. Also, it should be kept in mind that many of these fiscal remissions, when made by Sir Robert Peel and others, were expressly stated to be "experiments," not to be continued unless they should prove successful. So that nothing whatever stands in the way of such a revision, unless it be the blind obstinacy of political characters, who think that they can only maintain their present credit by adhering to their previous opinions.

For my own part I very heartily approve of all reductions which have materially benefited the consumer. The lowering of duty on tea, sugar, coffee, and other articles of general and wholesome use, is an immense boon to the working-classes; and it ought to be considered in that light, not as a reduction the advantages of which are equally shared by all. For in the houses of the wealthier classes, such articles are consumed in far greater quantities than in those of the poor, a consideration never to be overlooked in cases in which revenue is regulated by consumption. But whenever it can be shown that reduction of duties has not benefited the consumer, but that, on the contrary, the reduction has been a mere bonus to the manufacturer or retailer, that is, in my humble opinion, a legitimate case for taxation. Yet there are some men who even now clamour for further reductions in cases where the consumer cannot appreciably benefit. That brazen-visaged personage Mr Milner Gibson (who, I trust, has de-

rived both edification and amusement from Mr Roebuck's recent speech on the influences which fashionable society can exercise over the independence of Radical members) wants to have the paper duty, amounting last year to £1,031,808, repealed. You must, as a matter of course, be able to form a much better estimate than I can of the probable effect of such a reduction, as regards the interests of the consumer; but, seeing that the excise duty on paper is only 1½d. per pound, I cannot discover the immense benefit which is to follow such a serious diminution of revenue. I find that one of the railway volumes, published at the price of a shilling, weighs only seven ounces; consequently the amount of excise duty levied on the paper is less than three farthings. If the duty were to be removed, I take it for granted that the volume would not be sold any cheaper; but even if the purchaser were to reap the advantage of the three farthings, it does seem to me that this is not a tax against which he has any right to rebel. There is a maxim in the civil law, *de minimis non curat prætor*, but minims are valuable things in the eyes of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, when they produce so much revenue without exciting a grumble for which there can be any possible excuse or palliation. Daily newspapers can now be had for the low charge of one penny, and the total repeal of the duty would not make the slightest difference in their price. What, then, are we to think of an agitation which, if successful, would occasion a considerable deficit in the revenue, while it does not possess even the questionable recommendation of benefiting the buying public?

But it is full time that I should have done with these speculations upon revenue, which, if they do not emanate from an empty brain, are at all events suggested by an attenuated purse. I would not have entered into them, but for my belief that a financial crisis of a very serious nature is rapidly approaching, the ordinary means of revenue being inadequate to supply the demands which are legitimately made upon the pub-

lic purse. I see no likelihood of the possibility of contracting expenditure, at least to any sensible degree. In some branches of the public service, indeed, I believe that reductions could be safely made; but such reductions would be more than swallowed up by new charges, which it is impossible for the country, in its present state of expansion, to avoid. Economy, not parsimony, should be our rule; and if it indeed be true that during the forty years of peace, property has accumulated so enormously as Mr Porter and other authorities allege, we need not be niggards in any matter which concerns the vital interests of the nation. We are told, and we must believe it, that there are mines of revenue available, if we only can devise a proper method to get at them; and surely it would be far better to do so, than to continue scourging the somewhat exhausted surface of the soil. But whatever may be the pressure of the new requirements—into whose hands soever the government of the country may fall—I do trust that there may be no repetition of the infatuation of former years, by reducing our armaments so far, as to invite foreign aggression, and so to involve us once more in the calamitous expenditure of a war. We used to plume ourselves greatly and extravagantly upon what was called the prestige and influence of Great Britain upon the continent, but that is now to all intents and purposes a tradition. The vast exertions which our fathers made to check the unbridled ambition of the first Napoleon—the recapture of the Peninsula—our naval victories—and the crowning glory of Waterloo—did indeed give Britain an ascendancy and pre-eminence which was recognised for many years, and which caused her to be respected and feared. But our later policy, under the rule of the Liberals, or quasi-Liberals, has produced a sad reaction. We have made enemies, or at least cold friends of old allies, by throwing our influence into the democratic scale, and by aiding revolutionary movements. We have disgusted extreme revolutionists by not giving them effectual aid, after we have professed our sympathy. We have bul-

lied the weak, and failed to defy the strong. We have abandoned the old method of the brief word and the vigorous arm, and have resorted to diplomacy, in which we have been sorely outwitted. In short, we have lost that degree of influence which we once possessed ; and even a third-rate power, like Naples, can now afford to slight our counsel, and to disregard our threats. On the Continent, plainly and undeniably, France is assuming the position which we once occupied ; and France will henceforward take the lead in all questions of international European policy. That may be galling to our pride, but it is the penalty which we must pay for vacillating opinion and for heterogeneous action. Our evident want of preparation at the commencement of the recent war has tended still further to foster the idea, that, apart from commerce, we are comparatively powerless ; and, so far as my own experience goes, I do not think that we have received anything like proper credit for the colossal exertions which were made, and made with success, to remedy the existing deficiencies. If it ever can be said, with a due regard to the interests of humanity, that a war has ended too soon, that language might be employed with reference to the recent struggle ; for, towards the close of it, we, of all the combatants, remained unexhausted, — nay, far stronger and more able for action than we were at the outbreak of hostilities. It is not upon the efficiency of our transports, however that may have contributed to the success of the Allies, that we can rest our claims for European recognition, and consequent weight and influence. The memory of Inkermann did more for us than the employment of a thousand steamers ; but even in that memorable and almost unexampled struggle, France claims something of the glory. And finally, by the capture of the Malakoff, France, in the eyes of Europe, eclipsed our deeds in arms.

Wince as we may at the thought, France has the better of us now in reputation as a military power ; and no wonder. For France, with its large standing army, which it never

has been able to dispense with owing to its frequent revolutions, and with its military colony of Algeria, had a force ready and adequate for any emergency ; whereas we, having cut down our establishments to the lowest point, could only, in order to maintain the struggle, furnish a contingent, of which a large portion consisted of raw and unseasoned recruits, unable to sustain the hardships of a long and rigorous campaign, liable to epidemic disease, and officered by men who, for the most part, had never been engaged in actual service. The result was lamentable. Sickness, not the sword, more than decimated our ranks, even before a shot was fired ; but from the day of Alma, when the British bayonets first glimmered beneath the Crimean sun, our men recovered power : and, despite of the dreary trenches, and the fierce storms on the bare plateau—despite of privations directly traceable to the imbecility of home administration—they persevered nobly and unflinchingly, in the midst of famine, danger, and death, until their colours were folded, and the signal for recall was blown.

And do those men deserve nothing better from their country than a bare acknowledgment of their services, a complimentary banquet, a medal, and a circular of dismissal ? O, Messieurs Smith, Brown, Thomson, Jones, and Robinson—you who are ratepayers, and who arrogate to yourselves something of the pride, if not the glory of the recent war—think, I pray you, what would have been your sensations had you been compelled to lodge for a whole winter under canvass on an unsheltered hill-side, snow-drifts accumulating around, and the bitter winds freezing the marrow within your bones ? Conceive yourselves located there, with but a single blanket and a threadbare greatcoat to keep you from contact with the hard or rather sloppy ground, attempting to roast your green coffee and to thaw your salt pork at a fire made out of a handful of roots, which you had to dig from the ground with your nails. Fancy yourselves summoned at night-fall to take your turn at the trenches, wading ankle-deep in slush which

found free entrance through the rents in your worn-out shoes, until you arrived at the place which was the mark for the enemy's artillery, where round-shot were crashing and bombs bursting around you, and many a brave fellow was writing and gasping in the death-agony! Would you not have given a cheque for the last farthing of your balance at the bankers'—yea, signed away two-thirds of your whole accumulated property—if by that sacrifice you could be transported from the valley of the shadow of death to your own comfortable beds in London? Personally you have been spared such horrors, but only because others went forth to do battle in your stead. And now that they have returned home, after having suffered and endured so much, is it, think you, a right, just, or creditable thing that they should be turned loose on the streets to find their living as they best may? Is the soldier who has become such at your bidding, to be considered, when peace is restored, simply as an unemployed operative, whom you are forbidden to relieve or assist by certain stern maxims of political economy, which are to be consulted whenever we have to deal with our fellow-men, rather than the impulses of humanity, charity, or gratitude? I am not an advocate of extravagant establishments—I am no lover of supernumeraries—I do not wish to see, during a period of peace, our armaments kept up to the same point as in time of war—but I do say that the Government ought, in some way, to recognise the services of the soldier, and not to turn him helplessly adrift. Nor do I think there would be any serious practical difficulty as to this, if the principle were once recognised. Surely in the colonies there is abundance of waste land, merely wanting the hand of the tiller to make it profitable. Why should not allotments be given to such of the soldiery as we find it necessary to disband? I am convinced that the prospect of such a boon after service would be far more effectual than any possible amount of bounty, towards recruiting the ranks of the army, should war again be declared; and moreover, the settlement of such men in the colo-

nies would be advantageous in a political point of view. I believe that the Government has already given such grants, *but not to our own people*. If I am to believe what I see stated positively in the public prints, each private in the German legion—a body which never was brought into service, has received an allotment of government-land at the Cape. That was held out to them as an inducement to enlist; but why, I may ask, was the same inducement not presented to natives of the British Islands? This preference shown to foreigners is really scandalous; and I think that the time of the House of Commons might be worse occupied than with an earnest discussion of the subject.

Observe, I am dealing at present with the case of the disbanded soldier only. I maintain that he has a claim upon the State which we are bound to satisfy, and I apprehend serious consequences if it be not attended to. For, remark this, that a man who has been taken from his original employment, and trained as a soldier, cannot return easily to his former avocation, even should he be fortunate enough to find an opportunity. The soldier, if left unemployed, and without the means of subsistence, may become a dangerous animal. Already I observe the philo-convicts are attempting to account for the increase of garottings, housebreakings, and the like, by referring to the number of men discharged from the army and militia, who cannot find employment. I believe that, in order to screen those precious pets of theirs, the ticket-of-leave men, they would not hesitate, on occasion, to assert that a great proportion of the urban Thugs was composed of briefless barristers, or of medical men who never had the opportunity of testing the regularity of a pulse. I think there need be no difficulty whatever in accounting for the increase of Thuggee, from the simple and solitary fact that the most dexterous and experienced practitioners of that and kindred arts, have been let loose, after conviction, upon the public with licenses to prosecute their mystery. Nevertheless it is a grave matter for the public that a

large body of men should be summarily dismissed from service, at a time when there is a great competition for employment. Temptation lies in their way; and the feeling that they have been badly used is not an incentive to orderly courses. The case of the soldier is essentially different from that of the sailor. The mercantile marine is sufficiently extensive to offer employment to the able seamen; but the soldier is comparatively helpless, and therefore entitled to the sympathy and assistance of the State.

I am not in the least degree surprised that foreigners should find difficulty in comprehending the nature of our British constitution. They see us, immediately after the termination of a war, in which our soldiers have covered themselves with glory, dismissing a great many of these from the service without any provision for the future—a circumstance the more remarkable because we have fêted them, and praised them, and have assembled in crowds to do them honour within the last few months. Every one knows that, in all probability, some of these brave fellows, to whom we owe so much, will have difficulty in procuring a crust, which is a sad thing to contemplate. On the other hand, they see us coddling up our convicts, dieting them on a far more liberal scale than the working man can hope to obtain, furnishing them with first-rate medical attendance, and even providing them with luxuries. Here is an extract from the *Hampshire Telegraph*, which has been going the round of the newspapers, and which seems to me very like an advertisement of the advantages consequent upon crime:—

“THE COMFORTS OF A CONVICT’S LIFE. —We give, as it is a matter that bears on circumstances that have lately occurred in this borough as well as in London, the rations served out daily to the inmates of the Convict Prison at Portsea. We think our readers will agree with us in thinking that they would be satisfied to subsist on such rations themselves. Daily rations of convicts:—Breakfast, 12 ounces of bread and 1 pint of cocoa; dinner, 6 ounces of bread, 1 lb. of potatoes, 1 pint of soup, and 5½ ounces of meat, weighed after cooking; supper, 9 ounces of bread, 1 pint of

gruel, or 1 pint of tea, if in third class; third-class men are allowed 3 ounces of bread, 2 ounces of cheese, and half a pint of porter extra on Sundays; fourth-class men are all to have baked or roasted beef or mutton four times a-week, with a pudding, made of 3 ounces of flour, 1 ounce of suet, and 2 ounces of milk, with a spoonful of molasses over it on Thursdays.”

So that a man has only to be convicted in order to secure comfortable lodgings, and a liberal diet, at the cost of a generous country! It is now many years since Sir E. B. Lytton, in that able and suggestive work of his, *England and the English*, published a dietary scale constructed from official returns. According to it, the different classes under-mentioned are thus fed:—

Solid Food.	
Independent agricultural labourer, per week,	122 oz.
Able-bodied pauper, . . .	151 ”
Suspected thief, . . .	181 ”
Convicted thief, . . .	239 ”
Transported thief, . . .	330 ”

“So that,” says he, “the industrious labourer has less than the pauper, the pauper less than the suspected thief, the suspected thief less than the convicted, the convicted less than the transported, and by the time you reach the end of the gradation, you find that the transported thief has nearly three times the allowance of the honest labourer!” Why these human wild-boars should be so preposterously crammed in their prison-frank, it passes the measure of my ability to conceive. If they were mariners wrecked on some island of cannibals, and set apart for fattening preparatory to a feast in honour of the infernal gods, they could not have their wants attended to with more liberal hospitality! Cocoa—tea—soup—bread—meat—potatoes—cheese—baked or roasted beef or mutton—porter—pudding—milk—and molasses! Why, the most honest fellow alive, if he had nothing to eat for six-and-thirty hours, would be tempted to commit a house-breaking for the sake of participating in such sumptuous fare! I have hitherto understood, upon tolerably respectable and undeniably ancient authority, that fasting was considered to be the proper concomitant of repent-

ance, but it seems that is an exploded error. Spare diet, according to the old physicians, was the most effectual way of curbing and subduing the animal passions, supposed to be pretty well developed in the physical frame of malefactors; but that notion also is discarded. Benevolent justices of peace, hobbling through the jails before dinner, with a large secretion of gastric juice in their own stomachs, are apt to be tender-hearted; and any one detected and exposed case of harshness or severity on the part of superintendents, is sure to be followed by the augmentation of the creature-comforts of the whole imprisoned population.

And has it come to this, that the convict is to be coddled up and fed luxuriously, while the soldier, when no longer wanted in the field, is to be turned unceremoniously adrift? No man of ordinary feeling would so neglect even a dumb brute which had done him service; and surely more is required at our hands when those we have to deal with are our countrymen and brothers, who, for our sakes, have braved death on the battle-field—have exposed their bodies to the pestilence and their bosoms to the weapons of the enemy—while we in our quiet and unmolested homes were uttering prayers for their success. If those prayers were not utterly selfish—if we do not wish to stand convicted as a nation of most vile hypocrisy—let the case of the soldier be looked to now. Rely upon it that a prompt generosity—if that can be called generosity which is simply the discharge of a moral debt—will bring its own reward, and be nobly acknowledged, whenever Britain shall again be compelled to send her legions into the field.

As to the point at which our military force should be preserved, I venture to offer no opinion. But I cannot suppose that any ministry will from wicked parsimony—for it is worse than mischievous—or from a desire to cultivate momentary popularity, by cutting down the estimates to the quick, allow our army to fall into the same wretched state as regards numbers and equipment in which it was at the commencement of the Russian war. I have already, in this article, expressed my

opinion that our want of preparation was one of the proximate causes which led to the war, and I have stated my reasons for thinking so: and it well becomes us to consider whether, for the sake of an immediate paltry saving, it will be prudent to proceed to such a disarmament as may tempt future aggression. Much has been said and written about the state of the British at the commencement of hostilities, but nowhere do I find so clear and succinct an account as that given by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamley in his *Campaign of Sebastopol*, a book which I refrain from eulogising, simply because in it you have a paternal interest. I was very much struck, in reading it over the other day, by the following passage, which not only shows how much the efficiency of our troops had been impaired by scandalous neglect, but towards the conclusion is even prophetic in its tone. As this was written in January 1855, when the war was at the hottest point, this cannot be received as other than impartial testimony; and I pray you to let me have the benefit of a reprint, as it tends very much to fortify the views which I have endeavoured to express.

“The naval portion of our armament was splendid. Our ships of war, our fleets of powerful steamers and huge transports, commanded the admiration and respect of the French. No signs of national frugality or short-coming were visible there. But a very cursory glance at the condition of our military force, when the war began, will show its utter inadequacy to our rank and pretensions in the scale of nations. In all our garrisons at home and abroad the troops were barely sufficient to supply the necessary guards. At Gibraltar we had 800 guns, and 500 artillerymen to work them. At Chobham we thought we had done great things when we assembled 10,000 men to play at soldiers, while foreign potentates laughed in their sleeves at the display. Our cavalry force was absolutely ridiculous in its weakness, fitter numerically for some petty principality than for a mighty monarchy. Regiments appeared in Turkey, admirably equipped, but inferior in numbers to a respectable squadron. The artillery, that complex arm, involving duties so various, and which demand so much time in acquiring, has been always kept at a strength below its

due proportion in an army such as is now in the field. Batteries at Woolwich for years consisted of four guns and four waggons, each drawn by four horses, with gunners and drivers in proportion; whereas, in the field, each battery has six guns, drawn each by eight horses, and seventeen waggons of various kinds, ammunition, store and forge waggons, with three times the number of horses considered necessary on the peace footing. The horses, both of artillery and cavalry, always accustomed to be separated by stalls, at the beginning of the campaign perpetually kicked each other as they stood at their picquet-ropes, and numbers of them were thus crippled for weeks, and some permanently injured. The train of carriages with the supply of small-arm ammunition for the infantry was devised at Woolwich when the war broke out, and the vehicles were constructed in such a fashion that the animals of the country we were employed in could not draw them, and they were left useless at Varna; which could not have happened had our field equipments been systematically kept as efficient as those of Continental armies. And in mentioning Continental armies, I do not mean to draw any comparison unfavourable to our own troops and our own system, so far as they go. We have little to learn in war from any nation, and the superiority in the internal management of the French army is principally due, in my judgment, wherever it really exists, to the ample supplies of men and material which, maintained and practised in time of peace, respond with ease and efficiency to the requirements of war.

"Probably all this will now be remedied. Soldiers will be enlisted, transport procured, surgeons commissioned, and the glory of England maintained in a fashion worthy of her unrivalled resources—and then will come peace. And with peace will return our habit of considering that alone valuable, the value of which can be measured by the commercial standard; the army will shrivel to a skeleton—its members will be again the object of jealousy and taunts—until, in a new war, we shall again learn our deficiencies from our misfortunes. In our first campaigns, our victories will remain unimproved for want of cavalry; our supplies of all kinds will fail for want of transport; and our troops, suddenly transformed from po-

pinjays to heroes, will be called on to make good with blood and sweat the parsimony of the repentant nation.

And now I have done for the present. Ere I next write, I shall doubtless have received tidings of the political battle which, I presume, is now raging; for the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to me not only to justify, but imperatively to demand, the close attention of the Legislature. It is, as is too common with such statements, especially when the Whigs are in office, a mere make-shift, devised to tide over matters for another year, but leaving untouched the grand questions to which a financier should address himself. I have rather a liking for Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, who, though a slow-coach, is something of a scholar, and a man of considerable accomplishment. But he is not calculated to shine as a politician; and I am inclined to think that, in arithmetic, Michael Cassio would have beat him hollow. For, after a good deal of study and various jottings, it appears to me that there is either some confusion in his figures, or that his speech has been villanously ill-reported. However, let that pass. I shall tell you more about my doings hereafter: meantime accept my thanks for your kind attention. The cigars are superb. I gave one of them to Archy M'Craw, who smoked it in silent delight, expressing his inward satisfaction only by a series of winks. He then told me that it reminded him of an old Highland ballad, a verse of which he recited, and I transcribe it for your edification.

"Nefer, said M'Tavish,
Since I was in Cracow,
Was my mouth regaled
With such a coot tobacco."

Who M'Tavish was, and what took him to Cracow, are insoluble mysteries to your affectionate contributor,

PHOSPHORUS.

*Pictarnie Lighthouse,
North Britain.*

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. LXXXI.

ALL-FOOLS' DAY ; OR, THE RIVAL ROBBERS :

A POLITICAL PANTOMIME.

Dramatis Personæ.

PAMMERSTEIN, afterwards HARLEQUIN, Captain of the Robbers.

HANS, or LITTLE JACK, afterwards PANTALON, a degraded Robber.

GRIME, afterwards CLOWN, a discontented Robber.

FUCHSEN-MAUL, afterwards SCARAMOUCH, a grasping Robber.

RIBALDO, afterwards SPRITE, an impudent Robber.

BREWIS, afterwards JEAMES, a respectable Robber.

RALPHO, a comic Robber.

BEEBLE, a prosing Robber.

HALLE, an insignificant Robber.

Various other ROBBERS of inferior character.

CRANULA, afterwards COLUMBINE, a very old woman, Housekeeper to the Robbers.

ATE, The Witch of Discord.

SHODDY, a Demon.

Subordinate Characters in Pantomime.

FIGS, a Grocer. AN OGRE. STILETTO, COSPETTO, and MALEDETTO, Refugees. OLD GENTLEMAN. OLD LADY. EX-PRESIDENT of the Peace Society. SOLDIERS. LAZZARONI. CHINESE. POSTMAN. &c. &c.

*No limits have we set to this our play,
It ranges wide from London to Cathay.*

SCENE I.

A Wood in the vicinity of the Castle of Pammerstein.

Enter HANS.

So ! I am here again, unwatched, and free !
No traitor foot hath followed in my steps
To this malignant and sequestered glen,
Where, thirty years ago, that wondrous witch,
Até, grim daughter of the infernal gods,
Breathed on my brow, and claimed me as her child.

"Go forth," she said, "my pretty one, go forth,
And win new realms of discord for thy dam.
Be thou to all men as a blazing torch
That scatters scalding venom far and near ;
Or as the pestilential fog at eve
That slowly creeps along the labourers' field,
And sours the harvest with its withering blight.
Go forth, my Hans, and be the robbers' king !"

And I went forth, and was the robbers' king.
Have I not plundered churches by the score,
Ransacked the hoards of thrifty husbandmen,
Stripped henroosts of their silly fowls, and given
The flaming stackyards to the midnight storm ?
Have I not set fast brothers by the ears,
Yea, made them loathers of their kindred flesh,
And slipped stilettos into griping hands ?
Have I not sometimes backed the prurient monk,
And sometimes roused the reformado's zeal ?
And have I not, in piping times of peace,
Beset the highways with my thimble board,
And fleeced the unwary traveller of his coin ?
What am I now ? a poor degraded man,
An understrapper of the thievish band—
Cozened, neglected, laughed at—made the scorn
Of base companions whom I whilome led,
And all through that arch-villain, Pammerstein !
I will have vengeance, vengeance !

Here she dwells.
There hang the filthy bats above her cave,
And screech-owls hoot within the poison-tree.
O mother Até ! hear me, and come forth !

Enter ATE from the Cavern.

Who is this ? who calls on me ?
Ha ! my dainty son ! I see,
Years have scarcely altered thee.
Still the same in mind and feature,
Still the same engaging creature.
What is't brings thee, darling Hanschen,
To thine aged mother's mansion ?
Aid or counsel dost thou lack ?
Tell me all, my little Jack !

HANS.

O my dear mother, they have wronged me sore !
Thou know'st that once I was the robbers' king,
And now a simple outlaw stand I here.

ATE.

Who hath wronged my pretty starling ?
Speak in rhymes alternate, darling !

HANS.

Pammerstein, that ancient Cupid,
Would I saw him in his grave !
I was so intensely stupid,
As to trust that slippery knave.
With his jestings and grimaces
He debauched the robber crew ;
And to me their well-known faces,
Ever strange and stranger grew.

"Pam." they said, "is ripe and mellow,
Not too wise to play the fool—
Hans is but a sulky fellow,
Let us heave him from the rule."

ATE.

Did they do it ?

HANS.

Yes, my mother !
Pammerstein behind me came,
Drove my feet from one another,
And no comrade shouted, shame !
Quite the other way—they chuckled
When they saw me on the floor,
With my belt and hose unbuckled,
For the fall had bruised me sore.

ATE.

Bid'st thou with them ?

HANS.

Still I linger,
Crawling round the robbers' hold,
Pointed at with scornful finger,
As a useless thief and old.
Not for wages, not for plunder,
In their roll I rated am.
But I'll rend them quite asunder !
Mother, wilt thou bid the thunder
Leave the clouds, and prostrate Pam ?

ATE.

Talk not nonsense, goosey gander !
Pam's an excellent commander ;
Quite unmatched in mischief-making,
Filching cakes of others' baking ;
Drinking up his neighbour's liquor,
As the cat steals cream, but quicker ;
Where he treads, dissension follows,
Riot rises when he holloas ;
Never crossed he threshold yet,
But he left me in his debt.

HANS.

Then thou wilt not aid me, beldame ?

ATE.

Little man, you're contumacious !
Though you talk with ladies seldom,
Always be polite and gracious !
Mine it is abroad to scatter
Discord, as the clouds shed water ;
And the man who aids me best,
Him I prize above the rest.
Thou, my Hans, wert still compliant,
As a tricky dwarf should be :
Pammerstein's a sturdy giant,
Worth a dozen elves like thee !
Pammerstein's a roaring lion—

HANS.

He a giant ! *he* a lion !
Let me tell you, I'm a scion—

ATE.

Cut it short ! I know the rest—
 Listen to me : you had best.
 Though I cannot give you aid,
 Be not doubtful or afraid.
 This old heart of mine it cheers,
 When I see my pretty dears
 Tearing at each others' ears !
 Seek thou some renowned magician—
 Seek the powerful demon, SHODDY !

HANS.

Horror ! that way lies perdition !
 Shall I peril soul and body ?

ATE.

That's a point for you to settle.
 But my snakes are round me coiling ;
 And I fear, within, my kettle
 With Whig-broth is overboiling.
 Hark ! I hear the embers hissing—
 Farewell, Hans, and take my blessing !

[Exit ATE.

HANS.

Avaunt, foul witch !—O that I had been born
 To gain my livelihood by honest toil,
 To wield the spade, to guide the stilted plough,
 Within the entrails of the earth to creep,
 In search of riches from the fertile mines ;
 Or in my country's cause to beat the drum,
 Or force shrill music from Bellona's fife,
 Since strength and stature fail me for the spear !
 Cursed ambition, thou hast been my bane !
 Now must I onward—onward to revenge,
 Yea, though I league with fiends, and write my name
 Within the scrolls of blazing Tartarus—
 I will have vengeance ! Shoddy—I am thine !

[Exit HANS.

SCENE II.

Hall in Pammerstein's Castle. The ROBBERS carousing.

ROBBERS.

Ha, ha, ha ! very good, Ribaldo ! Excellent ! bravo ! capital ! first-rate !

PAMMERSTEIN.

And whom saw you else at Nuremberg, Ribaldo ? Wet your whistle, my lad, and tell us all about it.

RIBALDO.

Why, there was another fellow there, a burgomaster, who strutted about like a cock—and yet not like a cock either, but like one of your turkey-cocks, with a red comb and wattles. My eye ! how he did gobble ! Old chap, thinks I, if I got hold of you at Christmas time, wouldn't I have your feathers off, your fat legs skewered, your carcass stuffed with truffles, and a chain of sausages doubled round your neck, for all the world like an alderman's collar !

OMNES.

Ha, ha, ha !

PAMMERSTEIN.

Funny rogue—funny rogue ! Any one else worth queering ?

RIBALDO.

Ay, there was a French Count—a real swell, quite a spick and span man, with the true Jerusalem toggery. I was doing a bit of business in turquoises at a jeweller's—half buying, half priggig—when I sees my hairy top-sawyer

at work in a picture-dealer's shop right opposite. Oho ! thinks I, here's summat going on ; so I kept half an eye upon him—I couldn't do more, for the jeweller was beginning to look awake—and I'm blowed if I didn't see him whip a picture out of its frame, as neat as ninepence, stuff it into his coat-pocket, and walk off as cool as a cucumber, smoking a halfpenny cigar.

PAMMERSTEIN.

Ha, ha, ho ! This boy will be the death of me ! But what art thou doing, Brewis ? Hast got the colic, man, that thou lookest both blue and yellow ?

BREWIS.

I am trying to make up our accounts, noble captain. But, by the fackens, I am many dollars short.

PAMMERSTEIN.

Tush, man, what of that ? Is there not the country-side to lay under contribution ? What matters it counting the number of drops that go to a bloodletting ? Drink, ho, and hang the dollars ! But let us see how business goes. Whose turn was it to go out yesterday ? Thine, Fuchsen-maul ?

FUCHSEN-MAUL.

My turn it was, noble captain ; but, 'uds daggers ! this plaguy gout has so swelled my toes that I can hardly limp. But what of that ? There's a tight young lad, a nevoy of my own, whom I will back to strip a passenger as cleanly as any man alive, if so be that he is provided for. Heigho ! I fear my time is nearly up. I shall hop the twig, as one may say, a victim in the cause of plunder. But when I am dead and gone, I hope you'll take care of Dobbin.

PAMMERSTEIN.

Don't be downhearted, my fine old malefactor ! You are game for a swearing-bout for the next twenty years. As for your nephew, never fear. I'll look after him. Some old fellows must be sent to the right-about by-and-by, and then comes his turn. I like to encourage rising ambition. But, I say, you seem melancholy, lads. Let's have a song. Come, Ribaldo, tune your pipes.

RIBALDO.

Shall it be a sea-song or a land-song ?

PAMMERSTEIN.

Why, considering that you know as much about sea-matters as a billy-goat does about razors, you may tip us one of the former.

RIBALDO.

Well, then, here goes. (*Sings.*)

There was a jolly admiral
And he lived in his ship,
And every day ere breakfast-time
He quaffed his can of flip.
He swallowed down his rumbo,
And stiffest grog also,
And called upon his mariners
To yo, heave, yo !
On board that ship a jack-an-ape
Was rated, do ye see ;
And up the shrouds or on the yards
Still skipped and scrambled he,
And ever as the admiral
Was pacing down below,
He chattered at the fine old salt,
And mocked his yo, heave, yo !

I forget the rest of it. But the jack-an-ape drove the old man mad, and he jumped into the sea. I'll sing it to you some other time.

BREWIS.

Then let it be when I am abroad, I beseech thee, good Ribaldo !

RIBALDO.

Zounds, you skinflint ! an you provoke me to draw my bilbo—

PAMMERSTEIN.

Peace, ho ! no wrangling. Remember our secret articles !

RIBALDO.

What ! did I not hear you swear that they never had been signed ?

PAMMERSTEIN.

Silence, boy ! Is it for you to question your leader ? Let us have no more of this folly. Where is our dancing dervish, Ralpho ? Stand forth, Ralpho, son of Osbiorn, and cut capers before us.

(Comic dance by RALPHO, during which HANS enters.)

BREWIS.

Where hast been, Hans ?

HANS.

Killing swine. Will any one take a turn at the pea and thimbles ?

ROBBERS.

Ha, ha, ha ! He's at his old tricks again !

GRIME.

Well, to oblige you, Hans ; I don't care if I try my luck.

BREWIS.

Why, Grime, art thou mad ? He will rook thee of thy last farthing. Remember, man, thou art not now rated on our booty-roll.

GRIME.

Thanks for the counsel and remembrance ! But I can take care of myself.

HANS.

Five dollars you don't tell me under which thimble is the pea !

GRIME.

Done ! It is under this one. There—I told you so.

HANS.

Confusion ! Come, let us try again. Ten dollars this time. Now, which thimble d'ye choose ?

GRIME.

That one. You see I have the pea once more.

HANS.

Impossible ! It can't be ! It's an infernal juggle ! I say, Grime, you must be cheating. The pea cannot possibly be there !

GRIME.

Why, there it is—a plain and palpable pea. Brother Hans, have you lost your eyesight ?

HANS.

It can't be, I tell you ! That pea may be your pea, but is not my pea, for I slipped mine up my sleeve before you lifted the thimble, and there it is !

ROBBERS.

Ha, ha, ha ! capital ! glorious ! Old Hans has found his match at last.

BEETLE.

By the head of Cacus, though ! this comes under my department. Cheating among ourselves is a high misdemeanour. I vote that we carry Hans to the pump, and duck him !

RIBALDO.

O rare ! what fun ! let's duck him by all means !

ROBBERS.

Yes, yes ! let us duck him !—up, and away with him to the pump !

GRIME.

Tarry, sirs ! This is my affair ; and for my part I make no charge against him. See, he has paid me quite fairly. Here are the dollars, which I pocket, and what better satisfaction could be given by a respectable depredator ?

BEETLE.

Nevertheless, to my poor thinking, the pump—

PAMMERSTEIN.

O nonsense! no practical jokes among gentlemen. My good Beetle, it would be hard to say, if justice were done, which of us should escape the shower-bath. Come, lads!—one more carouse, and then to roost.

(*Robber chorus, after which they disperse. Manent HANS and GRIME.*)

HANS.

That fellow Grime must be the devil! I know that the pea was up my sleeve, and I'll swear he had none between his fingers!

GRIME.

Come, brother; never look so gloomy. What, man!—'tis my luck to-day, and 'twill be yours to-morrow. Take this cup of wine.

HANS.

Well now; but tell me truly—how did you manage it?

GRIME.

Manage it? Ha, ha! Content you, friend; my fingers did not place it there. You seem amazed. Well then, take your board, and put your pea under one of the thimbles. So—now move them—right—your wrist, Hans, has a dexterous turn. Now take them up, and tell me what you see.

HANS.

Katterfelto be good to me! There is a pea under every thimble!

GRIME.

True; and I could have a whole bushel of them if I so pleased. You do not suppose *now* that the peas came there by *chance*? But these are trifles. I could teach you better secrets. Come, take another cup. Hark ye, Hans, old comrade, I like you. Yonder fellows have used you abominably—you heard what they said about the pump? Me too they have wronged, and denied me my share of plunder, but I bide my time. Now tell me true, and speak out like a man—dost thou not desire revenge?

HANS.

I do, I do! and every hour seems slow
Until I have those caitiffs on the hip!

GRIME.

Well said! and wouldst thou shrink from aid *below*,
To raise the cup of vengeance to thy lip?

HANS.

He that hath dwelt with robbers fears no devil!

GRIME.

I find thee apt. But, prythee, Hans, be civil:
Use gentle language. Although kindly meant,
Your phrase would hardly pass for compliment.
Well then, to business. Will you do our work?

HANS.

I'll serve the—angel, as I served the Turk.

GRIME.

Better, I hope! much better. Else, I fear,
You'll be dismissed without a character.
Then you are game for mischief?

HANS.

On condition,

I'm reinstated in my old position.

GRIME.

That is the bargain—very just and wise;
For 'tis through you my friends expect to rise.

HANS.

Your friends? who are they?

GRIME.

Most accomplished fellows!

Strong lads who drive the loom, and puff the bellows.
They wish for plunder—plunder from the State,
And that exclusive Pammerstein they hate;

Had he been wise, and paid both me and you,
I might perhaps have ta'en a different view ;
But, as it is, it seems to me a duty,
To oust this robber gang, and share the booty.
Conscience, of course, we both of us discard ;
And, by the aid of Shoddy, 'twill be hard,
If we succeed not—

HANS.

Shoddy ! Ha, I tremble !

Was't he that placed the pea beneath the thimble ?

GRIME.

Of course it was. A liberal sprite is Shoddy,
And therefore we have joined him in a body.
Wilt see him ? Don't be nervous ! never fear !
We need no skulls nor incantations here.
You'll find him playful, pleasant—no way willing
To make you sell your chances for a shilling.
He asks no horrid signatures in gore.
Your work alone suffices—nothing more.
Say, shall I call him ?

HANS.

Is he very frightful ?

GRIME.

Dressed like a Quaker, sir, and quite delightful.
Shoddy ! come up.

(SHODDY rises in the likeness of a Quaker.)

SHODDY.

Friend Hans, I greet thee—Shall I say, my son ?
Answer but yes ! and everything is done.

HANS.

That honour, sir, I fear I must decline.
I am a scion—

SHODDY.

Of a useless line ! (*aside*).

Well, well ! it does not signify, my dear.
Let's close the bargain instantly, and here.
What is't you want ?

HANS.

Why, vengeance and command !—

To walk once more the leader of the band ;
On crafty Pammerstein avenged to be—
Bring this about, and I will worship thee !

SHODDY.

Worship has little meaning, good or bad ;
I shall expect some active service, lad !
Swear to obey me, and thou hast thy wish.

HANS.

I swear !

GRIME (*aside*).

By Jingo ! we have hooked the fish !

SHODDY.

Take, then, this phial—Nay, man, never shrink !
It is not strychnine—put it in his drink ;
And straightway Pammerstein, that robber arch,
Shall be as mad as any hare in March.
I'll have my fellows ready at the door,
Our Grime shall lead them,—thou art chief once more !
No further words ! Be resolute and bold !
Farewell ! I must be gone, or catch a cold.

(*Thunder and lightning. SHODDY descends.*)

HANS.

Bear witness, Fate ! I did not seek this trial—

GRIME.

Don't be a fool ! Come on—you've got the phial ?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Enter CRANULA, Housekeeper of the robbers.

Potter, potter, potter, potter !
 In, and out, and in I totter,
 Plates and spoons and cups arranging,
 Ever shifting, ever changing,
 With such strength as I can muster,
 Flopping, switching, with my duster.
 Little time have I for brewing,
 All this nasty housework doing.
 Little time have I for baking :
 What a mess they have been making !
 Naughty pigs ! for all my trouble,
 Surely they might pay me double !
 Ah, my back again is aching !
 Here there is nor chair nor stool,
 Nothing but a sack of wool.

(CRANULA *sits down.*)*Enter PAMMERSTEIN and the ROBBERS.*

PAMMERSTEIN.

What ! snoozing at this time of day, old lady ? Up, and be jogging ! We have had a sharp ride, and I want my dinner.

CRANULA.

Ah ! you're a fine gentleman, you are ! But it won't last long—it won't last long !

PAMMERSTEIN.

Dost dare to croak, old hag ? Out, and look after the victuals ! Well, fellows mine, what luck to-day ?

BREWIS.

Bad luck, noble captain ! The peasants are becoming restive, and refuse further contribution.

PAMMERSTEIN.

That's serious. What more ?

BREWIS.

Then we tried to stop a tea-dealer, and a sugar-merchant ; but at the word, stand and deliver, they flashed out their bilboes, and swore they would run me through the guts. So I e'en let them go.

PAMMERSTEIN.

That's bad. Better an eyelet hole in thy abdomen, Brewis, than an empty pouch. Where's Ribaldo ?

BREWIS.

'Faith, he hath not dared to stir abroad for fear of a horsewhipping.

PAMMERSTEIN.

Ribaldo must learn to leave off japing. I do never practise it myself. Anything more ?

BREWIS.

The merchants of Nuremberg have shut their gates, and will not pay black-mail. They say the covenanted time is past.

PAMMERSTEIN.

The devil take them and their covenants ! Do they think I can maintain my rogues for nothing ? Ha ! the muster seems but small to-day.

BREWIS.

Noble captain, the worst news is to come. Some of our men have deserted.

PAMMERSTEIN.

Deserted ! What ! left me, and gone over to the enemy ! Blisters on thy tongue, Brewis, for the word ! Deserted, and betrayed me ! O ingratitude ! Was it for this that I have toiled, watched, plotted, schemed, aspired ? Who touches me ? What, Hans !—my poor Hans, my ancient comrade, is it thou ? Thou seest how they have used me, Hans,—me, who was so good, so kind, so liberal. What ! dost thou weep ! Honest fellow ! and yet I have wronged thee too ! Let me lay my head on thy bosom, Hans, for I am weary and very sad.

HANS.

Taste this cup of wine, captain, it will revive you !

PAMMERSTEIN.

Thanks for thy kindness ! (*Drinks*). What wine is this ? Oliveira's ? Methinks it hath a twang of brimstone !

HANS.

It is curious old port, noble captain !—(*Aside*). Would it were over !

PAMMERSTEIN (*drowsily*.)

Port ? Is there not a jest about port ? My brain swims ! Lay me down, fellows ! An hour's repose, and I will be myself again. A storm ? yes ! ha, ha ! port, to be sure—just so. (*Sleeps*.)

BREWIS.

Hist ! come here—make no noise, comrades, lest we rouse him. I have a word to say to you all. Masters mine—we are in a devilish bad way.

RIBALDO (*sings*).

The chimney's on fire, my love, my love,
The chimney's on fire, my dear !
Suppose that you step to the public-house,
And fetch me a quart of beer.

BREWIS.

Peace, thou incorrigible fool ! And you, friends, credit me that we are beset with dangers. Not only are our own people falling from us, but the enemy is stirring, and may be here before midnight.

FUCHSEN-MAUL.

Indeed ! damme, then I'm off !

BREWIS.

And whither wouldst thou go ? The roads are all beset. Our only chance is to hold together, and to resist to the uttermost.

HANS.

Why so ? I know no enemies of ours, though Pammerstein may have many. It is he that hath brought us into this strait for his own selfish ends. And now, when danger threatens, he lies snorting like a pig upon the floor. Out on him ! Take my advice, let's depose him, and victory may again be ours.

BREWIS.

And who is to lead us on ? Thyself, Hans, belike ?

HANS.

Find a worthier, and I shall follow him. If none such there be, remember that I have led you before.

RIBALDO.

Anything for a row. I go with the fellow who bids highest.

RALPHO.

For my part, an I can keep my place, I care not who is captain.

HALLE.

So thou wilt confirm me as thy Sewer, noble Hans, I will serve thee in all privacy.

SEVERAL MINOR ROBBERS.

Ay, ay! So say we! If Hans will guarantee our allowances, let him be the captain!

BREWIS.

Silence, base cullions, if not for decency, yet for shame! Is this a time to wrangle about the leadership, when the enemy is at the door? Rather, like the noble Curtius, mentioned in my book (of which a few copies may still be had), let us all leap into the gulf together! or like the Decii, noticed in the same work (price a ducat and a half), let us fold our mantles around us, and die like the sons of Romulus, the undaunted robber! Peace, ho! Pammerstein wakes.

PAMMERSTEIN (*wildly*).

Where am I, where am I? Aha! on the hills,
Where the daffodils grow by the fast-speeding rills;
Where the sarsaparilla is early in bloom,
And the colchicum sheddeth its perfect perfume.
O beautiful houri, I sigh for thy lips;
Come close to my bosom, my dazzling eclipse!

HANS.

Hear you that, my masters, and can you hesitate?

BREWIS.

Soft—he is but confused with sleep, and murmurs forth a dream. Do you not know me, gentle captain?

PAMMERSTEIN.

Know thee? O yes—perfectly well! You are the usurer's daughter who sold herself for ninepence. Alas, poor wench! thou wert convicted for priggish tea and sugar. (*Sings.*)

We'll have a raking pot, my love,
A raking pot of tea,
For I have to the grocer's been,
And robbed him of bohea.
O sweet as sugar are thy looks,
Thy cheeks like whitey-brown;
There's no one near, so never fear,
And, soldier, sit thee down!

BREWIS.

Alas! it is but too true—his brain is turned! Do I look like a usurer's daughter?

RIBALDO.

Well—since you ask the question, master Nip-cheese—hang me if I don't think it is the most sensible remark he has made for the last fortnight!

PAMMERSTEIN.

How come these hands to be so unclean? Ho, fellows! bring me soap—soap from Naples! Ha, ha, ha!—Who laughed there? Bomba, was it thou? Nay, an *he* derides me, it is time I were going to my bed. Bring some hot water too—you'll find plenty of it all the world over, wherever I have been. Pour it into a China basin, and bid Bow-wow-ring fetch me a towel. Why dost thou grin at me, absurd old Benthamite, and why dost thou wag thy head like a Mandarin? Mandarins wear buttons, sayest thou? Go to—thou art not worth a button—(*Sings*)—

Of all the merry birds that be,
Commend me to the owl;
As he sits and blinks with his great bleary eyes,
And his hood like a hermit's cowl.

HANS.

Evidently mad—stark staring mad! He is worse than the robber Moor.

BREWIS.

Whose epitaph you wrote! Shame on thee, Hans! But here comes a messenger, with a startled look. What bring'st thou, fellow?

Enter FOOTPAD.

Terrible news, my masters! The soldiers are out and marching on the castle. In half an hour they will have cleared the defile. Where's the captain?

BREWIS.

There! If he hath not heard thee, it boots not to repeat thy tale. Yet will I try once more. Pammerstein—my brave Pammerstein—noble leader, the enemy are upon us!

PAMMERSTEIN (*sings*).

O Protocol is a gallant steed,
A bonny black horse and gay,
A foal was he of Belzebub's breed,
And I've ridden him many a day.
Over land, over sea, or up in the air—
Where clouds or waters roll,
O was there ever the stout night-mare,
That could match with my Protocol!

RIBALDO.

Clap me in the pillory if I stand this any longer. Comrades—let us burke him!

BREWIS.

He hath drunk poison! Some one hath hoccussed him. Hans! it was thou that didst give him the cup!

HANS.

Ay, marry—but what was in it save wine? See; here it is. Taste for thyself. Dost thou hold me for a murderer, caitiff?

BREWIS (*drinks and throws the cup away*).

Ha! I knew it. The wine is spiced! Why does everything reel around me?—(*Becomes partially insane, and sings.*)

Nummus—nummi—that's argentum,
Decem libræ tot per centum!
Hocus, pocus, fructus, haustus,
Sathanas et Doctor Faustus.

Ah, Hans, thou villain, thou hast undone me!

Enter SECOND FOOTPAD.

Valiant sirs! a second army is marching hither from the north. They have already crossed the stream.

HANS.

Thou art of Heralds' College—say, what ensigns do they bear?

SECOND FOOTPAD.

Azure, on a field or, a broken treadmill, with the motto, "Shoddy go bragh!"

HANS.

It is Grime! Harkye, comrades, the hour of our deliverance is come. Lay hands on these intoxicated usurpers, and away with them to the donjon-keep! I am captain once more.

SEVERAL ROBBERS.

Not so fast, old flea-in-the-blanket! We own no other captain but Pammerstein, and will stick to him to the last!

HANS.

S'dearth! do you mutiny?

Enter CRANULA screaming.

The house is beset, beset, beset,
The house is beset with loons!
I've barely a couple of minutes yet
To lock up the silver spoons!

BREWIS (*still partially insane*).

Beautiful apparition! resplendent vision! enticing nymph of the grotto! Let me, O let me be the Numa to this yielding Egeria!

CRANULA.

Help, help! Will no one take hold of him? Rescue me, or I am utterly undone!

(*Military music heard below.*) Enter GRIME.

HANS.

Now in good season com'st thou, gallant Grime,
To hail me as thy leader and thy chief!

GRIME.

Be my tongue cold before I greet thee so!
Why, thou nefarious and preposterous imp—
Thou baffled recreant of an hundred fields—
Think'st thou I leagued with Shoddy, broke my vows,
Yea, turned my back upon my former self,
To make advancement for a mite like thee?
Know thy place better: kneel upon the floor;
Do humble homage at my conquering feet,
And, it may be, I'll grant thee wherewithal
To satisfy thy craving appetite,
So that thou art not quite a libertine!
Robbers and friends! in me behold your chief!

RIBALDO.

Huzza for Grime! I always said he was the proper man.

OLD ROBBER.

Let who will follow Grime—I stand by Hans!

SEVERAL ROBBERS.

And so do we!

OTHER ROBBERS.

We hold for Pammerstein! Down with Grime!

GRIME.

Nay, then, black Atropos must bare her shears!
To me, ye Shoddies! vengeance, and lay on!

(*A general scrimmage; in the midst of which occurs a comic single combat between RIBALDO and an OLD BRITISH SAILOR. ATE rises in the centre of the stage.*)

ATE.

Enough, ye fools! Sheath your unmannered swords!
Three noble robbers cannot be your lords.
I love all three; nor will I now declare
Which is the best entitled to my care.
The first of April is, by ancient rules,
Reserved intact for prodigies of fools;
And therefore I, your mistress, stay the strife,
Suspending for awhile your common life,
And change the scene into a Pantomime,
Wherein shall move Hans, Pammerstein, and Grime.
Soft! don't disperse! Some other knaves I'll ask
To fill the lower stations in our masque.
You, Pammerstein, must needs be Harlequin.

(PAMMERSTEIN is transformed.)

Here is your visor, and your sword of tin.
You, Hans, I fear, must play the Pantaloon;
Time, though she seems to sleep, yet gripes us soon.

(HANS is transformed.)

And you, my Grime, however widely known,
Must needs content yourself with acting Clown.

(GRIME is transformed.)

Some female we require in dance to shine—
Come hither, Cranula. Be Columbine.

(CRANULA is transformed.)

Though gout hath somewhat marred thee with his touch,
Yet, Fuchsen-maul, thou must be Scaramouch.

(FUCHSEN-MAUL is transformed.)

Buffoons we need to make our drama light,
Appear, Rinaldo, instantly as Sprite.

(RIBALDO is transformed.)

And thou, my Brewis, having nought to do,
Strut as a Jeames, in yellow and in blue.

(BREWIS is transformed.)

Now then, away ! and ramble for awhile,
O'er land and sea, through continent and isle.

Your little time of leisure deftly use,
Amidst the chaos of dissolving views.

Stick not at trifles—act the past once more,

Be reckless, knavish, pilfering as before.

Of virtue, sense, and honesty make game,

Your end confusion, anarchy your aim.

I need not, sure, repeat the ancient rule,

“Who doth not cheat his brother is a fool,”

For all of you were bred in Até's school.

So then, farewell, until an early day,

For we shall meet again, I trust, in May.

(ATE dissolves.)

(*The Pantomime commences. COLUMBINE dances distractedly round the stage, followed by SPRITE, who makes faces at her. SCARAMOUCHE kicks SPRITE in the stomach, and the three go off. CLOWN cuffs JEAMES, seizes him by the ankles, and rolls him out like a wheelbarrow. HARLEQUIN and PANTALON trip up each other's heels several times alternately, and then exeunt on different sides.*)

SCENE IV.

A desert in Russia. Enter an OGRE in bearskins.

OGRE.

Now, by yon bristling borealis light,

I feel a most tremendous appetite !

I must have food to satisfy my maw,

'Tis nature's craving, and a gastric law.

I may not feed, I say it to my grief,

On France's frogs, nor yet on English beef,

Herrings of Holland may remain till Lent ;

I do require some juicier nutriment.

(*A turkey straggles across the stage.*)

Ha ! corresponding to my famished wish,

There goes a turkey—'tis a glorious dish !

Fowl ! thou art food right pleasant to my soul !

I'll seize thee, gobbler, and devour thee whole !

(*Chases the turkey. Enter PANTALON.*)

What wrinkled wight is that ? How dost thou dare

To come between his booty and the bear ?

PANTALON.

Not at all, my gracious master !

Most illustrious, most transcendant !

But for fear of some disaster,

Comes your very low attendant.

Call it not an interruption—

It is simply an entreating,

Lest some foul and sore irruption

Vex your lordship after eating !

OGRE.

Plague upon thee ! Art physician ?

PANTALON.

Not exactly. But my knowledge
Raised me to a high position ;
L. L. D. of Edinburgh college.
Therefore I have Doctor's titles—
Ah, most puissant sir, be wary !
Better cram your precious vitals
With the flesh of dromedary.

OGRE.

Slave ! if thou wert somewhat younger,
And thy looks were more inviting,
Thou thyself shouldst stay my hunger—
But I relish not such biting !

PANTALON.

O how very condescending !
O, how gracious ! how bewitching !
Honoured would I be in sending
Victuals to your lordship's kitchen !
But this turkey, on my conscience,
Will produce an indigestion—

OGRE.

Peace, weak fool ! thou talkest nonsense !
Wilt thou dare my deeds to question ?

(Kicks PANTALON, and chases the turkey off the stage.)

SCENE V.

Park in London. Enter SOLDIERS, and Crowd huzzaing.

FIRST SOLDIER.

What a happiness it is to set foot once more on the free soil of Old England, after having starved so long in the Crimea ! And our countrymen too—how glad they are to welcome us back ! Such a sight as this more than repays us for our wounds.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Ay, comrade ; the people know now of what stuff we soldiers are made. Before the war began, those radical fellows would have turned us all to the right-about. Lobster and locust were the best words that they pitched at us then. But all that is over now, and the soldier will get his due.

THIRD SOLDIER.

And well we deserve it, lads ! Do you remember the trenches, where we had to work all night in the frozen mud, with barely covering for our backs, and the balls crashing and shells bursting around us ? Do you remember the green coffee, and the salt pork, and the biscuit harder than a man's teeth, and the long long time we used to wait before we could get even that ? But a hearty welcome like this makes up for everything.

FIRST SOLDIER.

I hope I shall get a furlough soon ; for I long to go down to the country, and see my old mother. Bless her heart ! I'll be bound she prayed for us all night and morning ; and they say a prayer can turn the stiffest bullet that ever whizzed from a Russian rifle-pit.

THIRD SOLDIER.

And pretty Sally, the barmaid at the Plough—will she know you with all that beard ? Eh, Jack ? But I see thou hast got thy medal, comrade. It is a proud decoration, yet little enough for one who fought at Alma and Inkermann.

FIRST SOLDIER.

It is a mark of honour, Bob, and I value it more than if it was a star of diamonds. But I look for something substantial too. The German Legion, they say, have got a grant of land at the Cape, though the lazy lubbers were never further than Heligoland. So of course we shall come in for a good thing. England won't neglect her own flesh and blood. But who comes here? Some nob, I suppose, though his toggery is of the queerest.

(Enter SCARAMOUCHE, attended.)

SCARAMOUCHE.

Welcome, brave warriors, welcome from the wars,
 With all your honours, victories, and scars!
 Ye bold asserters of our England's might,
 Who bore yourselves like lions in the fight:
 Now from your toils and worthy labours cease,
 And reap the fruits of conquest and of peace.
 For you a million rockets, sent on high,
 Gave a new lustre to the spangled sky:
 For you the Catherine wheel evolved its rays,
 And squibs expired in particoloured blaze.
 Great gifts were these; but more remains behind;
 We must be cruel, only to be kind.
 Before you, heroes, lies the land at large,
 Take then, O take, with blessings, your discharge!
 No further payment can we now afford—
 Your great achievements are your best reward—
 Take up the ploughshare, and lay down the sword.
 Pensions be hanged! No valiant soul would wish
 To barter glory for a loaf or fish?
 Britannia rules supreme o'er land and sea,
 You fought for freedom—soldiers! you are free.
 Go hence; and shave as quickly as you may—
 Close shaving is the order of the day!

(SOLDIERS remain stupified. The mob yell, and pelt SCARAMOUCHE off the stage with brickbats.)

SCENE VI.

A Wig-shop. An OLD GENTLEMAN asleep upon a chair.

Enter COLUMBINE and SPRITE dancing a fandango.

COLUMBINE.

Nor Pantaloon nor Harlequin are near:
 Let's have a lark!

SPRITE.

With all my heart, my dear!
 You always were a merry-hearted wench.

COLUMBINE.

Try on this wig! 'twill fit you for the bench.

SPRITE.

Soft! it belongs to that old covey there,
 Who snugly snoozes in his elbow-chair.

COLUMBINE.

I've an idea! Here's the magic sword;
 Let us persuade him that he is a lord.

SPRITE.

O rare! what fun! I'll hit him on the pate—
 Most noble Baron, rise—assume thy state!

OLD GENTLEMAN.

O holy Blackstone! what is this I hear?

COLUMBINE.

We come to greet your Lordship as a Peer !
 You're rich—no need to multiply your parks,
 No son succeeding, as Macbeth remarks.
 Hail, great liferenter !

SPRITE.

Noble Baron, hail !
 Your title is—I've lost it—Something—dale.

OLD GENTLEMAN.

Amazing how these prophecies come true !
 This was foretold me by a German Jew.
 So, then, at last, the point of honour's won.
 I'm rather thankful, though, to want a son !
 My brain is whirling—somewhat weak my feet—

COLUMBINE.

Courage, my noble Lord, assume your seat !

(As he sits down, SPRITE pulls away the chair, and the OLD GENTLEMAN tumbles on the floor. COLUMBINE and SPRITE burst into laughter, throw hair-powder over him, and exeunt.)

SCENE VII.

Exterior of a Post-Office. Enter STILETTO, COSPETTO, and MALEDETTO.

CLOWN watching them at the side scenes.

STILETTO.

All is prepared ! This time it is no dream,
 We, as triumvirs, soon shall reign supreme !

COSPETTO.

Before six weeks are over, 'tis my hope
 To smite the Austrian, and dethrone the Pope !

MALEDETTO.

And Bomba's carcass presently shall feel
 The venom'd stab of true Italian steel !

STILETTO.

Art sure that England, when the tocsin sounds,
 Will rise to succour us ?

MALEDETTO.

Through all her bounds !

Have you not heard each common-council bawl
 For universal freedom in its hall ?

Believe you not that, with insane delight,
 Each turtled alderman will rush to fight,
 And bare in battle the portentous blade,
 That hath such victual to his jaws conveyed ?
 Amico mio ! it exceeds belief

What valiant words they utter o'er their beef !
 True metal are they—sterling to the touch—
 Though, holy Mary, they do eat too much !

COSPETTO.

I do not go where gluttons swill and cram—
 I think, with Carlyle, that their speech is sham.
 But Britain's banner ever must advance
 In freedom's cause, since she succumbed to France.
 Remember how she triumphed at the knell
 That rung in monarchs' ears when Antwerp fell.
 Nor Queen, nor Peers, can stay the earnest flood
 That must descend in cataracts of blood.

The people's charter is a fact avowed,
I've drank the toast (in porter) with the crowd.
The heart of Britain beats in Leicester Square,
And, for Italia, there is comfort there !

STILETTO.

Well, then, let's post our letters ! England, thanks !
They are as safe as money in thy banks.

(Exeunt STILETTO, COSPETTO, and MALEDETTO. CLOWN comes forward, and sings "Hot Codlins," after which—)

CLOWN.

Safe as the banks ? These chaps are really funny !
They swear by Peter—Paul might have their money !
No, my good masters ! I must needs inquire
What kind of irons glow within the fire,
A shindy somewhere clearly there must be.
I have a thirst for knowledge—let me see—

(Enter from the Office, POSTMAN.)

Here comes the Postman—now to try a fright !

Mad dog ! mad dog ! Be off, sir, or he'll bite !

(POSTMAN throws down the bag, and takes to his heels. CLOWN abstracts letters.)

Aha, I've got them safe ! *(re-enter POSTMAN)*. How very shocking !
I hope that is not blood upon your stocking ?
No ! Then all's right ! I hate those filthy poodles !
Good morning, pink of postmen—and of noodles.

(Exit POSTMAN.)

So—here's enough to set the world on fire,
These lads are handy when they do conspire !
Blood, bayonets, pistols, faggots, and a rope !
O surely, gentlemen, you'll spare the Pope !
No ? Then I'll even alter the address,
And send this letter to his Holiness :
This shall to Austria—this to Bomba go !
Cheap lodgings, sirs, you'll find across the Po.

(CLOWN reposts the letters and exit.)

SCENE VIII.

Sea-shore at Naples. LAZZARONI lying in the sunshine.

CHORUS.

Whom can you compare
With happy lazzaroni ?
We live in open air,
And eat our maccheroni !
No taxes do we pay,
Or other contribution :
Long live the King, we say,
And d—n the Revolution !

Enter HARLEQUIN.

What do I hear ? Is that the voice of slaves,
Or do they sing to hide their dark despair ?
Good morrow, sirs !

FIRST LAZZARONE.

Good morrow, sir—or fish, whichever you may be, for you more resemble
a sardine than a baptised Christian ! What may be your pleasure ?

HARLEQUIN.

To set you free ! To place you on the path
That leads direct to glorious liberty !

O what an earthly paradise were this,
 With its blue vaulting of unclouded sky—
 Its tranquil sea, its vineyards, and its hills,
 Its noble breadth of blossom and of fruit,
 So that its children knew the rights of man !
 Ah, my dear friends ! could ye behold the boons
 That trade and commerce shower upon their sons—
 Taxes unnumbered, daily work that keeps
 The strong arm strained from morning until eve,
 And bids the infant toil beside the man—
 The pleasant factory alive with dust,
 The radiant gin-shop, and the cow-heel vault,
 With all the good civilisation brings—
 Then would you join your voices straight with mine,
 And, waving torch and steel above your heads,
 Cry, "Down with Bomba ! up with liberty !"

SECOND LAZZARONE.

Poor unhappy wretch ! he has evidently escaped from a madhouse ! Let us speak gently to him. What brings you here, poverino ?

HARLEQUIN.

Can you ask that, when in your prisons pine
 The noblest and the bravest of the land ?

FIRST LAZZARONE.

Alack, sir ! you are quite in the wrong. There are none in prison here but malefactors and conspirators !

HARLEQUIN.

Conspirators ? Ay, doubtless, that's the word !
 Brutus conspired, and so did Thistlewood,
 And history gives to both a common name !
 Harkye, brave men ! your wrongs I would redress,
 Give you a constitution, and a House
 Of Commons, somewhat better than my own,
 Which, truth to say, is restive as a mule.
 Also a poor-law, and a close bastille,
 Wherein they manufacture soup from bones.
 Also newspapers, which you cannot read,
 And various priceless privileges more.
 Behold yon frigate ! it hath brought me here.
 Say but the word, and when I wave my wand,
 A fleet shall straightway anchor in the bay,
 And shatter with its shot your boasted walls.
 Hurrah for freedom—taxes—and the press !

FIRST LAZZARONE.

It is no use talking with this fellow ; so let us even pitch him into the sea. If he is a fish, he can swim ; if he is a man, he will be none the worse of a cold bath—so, over with him !

(*HARLEQUIN is pitched into the sea, and swims towards the frigate, amidst shouts of derision from the LAZZARONI.*)

SCENE IX.

A Grocer's Shop. Enter JEAMES.

No one waiting ? How werry ridiklous ! Figs ! I say—Figs ! Is this the way you treat gentlemen ?

FIGS.

Bless my heart, Mr Jeames, I had not the least idea it was you. And how do you find yourself, this morning, Mr Jeames ?

JEAMES.

I never finds myself in anything. That's decidedly low, and what you would call pebblean. But if you mean to ask how I is, why I replies that I would be none the worse of a pot of porter.

FIGS.

You shall have it, sir, immediately. And to what am I to attribute the honour of this call ? Any orders this morning, Mr Jeames ?

JEAMES.

Vy, yes ! My guvnor has ordered—that is, requested me to tell you that he must have his rent paid ; and I am not to stir out of these here premises without the blunt. So fork out, old 'un !

FIGS.

Alas, Mr Jeames, you come at a most unlucky time ! Business is quite stagnant — well-nigh dead, I may say ; and I have not a matter of five shillings in the till.

JEAMES.

It's no go, Figs. The guvnor and me is too old birds to be cotched with chaff. Why, you must be making a mint of money.

FIGS.

May I never sand sugar again, if I can meet my baker's bill !

JEAMES.

Figs—you are a fool ! Why don't you double the prices to your customers ?

FIGS.

Alas, Mr Jeames, they would not stand that !

JEAMES.

Wouldn't they ? Just let me come behind the counter, and you'll see how I work 'em. Only, mind this ; you must speak first. Hush ! here's an old woman.

Enter OLD LADY.

How do you sell your tea, Mr Figs ?

FIGS.

Three and two a pound, ma'am. A rare prime article, I assure you.

OLD LADY.

Alack ! it is too dear. I have but half-a-sovereign to spend. Can't you let me have it a little cheaper, Mr Figs ?

FIGS.

Quite impossible, ma'am ! there's house-rent and—

JEAMES.

O, bother your house-rent, Figs ! You must not be too hard upon a lady. You shall have it, mum, for three shillings.

OLD LADY.

Many thanks, sir ! you are very—very kind ! Please let me have a pound.

JEAMES.

Yes, mum. There it is. Half sov., mum. Thank'ye. There's the change.

OLD LADY.

But, sir, there is a mistake. You have only given me back five and five-pence, whereas there should be seven shillings !

JEAMES.

Quite correct, mum ! The tea is three bob, and the tax is one and seven. That leaves five and five. Quite correct, mum, upon my honour as a gentleman.

OLD LADY.

But, sir, who ever heard of taxes being charged in this way ? It's flat robbery.

JEAMES.

Act of Parliament, mum—resolutions of House of Commons, mum—speech of the Chancellor of Exchequer—clever man he is, too. Rise on tea

and sugar, mum—War with China—Public credit must be sustained, mum.
Good morning! Hope to see you back!

(OLD LADY bursts into tears, and exit.)

FIGS.

Oh, Mr Jeames—you've lost me a customer!

JEAMES.

Never mind, Figs! That's a clear gain of one and seven. Hold your tongue. Here comes a jolly housekeeper. I shouldn't wonder if we screwed a sov. out of her!

(They continue cheating customers, until an irascible old gentleman calls for the Police, who enter, and carry JEAMES to the office on a charge of swindling. FIGS creeps up the chimney.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.

The Serpentine frozen, by moonlight. Enter from opposite sides, CLOWN and PANTALOOON.

CLOWN.

Ha! Pantaloon here? What can the old rascal be after? Hang me, if he is not driving pegs into the ice!

PANTALOOON.

Who's that? O Lord, if it should be the police! Bless me, it's Clown! What can he be doing with that saw?

CLOWN.

Well, old Foozle! What's the game?

PANTALOOON.

Foozle in your teeth! What are you about here, Crack-hemp?

CLOWN.

I may as well be candid as not. Know, most illustrious Pantaloon, that I am engaged in a work of sanitary reform.

PANTALOOON.

The devil you are! How so?

CLOWN.

I am sawing holes in the ice, so that individuals, who dislike the trouble of being washed at home, may have the benefit of cold water abroad.

PANTALOOON.

Ha, ha, ha! capital! Just like you! And, to return your confidence, know that I am driving pegs into the ice, in order to trip up the skaters.

CLOWN.

Pantaloon—thou art a treacherous fellow!

PANTALOOON.

Clown—thou art a dangerous desperado!

CLOWN.

I could strangle thee with the utmost pleasure!

PANTALOOON.

It would give me intense gratification to see thee hanged!

CLOWN.

Pshaw! 'tis no use for us to quarrel. Recollect we have a common cause. Shake hands in the mean time. Where's Harlequin?

PANTALOOON.

Shoddy knows! Off to Canton, I believe; attracted thither by the braying of some antiquated ass.

CLOWN.

Let's follow him, then. Our holiday will soon be over.

PANTALOOON.

Agreed. But how shall we travel?

CLOWN.

Leave that to Shoddy. Here he comes. We may want him at the finish.

(Enter SHODDY, dressed as a Cabman.)

SHODDY.

I say, tumble up, will you? This kind of weather don't agree with me! Is it to be Canton? Well—in with you! But, remember, my lads, you'll need to settle my fare, either now or hereafter. So take your time! Woa, Devilsdust! What a beast it is! All right? Then go it, ye cripples!

(They drive off.)

SCENE XI.

Neighbourhood of Canton. Enter CHINESE singing.

CHORUS.

Sweet is summer—sweet her breathing

O'er the fair and flowery land

Spring her gentle brood bequeathing,

To her sister's ripening hand.

Swells the orange, waves the myrtle,

By the margin of the rills;

And the tea-plant, like a kirtle,

Gathers round the fragrant hills.

Mighty Foh! from war defend us!

Be our guardian as of yore,

Never may the sound tremendous

Of the cannon, shake our shore!

Never let us hear the clarion

Send its echo to the sky,

Though the rude and rough barbarian

Bend on us his gloomy eye!

(Enter an EX-PRESIDENT of the Peace Society.)

EX-PRESIDENT.

Rogues, ruffians, caitiffs, miscreants that you are!

Full time it is you taste the sweets of war!

What, scum! You'd bar *my* passage to Canton—

Me! whom great Jerry Bentham claimed as son—

Me! who let loose upon a darkened age

The ponderous works of that neglected sage—

Me! who, regardless both of sneer and gibe,

Retailed the gibberish of each heathen tribe—

Me! before whom, in terror and dismay,

The British House of Commons fled away—

Me! who have done, what Cromwell did before—

Cleared, in a trice, that antiquated floor!

Your empire to the centre I shall shake!

Ay, sordid villains, you do well to quake!

Peace is my watchword—Peace you shall regain,

When every beastly Chinaman is slain!

Ho, there! bombard! But, wait till I'm on board—

I'll make you know, you scoundrels, who's your lord!

(Exit the EX-PRESIDENT. The bombardment commences. Many unoffending Chinese are killed. Enter HARLEQUIN.)

HARLEQUIN.

Ye Mandarins! I've simply got to say,

That you can stop the carnage, if you pay.

I want a certain sum in silver, down,
Which, if you render, we may spare the town.
If not, pray do exactly as you please :
I'll burn your cities, confiscate your teas !

(Enter PANTALOOON and CLOWN.)

PANTALOOON.

Stop, Harlequin ! By Jove, this is too bad !
This greatly doth exceed your license, lad !

CLOWN.

And so say I. It is a burning shame.
Ain't you ashamed, old spangles, of this game ?

HARLEQUIN.

Ha ! why the mischief do you interfere ?
You fellows surely have no business here !

PANTALOOON.

What ! would you have us simply shoulders shrug,
When massacre is rife, you old humbug ?

HARLEQUIN.

Humbug yourself ! For anything I see,
You'd do the same, to find your house in tea !

CLOWN.

I'll tell you what it is—you'd better mizzle :
Years do afflict you, Harlequin, and swizzle !
You're not the man you were. Is't wise or right,
For you to back a moon-struck Benthamite ?

HARLEQUIN.

You put it strong. I know he is an ass.
But, for the general question, let it pass !

PANTALOOON.

Suppose we take some neutral, sound opinion ?

HARLEQUIN.

Well ! let us hear his name. Produce your minion.

PANTALOOON.

I would name Shoddy.

HARLEQUIN.

That's to say, the Devil !
Well, bring him in : I know him ; he'll be civil.
But, ere he comes, you'd better move your legs !
Here we must store a lot of powder kegs.

(Marines roll in ammunition.)

Next, by your leave, I'll wave my magic wand,
And summon all the members of our band,
Lest lack of counsel lead us to extremes.
Ho, Columbine, Sprite, Scaramouch and Jeames !

(They enter along with SHODDY.)

Now then to business ! Shoddy, take your place,
And I shall instantly propound my case.

(SHODDY sits down on the powder-barrels. Terrific explosion. All the characters are blown to smithereens.)

FINIS.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. II.

MR GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

THE last chapter has given the discerning reader sufficient insight into the state of things at Cheverel Manor in the summer of 1788. In that summer, we know, the great nation of France was agitated by conflicting thoughts and passions, which were but the beginning of sorrows. And in our Caterina's little breast, too, there were terrible struggles. The poor bird was beginning to flutter and vainly dash its soft breast against the hard iron bars of the inevitable, and we see too plainly the danger, if that anguish should go on heightening instead of being allayed, that the palpitating heart may be fatally bruised.

Meanwhile, if, as I hope, you feel some interest in Catina and her friends at Cheverel Manor, you are perhaps asking, How came she to be there? How was it that this tiny, dark-eyed child of the south, whose face was immediately suggestive of olive-covered hills, and taper-lit shrines, came to have her home in that stately English manor-house, by the side of the blonde matron, Lady Cheverel—almost as if a humming-bird were found perched on one of the elm-trees in the park, by the side of her ladyship's handsomest pouter-pigeon? Speaking good English, too, and joining in Protestant prayers; surely, she must have been adopted and brought over to England at a very early age? She was.

During Sir Christopher's last visit to Italy with his lady, fifteen years before, they resided for some time at Milan, where Sir Christopher, who was an enthusiast for Gothic architecture, and was then entertaining the project of metamorphosing his plain brick family mansion into the model of a Gothic manor-house, was bent on studying the details of that marble miracle, the Cathedral. Here Lady Cheverel, as at other Italian cities where she made any protracted stay, engaged a *maestro* to give her

lessons in singing, for she had then not only fine musical taste, but a fine soprano voice. Those were days when very rich people used manuscript music, and many a man who resembled Jean Jacques in nothing else, resembled him in getting a livelihood "à copier la musique à tant la page." Lady Cheverel having need of this service, Maestro Albani told her he would send her a *poveraccio* of his acquaintance, whose manuscript was the neatest and most correct he knew of. Unhappily, the *poveraccio* was not always in his best wits, and was sometimes rather slow in consequence; but it would be a work of Christian charity worthy of the beautiful Signora to employ poor Sarti.

The next morning, Mrs Sharp, then a blooming abigail of three-and-thirty, entered her lady's private room, and said, "If you please, my lady, there's the frowiest, shabbiest man you ever saw outside, and he's told Mr Warren as the singing master sent him to see your ladyship. But I think you'll hardly like him to come in here. Belike he's only a beggar."

"O yes, show him in immediately."

Mrs Sharp retired, muttering something about "fleas and worse." She had the smallest possible admiration for fair Ausonia and its natives, and even her profound deference for Sir Christopher and her lady could not prevent her from expressing her amazement at the infatuation of gentlefolks in choosing to sojourn among "Papises, in countries where there was no getting to air a bit o' linen, and where the people smelt o' garlick fit to knock you down."

However, she presently reappeared, ushering in a small meagre man, sallow and dingy, with a restless wandering look in his dull eyes, and an excessive timidity about his deep reverences, which gave him the air of a man who had been long a soli-

tary prisoner. Yet through all this squalor and wretchedness there were some traces discernible of comparative youth and former good looks. Lady Cheverel, though not very tender-hearted, still less sentimental, was essentially kind, and liked to dispense benefits like a goddess, who looks down benignly on the halt, the maimed, and the blind that approach her shrine. She was smitten with some compassion at the sight of poor Sarti, who struck her as the mere battered wreck of a vessel that might have once floated gaily enough on its outward voyage, to the sound of pipes and tabors. She spoke gently as she pointed out to him the operatic selections she wished him to copy, and he seemed to sun himself in her auburn, radiant presence, so that when he made his exit with the music-books under his arm, his bow, though not less reverent, was less timid.

It was ten years at least since Sarti had seen anything so bright and stately and beautiful as Lady Cheverel. For the time was far off in which he had trod the stage in satin and feathers, the *primo tenore* of one short season. Alas! he had completely lost his voice in the following winter, and had ever since been little better than a cracked fiddle, which is good for nothing but firewood. For, like many Italian singers, he was too ignorant to teach, and if it had not been for his one talent of penmanship, he and his young helpless wife might have starved. Then, just after their third child was born, fever came, swept away the sickly mother and the two eldest children, and attacked Sarti himself, who rose from his sick-bed with enfeebled brain and muscle, and a tiny baby on his hands, scarcely four months old. He lodged over a fruit-shop kept by a stout virago, loud of tongue and irate in temper, but who had had children born to her, and so had taken care of the tiny yellow, black-eyed *bambinetto*, and tended Sarti himself through his sickness. Here he continued to live, earning a meagre subsistence for himself and his little one by the work of copying music, put into his hands chiefly by Maestro Albani. He seemed to exist for nothing but the

child: he tended it, he dandled it, he chatted to it, living with it alone in his one room above the fruit-shop, only asking his landlady to take care of the marmoset during his short absences in fetching and carrying home work. Customers frequenting that fruit-shop might often see the tiny Caterina seated on the floor with her legs in a heap of pease, which it was her delight to kick about; or perhaps deposited, like a kitten, in a large basket out of harm's way.

Sometimes, however, Sarti left his little one with another kind of protectress. He was very regular in his devotions, which he paid thrice a-week in the great cathedral, carrying Caterina with him. Here, when the high morning sun was warming the myriad glittering pinnacles without, and struggling against the massive gloom within, the shadow of a man with a child on his arm might be seen flitting across the more stationary shadows of pillar and mullion, and making its way towards a little tinsel Madonna hanging in a retired spot near the choir. Amid all the sublimities of the mighty cathedral, poor Sarti had fixed on this tinsel Madonna as the symbol of Divine mercy and protection,—just as a child, in the presence of a great landscape, sees none of the glories of wood and sky, but sets its heart on a floating feather or insect that happens to be on a level with its eye. Here, then, Sarti worshipped and prayed, setting Caterina on the floor by his side; and now and then, when the cathedral lay near some place where he had to call, and did not like to take her, he would leave her there in front of the tinsel Madonna, where she would sit, perfectly good, amusing herself with low crowing noises and see-sawings of her tiny body. And when Sarti came back, he always found that the Blessed Mother had taken good care of Caterina.

That was briefly the history of Sarti, who fulfilled so well the orders Lady Cheverel gave him, that she sent him away again with a stock of new work. But this time, week after week passed, and he neither reappeared nor sent home the music intrusted to him. Lady Cheverel began to be anxious, and was think-

ing of sending Warren to inquire at the address Sarti had given her, when one day, as she was equipped for driving out, the valet brought in a small piece of paper which he said had been left for her ladyship by a man who was carrying fruit. The paper contained only three tremulous lines, in Italian :—

“Will the Eccellentissima, for the love of God, have pity on a dying man, and come to him?”

Lady Cheverel recognised the handwriting as Sarti's in spite of its tremulousness, and, going down to her carriage, ordered the Milanese coachman to drive to Strada Quinquagesima, Numero 10. The coach stopped in a dirty narrow street opposite La Pazzini's fruit-shop, and that large specimen of womanhood immediately presented herself at the door, to the extreme disgust of Mrs Sharp, who remarked privately to Mr Warren that La Pazzini was a “hijeous porpis.” The fruit-woman, however, was all smiles and deep curtsies to the Eccellentissima, who, not very well understanding her Milanese dialect, abbreviated the conversation by asking to be shown at once to Signor Sarti. La Pazzini preceded her up the dark narrow stairs, and opened a door through which she begged her ladyship to enter. Directly opposite the door lay Sarti, on a low miserable bed. His eyes were glazed, and no movement indicated that he was conscious of their entrance.

On the foot of the bed was seated a tiny child, apparently not three years old, her head covered by a linen cap, her feet clothed with leather boots, above which her little yellow legs showed thin and naked. A frock, made of what had once been a gay flowered silk, was her only other garment. Her large dark eyes shone from out her queer little face, like two precious stones in a grotesque image carved in old ivory. She held an empty medicine-bottle in her hand, and was amusing herself with putting the cork in and drawing it out again, to hear how it would pop.

La Pazzini went up to the bed, and said, “Ecco la nobilissima donna!” but directly after screamed out, “Holy mother! he is dead!”

It was so. The entreaty had not

been sent in time for Sarti to carry out his project of asking the great English lady to take care of his Caterina. That was the thought which haunted his feeble brain as soon as he began to fear that his illness would end in death. She had wealth—she was kind—she would surely do something for the poor orphan. And so, at last, he sent that scrap of paper, which won the fulfilment of his prayer, though he did not live to utter it. Lady Cheverel gave La Pazzini money that the last decencies might be paid to the dead man, and carried away Caterina, meaning to consult Sir Christopher as to what should be done with her. Even Mrs Sharp had been so smitten with pity by the scene she had witnessed when she was summoned up-stairs to fetch Caterina, as to shed a small tear, though she was not at all subject to that weakness; indeed, she abstained from it on principle, because, as she often said, it was known to be the worst thing in the world for the eyes.

On the way back to her hotel, Lady Cheverel turned over various projects in her mind regarding Caterina, but at last one gained the preference over all the rest. Why should they not take the child to England, and bring her up there? They had been married twelve years, yet Cheverel Manor was cheered by no children's voices, and the old house would be all the better for a little of that music. Besides, it would be a Christian work to train this little Papist into a good Protestant, and graft as much English fruit as possible on the Italian stem.

Sir Christopher listened to this plan with hearty acquiescence. He loved children, and took at once to the little black-eyed monkey—his name for Caterina all through her short life. But neither he nor Lady Cheverel had any idea of adopting her as their daughter, and giving her their own rank in life. They were much too English and aristocratic to think of anything so romantic. No! The child would be brought up at Cheverel Manor as a protégée, to be ultimately useful, perhaps, in sorting worsteds, keeping accounts, reading aloud, and otherwise supplying the

place of spectacles when her ladyship's eyes should wax dim.

So Mrs Sharp had to procure new clothes, to replace the linen cap, flowered frock, and leathern boots; and now, strange to say, little Catina, who had suffered many unconscious evils in her existence of thirty moons, first began to know conscious troubles. "Ignorance," says Ajax, "is a painless evil;" so, I should think is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it. At any rate, cleanliness is sometimes a painful good, as any one can vouch who has had his face washed the wrong way, by a pitiless hand with a gold ring

on the third finger. If you, reader, have not known that initiatory anguish, it is idle to expect that you will form any approximate conception of what Catina endured under Mrs Sharp's new dispensation of soap-and-water. Happily, this purgatory came presently to be associated in her tiny brain with a passage straightway to a seat of bliss—the sofa in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room, where there were toys to be broken, a ride was to be had on Sir Christopher's knee, and a spaniel of resigned temper was prepared to undergo small tortures without flinching.

CHAPTER IV.

In three months from the time of Caterina's adoption,—namely, in the late autumn of 1763—the chimneys of Cheverel Manor were sending up unwonted smoke, and the servants were awaiting in excitement the return of their master and mistress after a two years' absence. Great was the astonishment of Mrs Bellamy, the housekeeper, when Mr Warren lifted a little black-eyed child out of the carriage, and great was Mrs Sharp's sense of superior information and experience, as she detailed Caterina's history, interspersed with copious comments, to the rest of the upper servants that evening, as they were taking a comfortable glass of grog together in the housekeeper's room.

A pleasant room it was, as any party need desire to muster in on a cold November evening. The fireplace alone was a picture: a wide and deep recess with a low brick altar in the middle, where great logs of dry wood sent myriad sparks up the dark chimney-throat; and over the front of this recess a large wooden entablature bearing this motto, finely carved in old English letters, "FEAR GOD AND HONOUR THE KING." And beyond the party, who formed a half-moon with their chairs and well-furnished table round this bright fireplace, what a space of chiaroscuro for the imagination to revel in! Stretching across the far end of the room, what an oak table, high enough

surely for Homer's gods, standing on four massive legs, bossed and bulging like sculptured urns! and, lining the distant wall, what vast cupboards, suggestive of inexhaustible apricot jam and promiscuous butler's perquisites! A stray picture or two had found their way down there, and made agreeable patches of dark brown on the buff-coloured walls. High over the loud-resounding double door hung one which, from some indications of a face looming out of blackness, might by a great synthetic effort be pronounced a Magdalen. Considerably lower down hung the similitude of a hat and feathers, with portions of a ruff, stated by Mrs Bellamy to represent Sir Francis Bacon, who invented gunpowder, and—in her opinion, "might ha' been better employed."

But this evening the mind is but slightly arrested by the great Verulam, and is in the humour to think a dead philosopher less interesting than a living gardener, who sits conspicuous in the half circle round the fireplace. Mr Bates is habitually a guest in the housekeeper's room of an evening, preferring the social pleasures there—the feast of gossip and the flow of grog—to a bachelor's chair in his charming thatched cottage on a little island, where every sound is remote but the cawing of rooks and the screaming of wild geese—poetic sounds, doubtless, but, humanly speaking, not convivial.

Mr Bates was by no means an average person, to be passed without special notice. He was a sturdy Yorkshireman, approaching forty, whose face Nature seemed to have coloured when she was in a hurry, and had no time to attend to *nuances*, for every inch of him visible above his neckcloth was of one impartial redness; so that when he was at some distance your imagination was at liberty to place his lips anywhere between his nose and chin. Seen closer, his lips were discerned to be of a peculiar cut, and I fancy this had something to do with the peculiarity of his dialect, which, as we shall see, was individual rather than provincial. Mr Bates was further distinguished from the common herd by a perpetual blinking of the eyes; and this, together with the red-rose tint of his complexion, and a way he had of hanging his head forward, and rolling it from side to side as he walked, gave him the air of a Bacchus in a blue apron, who, in the present reduced circumstances of Olympus, had taken to the management of his own vines. Yet, as gluttons are often thin, so sober men are often rubicund; and Mr Bates was sober, with that manly, British, churchman-like sobriety which can carry a few glasses of grog without any perceptible clarification of ideas.

"Dang my boottens!" observed Mr Bates, who, at the conclusion of Mrs Sharp's narrative, felt himself urged to his strongest interjection, "it's what I shouldn't ha' looked for from Sir Cristhifer an' my lady, to bring a furrin child into the coontry; an' depend on't, whether you an' me lives to see't or noo, it'll coom to soom harm. The first sitiatiun iver I held—it was a hold, hancient habbey, wi' the biggest orchard o' apples an' pears you ever see—there was a French valet, an' he stool silk stoock-ins, an' shirts, an' rings, an' iverythin' he could ley his hans on, an' run away at last wi' th' missis's jewl-box. They're all alaike, them furriners. It roons i' th' blood."

"Well," said Mrs Sharp, with the air of a person who held liberal views, but knew where to draw the line, "I'm not a-going to defend the furriners, for I've as good reason to know what they are as most folks,

an' nobody'll iver hear me say but what they're next door to heathens, and the hile they eat wi' their victuals is enough to turn any Christian's stomach. But for all that—an' for all as the trouble in respect o' washin' an' managin' has fell upo' me through the journey—I can't say but what I think as my Lady an' Sir Cristifer's done a right thing by a hinnicent child as doesn't know its right han' from its left, i' bringing it where it'll learn to speak summat better nor gibberish, and be brought up i' the true religion. For as for them furrin churches as Sir Cristifer is so unaccountable mad after, wi' picturs o' men an' women a-showin' themselves just for all the world as God made 'em, I think, for my part, as its welly a sin to go into 'em."

"You're likely to have more foreigners, however," said Mr Warren, who liked to provoke the gardener, "for Sir Christopher has engaged some Italian workmen to help in the alterations in the house."

"Olterations!" exclaimed Mrs Bellamy, in alarm. "What olterations?"

"Why," answered Mr Warren, "Sir Christopher, as I understand, is going to make a clean new thing of the old Manor-house, both inside and out. And he's got portfolios full of plans and pictures coming. It is to be cased with stone, in the Gothic style—pretty near like the churches, you know—as far as I can make out; and the ceilings are to be beyond anything as has been seen in the country. Sir Christopher's been giving a deal of study to it."

"Dear heart alive!" said Mrs Bellamy, "we shall be pisined wi' lime an' plaster, an' hev the house full o' workmen colloguing wi' the maids, an' meckin' no end o' mischief."

"That ye may ley your life on, Mrs Bellamy," said Mr Bates. "How-iver, I'll noot deny that the Goothic stayle's prithy anoof, an' it's woonderful how near them stoon-carvers cuts oot the shapes o' the pine apples, an' shamrucks, and rooses. I dare sey Sir Cristhifer'll meck a naice thing o' the Manor, an' there woont be many gentlemen's houses i' the coontry as 'll coom up to't, wi' sich a garden an' pleasure-groons an' wall-

fruit as King George maight be prood on."

"Well, I can't think as th' house can be better nor it is, Gothic or no Gothic," said Mrs Bellamy; "an' I've done the picklin' an' preservin' in it fourteen year Michaelmas was a three weeks. But what does my lady say to't?"

"My lady knows better than cross Sir Cristifer in what he's set his mind on," said Mr Bellamy, who objected to the critical tone of the conversation. "Sir Cristifer 'll hev his own way, *that* you may tek your oath. An' i' the right on't too. He's a gentleman born, an's got the money. But come, Mester Bates, fill your glass, an' we'll drink health an' happiness to his honour an' my lady, an' then you shall give us a sung. Sir Cristifer doesn't come hum from Italy ivery night."

This demonstrable position was accepted without hesitation as ground for a toast; but Mr Bates, apparently thinking that his song was not an equally reasonable sequence, ignored the second part of Mr Bellamy's proposal. So Mrs Sharp, who had been heard to say that she had no thoughts at all of marrying Mr Bates, though he was "a sensible fresh-coloured man as many a woman 'ud snap at for a husband," enforced Mr Bellamy's appeal.

"Come, Mr Bates, let us hear 'Roy's Wife.' I'd rether hear a good old sung like that, nor all the fine 'talian toodlin'."

Mr Bates, urged thus flatteringly, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair with his head in that position in which he could look directly towards the zenith, and struck up a remarkably *staccato* rendering of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." This melody may certainly be taxed with excessive iteration, but that was precisely its highest recommendation to the present audience, who found it all the easier to swell the chorus. Nor did it at all diminish their pleasure that the only particular concerning "Roy's Wife" which Mr Bates's enunciation allowed them to gather, was that she "chated" him,—whether in the matter of garden stuff or of some other commodity,

or why her name should, in consequence, be repeatedly reiterated with exultation, remaining an agreeable mystery.

Mr Bates's song formed the climax of the evening's good-fellowship, and the party soon after dispersed—Mrs Bellamy, perhaps, to dream of quicklime flying among her preserving-pans, or of love-sick housemaids reckless of unswept corners—and Mrs Sharp to sink into pleasant visions of independent housekeeping in Mr Bates's cottage, with no bells to answer, and with fruit and vegetables *ad libitum*.

Caterina soon conquered all prejudices against her foreign blood; for what prejudices will hold out against helplessness and broken prattle? She became the pet of the household, thrusting Sir Christopher's favourite bloodhound of that day, Mrs Bellamy's two canaries, and Mr Bates's largest Dorking hen, into a merely secondary position. The consequence was that in the space of a summer's day she went through a great cycle of experiences, commencing with the somewhat acidulated goodwill of Mrs Sharp's nursery discipline. Then came the grave luxury of her ladyship's sitting-room, and, perhaps, the dignity of a ride on Sir Christopher's knee, sometimes followed by a visit with him to the stables, where Caterina soon learned to hear without crying the baying of the chained bloodhounds, and to say, with ostentatious bravery, clinging to Sir Christopher's leg all the while, "Dey not hurt Tina." Then Mrs Bellamy would perhaps be going out to gather the rose-leaves and lavender, and Tina was made proud and happy by being allowed to carry a handful in her pinafore; happier still, when they were spread out in sheets to dry, so that she could sit down like a frog among them, and have them poured over her in fragrant showers. Another frequent pleasure was to take a journey with Mr Bates through the kitchen-gardens and the hot-houses, where the rich bunches of green and purple grapes hung from the roof, far out of reach of the tiny yellow hand that couldn't help stretching itself out towards them; though the hand was sure at last to be satisfied with some

delicate-flavoured fruit or sweet-scented flower. Indeed, in the long monotonous leisure of that great country-house, you may be sure there was always some one who had nothing better to do than to play with Tina. So that the little southern bird had its northern nest lined with tenderness, and caresses, and pretty things. A loving sensitive nature was too likely, under such nurture, to have its susceptibility heightened into unfitness for an encounter with any harder experience; all the more, because there were gleams of fierce resistance to any discipline that had a harsh or unloving aspect. For the only thing in which Caterina showed any precocity was a certain ingenuity in vindictiveness. When she was five years old she had revenged herself for an unpleasant prohibition by pouring the ink into Mrs Sharp's workbasket; and once, when Lady Cheverel took her doll from her, because she was affectionately licking the paint off its face, the little minx straightway climbed on a chair and threw down a flower-vase that stood on a bracket. This was almost the only instance in which her anger overcame her awe of Lady Cheverel, who had the ascendancy always belonging to kindness that never melts into caresses, and is severely but uniformly beneficent.

By-and-by the happy monotony of Cheverel Manor was broken in upon in the way Mr Warren had announced. The roads through the park were cut up by waggons carrying loads of stone from a neighbouring quarry, the green courtyard became dusty with lime, and the peaceful house rang with the sound of tools. For the next ten years Sir Christopher was occupied with the architectural metamorphosis of his old family mansion; thus anticipating, through the prompting of his individual taste, that general reaction from the insipid imitation of the Palladian style, towards a restoration of the Gothic, which marked the close of the eighteenth century. This was the object he had set his heart on, with a singleness of determination which was regarded with not a little contempt by his fox-hunting neighbours, who wondered greatly that a man with

some of the best blood in England in his veins, should be mean enough to economise in his cellar, and reduce his stud to two old coach-horses and a hack, for the sake of riding a hobby, and playing the architect. Their wives did not see so much to blame in the matter of the cellar and stables, but they were eloquent in pity for poor Lady Cheverel, who had to live in no more than three rooms at once, and who must be distracted with noises, and have her constitution undermined by unhealthy smells. It was as bad as having a husband with an asthma. Why did not Sir Christopher take a house for her at Bath, or, at least, if he must spend his time in overlooking workmen, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Manor? This pity was quite gratuitous, as the most plentiful pity always is; for though Lady Cheverel did not share her husband's architectural enthusiasm, she had too rigorous a view of a wife's duties, and too profound a deference for Sir Christopher, to regard submission as a grievance. As for Sir Christopher, he was perfectly indifferent to criticism. "An obstinate, crotchety man," said his neighbours. But I, who have seen Cheverel Manor as he bequeathed it to his heirs, rather attribute that unswerving architectural purpose of his, conceived and carried out through long years of systematic personal exertion, to something of the fervour of genius, as well as inflexibility of will; and in walking through those rooms, with their splendid ceilings and their meagre furniture, which tell how all the spare money had been absorbed before personal comfort was thought of, I have felt that there dwelt in this old English baronet some of that sublime spirit which distinguishes art from luxury, and worships beauty apart from self-indulgence.

While Cheverel Manor was growing from ugliness into beauty, Caterina too was growing from a little yellow bantling into a whiter maiden, with no positive beauty indeed, but with a certain light airy grace, which, with her large appealing dark eyes, and a voice which, in its low-toned tenderness, recalled the love-notes of

the stock-dove, gave her a more than usual charm. Unlike the building, however, Caterina's development was the result of no systematic or careful appliances. She grew up very much like the primroses, which the gardener is not sorry to see within his enclosure, but takes no pains to cultivate. Lady Cheverel taught her to read and write, and say her catechism; Mr Warren, being a good accountant, gave her lessons in arithmetic, by her ladyship's desire; and Mrs Sharp initiated her in all the mysteries of the needle. But, for a long time, there was no thought of giving her any more elaborate education. It is very likely that to her dying day Caterina thought the earth stood still, and that the sun and stars moved round it; but so, for the matter of that, did Helen, and Dido, and Desdemona, and Juliet, whence I hope you will not think my Caterina less worthy to be a heroine on that account. The truth is, that, with one exception, her only talent lay in loving; and there, it is probable, the most astronomical of women could not have surpassed her. Orphan and protégée though she was, this supreme talent of hers found plenty of exercise at Cheverel Manor, and Caterina had more people to love than many a small lady and gentleman affluent in silver mugs and blood relations. I think the first place in her childish heart was given to Sir Christopher, for little girls are apt to attach themselves to the finest-looking gentleman at hand, especially as he seldom has anything to do with discipline. Next to the baronet came Dorcas, the merry rosy-cheeked damsel who was Mrs Sharp's lieutenant in the nursery, and thus played the part of the raisins in a dose of senna. It was a black day for Caterina when Dorcas married the coachman, and went, with a great sense of elevation in the world, to preside over a "public" in the noisy town of Sloppeter. A little china box, bearing the motto "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," which Dorcas sent her as a remembrance, was among Caterina's treasures ten years after.

The one other exceptional talent,

you already guess, was music. When the fact that Caterina had a remarkable ear for music, and a still more remarkable voice, attracted Lady Cheverel's notice, the discovery was very welcome both to her and Sir Christopher. Her musical education became at once an object of interest. Lady Cheverel devoted much time to it; and the rapidity of Catina's progress surpassing all hopes, an Italian singing-master was engaged, for several years, to spend some months together at Cheverel Manor. This unexpected gift made a great alteration in Catina's position. After those first years in which little girls are petted like puppies and kittens, there comes a time when it seems less obvious what they can be good for, especially when, like Catina, they give no particular promise of cleverness or beauty; and it is not surprising that in that uninteresting period there was no particular plan formed as to her future position. She could always help Mrs Sharp, supposing she were fit for nothing else, as she grew up; but now, this rare gift of song endeared her to Lady Cheverel, who loved music above all things, and associated her at once with the pleasures of the drawing-room. Insensibly she came to be regarded as one of the family, and the servants began to understand that Miss Sarti was to be a lady after all.

"And the raight on't too," said Mr Bates, "for she hasn't the cut of a gell as must work for her bread; she's as nesh an' dillicate as a paich-blussum—welly laike a linnet, wi' on'y joost body anoof to hold her voice."

But long before Catina had reached this stage of her history, a new era had begun for her, in the arrival of a younger companion than any she had hitherto known. When she was no more than seven, a ward of Sir Christopher's—a lad of fifteen, Maynard Gilfil by name—began to spend his vacations at Cheverel Manor, and found there no playfellow so much to his mind as Catina. Maynard was an affectionate lad, who retained a propensity to white rabbits, pet squirrels, and guinea-pigs, perhaps a little beyond the age at which young gentlemen usually look down on such

pleasures as puerile. He was also much given to fishing, and to carpentry, considered as a fine art, without any base view to utility. And in all these pleasures it was his delight to have Caterina as his companion, to call her little pet names, answer her wondering questions, and have her toddling after him as you may have seen a Blenheim spaniel trotting after a large setter. Whenever Maynard went back to school, there was a little scene of parting.

"You won't forget me, Tina, before I come back again? I shall leave you all the whip-cord we've made; and don't you let Guinea die. Come, give me a kiss, and promise not to forget me."

As the years wore on, and Maynard passed from school to college, and from a slim lad to a stalwart young man, their companionship in the vacations necessarily took a different form, but it retained a brotherly and sisterly familiarity. With Maynard the boyish affection had insensibly grown into ardent love. Among all the many kinds of first love, that which begins in childish companionship is the strongest and most enduring: when passion comes to unite its force to long affection, love is at its spring-tide. And Maynard Gilfil's love was of a kind to make him prefer being tormented by Caterina to any pleasure, apart from her, which the most benevolent magician could have devised for him. It is the way with those tall large-limbed men, from Samson downwards. As for Caterina, the little minx was perfectly well aware that Maynard was her slave; he was the one person in the world whom she did as she pleased with; and I need not tell you that this was a symptom of her being perfectly heart-whole so far as he was concerned: for a passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by fear.

Maynard Gilfil did not deceive himself in his interpretation of Caterina's feelings, but he nursed the hope that some time or other she would at least care enough for him to accept his love. So he waited patiently for the day when he might venture to say, "Caterina, let me love you!" You see, he would have

been content with very little, being one of those men who pass through life without making the least clamour about themselves; thinking neither the cut of his coat, nor the flavour of his soup, nor the precise depth of a servant's bow, at all momentous. He thought—foolishly enough, as lovers *will* think—that it was a good augury for him when he came to be domesticated at Cheverel Manor in the quality of chaplain there, and curate of a neighbouring parish; judging falsely, from his own case, that habit and affection were the likeliest avenues to love. Sir Christopher satisfied several feelings in installing Maynard as chaplain in his house. He liked the old-fashioned dignity of that domestic appendage; he liked his ward's companionship; and, as Maynard had some private fortune, he might take life easily in that agreeable home, keeping his hunter, and observing a mild regimen of clerical duty, until the Cumbermoor living should fall in, when he might be settled for life in the neighbourhood of the Manor. "With Caterina for a wife, too," Sir Christopher soon began to think; for though the good baronet was not at all quick to suspect what was unpleasant and opposed to his views of fitness, he was quick to see what would dovetail with his own plans; and he had first guessed, and then ascertained by direct inquiry, the state of Maynard's feelings. He at once leaped to the conclusion that Caterina was of the same mind, or at least would be, when she was old enough. But these were too early days for anything definite to be said or done.

Meanwhile, new circumstances were arising, which, though they made no change in Sir Christopher's plans and prospects, converted Mr Gilfil's hopes into anxieties, and made it clear to him not only that Caterina's heart was never likely to be his, but that it was given entirely to another.

Once or twice in Caterina's childhood, there had been another boy-visitor at the manor, younger than Maynard Gilfil—a beautiful boy with brown curls and splendid clothes, on whom Caterina had looked with shy admiration. This was Anthony Wy-

brow, the son of Sir Christopher's younger sister, and chosen heir of Cheverel Manor. The baronet had sacrificed a large sum, and even straitened the resources by which he was to carry out his architectural schemes, for the sake of removing the entail from his estate, and making this boy his heir—moved to the step, I am sorry to say, by an implacable quarrel with his elder sister; for a power of forgiveness was not among Sir Christopher's virtues. At length, on the death of Anthony's mother, when he was no longer a curly-headed boy, but a tall young man, with a captain's commission, Cheverel Manor became *his* home too, whenever he was absent from his regiment. Caterina was then a little woman, between sixteen and seventeen, and I need not spend many words in explaining what you perceive to be the most natural thing in the world.

There was little company kept at the Manor, and Captain Wybrow would have been much duller if Caterina had not been there. It was pleasant to pay her attentions—to speak to her in gentle tones, to see her little flutter of pleasure, the blush that just lit up her pale cheek, and the momentary timid glance of her dark eyes, when he praised her singing, leaning at her side over the piano. Pleasant, too, to cut out that chaplain, with his large calves! What idle man can withstand the temptation of a woman to fascinate, and another man to eclipse?—especially when it is quite clear to himself that he means no mischief, and shall leave everything to come right again by-and-by. At the end of eighteen months, however, during which Captain Wybrow had spent much of his time at the Manor, he found that matters had reached a point which he had not at all contemplated. Gentle tones had led to tender words, and tender words had called forth a response of looks which made it impossible not to carry on the *crescendo* of love-making. To find oneself adored by a little, graceful, dark-eyed, sweet-singing woman, whom no one need despise, is an agreeable sensation, comparable to smoking the finest Latakia, and also imposes some return of tenderness as a duty.

Perhaps you think that Captain Wybrow, who knew that it would be ridiculous to dream of his marrying Caterina, must have been a reckless libertine to win her affections in this manner! Not at all. He was a young man of calm passions, who was rarely led into any conduct of which he could not give a plausible account to himself; and the tiny fragile Caterina was a woman who touched the imagination and the affections rather than the senses. He really felt very kindly towards her, and would very likely have loved her—if he had been able to love any one. But nature had not endowed him with that capability. She had given him an admirable figure, the whitest of hands, the most delicate of nostrils, and a large amount of serene self-satisfaction; but, as if to save such a delicate piece of work from any risk of being shattered, she had guarded him from the liability to a strong emotion. There was no list of youthful misdemeanours on record against him, and Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel thought him the best of nephews, the most satisfactory of heirs, full of grateful deference to themselves, and, above all things, guided by a sense of duty. Captain Wybrow always did the thing easiest and most agreeable to him from a sense of duty: he dressed expensively, because it was a duty he owed to his position; from a sense of duty he adapted himself to Sir Christopher's inflexible will, which it would have been troublesome as well as useless to resist; and, being of a delicate constitution, he took care of his health from a sense of duty. His health was the only point on which he gave anxiety to his friends; and it was owing to this that Sir Christopher wished to see his nephew early married, the more so as a match after the baronet's own heart appeared immediately attainable. Anthony had seen and admired Miss Assher, the only child of a lady who had been Sir Christopher's earliest love, but who, as things will happen in this world, had married another baronet instead of him. Miss Assher's father was now dead, and she was in possession of a pretty estate. If, as was probable, she should prove sus-

ceptible to the merits of Anthony's person and character, nothing could make Sir Christopher so happy as to see a marriage which might be expected to secure the inheritance of Cheverel Manor from getting into the wrong hands. Anthony had already been kindly received by Lady Assher as the nephew of her early friend; why should he not go to Bath, where she and her daughter were then residing, follow up the acquaintance, and win a handsome,

well-born, and sufficiently wealthy bride?

Sir Christopher's wishes were communicated to his nephew, who at once intimated his willingness to comply with them, from a sense of duty. Caterina was tenderly informed by her lover of the sacrifice demanded from them both; and three days afterwards occurred the parting scene you have witnessed in the gallery, on the eve of Captain Wybrow's departure for Bath.

CHAPTER V.

The inexorable ticking of the clock is like the throb of pain, to sensations made keen by a sickening fear. And so it is with the great clock-work of nature. Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emeralds set in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves; then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-thrashed seed. And this passage from beauty to beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of a melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish, —seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

How cruelly hasty that summer of 1788 seemed to Caterina! Surely the roses vanished earlier, and the berries on the mountain-ash were more impatient to redden, and bring on the autumn, when she would be face to face with her misery, and witness Anthony giving all his gentle tones, tender words, and soft looks, to another.

Before the end of July, Captain Wybrow had written word that Lady Assher and her daughter were about to fly from the heat and gaiety of Bath to the shady quiet of their place at Farleigh, and that he was invited

to join the party there. His letters implied that he was on an excellent footing with both the ladies, and gave no hint of a rival; so that Sir Christopher was more than usually bright and cheerful after reading them. At length, towards the close of August, came the announcement that Captain Wybrow was an accepted lover, and after much complimentary and congratulatory correspondence between the two families, it was understood that in September Lady Assher and her daughter would pay a visit to Cheverel Manor, when Beatrice would make the acquaintance of her future relatives, and all needful arrangements could be discussed. Captain Wybrow would remain at Farleigh till then, and accompany the ladies on their journey.

In the interval, every one at Cheverel Manor had something to do by way of preparing for the visitors. Sir Christopher was occupied in consultations with his steward and lawyer, and in giving orders to every one else, especially in spurring on Francesco to finish the saloon. Mr Gilfil had the responsibility of procuring a lady's horse, Miss Assher being a great rider; Lady Cheverel had unwonted calls to make and invitations to deliver. Mr Bates's turf, and gravel, and flower-beds were always at such a point of neatness and finish that nothing extraordinary could be done in the garden, except a little extraordinary scolding of the under-gardener, and this addition Mr Bates did not neglect.

Happily for Caterina, she too had her task to fill up the long dreary

daytime: it was to finish a chair cushion which would complete the set of embroidered covers for the drawing-room, Lady Cheverel's year-long work, and the only note-worthy bit of furniture in the Manor. Over this embroidery she sat with cold lips and a palpitating heart, thankful that this miserable sensation throughout the daytime seemed to counteract the tendency to tears which returned with night and solitude. She was most frightened when Sir Christopher approached her. The baronet's eye was brighter and his step more elastic than ever, and it seemed to him that only the most leaden or churlish souls could be otherwise than brisk and exulting in a world where everything went so well. Dear old gentleman! he had gone through life a little flushed with the power of his will, and now his latest plan was succeeding, and Cheverel Manor would be inherited by a grand-nephew, whom he might even yet live to see a fine young fellow with at least the down on his chin. Why not? one is still young at sixty.

Sir Christopher had always something playful to say to Caterina.

"Now, little monkey, you must be in your best voice; you're the minstrel of the Manor, you know, and be sure you have a pretty gown and a new ribbon. You must not be dressed in russet, though you are a singing-bird." Or perhaps, "It is your turn to be courted next, Tina. But don't you learn any naughty proud airs. I must have Maynard let off easily."

Caterina's affection for the old baronet helped her to summon up a smile as he stroked her cheek and looked at her kindly, but that was the moment at which she felt it most difficult not to burst out crying. Lady Cheverel's conversation and presence were less trying; for her ladyship felt no more than calm satisfaction in this family event; and besides, she was further sobered by a little jealousy at Sir Christopher's anticipation of pleasure in seeing Lady Assher, enshrined in his memory as a mild-eyed beauty of sixteen, with whom he had exchanged looks before he went on his first travels. Lady Cheverel would have

died rather than confess it, but she couldn't help hoping that he would be disappointed in Lady Assher, and rather ashamed of having called her so charming.

Mr Gilfil watched Caterina through these days with mixed feelings. Her suffering went to his heart; but, even for her sake, he was glad that a love which could never come to good should be no longer fed by false hopes; and how could he help saying to himself, "Perhaps, after a while, Caterina will be tired of fretting about that cold-hearted puppy, and then"

At length the much-expected day arrived, and the brightest of September suns was lighting up the yellow lime-trees, as about five o'clock Lady Assher's carriage drove under the portico. Caterina, seated at work in her own room, heard the rolling of the wheels, followed presently by the opening and shutting of doors, and the sound of voices in the corridors. Remembering that the dinner-hour was six, and that Lady Cheverel had desired her to be in the drawing-room early, she started up to dress, and was delighted to find herself feeling suddenly brave and strong. Curiosity to see Miss Assher—the thought that Anthony was in the house—the wish not to look unattractive, were feelings that brought some colour to her lips, and made it easy to attend to her toilette. They would ask her to sing this evening, and she would sing well. Miss Assher should not think her utterly insignificant. So she put on her grey silk gown and her cherry-coloured ribbon with as much care as if she had been herself the betrothed; not forgetting the pair of round pearl earrings which Sir Christopher had told Lady Cheverel to give her, because Tina's little ears were so pretty.

Quick as she had been, she found Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel in the drawing-room, chatting with Mr Gilfil, and telling him how handsome Miss Assher was, but how entirely unlike her mother—apparently resembling her father only.

"Aha!" said Sir Christopher, as he turned to look at Caterina, "what do you think of this, Maynard? Did you ever see Tina look so pretty be-

fore? Why, that little grey gown has been made out of a bit of my lady's, hasn't it? It doesn't take anything much larger than a pocket-handkerchief to dress the little monkey."

Lady Cheverel, too, serenely radiant in the assurance a single glance had given her of Lady Assher's inferiority, smiled approval, and Caterina was in one of those moods of self-possession and indifference which come as the ebb-tide between the struggles of passion. She retired to the piano, and busied herself with arranging her music, not at all insensible to the pleasure of being looked at with admiration the while, and thinking that, the next time the door opened, Captain Wybrow would enter, and she would speak to him quite cheerfully. But when she heard him come in, and the scent of roses floated towards her, her heart gave one great leap. She knew nothing till he was pressing her hand, and saying, in the old easy way, "Well, Caterina, how do you do? You look quite blooming."

She felt her cheeks reddening with anger that he could speak and look with such perfect nonchalance. Ah! he was too deeply in love with some one else to remember anything he had felt for *her*. But the next moment she was conscious of her folly;—"as if he could show any feeling then!" This conflict of emotions stretched into a long interval the few moments that elapsed before the door opened again, and her own attention, as well as that of all the rest, was absorbed by the entrance of the two ladies.

The daughter was the more striking, from the contrast she presented to her mother, a round-shouldered, middle-sized woman, who had once had the transient pink-and-white beauty of a blonde, with ill-defined features and early embonpoint. Miss Assher was tall, and gracefully though substantially formed, carrying herself with an air of mingled graciousness and self-confidence; her dark brown hair, untouched by powder, hanging in bushy curls round her face, and falling behind in long thick ringlets nearly to her waist. The brilliant carmine tint of her

well-rounded cheeks, and the finely-cut outline of her straight nose, produced an impression of splendid beauty, in spite of commonplace brown eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin lips. She was in mourning, and the dead black of her crape dress, relieved here and there by jet ornaments, gave the fullest effect to her complexion, and to the rounded whiteness of her arms, bare from the elbow. The first *coup d'œil* was dazzling, and as she stood looking down with a gracious smile on Caterina, whom Lady Cheverel was presenting to her, the poor little thing seemed to herself to feel, for the first time, all the folly of her former dream.

"We are enchanted with your place, Sir Christopher," said Lady Assher, with a feeble kind of pomposity, which she seemed to be copying from some one else; "I'm sure your nephew must have thought Farleigh wretchedly out of order. Poor Sir John was so very careless about keeping up the house and grounds. I often talked to him about it, but he said, 'Pooh, pooh! as long as my friends find a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, they won't care about my ceilings being rather smoky.' He was so very hospitable, was Sir John."

"I think the view of the house from the park, just after we passed the bridge, particularly fine," said Miss Assher, interposing rather eagerly, as if she feared her mother might be making infelicitous speeches, "and the pleasure of the first glimpse was all the greater because Anthony would describe nothing to us beforehand. He would not spoil our first impressions by raising false ideas. I long to go over the house, Sir Christopher, and learn the history of all your architectural designs, which Anthony says have cost you so much time and study."

"Take care how you set an old man talking about the past, my dear," said the baronet; "I hope we shall find something pleasanter for you to do than turning over my old plans and pictures. Our friend Mr Gilfil here has found a beautiful mare for you, and you can scour the country to your heart's content.

Anthony has sent us word what a horsewoman you are."

Miss Assher turned to Mr Gilfil with her most beaming smile, and expressed her thanks with the elaborate graciousness of a person who means to be thought charming, and is sure of success.

"Pray do not thank me," said Mr Gilfil, "till you have tried the mare. She has been ridden by Lady Sara Linter for the last two years; but one lady's taste may not be like another's in horses, any more than in other matters."

While this conversation was passing, Captain Wybrow was leaning against the mantelpiece, contenting himself with responding from under his indolent eyelids to the glances Miss Assher was constantly directing towards him as she spoke. "She is very much in love with him," thought Caterina. But she was relieved that Anthony remained passive in his attentions. She thought, too, that he was looking paler and more languid than usual. "If he didn't love her very much—if he sometimes thought of the past with regret, I think I could bear it all, and be glad to see Sir Christopher made happy."

During dinner there was a little incident which confirmed these thoughts. When the sweets were on the table, there was a mould of jelly just opposite Captain Wybrow, and being inclined to take some himself, he first invited Miss Assher, who coloured, and said, in rather a sharper key than usual, "Have you not learned by this time that I never take jelly?"

"Don't you?" said Captain Wybrow, whose perceptions were not acute enough for him to notice the difference of a semitone. "I should have thought you were fond of it. There was always some on the table at Farleigh, I think."

"You don't seem to take much interest in my likes and dislikes."

"I'm too much possessed by the happy thought that you like me," was the *ex officio* reply, in silvery tones.

This little episode was unnoticed by every one but Caterina. Sir Christopher was listening with polite attention to Lady Assher's his-

tory of her last man-cook, who was first-rate at gravies, and for that reason pleased Sir John—he was so particular about his gravies, was Sir John; and so they kept the man six years in spite of his bad pastry. Lady Cheverel and Mr Gilfil were smiling at Rupert the bloodhound, who had pushed his great head under his master's arm, and was taking a survey of the dishes, after snuffing at the contents of the baronet's plate.

When the ladies were in the drawing-room again, Lady Assher was soon deep in a statement to Lady Cheverel of her views about burying people in woollen.

"To be sure, you must have a woollen dress, because it's the law, you know; but that need hinder no one from putting linen underneath. I always used to say, 'If Sir John died to-morrow, I would bury him in his shirt;' and I did. And let me advise you to do so by Sir Christopher. You never saw Sir John, Lady Cheverel. He was a large tall man, with a nose just like Beatrice, and so very particular about his shirts."

Miss Assher, meanwhile, had seated herself by Caterina, and with that smiling affability which seems to say, "I am really not at all proud, though you might expect it of me," said,—

"Anthony tells me you sing so very beautifully. I hope we shall hear you this evening."

"O yes," said Caterina, quietly, without smiling; "I always sing when I am wanted to sing."

"I envy you such a charming talent. Do you know, I have no ear; I cannot hum the smallest tune, and I delight in music so. Is it not unfortunate? But I shall have quite a treat while I am here; Captain Wybrow says you will give us some music every day."

"I should have thought you wouldn't care about music if you had no ear," said Caterina, becoming epigrammatic by force of grave simplicity.

"O, I assure you, I doat on it; and Anthony is so fond of it; it would be so delightful if I could play and sing to him; though he says he likes me best not to sing, because it doesn't belong to his idea of me. What style of music do you like best?"

"I don't know. I like all beautiful music."

"And are you as fond of riding as of music?"

"No; I never ride. I think I should be very frightened."

"O no! indeed you would not, after a little practice. I have never been in the least timid. I think Anthony is more afraid for me than I am for myself; and since I have been riding with him, I have been obliged to be more careful, because he is so nervous about me."

Caterina made no reply; but she said to herself, "I wish she would go away, and not talk to me. She only wants me to admire her good-nature, and to talk about Anthony."

Miss Assher was thinking at the same time, "This Miss Sarti seems a stupid little thing. Those musical people often are. But she is prettier than I expected; Anthony said she was not pretty."

Happily at this moment Lady Assher called her daughter's attention to the embroidered cushions, and Miss Assher, walking to the opposite sofa, was soon in conversation with Lady Cheverel about tapestry and embroidery in general, while her mother, feeling herself superseded there, came and placed herself beside Caterina.

"I hear you are the most beautiful singer," was of course the opening remark. "All Italians sing so beautifully. I travelled in Italy with Sir John when we were first married, and we went to Venice, where they go about in gondolas, you know. You don't wear powder, I see. No more will Beatrice; though many people think her curls would look all the better for powder. She has so much hair, hasn't she? Our last maid dressed it much better than this; but, do you know, she wore Beatrice's stockings before they went to the wash, and we couldn't keep her after that, could we?"

Caterina, accepting the question as a mere bit of rhetorical effect, thought it superfluous to reply, till Lady Assher repeated, "Could we, now?" as if Tina's sanction were essential to her repose of mind. After a faint "No," she went on.

"Maids are so very troublesome,

and Beatrice is so particular, you can't imagine. I often say to her, 'My dear, you can't have perfection.' That very gown she has on—to be sure, it fits her beautifully now—but it has been unmade and made up again twice. But she is like poor Sir John—he was so very particular about his own things, was Sir John. Is Lady Cheverel particular?"

"Rather. But Mrs Sharp has been her maid twenty years."

"I wish there was any chance of our keeping Griffin twenty years. But I am afraid we shall have to part with her because her health is so delicate; and she is so obstinate, she will not take bitters as I want her. *You* look delicate, now. Let me recommend you to take camomile tea in a morning, fasting. Beatrice is so strong and healthy, she never takes any medicine; but if I had had twenty girls, and they had been delicate, I should have given them all camomile tea. It strengthens the constitution beyond anything. Now, will you promise me to take camomile tea?"

"Thank you; I'm not at all ill," said Caterina. "I've always been pale and thin."

Lady Assher was sure camomile tea would make all the difference in the world—Caterina must see if it wouldn't—and then went dribbling on like a leaky shower-bath, until the early entrance of the gentlemen created a diversion, and she fastened on Sir Christopher, who probably began to think that, for poetical purposes, it would be better not to meet one's first love again, after a lapse of forty years.

Captain Wybrow, of course, joined his aunt and Miss Assher, and Mr Gilfil tried to relieve Caterina from the awkwardness of sitting aloof and dumb, by telling her how a friend of his had broken his arm and staked his horse that morning, not at all appearing to heed that she hardly listened, and was looking towards the other side of the room. One of the tortures of jealousy is, that it can never turn away its eyes from the thing that pains it.

By-and-by every one felt the need of a relief from chit-chat—Sir Christo-

pher perhaps the most of all—and it was he who made the acceptable proposition,—

"Come, Tim, are we to have no music to-night before we sit down to cards? Your ladyship plays at cards, I think!" he added, recollecting himself, and turning to Lady Assher.

"O yes! Poor dear Sir John would have a whist-table every night."

Caterina sat down to the harpsichord at once, and had no sooner begun to sing than she perceived with delight that Captain Wybrow was gliding towards the harpsichord, and soon standing in the old place. This consciousness gave fresh strength to her voice; and when she noticed that Miss Assher presently followed him, with that air of ostentatious admiration which belongs to the absence of real enjoyment, her closing *bravura* was none the worse for being animated by a little triumphant contempt.

"Why, you are in better voice than ever, Caterina," said Captain Wybrow, when she had ended. "This is rather different from Miss Hibbert's small piping that we used to be glad of at Farleigh, is it not, Beatrice?"

"Indeed it is. You are a most enviable creature, Miss Sarti—Caterina—may I not call you Caterina? for I have heard Anthony speak of you so often, I seem to know you quite well. You will let me call you Caterina?"

"O yes, every one calls me Caterina, only when they call me Tina."

"Come, come, more singing, more singing, little monkey," Sir Christopher called out from the other side of the room. "We have not had half enough yet."

Caterina was ready enough to obey, for while she was singing she was queen of the room, and Miss Assher was reduced to grimacing admiration. Alas! you see what jealousy was doing in this poor young soul. Caterina, who had passed her life as a little unobtrusive singing-bird, nestling so fondly under the wings that were outstretched for her, her heart beating only to the peaceful rhythm of love, or fluttering with some easily stifled fear, had begun to know the

fierce palpitations of triumph and hatred.

When the singing was over, Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel sat down to whist with Lady Assher and Mr Gilfil, and Caterina placed herself at the baronet's elbow, as if to watch the game, that she might not appear to thrust herself on the pair of lovers. At first she was glowing with her little triumph, and felt the strength of pride; but her eye *would* steal to the opposite side of the fireplace, where Captain Wybrow had seated himself close to Miss Assher, and was leaning with his arm over the back of her chair, in the most lover-like position. Caterina began to feel a choking sensation. She could see, almost without looking, that he was taking up her arm to examine her bracelet; their heads were bending close together, her curls touching his cheek—now he was putting his lips to her hand. Caterina felt her cheeks burn—she could sit no longer. She got up, pretended to be gliding about in search of something, and at length slipped out of the room.

Outside, she took a candle, and, hurrying along the passages and up the stairs to her own room, locked the door.

"O, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!" The poor thing burst out aloud, clasping her little fingers, and pressing them back against her forehead, as if she wanted to break them.

Then she walked hurriedly up and down the room.

"And this must go on for days and days, and I must see it."

She looked about nervously for something to clutch. There was a muslin kerchief lying on the table; she took it up and tore it into shreds as she walked up and down, and then pressed it into hard balls in her hand.

"And Anthony," she thought, "he can do this without caring for what I feel. O, he can forget everything: how he used to say he loved me—how he used to take my hand in his as we walked—how he used to stand near me in the evenings for the sake of looking into my eyes."

"Oh, it is cruel, it is cruel!" she

burst out again aloud, as all those love-moments in the past returned upon her. Then the tears gushed forth, she threw herself on her knees by the bed, and sobbed bitterly.

She did not know how long she had been there, till she was startled by the prayer-bell; when, thinking Lady Cheverel might perhaps send some one to inquire after her, she rose, and began hastily to undress, that there might be no possibility of her going down again. She had hardly unfastened her hair, and thrown a loose gown about her, before there was a knock at the door, and Mrs Sharp's voice said—"Miss Tina, my lady wants to know if you're ill."

Caterina opened the door and said, "Thank you, dear Mrs Sharp; I have a bad headache; please tell my lady I felt it come on after singing."

"Then, goodness me! why arn't you in bed, istid o' standing shivering there, fit to catch your death. Come, let me fasten up your hair and tuck you up warm."

"O no, thank you; I shall really be in bed very soon. Good-night, dear Sharpy; don't scold; I will be good, and get into bed."

Caterina kissed her old friend coaxingly, but Mrs Sharp was not to be "come over" in that way, and insisted on seeing her former charge in bed, taking away the candle which the poor child had wanted to keep as a companion.

But it was impossible to lie there long with that beating heart; and the little white figure was soon out of bed again, seeking relief in the very sense of chill and uncomfot. It was light enough for her to see about her room, for the moon, nearly at full, was riding high in the heavens among scattered hurrying clouds. Catina drew aside the window-curtain; and, sitting with her forehead pressed against the cold pane, looked out on the wide stretch of park and lawn.

How dreary the moonlight is! robbed of all its tenderness and repose by the hard driving wind. The trees are harassed by that tossing motion, when they would like to be at rest; the shivering grass makes her quake with sympathetic cold;

and the willows by the pool, bent low and white under that invisible harshness, seem agitated and helpless like herself. But she loves the scene the better for its sadness: there is some pity in it. It is not like that hard unfeeling happiness of lovers, flaunting in the eyes of misery.

She set her teeth tight against the window-frame, and the tears fell thick and fast. She was so thankful she could cry, for the mad passion she had felt when her eyes were dry, frightened her. If that dreadful feeling were to come on when Lady Cheverel was present, she should never be able to contain herself.

Then there was Sir Christopher—so good to her—so happy about Anthony's marriage; and all the while she had these wicked feelings.

"O, I cannot help it, I cannot help it!" she said in a loud whisper between her sobs. "O God, have pity upon me!"

In this way Tina wore out the long hours of the windy moonlight, till at last, with weary aching limbs, she lay down in bed again, and slept from mere exhaustion.

While this poor little heart was being bruised with a weight too heavy for it, Nature was holding on her calm inexorable way, in unmoved and terrible beauty. The stars were rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swelled to the level of the last expectant weed; the sun was making brilliant day to busy nations on the other side of the swift earth. The stream of human thought and deed was hurrying and broadening onward. The astronomer was at his telescope; the great ships were labouring over the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce, the fierce spirit of revolution, were only ebbing in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen were dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. What were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food, and has found the nest torn and empty.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, when Caterina was waked from her heavy sleep by Martha bringing in the warm water, the sun was shining, the wind had abated, and those hours of suffering in the night seemed unreal and dream-like, in spite of weary limbs and aching eyes. She got up and began to dress with a strange feeling of insensibility, as if nothing could make her cry again; and she even felt a sort of longing to be down stairs in the midst of company, that she might get rid of this benumbed condition by contact.

There are few of us that are not rather ashamed of our sins and follies as we look out on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its dreary length behind us; and Tina, little as she knew about doctrines and theories, seemed to herself to have been both foolish and wicked yesterday. To-day she would try to be good; and when she knelt down to say her short prayer—the very form she had learned by heart when she was ten years old—she added, “O God, help me to bear it!”

That day the prayer seemed to be answered, for after some remarks on her pale looks at breakfast, Caterina passed the morning quietly, Miss Assher and Captain Wybrow being out on a riding excursion. In the evening there was a dinner-party, and after Caterina had sung a little, Lady Cheverel, remembering that she was ailing, sent her to bed, where she soon sank into a deep sleep. Body and mind must renew their force to suffer as well as to enjoy.

On the morrow, however, it was rainy, and every one must stay indoors; so it was resolved that the guests should be taken over the house by Sir Christopher, to hear the story of the architectural alterations, the family portraits, and the family relics. All the party, except Mr Gilfil, were in the drawing-room when the proposition was made; and when Miss Assher rose to go, she looked towards

Captain Wybrow, expecting to see him rise too; but he kept his seat near the fire, turning his eyes towards the newspaper which he had been holding unread in his hand.

“Are you not coming, Anthony?” said Lady Cheverel, noticing Miss Assher’s look of expectation.

“I think not, if you’ll excuse me,” he answered, rising and opening the door; “I feel a little chilled this morning, and I am afraid of the cold rooms and draughts.”

Miss Assher reddened, but said nothing, and passed on, Lady Cheverel accompanying her.

Caterina was seated at work in the oriel window. It was the first time she and Anthony had been alone together, and she had thought before that he wished to avoid her. But now, surely, he wanted to speak to her—he wanted to say something kind. Presently he rose from his seat near the fire, and placed himself on the ottoman opposite to her.

“Well, Tina, and how have you been all this long time?”

Both the tone and the words were an offence to her; the tone was so different from the old one, the words were so cold and unmeaning. She answered, with a little bitterness,—

“I think you needn’t ask. It doesn’t make much difference to you.”

“Is that the kindest thing you have to say to me after my long absence?”

“I don’t know why you should expect me to say kind things.”

Captain Wybrow was silent. He wished very much to avoid allusions to the past or comments on the present. And yet he wished to be well with Caterina. He would have liked to caress her, make her presents, and have her think him very kind to her. But these women are so plaguy perverse! There’s no bringing them to look rationally at anything. At last he said, “I hoped you would think all the better of me, Tina, for doing as I have done, instead of bearing malice towards me. I hoped you would see that it is the

best thing for every one—the best for your happiness too.”

“O pray don’t make love to Miss Assher for the sake of my happiness,” answered Tina.

At this moment the door opened, and Miss Assher entered, to fetch her reticule, which lay on the harpsichord. She gave a keen glance at Caterina, whose face was flushed, and saying to Captain Wybrow with a slight sneer, “Since you are so chill, I wonder you like to sit in the window,” left the room again immediately.

The lover did not appear much discomposed, but sat quiet a little longer, and then, seating himself on the music-stool, drew it near to Caterina,

and, taking her hand, said, “Come, Tina, look kindly at me, and let us be friends. I shall always be your friend.”

“Thank you,” said Caterina, drawing away her hand. “You are very generous. But pray move away. Miss Assher may come in again.”

“Miss Assher be hanged!” said Anthony, feeling the fascination of old habit returning on him in this proximity to Caterina. He put his arm round her waist, and leaned his cheek down to hers. The lips couldn’t help meeting after that; but the next moment, with heart swelling and tears rising, Caterina burst away from him, and rushed out of the room.

AFOOT.

NATURE first set man afoot. He began as a walker on the earth, but soon thought contact with the sods unworthy of him as a master in creation, and aspired to raise himself out of the dust and the mire. His first assertion of lordship over the beasts of the field was in lifting himself off the ground, and making them carry him whither he would. Horses, asses, camels, elephants, dogs, mules, reindeers, have all in turn been made subject to his will of locomotion. Chariots, biga and quadriga, waggons, coaches, carts, diligences, tartanas, vans, sleighs, and all the possible combinations of wood and iron, in the shape of carriages, have attested through all time his struggle to escape from the destiny of going afoot.

There is evidently a native pride in man’s heart at being carried or drawn. To bestride anything on four legs, however wretched, small, or humble, however slow-paced or rough-paced, he deems better than walking on two; to be drawn in any vehicle—to be jolted, jammed, or suffocated in anything on wheels, more dignified than clod-hopping. The Roman matrons, as the reward of their patriotism, demanded the privilege of riding in a carriage up and down a steep short street. The Spanish *hidalgo* rolls along in a lumbering old coach, drawn at a snail’s pace by four black

long-tailed horses, and conceives that he thereby upholds the dignity of the first noble of the earth. The Blue-nose will run for two hours to catch a horse, that he may ride the distance of three miles; and the peasant of any country will sit on the tail-board of his cart, and be shaken within an inch of dislocation, or endure the creaking and jolting of a bullock-waggon, or hang on as one of sixteen to a calisina, rather than trust to his own legs. The world, by general consent, not only rejects the destiny of walking the earth, but contemns those who continue from choice or necessity to fulfil it. *Eques* (the horseman) with the Roman, and *Caballero* (a rider) with the Spaniard, were both synonyms for gentleman, and the old distich—

“They that are rich may ride in chaises,
But he that is poor must walk by jasses,”

expresses a feeling nearly as old as man himself. To go afoot has ever been deemed the extreme of poverty or folly, and has accordingly been marked with deserved contempt. We ourselves have drawn largely on the scorn due to such a proceeding. We have had it darted at us in glances, shot in taunts, or poured down in condolences. The calm pity expressed in the face of the Arab when he pranced by us on his steed of the

desert, we looked upon as natural to the man and his circumstances, and bore it. We could excuse even the scorn with which an Andalusian caballero, mounted on his club-tailed *entiro*, regarded us, as we trudged along the wretched roads of his country, but at times we have suffered beyond endurance. We have been looked down upon by a fat priest on a sore-backed, spavined mule, which could not limp as many miles in two hours as we could stride in one; and we have more than once been offered a lift by a costermonger in a donkey-cart. Once, too, on entering a Spanish *venta*, after having done a journey afoot, of which we were rather proud, we overheard our hostess explain, apologetically, to a neighbour, that the English did not walk because they could not afford to ride, but that it was a whim, a fancy of theirs—*un capricho, una fantasia*.

But the bitterest sense of degradation, from this perversity of ours, was laid upon us in Portugal. We were in a river steamer going to Alhandra, the termination of the Lines. Among the passengers was a Portuguese countess, fat, oily, rather garlicky, and adorned on lip and chin with a sparse crop of hair, as countesses in Portugal are apt to be. The bustle of embarkation and the heat had produced a puffiness and suffusion which kept fan and kerchief in constant action; and we, in pity for her condition, made a little seat and awning for her with the bags and cloaks on the deck. A gracious bow and wave of the fan when she left the vessel, showed that we had thereby won consideration. On the shore was a vehicle which made us stare. It was an antiquated, cumbersome, dust-covered machine, built somewhat after the fashion of a coach; and to it were attached—what think you?—mules? asses? No! bullocks! Ay! bullocks, and actually yoked, too, as they would have been to a plough. Into this our countess stumbled with an evident sense of dignity and grandeur. The driver smote with his goad—the oxen woke up, and began to creep along—the wheels creaked, and on went the vehicle, majestically slow. Of course, we soon outstepped it, but ever and

anon, as we stopped to look at something on the road, it would pass and repass us, and we were then conscious that a glance of ineffable disdain was darted on us from within, and that the fair inmate, swelling with a consciousness of superiority, was indignantly regretting that she had ever condescended to notice, or be noticed by, a fellow who could journey afoot.

No! the world, as a world, has little sympathy with pedestrianism. It savours too much of vagrancy and vagabondism—too much of freedom and self-dependence. Respectability gives it the cold shoulder, sybaritism scorns it, comfort guffaws at it, decorum looks doubtfully on it, wealth scouts it, and materialism simply ignores it. Its feats are ever regarded more with astonishment than approval. We often hear that such an one has a good head, a good heart, or even a good stomach; but how seldom that he has strong legs, good feet, or good wind. How often is it said that this man is a good shot, has a good seat on a horse, holds a good cue or a good bat, plays a good rubber, or sings a good song; and how seldom is good walking enumerated among the manly virtues! Yet there have been, in all times, a few men of the staff and sandal, scrip and shoon, who have chosen to rejoice in the strength of their own legs, and depend on the tread of their own feet in their goings and comings up and down the earth. We are of that brotherhood. Not that we reject or despise any other modes of locomotion. We respect them all. We have never, like Waterton, bestridden a cayman, nor, like the Yankee adventurer, careered across the prairies on a buffalo; but we have ridden almost every animal familiar to travel, and have journeyed on kindly terms with all—with one exception. We protest against the donkey. It is no pride of heart which excites us in this. We know that the animal is respectable, and in some places fashionable; we know that patriarchs rejoiced in the ass—that the fathers and learned divines have found its pace congenial to meditation and digestion. We have seen princesses, contessas, march-

esas, duchessas, sénoras, young and old, fat and thin, with a sprinkling of their liegemen, scampering onwards, in a troop, on donkeys, all (the donkeys) impelled by the one thwack of the stick, which, laid on the hindmost, passed with an electric touch to the front. We have seen royalty itself a-donkey-back, followed by a relay of donkeydom in case of accident or breakdown. There is no pride then in the matter: ours is an inherent repugnance, a natural antipathy, to the connection. It always seemed an affront to our manhood, a slur on our powers, a caricaturing of our long limbs, to place them astride of a quadruped whose pace and endurance were scarce equal to their own, and whose height scarce kept them out of the dust. Besides, many of our mortifications have come from association with this animal. Our first fall in life happened therefrom. We remember in our boyhood setting forth on a holiday excursion,—a visit to our godmother—very glorious, as we thought, in a blue jacket, with three rows of bell-buttons and a gold-laced cap, and rather proud of being stuck upon a pad on the top of a donkey. Our way led at first through pleasant lanes, and, save that our steed evinced now and then an errant fancy for thistles, all went merry as a marriage-bell. At length we emerged on a race-course. The vocation of our donkey on week-days was to carry panniers, filled with apples and potatoes or bundles of broom; on Sunday he was turned out to find rest and pasturage by the neighbouring hedges. The sight of such an expanse of green as then burst on his sight was too much for him. He forthwith gave an exulting bray, pitched us over, threw himself on the sward, and began a series of rollings, swaying his great ungainly limbs to and fro, and braying at intervals in evident ecstasy. No power, no persuasion, could move him to discontinue his pastime, and we had no choice but to carry his harness to the next cottage, and wend our way homewards, a disappointed and crest-fallen boy. At another time we were thrown from a donkey in the midst of a group of señors and señoras, whom we wished to convince that an

Englishman was at home on any quadruped. The ignominy of that moment burned deeply into our hearts.

Once again the ass stood as an evil spirit in our path. We had landed at Palermo *en grande tenue* to witness a *festa*—that of St Rosalie, we think. The streets were thronged with fair women and gay soldiers. The city was all out of doors that day, all holiday attired and parti-coloured. In the middle of the Toledo we met a padre of the Jesuit college, mounted on his donkey. That padre was our friend. We had suffered much from his friendship—to please him, had allowed ourself to be crammed with honeycake *usque ad nauseam*; had endured being kissed on one cheek, natheless the breath of garlic which thereby swept across us, and submitted, for his companionship, to follow in the dull round of a fashionable drive on the Marina, but we were not prepared for the trial which awaited us. The instant he saw us he jumped off his steed, dashed at us, and insisted on our mounting him, and having a gallop along the street. Our reluctance was to him modest diffidence, and therefore he pressed and pressed his offer, now coaxing, now patting us and then the ass, as if to introduce us, and induce companionship, now launching forth into encomiums on him. “Ah, he is a noble animal—a beautiful creature—so soft-faced—fleet as the wind, gentle as a gazelle. Ah, try him—only one gallop.” Our comrade, from love of waggery, backed the proposition; and some stray soldiers of the national guard, attracted to the scene, strengthened his cause by nods, shrugs, and exclamations, thrown in like the “hear, hear” and “cheers” in a popular debate. They had not the faintest shadow of an idea that there could be ridicule in such a feat; whilst the thought of such an exhibition made the perspiration burst from every pore of our skin, and begot a strange itching in our fingers to tear off the padre’s three-cornered hat, and belabour him about the head with it. At last the bells rang—the music sounded—chanting was heard afar off—the padre bustled off to take

his share in the pageant—the guardsmen fell in, and we were rid of our persecutors. But ever and anon, during the day, the padre would dash out on us from beneath archways, or around corners, and in his blindest tone and with his sweetest smile would exclaim — “Ah, señor, only one gallop!” until, fairly beaten, we dropped out of the procession, and escaped down a by-street. The padre and his ass were too much for us.

We confess an indifference, if not dislike, to carriages. The best are to us only make-shifts, the others encumbrances, nuisances. We should never enter them for ease or pleasure. Necessity of rapid locomotion alone reconciles us to them. We have known, and can understand, the joy of a wild gallop across the breezy down; but the delight which some of our brothers feel in lolling in a cushioned coach is a mystery to us. We cannot take our ease therein, nor could we take therein hasty morsels of knowledge, as our learned hakims do; and certainly we would not there snatch our first bridal kiss, as once, in our wayside wanderings, we saw done. As to sitting in a one-horse phaeton, with our back straight, and our knees thrust up towards our chin for gentility's sake, we should as soon think of wearing a hair shirt, or seeking out St Simon Stylites' pillar. The railway carriage offers the compensation of rapid motion. There is, too, an excitement in its fierce path, and in the shifting panorama which follows it—scene coursing after scene, each resolving into the other, like the changing figures of cloud-shapes in the sky.

Yet lordly pride, cushioned ease, and purseful wealth, look on the carriage as their true outward sign, their index and symbol. It is ever a streak in the dawn of rising fortune—a dream of nascent ambition—the luxury of holiday leisure—an assertion of position and respectability. Be it so. We quarrel with none of these tastes, though we share them not. Our glory has been ever to go afoot. For the mere mechanism of travel, the passage from place to place, we have been content to adopt such means as

came in our way. Once in a great strait we accepted a lift on the outside of a hearse, and, save for the frequent stoppages at roadside inns, which showed that mourning is doughty work for man and beast, found it a pleasant conveyance enough. We have often gone to a feast with less pleasant and less jovial companions than the driver and mute, spite of their sombre externals.

But to live the true life of travel, to see, hear, and feel—to gather thoughts and pictures—to feel the throbbing pulses—to fill the eye with images of beauty, the heart with impulses of love and truthfulness—to place the mind face to face with the unwritten studies which nature and man uphold to it—to set the soul in its fitting sphere of contemplation and worship—we have ever found it better to go afoot. It is not thus with all men; we mean not to say so. Some find beauty, wisdom, and their inspirations, most aptly in the high-roads and thoroughfares, amid masses, and in the midst of their works; some seek the developments of nature and man in cultured luxuriance and public haunts, and prize most the lessons and experiences which are rife in palaces, saloons, at mart and *table de hôte*. Our choicest revelations have been ever those which have been sought earnestly and toilfully by the exercise of our own will, and the task of our own strength. In the recesses of nature, reverently explored in glen and dale and on mountain-top, we have gazed on the pictures which the soul treasures most lovingly, and in the by-ways and by the roadsides of the world have we gained our truest insight into the mysteries of life. The fashions and feelings of the upper ten thousand in society, the diplomatic fencings which seem struggles of life and death to cabinets and bureaus, are generally mythic and obscure, as Delphic oracles, to the footman; but the sunlight and the moon-gleams, the blendings of hill and vale, wood and stream, the wondrous harmonies of light, shade, and colour, which have made the inspirations of poet and painter throughout the genera-

tions of man, light on him in their fulness of glory ; and he whose foot carries him to the hearths and temples, workshops and fields, of those who live in hut and hamlet by wayside, in forests, or by mountain foot, will gather richly of the wisdom which is conned from the heart and life of man.

"Let me write the ballads of a people, and who will may make their laws," was once said. Let one man make a speech, and another man make a proverb, the speech will live its day and be forgotten, the proverb will pass from mouth to mouth, and be the household wisdom of generations ; and it is among the men and classes who feel the ballads and adopt the proverbs that we find the broadest traits of nationality, and the strongest shades of the moral, if not of the politics, of life. Truly it is amid the scenes which the wandering foot has laid open, and among the men with whom it has brought us into companionship, that we have inspired our deepest thoughts of poesy and romance, our tenderest touches of sentiment, our truest lessons of philosophy. It is thus too that we have gathered our richest gleanings of the picturesque and the grotesque—the little bits of nature which have set and framed themselves as pictures in our minds, and become, as it were, parts of ourselves and of our thoughts—the quaint figures, the fantastic groupings, the odd sayings and strange scenes which have struck on our fancy as comic effects, and flecked our serious thoughts, like the white specks in a porphyry pillar. It is thus we have garnered our best memories of happy thought and healthful endeavour. Experiences and recollections of foot travel have initiated the brightest chapters of our life.

There is a joy, moreover—the joy of conscious strength—in thus penetrating into nature by toil and exertion ; we seem thus to have won her confidence and earned the right to look into her arcana ; and there is a pride—the pride of manliness—in seeking the fellowship of the men of toil by the same powers with which they fulfil their destiny and win their bread.

"The mere contact with nature,

the issuing forth into the open air," says one who knew the feeling well, "exercises a soothing and calming influence on the sorrows and on the passions of men, whatever may be the region they inhabit, or the degree of intellectual culture which they enjoy." It is true—who has not felt it? But those only who, by constant contact and continued commune with nature, become familiar with her varied aspects and phases, catch her expressions and learn her interpretations, can ever feel in all its depth and fulness the beautiful relationship which exists between the outer and inner life of creation. To the men of action—the men of the city, as the same great author says of the Greeks—"the landscape is always the mere background of a picture, in the foreground of which human figures are moving. Passion breaking forth in action meets their attention almost exclusively ; the agitation of politics, and a life passed chiefly in public, withdraw men's minds from enthusiastic absorption in the tranquil pursuit of nature." Yes ! those only enjoy Nature who seek her for her own sake. To them who seek her reverently and lovingly, as pilgrims staff in hand, are her meanings and beauty most fully revealed. To them her scenes are not merely backgrounds of pictures, in which human figures are moving, or platforms, on which they stand and act, but agencies and influences acting on the heart and mingling with the life of men.

The philosophy and thoughts thus inspired are not, we are free to confess, of great esteem in this present age, nor are they likely to do their possessor much good, in a worldly sense. In fact, we have a strong suspicion, in our own instance, that the vagrancy of feeling and thought induced by these wanderings afoot, by interrupting practical habits, has rather marred the success of our career ; yet we would not exchange the store of wealth thus reaped and garnered for the best-balanced ledger or the largest rent-roll. Now, when the wandering foot is somewhat stayed, and the wandering spirit has in some sort folded its wings, how do the scenes and memories of the

past fall on the blanks of life and monotony of occupation, shedding over them a richness of colouring, which reclothes and rebeautifies their barrenness, as the lights and shades on the hills of Attica. Glorious tropic heavens, bright and cloudless, reflected in tropic seas, blue, deep, calm, and almost waveless—images of boundlessness and infinity; tropic scenes, where nature has massed her beauty and luxuriance, mingling brightest birds and flowers with thickest, richest foliage, and covering every spot with the grandest and most beautiful forms of vegetable life; northern skies, dark, cold, and storm-gathering, save in the night, when the glory of the aurora-borealis breaks upon them; northern seas, black and restless, surging against northern shores, wild, bleak, rugged and fir-clad; vast sierras, red and bare; lovely vegas, rich, soft, and sunny; vine-clad hills; plains covered with orange and citron groves; vales watered by streams which meander through scenes of loveliness and luxuriance; rocky valleys, where mountain-torrents sweep through walls of rock, and tumble over the broken masses; wild, dreary moors, broken only by dull sluggish meres or deep water-cuts; lakes lying bright and smiling in sunshine, lapped by wooded slopes; mountains rising grand and rugged, naked save for a crown of cedars or a pile of rocks heaped up like a rude temple on their top; home scenes, with waving cornfields, hedgerows, glen, orchard, grove, and river; temples standing white and glittering on hills, and looking forth on deep blue seas; old cromlechs, lying rude and half overthrown in wild secluded spots; Gothic cathedrals, village churches, stately homes amid tall ancestral trees; Arab tents pitched by desert oases; wigwams squatted by the side of a lake; hut, cot, palace, and all the varieties of man's dwellings; sunsets, sunrises, storms, starlights, hail and snow-drifts,—all these, at our summons, reappear and revisit us, weaving themselves into successive pictures and panoramas; and the men who moved in them arise again to fill their old places, forming themselves into groups, tableaux, dramas, and

histories. These visions of the past have done for us what no bank cheques or fat acres could do. They have been to us as a second life, softening, illuminating, and spiritualising the materialism of the present, redeeming our soul from loneliness, and saving us from that curse of the age, weariness of self—that weariness of heart and restlessness of spirit, with which so many fret and chafe, through the voids left by work, pleasure, or pursuit. We know not when we first assumed the pilgrim's staff. The pilgrim's spirit must have been within us from the cradle, and grown with our growth. Our earliest recollections are of ramblings in by-lanes and wood-paths; of scramblings in old quarries and mysterious visitings to an old mill, half ruined and deserted, which was to us as a buried Nineveh or an unpenetrated pyramid. As we grew into jacket and corduroys, the foot extended the circuit of its wandering, and we tracked streams to their sources with all the patience of a Mungo Park; examined old tors, which had attracted us from the distance, with the enthusiasm of a Humboldt, and explored caverns and mine-pits in the spirit of a Belzoni; and ere we had risen to the *toga virilis* we were well acquaint with every nook and cranny, every spot of valley, wood, rock, and moor within the compass of a day's work. The pilgrim character, too, had always an interest for us, from its highest development in the palmer, with scallop shell, scrip, and staff, down to travelling pedlar or vagabond mendicant. In all our readings and musings, the palmer with sunburnt visage, with his tales of the Holy Land, his fragments of the true cross and water from the Jordan; the wandering minstrels, "lords of lute and lay;" and the old white-bearded harper, who appeared suddenly in castle hall to tell his tale or sing his ballad, were to us almost as striking figures in song or legend as paladin or red-cross knight. We recollect following the footsteps of John Elliott the missionary as he threaded the wild swamps and traversed the vast forests of the West, tracking the Red Man from haunt to haunt, that he might bear to him the message of

salvation, with an interest as deep, if not as thrilling, as that with which we read of *Cœur-de-Lion* riding forth in front of his mail-clad knights, challenging Paynims to combat. And now, amid the men whom the present has grouped around us, no one stands out so grandly to our eye as that of the old man, sage and traveller, who, after having sought the phenomena of nature in every clime and country, having studied them in desert steppes, in the calm of tropic nights, "in the deep wooded valleys of the Cordilleras," and by burning craters, sits down, in the late evening of a varied and active life, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, with the wisdom of more than the threescore and ten garnered in his mind, and with the love of nature fostered by long earnest commune, flowing still freshly from his heart, to tell his fellow-men, of this and coming generations, all he has seen and felt and known.

The pictures collected then in the first start of our pilgrimage are still dear to us, but beside them hang the more brilliant gatherings of other years, and we recur not to them alone for our impressions of the picturesque. There are traits of character picked up then, however, which still remain unique—traits of humour, of quaint individualism, and grotesque originality, like Dutch paintings, coarse perhaps, yet broad, striking, natural, and unmistakable in their comic effects. We meet none such now. The police force of utilitarianism is ever busy removing such things out of its path as impertinences and obstructions. Individuality has seemed to lessen and lessen until the surface of society has become smooth, even, and unvaried as Salisbury Plain. These odd characters recur to us now more frequently and more vividly from the very fact of their being obsolete—from their very contrast and contradiction to the uniformity of the present.

There were old woodmen, little Whites in their little Selbornes, minute observers of the changes and phases in animal and vegetable life, who could give a character to every tree and field; had personal knowledge of the different colonies of

birds, and would speak of the antecedents of all—bird, field, and tree—as of family genealogies; instinctive philosophers, whose wisdom came of the eye and heart, and dropped out in odd scraps and instances. There were wags too, the Jekyls and Sydney Smiths of their small spheres, fellows whose facetiæ became the stock-jokes of a locality, and were bandied about as the standing jests of a generation. Then there were the champions, the strong men, the athletes, whose feats had made them the little heroes of their little worlds, and of whose strength wondrous legends were told. We remember two of these champions especially, who were supposed to have done things unrivalled since the days when Samson smote the Philistines and carried off the gates of Gaza. One was a hard-visaged, iron-sinewed man, spare, stern, and unyielding, looking obdurate as a fate, who had never been worsted, or failed to conquer. Of him it was told, that once a wild colt which he was shoeing strove to free its leg from his grasp. The colt kicked, the man held fast—'twas pull devil, pull baker—until, at last, the animal in its struggles tore away its own limb. The legend, though an exaggeration, had doubtless its groundwork in the characteristics of the man. The other was a broad-faced, good-humoured Saxon, whose genial spirit showed forth in a laugh hearty as his grip, and in a certain fleshiness and portliness, which gave a goodly well-fed look to the proportions of his giant frame. This was the popular champion, for, in addition to his marvellous prowess, he had never been known to take an unfair grip, or to put forth his strength in anger. God, who had gifted him with the strength of a lion, had given him the gentleness of a lamb. This man had also his story. Once, when busy with his hay harvest—so runs it—he was assailed by the importunity of the best man of another parish, who had come from afar to try a fall with him. Worried out of all patience, at last he took the ambitious champion by the collar and pitched him over a hedge on a dunghill in the next field. The discomfited athlete, as soon as he

recovered breath, rose, shook himself, and called out, "Muster, thrav over my hoss too, and I'll goa hoam."

Steam has put down these strong men. What is the strength of blood and sinew, bone and muscle, to the machine which moves with the power of 100 horses, and can be guided by the hand of a child? Steam put down the strong men, and the speculative mercenary spirit of the age has put out the feeling which impelled their strength. We can remember how the shadow came; how it grew and grew, until it spread as a thick darkness over the sports and pastimes of the people. We can track it now, step by step, as it gloomed onwards, obscuring the chivalry of village games, until the earnest vigour which strove for fame as the best wrestler on the green, degenerated into the cold practised art of the gladiator whose aim was gold, and the exercise of country pastimes was superseded by the training of the lanista.

We had veterans, too, though it must be confessed that they were most unheroic in their externals, and, generally speaking, vilely given to drink and swearing, tobacco and flannel; yet, bad as they were, our hero-worship surrounded even them with a dim hazy halo. Youth, in the strength of its faith and reverence, will accept the commonest idols. Our relics of this kind were some of them anterior to Peninsular battles. There existed among us a man, or rather the trunk of a man, who had stood in the fight on Bunker's Hill. We never knew him as a biped. Frost-bitten and crippled by a winter's campaign, he had bound himself over to a donkey, on which he seemed to live. No one conceived of him as apart from it. The two became one. 'Twas the hybrid union of man and ass—an inferior kind of Centaur. The cold which had smitten his limbs had also settled on his face in an air of frostiness, which rather relieved by a hale look the grimness which it bore in common with signboard heroes and Greenwich pensioners. His costume showed marks of a long struggle betwixt the habits of the parade and expediency. In our days expediency had the best

of it. The only then remaining sign of military service was an old three-cornered cocked-hat, which he always wore perched on the top of an old Welsh wig and flannel night-cap. The remains of the queue had long disappeared. A dingy white coat and velvetreen breeches had superseded the coatee and pants. An old hunting-whip was grasped in the hands which had so long borne Brown Bess. Yet this figure, strange and grotesque as it was, bred no feeling of insult or ridicule, but was rather regarded with a sort of good-natured respect; and we remember ourselves being very wroth when the merry-andrew of an equestrian troop, which was making a procession through the town, came behind the old soldier, hooked off his hat and appurtenances, and placed them over his own fool's cap, leaving poor old Willy's bald pate bare and shining in the sun. The rabble grinned, and the boys shouted at the fun, but the joke seemed to us a liberty and impertinence. He could tell little of the battle. "There was a great wurl and a great smoke; and bless ye, my dear, the 'Mericans hopped about like squirls from bush to bush, so that a fellow couldn't get a poke at 'em with his bagonet." Though profiting little by his military experience, we were once rather overawed by his pretensions as a traveller. A travelling menagerie, on rather a larger scale than usual, had come to the place. We, rejoicing in the shilling which was to purchase admission, were proceeding to the exhibition, and, passing Willy in the way, asked him if he was going to see the wild beasts? A contemptuous wave of the hand, and "I've see'd 'em all alive in 'Merica," was the only answer.

Once we accidentally fell upon a more modern hero. We were visiting an old village-church; the sexton accompanied us—a little old man, with a stoop and a squint. He knew little and cared little about the church, but soon quietly and indirectly came to tell us that he had been a soldier in the 9th regiment, and had shared in the dashing charge which swept the French from the heights of Busaco. But the crowning glory of his life was an adventure in

which he was a single actor—an individual act of prowess. Thus ran his tale: He was on an out picket, and had gone to a neighbouring fountain for water. He had placed his musket against a stone, and was stooping to drink, when he heard a noise behind him. Turning, he saw three French chasseurs gallop at him from behind a clump of trees. He seized his piece in an instant, fired, and the foremost man and horse fell; then dashed at the second, and disabled him with a bayonet wound in the thigh. The third chasseur, seeing the fate of his comrades, took to flight at once. As we looked at the wizened face and shrivelled form of the narrator, it seemed hard to fit the man to the deed. It would have required the form of a Hercules or a Sergeant Davis to justify instant belief in such an exploit. Valour, however, often chooses strange materials wherewith to work its wonders. Seeing our incredulity, he produced a piece of paper, dirty, and almost dropping to bits from constant folding and refolding. It was a document under the hand of one whose name was associated with many a foughten field, stating that the bearer, on a certain day, had brought in two wounded prisoners and a horse, and that a second horse was found lying dead at a short distance from the picket-house. So far the story was corroborated. The paper he carried always in his bosom; it was his patent of nobility—his badge of knighthood—the sign which set him above the mark of his fellow-men.

But the oddity of oddities was an old fellow who carried on a traffic in sand and coal, when railways were not, betwixt our town and a neighbouring port, by means of a troop of donkeys of which he was owner. There was nothing in his calling or circumstances to lead him out of the common course of peasant life; but he was a vagabond by instinct—no mendicant, yet he adopted voluntarily all the shifts, changes, and attributes of the profession. He shut the door of society on himself, and willingly stood on the outside; vagrancy was with him a nature, not a necessity; he revelled in rags, they were his motley—signs significant, as cap and

bauble are of the fool's vocation, that he was at issue with respectability and civilisation. The soundest, soberest coat in his possession soon became one of many colours—a thing of shreds and patches. The sleeves of a green hunting-frock would be pieced on to the body of a brown spencer, from which would dangle the swallow-tail of a red coat. These parts, again, were patched with all kinds of material—baize, fustian, and cloth. The few buttons were of diverse patterns; the stitches were all of varied colours, and in some places a waxed end or skewer bound the seams together. Spite of these appliances, the intervals through which the bare skin and ends of ragged shirt appeared were neither few nor far between. Bands of straw twisted round made a sort of greaves for his legs, and the upper-leathers of his shoes did merely the office of sandals by holding on the soles, for the toes were always seen protruding through. The rim of the hat was fretted into scallops and Vandyke points, and the top lifted up like the half-opened lid of a saucepan, to admit the escape of a lock of hay which flaunted forth in the air. In winter, a dirty tattered blanket was always wrapped round his shoulders. He always walked with his arms folded across his breast, and his stick grasped betwixt, in the fashion of Punch's baton. Time and weather had well battered and scored the face, and the wildness of its expression was increased by long straight locks which hung down to his shoulders and chest, and by a grey stubby beard, through which ran little drains of tobacco-juice from the corners of his mouth.

He had no home, no hearthstone, this self-elected outcast; no one knew where or how he lived. It was supposed that he slept somewhere about the common, where his donkeys grazed, under a hedge or haystack, or in some neighbouring shed. The mystery of his feeding was once accidentally revealed to us. We were staying in the cottage where our nurse's mother lived, after an attack of the measles, and were surprised one morn at seeing a troop of donkeys halted suddenly outside the gate by a loud "whoa." Presently their mas-

ter, old Humphrey, appeared, entered the garden, and stalked into the house, giving a grunt or nod of obeisance to its mistress. He then walked straight to the ingle-side, seated himself, and, taking off his hat, produced therefrom a hunch of barley-bread and a lump of fat rusty bacon. These he cut into large slices, and placed in the frying-pan over the fire. When the savoury mess was cooked, the pan was taken on his knees, and handfuls of its contents were slobbered into his mouth and bolted, the grease dropping down like gravy from roasting meat. We thought that we could track the passage of the pieces down his bare throat. All being finished, he quietly raised the pan, and proceeded to lick up the fat remaining therein with his tongue; then put it down, and went out as unceremoniously as he had come in. We thought, with our hostess, that he might at least have left the dripping as a compliment to the pan. The sight of this meal wonderfully helped our conception of the repasts made by the ogres and giants of our story-books. He had little intercourse with any one, said little, and that little was said in curt sentences, which were squirted like tobacco-juice out of the corners of his mouth; and as these had generally a sharp point, few cared to provoke their utterance. His asses were his familiars; these he addressed lovingly by name. Two of them were called May and Blossom. It may be that some rude recognition of nature's beauties—some rude touch of poetry—spoke in these appellations. Like all self-constituted vagabonds, he had a sturdy independence which recognised no grade of rank, and would neither bow the head nor bend the knee to squire or kaiser. With him there were two exceptions—a sea-captain, and a lady whom he had named Beauty: to these the tattered hat was doffed, and a grim grin vouchsafed. He hated upstarts, and never missed an opportunity of throwing a cutting word at them. Once an attorney, who had risen from small beginnings, accosted him on his route, and asked his advice as to the tillage

of a moor which he had enclosed. "If I was thee," said old Humphrey, "I should teel 'un with queels."* On a time he was missing for a long while, and no one knew of his whereabouts. It turned out that he had gone to Bristol, how or why none could tell. When asked as to his journey, he said that he walked it up and footed it down, and would vouchsafe no further particulars. During the time of his disappearance, Beauty, who was staying in Bristol, was summoned one day to the door, and there, to her surprise, saw the figure of old Humphrey. After giving her the usual nod and grin, he said that he had come to have one look at her handsome face afore he went back, then turned on his heel, and took his leave. The compliment was like that paid by the coal-porter to the duchess's eyes—unique and genuine.

He was a true vagabond to the last—even in death.

One morning he was missed from his usual path, sought for, and found lying dead in a ditch, with his donkeys standing around him. None had heard of sickness or ailing. In good time didst thou pass away, old Humphrey! A few years more, and utilitarianism would have seized on thee, and ground thee down to its patent Union pattern! It was better, perhaps, to die thus in a ditch, in companionship with nature to the last, than finish with Union grey, Union gruel, and a pauper's funeral.

Old Humphrey had a rival in his calling—a sandy-haired, bare-legged, freckle-faced urchin, to us always the impersonation of the wicked sand-boy, who was supposed to afflict the eyes of little children. He was young, and could drop into the currents of the time. Old Humphrey would have gone to the bottom or been driven out to sea. In after years, we saw proof that the sand-boy had swum with the tide, in a smart new cart, on the tail-board of which, in garish staring letters, was painted, "Richard Bowler, Coal Merchant."

But why recall these old oddities? Of what use or purpose were they? We know not. Yet they seemed to

* Should till it with quills.

have a place and fitness in creation. To us they ever were to society what the finials and grotesque ornaments are in Gothic architecture, relieving without marring the grandeur and perfection of the whole.

We have dwelt lovingly and long—perhaps too long—on these first recollections of the pilgrim journey. Pass we on to other lands and other scenes.

CHAPTER II.

Dictation is common to mortals ; the one loves ever to set up his own rule of action for the many. Tourists, especially, would fain make all the world dress as they have dressed, eat as they have eaten, see what they have seen ; would fain prescribe their own dietary for every stomach, their own spectacles for every nose. To our brethren of the staff we would say, Walk mainly by the impulse of your own wills, and the light of your own experience. In paying tavern bills, and seeing museums or churches, we have often blessed the name of Murray ; but the choicest things we have lit upon in nature or art have no place in handbooks.

By almost common adoption, the Tweed shooting-suit, the wide-awake, laced or buttoned boots, and a stout staff, have become the garb of the modern pilgrim. We know none better. The blouse is too light, too thin, too little protective, too little absorbent, for one who is now pushing forward under a noonday sun, now halting at dewy eve. Besides, the pockets are a comfort to those who look on brushes, combs, soap, towel, and an odd volume, as necessities of travel. The wondrous caps, tasselled or untasselled—the jackets, particoloured, braided, or slashed, with which our Continental friends and Continentalised citizens delight to invest themselves in the character of voyageurs, we regard as the harlequinade of travel, and reject accordingly.

Again, we say, brethren of the staff, “eat anything, and everything—see everything.” The digestion and experience will soon teach what should be eaten, what seen, and what avoided. We hold it to be a part of our vocation to try the *cuisine* of every nation and every class. He who neglects this, misses a chapter in the life of man. His food and its

effects, “the chemistry of his common life,” will ever influence the man and his race, and give a clue to mysteries in his characteristics and idiosyncrasy which his history and polity would leave unsolved problems. There are secrets in the stewpan and the kneading-trough which philosophers, physiologists, and ethnologists have never stumbled upon. We must, however, allow that our appetite is most cosmopolitan in its adaptations, and our digestion equal to anything which human digestion may dare. Notwithstanding this generality, we profess no indifference to the science of the table or the distinctions of the palate. A good *cuisine* we look on as a high mark of civilisation, and honour it accordingly, whenever it is our luck to light upon it. We must confess, however, that the God’s providences which our hunger has fallen upon at odd times, and in odd places, have a more goodly savour in our memory than the highest efforts of gastronomic art.

An omelette we chanced upon once in a Spanish *venda*, has left a lasting gout on our palate. The *artiste* was the mayoral of a diligence, and we remember well how carefully he cut up the bacon, how tenderly he handled the eggs, how scientifically he shred a capsicum into slices in the midst ; how the perspiration stood on his face as he watched the ingredients, hissing, frizzling, and gurgling in the pan ; how he swore and gesticulated at the hostess, who volunteered a few suggestions, and at his help, *el mozo*, who stood, like Thomas Codlin, inhaling the savoury steam, rapt in anticipatory joy. That was an omelette—the omelette of our lives ! A cold lamb-pie which, after losing our way amid the Welsh mountains, we and a brother of the staff abstracted from the larder of the Goat, at Bethgeclert, and sacri-

ficed to our appetites, has a little niche of its own in our memory. Either the cook who made it had a genius for pie, or our hunger gave it an excellence which no combination of crust, meat, and jelly has since presented to us. For years we persisted in ordering cold pie as a *bonne bouche* after a long tramp, but the relish of that night remains still a memory and a tradition. A bowl of maccaroni served in the inn (La Luna) at Amalfi is associated with a delicate sense of epicurism which time has rather refined than weakened. What that maccaroni would have been without such accessories as the sweet still air we breathed, the calm moonlit waves we looked upon, and the beautiful outline of the hills o'er which we had won our way, we know not. We care not to dissect the sensations. Nor are we curious to define the limit between body and spirit, but are content to rejoice in the result of our humanity, without inquiring where the appetite ends or the mind begins. There is a scene in another clime, and another hemisphere, which arises in the dim distance before us. It is in an inn near Halifax. We are standing before the stove, battered, tired, and mud-soiled. We had lost our way in the woods, had fallen into a honey-pot, had bruised our shins against fallen trees, and were out of humour with ourself and the world, when suddenly there steals upon us from a neighbouring apartment an odour fragrant as a zephyr, and soothing as a south wind. Every moment it comes stronger and more fragrant, until our soul grows calm within us. We feed on it, we feast on it, until our hostess, buxom and ample, appears bearing in the reality. It was a wild duck stewed in some way, we know not how, save that there was a delicious gout of onion and lemon. Curious housewives have often asked us for the recipe of that dish, but we could never give it; we only know that it left us nothing to desire save the glass of mulled wine and the soft bed which finished the adventures of the day. A pilau eaten, sans knife and fork, with a Sheik of the Lebanon, is also a tender recollection; so is a stew shared with comrades over a bivouac

fire, and a bit of pork frizzled on the top of a ramrod, which was once presented to us on a piece of biscuit after a long march; so is a spatched guinea-fowl, which, by dint of coaxing and bullying, we induced a quad-room hostess to prepare for us in one of our West Indian rambles. Whether, oh friend of our travel! thy merry laugh and genial spirit, which could brighten even the sullenness of niggers, did not more for our dish, and the sangaree which followed, than cayenne or lemon, we cannot tell, but as a whole the thing was perfect.

There are men too—to us nameless—mere shapes and phantoms, towards whom we feel a tender gratitude. The nobleman who has magnanimously declined the immortality of associating his name with the Worcestershire sauce, how often, when a few drops of the precious condiment have given a relish to our dry chop or cold bone, have we wished him all the pleasures which await on good digestion; and the men—the inventors of soluble coffees and chocolates, of pastes and patés, have we not again and again hoped that their steaks would be ever tender, their chops juicy—that they may have Soyers for their cooks, and Griseldas for their wives?

These "Providences," we believe, make the highest as well as the purest joys of the palate. They are to Palais-Royal dinners and Guildhall banquets, as going afoot is to riding in carriages—as the pace of a Red Indian is to the saunter of a park lounge—a nature, not an art. We remember once witnessing a sensation of this sort, which would have deserved the price offered by the advertiser for a new pleasure—a sensation worth more to Apicius than the prawns for which he journeyed to Africa—a sensation which a Curtis or a Temple never imagined, save, perhaps, when they dreamed of their youth, if men bound over to turtle and *entrées* ever do dream of youth. We were sitting under the walls of Phyle. We had trodden that rugged pass under a hot sun, and were resting under the shade of an oak. We had eaten and drunken, and were luxuriously watching the smoke of

our cigar as it curled amid the leaves, and the lizards as they crept and glided amid the huge old stones ; when suddenly there stood before us a young Greek, perfect in form and feature as an Antinous, wild and savage as a colt of the Ukraine. Curiously he eyed us and our costume ; more curiously still his eye fell on the fragments which lay beside our wallet. With the benevolence of a full-fed man we threw him a bone of lamb. He clutched it eagerly, eyed it suspiciously, smelt it as monkeys do when in doubt, bit at it cautiously at first, then snatched three or four mouthfuls hurriedly and greedily, then threw up his hands and shouted in ecstasy, then returned to the attack, and proceeded to tear off every morsel until the bone was whiter and more bare than our trusty Ponto—best of polishers—could have left it. We thought, at first, that we were witnessing the ravings of hunger, but there was more of novelty than of craving in the young savage's delight ; and the truth then dawned upon us that we were looking on a creature, *genus homo*, who had tasted flesh for the first time. The fact was a phenomenon to us, who, though not so voracious as the piper's son, yet heard in our consciences the lowings and bleatings from a sort of small Smithfield which had been sacrificed to our appetite.

There are meals again of this kind which we remember as the direst needs of necessity. Such was a supper, in a Welsh cottage, on dry oatmeal-cake and buttermilk,—in a Portuguese *venda*, on a greasy dish of *carne di porco*,—in an Irish skibbereen-house, on cold potatoes and salt. Rye-bread and raw salt-fish would not look tempting in a bill of fare ; and a loaf well drenched with oil, and studded with garlic, which we once shared with a Sicilian boatman, made a meal which we would not repeat except under the most urgent circumstances.

Philosophers say that no man is so bad but some good may be found in him. So say we of food. The *cuisine* of no country is so utterly wretched but it will furnish forth a good meal. If thy stomach reject oil and garlic,

and thou lovest not ollas, pucherros, maccaroni, cabobs, or pilaus, are there not ever eggs ? the first and last resource of the wayfarer—eggs boiled ? eggs fried ? eggs roasted ? eggs poached ?—are there not swine in almost all lands ? and what man, be he neither Jew nor Mahommedan, ever dared to turn up his nose at bacon or ham ? Are there not, too, especially in southern and eastern climes, vegetables fresh and succulent, fruit rich and luscious, and which, lying, as we have seen them, heaped up together in marketplaces, with the green leaves shading the bright brilliant colours, seem to be the very riches of the earth ? And is there not bread, the staff of life ? Bread we have ever found tolerable, from the crisp, light, delicious roll of the St Petersburg hotel, to the unleavened cake which the Syrian bakes against the side of his stone oven, and then folds over his arm as provision for a journey. We would except the black bread of the north ; even the most uncompromising Spartan might be justified in making a wry face at that.

In one thing we would advise thee, brother of the staff—be simple in thy drinks ! Eschew compounds ! Vex not thy stomach nor vitiate thy palate with such unnatural mixtures as cobbler's, juleps, dog's-nose, *et hoc genus omne*. Half-and-half, or, as the French call it, marriage, may be an exception. We would not prescribe thy beverage, but only say, let it be simple. Milk, which perhaps thy soul loveth, is poison to us ; and the tea, which refreshes and soothes us, might be mawkish to thy palate, and drive sleep from thine eyelids. Water is the natural drink of man. Need any one thirst when there are springs and fountains welling from the bosom of the earth ? Granted. We respect the water-drinker, and envy the man who, at any pump or well, can find a joy which we purchase dearly in coins and headache over champagne and claret ; but we must confess, in all humiliation, that we never took kindly to water, and prefer it ever dashed with sherry or *eau-de-vie*. At first we thought it might be the *modus bibendi*, and that if we could only hold up the pitcher

or jar as the Arab or Spaniard does, open our mouth and let the pure liquid flow down our throats in a full stream, that we might become a water-drinker. After several trials, however, in which we flooded our bosom, and were half choked, we were obliged to admit the failure. Whether the fault be in our organisation or in circumstances, we know not. Yet how delicious the draught to the herdsman of the sierra, or the horseman of the desert, as it seems to fall on his parched throat and baked clay like rain on the earth. Orangeades, lemonades, orgeat, and ice juices, are nice enough, but more worthy of loiterers in cafés and on prados than of one who with his foot takes possession of the earth, and the secret places thereof. If we must drink for luxury, let it be of Amontillado pure and ripe by our fireside,

When autumn's skies are chill and drear,
And autumn's leaves are red and sear—
of Lafitte, ruddy and cool, when summer breezes and summer scents breathe upon us through open windows, and we care not if it appear even in a black bottle, with a wet rag around it—of (let it not go beyond thine ear, oh brother pilgrim) whisky punch, screaming hot, and mixed, as the wife of our bosom alone can mix it, when winter nights are long, and winter nights are keen—of coffee, as French and Turks make it—of Spanish chocolate, stirred and sipped delicately with a long thin biscuit. There have been, too, improvised drinkings, quenchings of thirst, and ticklings of the palate, which we regard rather as exceptional cases than as rules. A scene in the West Indies stands forth as a little oasis in our annals of thirst. We were tramping along the hard dry road in Barbadoes. The tropic sun was pouring its full tide upon us—not a leaf, or tree, or shade, sheltered our heads from the noontide heat; our lips grew hot, our throats parched, so that our attempts to troll a nigger melody ended in broken quavers, like the turns of a decayed hurdy-gurdy. Water, or wine, or brandy, would then have been fever, death. In our extremity we espied a plantation-house in the distance—

we struck across the cane fields towards it. The first part we chanced on was an outhouse, where a group of male niggers, with shout and noise and gesture, were heaping and heaving stalks of cane into the jaws of a mill, whilst their dusky, white-teethed, thick-lipped, broad-footed mates danced and laughed and chattered as the juice spouted, foaming, tossing, and bubbling, into the reservoir beneath. The shade, the gurgling sound, the white frothing stream, were in themselves a relief, but there was still a deadly drought upon us, when a nigger advancing, and waving the brim of a hat, said "Drink, massa," accompanying the proposition by the pantomime of a turn of the hand and a sputtering in the throat. We nodded—away he ran to the house, and forthwith returned with a goblet out of which Polyphemus might have topped. This was held under the spout, until the liquor fell creaming, sparkling, and tumbling into it, and over it, and was then presented to us. The drink was new to us, and we sipped at first sparingly, but the cool gentle influences gradually widened our lips, until our throat became a free channel for a full draught. "Ha, ha," said our nigger, "hear how him friz!" Our comrade repeated the experiment, and we conscientiously recommend to wayfarers under like circumstances this same resource of cane-juice, as sustaining, innocent, and refreshing.

Once again, on the eve of a hot day in Greece, we found ourself *in extremis* on the plains of Olympia. Not only were our mouth and tongue dry, but our whole frame pricked and ached under the pressure of heat. Our guide was more than frantic. He had howled, tumbled his fez, smitten his bosom, and gesticulated most wildly for some miles, when suddenly he dashed forward, made a somerset over a fence, tumbled head-over-heels into a little patch of green, which we had long eyed wistfully, and there lay groveling. Suddenly we saw the flash of a knife, heard a squash and a gush, and then sobbings and sputterings, as though one were drinking hard, and stopping to breathe at whiles.

Suspecting somewhat, we followed his example, and soon found ourself buried to the head and ears in a water-melon. Brother pilgrim, do not the like! Ere night we repented, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in colic and blue-pill, the rashness of our thirst. Beside these droughty quenchings may we not place one palatal tickling—not a rollicking debauch, but a little simple bout, which we indulged in then without remorse, and remember now without repentance? The streets of Cadiz are hot and sultry, as all who have been there must know. We had trodden them, picture-hunting, church-seeing, glove-buying, and, though not athirst, felt that irritation of flesh and spirit which coolness, rest, and drink can alone soothe. We were seeking some house of refuge when a friend met us. Well versed was he in the ways of the city; he heard our wants, took us by the elbow, and led us up and down, in and out, until we came to an underground passage; down this we dived, a door opened at the foot, and we found ourselves in a vaulted cellar, 'mid a strange smacking of lips, guttural utterances, puffing of smoke, and a mist of forms. Presently the confusion cleared away, and we saw, around little tables placed on rude tressels, men who, if they were not robbers or contrabandistas, there is no longer faith to be placed in physiognomy, belief in melodramatic exhibitions, nor is there truth in Borrow, Ford, or Irving: all were eating, drinking, talking, smoking. We sat down at one of the tables, and presently a fat host, without sign or summons, set before us a little plate with slices of spiced sausage, rolls of crisp bread, tall glasses, and a bottle. Following the cue of our company, we placed the slices of sausages between the bits of bread sandwichwise, then poured out the wine, and let it trickle slowly and gently over our palate. It was Muscadel—not the nauseous stuff thou drinkest under that name in England, brother! but the juice itself of that delicious grape, luscious, rich, and cool. We care not to say how much sausage we ate, how often the glasses were emptied, or the bottle appeared and disappeared; yet we know,

that though in the night we might have fancied ourself the Prodigal tending swine, and feeding on husks, or Tantalus straining after water-springs, we arose in the morning with a clear head and cool palate, ready for the breakfast of grapes, figs, bread, and chocolate which awaited us.

Alexander said once, that sleep was one of the things which reminded him that he was human. We must confess that we have ever hailed this symptom of our humanity without remorse or mortification. Nature's sweet restorer has been ever kind to us, and has visited our couch, whether we were roughing it on a sofa, swinging in a hammock, immersed in down, lying on a soft plank, or stretched on nature's naked bosom, not coyly or wantonly, but with a free and chaste embrace. We are not squeamish as to the places, but are particular as to the times. We cannot sleep with the sunlight falling full upon us. Our first night on a house-top in Palestine, we remember well, was sleepless. Our soul refused to shut itself out from the sight of the heavens which shed the glory of moon and star upon it, and from the music of the silence, the solemn stillness, which dwelt on the earth around.

We were more successful once on a hard table at Sidon. Though conscious at times of groans and moans from our comrade and bedfellow, we only awoke to a sense of his distress in the morning, when we saw his face bitten and swollen out of all shape and comeliness. We had escaped the torturers, but the enemies were in close contiguity, and hung in thick clusters to the ends of our flannel waistcoat. Verily, if it be true that the king of fleas keeps his court at Jaffa, he must have a well-accredited ambassador at Sidon—a very Stratford de Redcliffe.

The greatest aggravation on our power of sleep befell us at an inn in Ireland. After a wretched supper and some bad whisky we retired sullenly to our chamber. It was not inviting; the furniture was scanty, the jug wanted a handle, the basin was cracked, a bit of soap lay in the half of a saucer. In the corner, however, was a sight which compensated

for all,—a large four-post bed, capacious and old-fashioned; it seemed the very home, the very bower of sleep. Into it we leaped, and rolled about in very wantonness, when, lo! down went one side with a heavy lurch; we turned, and up we went again. Had we been in southern climes, we should have thought of trap-doors and sliding pulleys, but here we rightly guessed it to be a *Cosa Hibernica*; so out we jumped to investigate the phenomenon. Our bed had only three legs. When well poised, it stood upright and steady, but the slightest move upset the balance; and thus we passed the night in a see-saw sleep, dreaming of Margery Daw, and other individuals who had

been unfortunate in the bed line, until morning.

Why prate so much of eating, drinking, and sleeping? Why? save that they are essentials to the man who goes afoot. He who eats healthily, drinks healthily, sleeps healthily, will see healthily, think healthily, feel healthily. It is thus that body and spirit act together.

Turn we next to the operations of the spirit—to the things which should be seen and felt; and then, if thy patience hold out, brother pilgrim, we will go on to sketch some of the pictures—no, that is too large, too pretentious a word—some of the vignettes and border-work which illustrate our memories of travel.

BOTANY AND BRIGANDS IN GREECE.

It was whilst wandering in the solemn shade of Stamboul's cypresses that we first received, from the rosy lips of a charming Hellene, advice to read Edmund About's volume on Cotemporary Greece. It was very pleasant and contained much truth, the fair daughter of Athens assured us. It was very candid of her to admit so much, for the book conveys a most unfavourable impression of her countrymen. Every one has read it now, either in the original or translated. Let any who have not, read it at once, preferring the original, for M. About is a writer of much *esprit*, and that subtle French essence evaporates in the English version.

Not all the Greeks, it seems, are so tolerant of blame, and ready to admit their failings, as our amiable Athenian. They love not to be chidden, however justly, nor can abide the *castigat ridendo mores*; unless indeed money is to be made by it, for, for money what is there they will not do or endure? M. About's book, as he has since intimated, drew down upon him reprimands, contradictions, and even abuse. Nevertheless it was in Greece that its truth was most generally recognised. In certain other countries, where the social and political condition of Otho's kingdom is

in fact but little known, its author has sometimes been set down as an exaggerator. In London and Paris his work was found curious and interesting; in Athens alone, and by those who know Athens well, has its truth been fully appreciated. "The improbability of our civilisation protects us against the discontent of Europe," says a Greek personage in a subsequent work of M. About's. "Fortunately for us, whatever truth is written against us will always be too violent to obtain belief." The halo cast round resuscitated Greece by Byron and other enthusiasts still partially blinds the world to her true value and condition. People refuse to be convinced that the resuscitation has been that of a putrid corpse, not of a young and healthy nation springing from the ashes of its ancestors in all the freshness and vigour of a new birth. The delusion begins, however, to be dissipated. All Europe cannot visit Greece; but the Greeks, clever and indefatigable chapmen and traders, spread themselves over Europe, and carry to the nations the conviction and proof that they are the most unscrupulous and perfidious of existing races. On every Exchange, from Galata to London, their reputation is established,

and by those who wander abroad we may judge of those who abide at home.

If M. About's first work relating to Greece displeased those it most concerned, his second will assuredly still further incense them against him. It may be expected to exasperate them to fury, and to make them collect pebbles and prepare poniards in case its audacious author should ever dare land again at the Piræus. In it he allows his turn for humorous sarcasm full scope. It is not given to all to detect truth through an embroidered envelope, and to detach the staple of just censure from the playful ornaments of fiction. M. About is a lost man if ever he again sets foot in Athens. In a letter from an imaginary Greek journalist and man of letters, inserted at the end of his volume, he intimates his consciousness of the way in which he is likely to be received. The worthy Patriotis Pseftis takes his humorous exaggerations and fictitious framework for serious statements, and as seriously refutes them. No such persons, he says, ever existed as those who play their parts through M. About's pages. He has taken much pains to inquire at consulates of the police and elsewhere; not one of them can be traced or ever was in Athens. *Ergo*, the whole story is an invention, a barefaced fabrication by some enemy of Greece, of the truth, and especially of the gendarmes. The artless Pseftis candidly admits that there once were robbers in Greece. The chief of these were destroyed by Hercules and Theseus, whom he opines may be considered the founders of the Greek Gendarmerie. Those who escaped the mighty hands of those two heroes have since fallen under the blows of the invincible Greek army, and the author of the romance sent to him by M. About has, in the opinion of the erudite Pseftis, shown as much ignorance as bad faith in affecting to consider robbers as a cotemporary fact. To the grave and indignant remonstrances of the member of the Archæological Society of Athens, M. About briefly but pertinently replies. "Athenian, oh, my friend," he exclaims, "the truest histories are not those that have really occurred."

Some of our readers may remember an amusing tale by Dumas, whose hero—a simple-hearted Provençal musician, enthusiastically devoted to catgut and field-sports—is led on, in ardent pursuit of a throstle, out of his own country and far into Italy, where he falls amongst thieves, meets with adventures without end, and returns home, after a long absence, to find his friends mourning him as dead, and his place in the Marseilles orchestra filled up. Hermann Schulz, the narrator and in some sort the hero of M. About's picaresque sketch, cares nothing for thrushes, but is frantic after flowers. He is a botanist, and has been sent to Greece by the Garden of Plants at Hamburg. His perils and sufferings—and they are neither few nor slight—are due to his eager quest of the *Boryana variabilis*, indispensable to the completeness of his herbal. Let us add that they are also in some degree to be attributed to the bright eyes of Miss Mary Ann Simons, a fascinating English damsel, who has come with her purse-proud obstinate mother to visit an uncle at Athens and make a tour in Greece.

M. About was watering his flowers one fine July morning, when a stranger entered his garden. This was a tall, fair, young man, with a cap on his head, gold spectacles on his nose, strong shoes of untanned leather on his feet, and a huge porcelain pipe in his breast-pocket. There was no mistaking him for anything but a German student. He had just returned, he said, from a stay of some months in Greece, during which M. About's book on that country had been his constant companion. What better introduction could he have to its author? M. About made much of him, and kept him to breakfast. Amongst other questions, he asked him if it was true that there still were robbers in Greece, and if he had met with any? Hermann Schulz assured him that the country was far from being, as the Athens papers periodically represent it, as safe to travel through as the department of the Seine. He himself had passed a fortnight in the hands of a certain Greek Schinderhannes called Hadji Stavros, and surnamed the King of

the Mountains. He offered to narrate his adventures, for M. About to note down and publish if he pleased. The offer was eagerly accepted. The German lighted his pipe and commenced his tale. It included such surprising adventures that his auditor more than once stopped the flow of his short-hand pen and gazed incredulously at the narrator. But the mingled confidence and simplicity of the botanist's diction, and the candid gaze of his light-blue eyes, forbade a doubt of his veracity. M. About continued to write, and afterwards resolved to publish, declining responsibility, which he leaves entirely upon the shoulders of Mr Hermann Schulz.

It was a day of great rejoicing in the Schulz family when Hermann obtained his mission to Greece, entitling him to twenty pounds for travelling expenses, and to the munificent salary of ten pounds a-month. His brothers made no doubt that on his return he would be named professor at the university; his father, an inn-keeper ruined by railroads, reckoned on his espousing a wealthy heiress. The worthy man's profession had left him various traditions of this kind, and thrice a-week at least he told the story of a poor French lieutenant who once had occupied a garret in his house, and who left in a carriage and four, side by side with a Russian princess whose acquaintance he had made at the *table d'hôte*. He foresaw some such good fortune for his son, who respected his hopes too much to remind him that princesses did not generally travel in third-class carriages, or alight in the modest hostelries to which his limited budget would compel him to resort. He arrived at Athens without having had even a glimpse of a princess, and found board and lodging in the house of a worthy pastrycook named Christodulus, an old pallicare who had fought in the war of independence, and whose son Dimitri had a smattering of many tongues, and earned a living as *valet-de-place*. Hermann, however, had no need of an interpreter. He could make himself understood in Greek and English, in Italian and French. He had had the good luck to fall amongst honest

people. A few such, it appears, are still to be met with in Athens. His bed was a mattress on the floor, his fare was of the most frugal kind; but he found the Athenian tobacco excellent; and a certain country wine, yellow as a topaz, and sparkling as a sunbeam, reminded him faintly of the grape that grows on Rhenish banks, and rejoiced his German heart. His companions at the family table were his hostess, Marouta, an enormous Greek whom her husband had bought for 80 piastres in the time of the war; M. Hippolyte Merinay, a puny French archæologist, who had come to Greece to collect materials for an important memoir on the quantity of oil consumed by the lamp of Demosthenes whilst he wrote the second Philippic; Giacomo Fondi, a poor Maltese, employed at a foreign consulate, where he passed his days in sealing letters, with hands that seemed better adapted to grapple a wild bull by the horns, or to wield a club like that of Hercules. Giacomo had the appetite of one of Homer's warriors; his host made an extra charge for his board, and still lost money by him; his after-dinner amusement was to crack filberts between his thumb and forefinger. The party was completed by a Yankee youth named William Lobster, who had been sent from New York to study export trade in the East, and who passed his days in a counting-house, his evenings in reading Emerson, and his early mornings in practising pistol-shooting. His uncle, John Harris, a remarkably handsome American, who commanded a small armed steamer, then lying at the Piræus, was a frequent visitor.

Mr Schulz soon knew by heart the botanical garden of Athens, which is but poorly stocked; he found more resources in the royal gardens, where an intelligent Frenchman has collected all the vegetable riches of the country; he also daily went a short distance into the country, but he could not go as far as he wished, for, in April 1856, the brigands were in force round Athens. Their exploits were numerous and well authenticated. Amongst others, Harris and his nephew, when out riding, had been waylaid, their horses shot, and they themselves escaped only by their

audacity and speed of foot. Their host deplored the fate of the horses, which were fine ones belonging to Harris, but he had no word of blame for their murderers. It is their trade, he said, with infinite simplicity, and Mr Schulz soon found that this was the general feeling amongst the Greeks, who rather sympathise than feel indignant with the robbers who infest their country, and, whilst grumbling at their lawlessness, secretly admire their prowess. Thus, at that time, the curse of Attica was the hero of Athens. At theatre and promenade, in bazaar and coffee-house, in barbers' shops, and at the druggists', where citizens assemble to gossip, every one spoke of the great Hadji Stavros; Hadji Stavros the Invincible, the terror of the gendarmes, the King of the Mountains. Christodulus had once been intimate with this hero, and he told his guests various particulars of his life. Throughout the war of liberation he had fought valiantly against the Turks, plundering alike friends and enemies when the opportunity offered. His exploits were celebrated; his misdeeds escaped notice in the confusion of the time; Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him; from Paris he received embroidered banners; money was supplied to him by England, France, and Russia; it was said, although not proved, that Turkish money also had found its way into his hands. The Greeks are ready recipients, and prone to take from all sides. Peace found him rich but restless; after a while he could no longer resist the craving for action, and he turned robber. A band was quickly formed from his former companions in arms. The State had granted them lands, but toil was little to their taste, and they joyfully thronged around their old leader. A long summer's day would not have sufficed for the narration of all their feats, but Christodulus related some of the most remarkable in an after-dinner chat. Amongst them was pre-eminent a highway robbery committed on a steamboat. The Austrian Lloyds steamer "*Niebuhr*" came from Constantinople; at Calamaki, on the east of the Isthmus of Corinth, she landed cargo and passengers, and

these were packed in four waggons and two omnibuses, to be conveyed to the other side of the isthmus, where another steamer awaited them. It waited a long time. At noon, on a level road, in an open country, Hadji Stavros carried off goods, baggage, the money of the travellers, and the cartridges of the gendarmes who escorted them. "That morning's work was worth two hundred and fifty thousand francs," sighed Christodulus, with something of envy in his tone. Generally speaking, Hadji Stavros treated his prisoners kindly, pending the receipt of their ransom. There were exceptions to this rule, and he was pitiless with bad paymasters. Christodulus confessed that he had difficulty in pardoning his friend one act of severity. He had carried off two young girls from Mistra, twins, fourteen years of age, and of great beauty, and he sent word to their mother, a widow, that they should be set at liberty on receipt of ten thousand francs, payable at the end of the month. The mother was in easy circumstances, and had a fine plantation of mulberry-trees, but of ready cash she had little. She raised money on her property—not an easy thing in Greece, even at 20 per cent—and it took her six weeks to get the sum together. When she had it, she put it on a mule, and set out for the camp of Hadji Stavros. Before arriving there, she came upon her daughters, lying by the roadside with their throats cut. She placed them on her mule, and returned to Mistra. She could not cry, but she went mad, and died. Hadji Stavros afterwards expressed his regret. He had thought she was richer than she was, and that she *would* not pay, and he killed her children for example's sake. Thenceforward, the ransoms he imposed were always most punctually paid.

This atrocious history excited a burst of indignant horror. The Maltese Hercules shook the very house by the blow he dealt upon the table, and the two Yankees expressed an earnest wish to find the Mountain King within range of their revolvers. The Frenchman inquired if there were no gendarmes in Greece, and was informed that there were 1250, beside 50 officers and 152 sergeants.

Hermann Schulz wondered that the old ruffian's daughter had not withheld him from such barbarity. She was not with him, said Christodulus; she was at school in Athens, receiving a first-rate education, and her father would give her a fortune that would render her an eligible match for the highest in the land. Harris had heard that the daughter of the London hangman was also an heiress and a good match. This remark excited the indignation of the Greeks. The craft of a hangman, they said, was infamous; the profession of a brigand honourable. The government was obliged to keep the executioner of Athens shut up in a fortress, lest he should be assassinated; but nobody wished any harm to Hadji Stavros, and the most honest people in the kingdom would be proud to shake him by the hand. It was evidently useless to argue against such prejudices as these. Moreover, the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Photini, a young girl whom Christodulus introduced to his guests as the daughter of an old friend, a colonel then in garrison at Nauplia. Like most of the women of Athens, Photini was very plain. There was nothing of the Greek type in her features, which were as flat as if her nurse had sat upon them in her infancy. On the other hand, she was expensively dressed à la *Française*, with a superabundance of jewels and crinoline. But nobody was surprised that the daughter of a poorly-paid officer should come thus sumptuously attired to pass a Sunday in a pastrycook's house. Dress is the passion and the curse of Greek society. Photini's adornments served but to fender more striking the plainness of her face, and the clumsiness of her figure. Nevertheless Dimitri apparently found her greatly to his taste, and paid her many attentions, which she little heeded, being absorbed in an artless admiration of the handsome Yankee skipper. "Love," says a Greek song, "enters by the eyes, descends to the heart, and there takes root." Photini, fascinated, could not take her eyes off John Harris, and opened them as wide as if she wished Love to enter without having the trouble to stoop. This

went on for four Sundays, but the American seemed hardly aware of the presence of the colonel's daughter, and still less of the emotions he had aroused in her bosom. Dimitri growled like a dog deprived of a bone. Harris yawned, and whistled Yankee Doodle. Photini dared not open her mouth in his presence, but her unrequited attachment would, Mr Schulz declares, have excited the compassion of any one but a naturalist.

Towards the end of April, the Athens newspapers announced the signal defeat of the King of the Mountains. The official reports stated that he had had twenty men killed and wounded, his camp burned, his band dispersed, and that the gendarmes had driven him into the marshes of Marathon. This was good news for Hermann Schulz. Some time before daybreak, on the 30th of the month, he slung his tin box, grasped his staff, and strode stoutly out of Athens, on botanising bent. After two hours' walk he left the cultivated tract, and the rising sun showed him the pines that fringe the flanks of the Parnes mountains, the object of his excursion. The path he followed was faintly marked and an uncertain guide, but he took the direction of a group of houses on the side of the mountain, which he believed to be the village of Castia. With a stride he crossed the Eleusian Cephissus, to the consternation of a host of little tortoises, which tumbled themselves into the water just like ordinary frogs. He pursued his way through a deep ravine, but its windings were so capricious that he lost his bearings, and began to doubt whether he was not turning his back on the Parnes. The simplest plan was to climb up either side of the gully, and obtain a view of the country; but the sun was getting hot, the shade was pleasant, he was tired and hungry. So he sat down on a block of marble, drew from his tin box some cold provisions and a gourd of his favourite yellow wine, and tranquilly breakfasted. His meal was scarcely over when he heard the sound of horses' feet ascending the ravine, and a few minutes later two ladies in riding-habits and thick blue veils, mounted on hired horses, made

their appearance. They were followed by a man on foot. This was no other than Dimitri, son of Christodulus.

Botanists on active service cannot be expected to sacrifice largely to the graces. Hermann's equipment was of the plainest, and, moreover, somewhat travel-stained; and he, aware of the value of externals in female eyes, felt but little surprise that, although he doffed his wide-awake as they passed, they seemed scarcely aware of his presence. In reply to his inquiries, Dimitri informed him that he was on the right road to the Parnes, that the ladies were going there also, that they were English and very rich, the mother, Mrs Simons, being a partner in the celebrated bank of Barley & Co., London, and that they had engaged him for a week to show them the environs. Mrs Simons did not approve of her guide's wasting his time in conversing with his friends; she did not pay him for that, she said, when she summoned him to her side, and she asked him if it was a Greek he was talking to. It was a German, Dimitri replied. Ah! and what was he doing? He was looking for herbs. Ah! then he was doubtless an apothecary? No, he was a scientific traveller. Ah! and did he speak English? Very fluently. Ah! And this was the end of the conversation on that topic. The ladies took no notice of Hermann, who followed the party at a short distance. Dimitri dared not linger to talk to him, but he cast a glance backwards, which seemed to say, What queer people the English are! Miss Simons did not turn her head, and all that the German could discern was that she was tall and of a very fine figure. The graceful fall of her shoulders, and the roundness of her slender waist, struck him with admiration; and what little he saw of her neck would have reminded him, even if he had not been a naturalist, of the swans in the Zoological Garden. The sound of her voice fell upon his tympanum like that of a silver bell, and he thought to himself what a pity it was that the most melodious birds have generally the ugliest plumage.

Dimitri proposed pausing for break-

fast at the Khan of Calyvia, a crazy wooden edifice, affording wine flavoured with rosin, the detestable *raki* of the country, brown bread, eggs, and a lot of old hens, which death is supposed to transform into tender spring chickens. But the Khan was deserted and closed. Thereupon Mrs Simons lifted up her voice in anger, and, lifting her veil at the same time, disclosed a countenance as sharp as a Sheffield blade and a double row of long and formidable incisors. The good lady was hungry. Dimitri apologised. She should breakfast, he said, in half an hour, at the village of Castia. Mr Schulz, who has breakfasted, felt little sympathy with her cravings, but mused on her unprepossessing physiognomy. *Qualis mater, talis filia*, thought he to himself. He was presently punished for the uncharitable conjecture. From the Khan to the village the road was execrable, and part of it ran along the side of a perpendicular mountain, with a terrible drop on the other side. Mrs Simons got frightened. Such a path might do for Greeks, but was quite unfit for English ladies. Dimitri must hold her bridle; but then what would become of her daughter? Mr Schulz offered his services, and, without waiting for their acceptance, took the young lady's rein. Just then a passing breeze wafted the odious blue veil aside, and the poor German naturalist was struck to the heart by such a face as had perhaps at times appeared to him amidst the dreamy vapours of his pipe, but which he had never hoped to behold in the flesh.

"A Chinese poet," said Hermann to M. About, "pretends that every man has in his heart a rosary of eggs, each one of which contains a love, and needs but a woman's glance to hatch it. I am too well-informed not to know that this hypothesis reposes on no solid basis, and that it is in formal contradiction with facts revealed by anatomy. Nevertheless, I must say that Miss Simons's first look gave me a sensible shock in the region of the heart. I felt a most unusual commotion, which yet was not painful. It seemed as if something were broken in my breast, just below the bone called the sternum.

At the same time, the blood rushed violently through my veins, and the arteries of my temples beat with such force that I could count their pulsations. What eyes she had, my dear sir! For your peace of mind's sake, I trust you may never meet the like. They were not of an extraordinary size—not that sort of eye which seems to encroach upon the rest of the face. They were neither blue nor black, but of a special and personal colour, made for them, and ground on purpose on a corner of the palette. It was an ardent velvety brown, such as is to be found only in certain garden flowers. I will show you a scabious and a variety of damask rose, almost black, which approach, without matching, the marvellous tint of her eyes. If you have ever visited a forge at midnight, you must have remarked the strange light given by a plate of steel heated to a brown red; that is exactly the colour of her glance. As to its charm, no comparison could render it. Fascination in the eye is a gift confined to a small number of individuals of the animal kingdom. Mary Ann's eyes had I know not what at once artless and arch, a candid vivacity, a sparkle of youth and health, and at times a touching languor. All a woman's knowledge and a child's innocence were to be read there as in a book; but he would grow blind who read there long. Her glance burned one, as truly as my name is Hermann. It would have ripened the peaches on your garden wall!"

This is but a small fragment of the rhapsody to which the botanist from Hamburg treated M. About on the subject of the perfections of Miss Simons, with whom the poor fellow had fallen up to the ears in love, whilst professing merely to admire her in the abstract as a beautiful specimen of the animal kingdom. But there was no mistaking the state of his heart; every word and look of the charming Mary Ann had left an ineffaceable impression. He held her bridle-rein as far as Castia, but Castia was deserted, as had been the Khan. Dimitri took the liberty of breaking open a few doors and windows in quest of inhabitants, but found none. No hope of breakfast

there. Mrs Simons lost all patience. She was an Englishwoman, and she would not be made a fool of. She had travelled in Switzerland, which was also a mountainous country, but she had never wanted for anything; she had always had her regular meals, and fresh trout into the bargain. In vain did Dimitri explain that the people of the village were chiefly charcoal-burners, and consequently often absent in the mountains. He pledged himself that at a distance of ten minutes' ride she should find an inhabited house and a good breakfast. A monk lived there in charge of a convent and farm. He brought up bees, and had always wine, honey, and fowls. But Mrs Simons had alighted, and vowed she would not remount till she had broken bread. It was no consequence, said the patient Dimitri; they would get there quicker on foot. So the horses were tied up to the watering-place, and after a quarter of an hour's scramble along a path fit only for goats, and swarming with green lizards—the sight of which drew many screams from Mrs Simons, who could not abide creeping things—the party came in sight of a little red edifice, with five cupolas, looking like a village mosque. Hard by, under the lee of a thyme-grown hillock, were a hundred straw bee-hives, placed upon the ground in rows, like the tents of a camp. The general commanding was a little round oily young fellow of five-and-twenty, but whom Dimitri persisted in calling the good old man. It is the honorary title of all the Greek monks, and their age has nothing to do with it. This one was dressed like a peasant, but his cap was black instead of red. On perceiving the strangers, he raised his arms to heaven, and exhibited a sort of stupified consternation. Mrs Simons opined that he was mad, or had never yet seen an Englishwoman. Dimitri ran up to him, asked for his blessing, and, in the same breath, bade him twist the necks of a couple of fowls, and he would be well paid for them. A short rapid dialogue ensued, which Mr Schulz's knowledge of Greek enabled him perfectly to comprehend. The brigands, of whom the Athens official papers had slain

one half, and driven the other into the marshes of Marathon, were swarming in the mountain. Hence the desertion of the Khan and the village. The monk naturally concluded Dimitri was in league with them, but the son of Christodulus was better than most of his fellows. There was not a moment to be lost; they must hurry back to their horses. Mary Ann was frightened, but her mother was famished and incredulous. The good lady was afflicted with the canine hunger, and would have sold her birthright for a mess of pottage. She did not believe in brigands, and would not budge without breakfast. Expostulation was in vain; her daughter and Dimitri took each a hand and dragged her towards the path by which they had come. The little monk followed, gesticulating; Mr Schulz felt tempted to push behind, in order to accelerate the flight. Just then a sharp hissing sound proceeded from the bushes on either side of the road; various musket-barrels were protruded from tufts of trees, and a voice cried out in Greek, "Sit down upon the ground." Mr Schulz admits that he obeyed the command with ease, seeing that his legs were already bending beneath him; but he consoles his self-love with the reflection that, under similar circumstances, Ajax, Agamemnon, and the furious Achilles himself, would hardly have refused the proffered seat.

The musket-barrels continued to emerge further and further from the foliage, until Mr Schulz began to think they would meet over his head. He is persuaded that his vision was not troubled by terror, but he had never before noticed the desperate length of Greek muskets. At last the but-ends of the weapons came in sight, and the men who bore them. They were eight in number, and formed a circle round the entrapped travellers. What chiefly struck Mr Schulz was their excessive dirtiness. With some difficulty one might guess that their caps had been red, but no amount of washing would have restored the original colours of their garments. Their jackets, their calico petticoats, their hands, faces, and even their mustaches, were of the reddish grey tint of the soil. Every

animal, remarks the naturalist, ends by assuming the colour of his domicile and habits; the foxes of Greenland are snow colour, the lion is the colour of the desert, the partridge the colour of the furrow, and the Greek highwayman is the colour of the high-road.

The chief of the band ordered the prisoners to empty their pockets. Dimitri produced from his a knife, a tobacco-bag, and three Mexican dollars. One of the coins was returned to him, to take him back to Athens. He bargained hard to get another, but in vain. "Who is that tall thin fellow?" asked the robber. Mr Schulz answered for himself. "An honest German, whose spoils will not enrich you." And he pulled out twenty francs, his pipe, his tobacco, and his handkerchief. The last was an unlucky property. "Why did you tell me you were poor?" quoth the robber, after inquiring the use of the article. "None but milords blow their noses in handkerchiefs. Take that box off your back." The box contained some plants, a book, a knife, a small packet of arsenic, and the remains of the botanist's breakfast. At sight of the bread and meat Mrs Simons's eyes sparkled. Hermann offered her the food, and she began greedily to devour it. It was a fast-day, and the orthodox robbers were horribly scandalised. The monk crossed himself repeatedly. Mr Schulz's watch, an hereditary trinket, weighing about four ounces, excited intense admiration. Then came Mrs Simons's turn. Fortified by the remnant of the naturalist's sandwich, she gave tongue lustily, menaced the robbers with Lord Palmerston and the British fleet, but had to give up her purse. The clemency of her captors allowed her to retain her pocket-handkerchief. Mary Ann, who had plucked up courage since she found that she was only to be robbed, and not killed and eaten, contemptuously threw down her watch, with a huge bunch of charms and amulets attached. In like manner she gave up a morocco pouch which she carried slung at her side. From it the brigand extracted a bottle of salts, a box of peppermint drops, and four or five sovereigns,

The spoils collected, the chief of the band called the monk, counted the money in his presence, and handed him the tenth part of it. Mrs Simons pushed Hermann with her elbow. "You see," she said, "Dimitri and the monk have sold us; they receive their share." Mr Schulz undeceived her. Dimitri had received but an alms out of what had been taken from him. It is a common custom. At Baden, when a traveller has left his last florin on the green cloth, the charitable keeper of the hall not unfrequently pays his journey home. As to the monk, he had taken his tithes according to immemorial custom, and deserved praise for the disinterestedness with which he had endeavoured to warn the travellers of their danger. During these explanations, Dimitri came up to say farewell. He was released, in his quality of a poor devil; but Mr Schulz and the ladies were to remain until they had paid ransom. The amount of this was to be fixed by the supreme chief, Hadji Stavros, to whose camp the detachment now prepared to conduct its prisoners.

It is probably at about this point of the narrative that prejudiced persons, who refuse implicit reliance in M. About's veracity, and obstinately deny that Mr Hermann Schulz ever set foot in Athens, questioning even the worthy and susceptible botanist's existence, and maintaining him to be an unreal shadow, evoked by the malignant Frenchman for defamatory purposes,—will begin loudly to exclaim, and triumphantly to point out the evidently fictitious character of the personages and incidents introduced. Hitherto there has been nothing in the least improbable in these lively travelling-sketches; the persons we have become acquainted with are manifestly portraits; as to Mrs Simons, she might be a figure out of Albert Smith's gallery; the incidents have been slight, and by no means extraordinary. As regards Mr Schulz, if doubts are by any one entertained of his existence in the flesh, we certainly do not share them, for we have repeatedly met him in Germany, and his spectacles and paletot, his strong shoes and blue eyes, and his capacious porcelain pipe, with a

coat of arms painted upon it, are as familiar to us as in the thistle-surrounded portrait of George Buchanan on the cover of this Magazine. We have forgathered with him at the *tables d'hôte* of Frankfurt and in the gardens of Vienna, we have overtaken him when pedestrianising in Rhenish valleys, and tracked him, guided by a strong scent of *enaster* tobacco, when he was sauntering and botanising in the remotest recesses of the Odenwald. Many are the foaming *chopines* we have emptied in his company, and we vouch for his authenticity, and depose to his being a man of science, sentiment, and honesty. Even Pseftis the archæologist, whilst denying the truth of his story, dares not doubt the fact of his existence, but expresses a wish that his name and portrait should be published and sent forth to the European world as those of a defamer of the noble Greek nation. At the same time he expressly refuses to admit that such a person ever lived as the Hadji Stavros, to whom, according to Mr Schulz, the three captives were forthwith presented, and who is described to us as a man bordering on seventy, but wonderfully well preserved, erect, sinewy, active, his face clean shaven, with the exception of a pair of long white mustaches, which hung, like two marble stalactites, below a chin whose square form indicated great decision and tenacity. Unlike his highway-coloured followers, he was scrupulously clean, and his turn-out did honour to his *valet-de-chambre*. He wore the picturesque dress of the islands of the Archipelago; the red cap, the vest of black cloth, immense trousers of blue cotton stuff, and large Russia-leather boots, supple and solid. His girdle was embroidered in gold and jewels; it supported a purse, a curved blade in a silver scabbard, and a gold-mounted pistol adorned with rubies. The King of the Mountains was in his counting-house; in other words, he was seated cross-legged on a carpet, in the shadow of a pine tree, smoking his *tchibouk* and dictating to his secretaries. Mrs Simons, weary with a long walk over rough stones and through thorny brushwood, which had cut to shreds

poor Mary Ann's delicate *bottines*, had been promising herself a comfortable arm-chair when she should reach the royal presence. She was thunderstruck at the primitive nature of the King's domestic arrangements, and at once apostrophised him in English, a language his majesty had never had the leisure to study. She was ordered to be silent, and was fain, from utter weariness, to sit down with her daughter upon the ground, surrounded by a score of brigands, and tormented by the persevering attacks of a host of active insects. Meanwhile Mr Schulz's knowledge of Greek enabled him to obtain considerable insight into the private affairs of Hadji Stavros. We confess that the glimpses he gives of that potentate's domestic concerns, financial position, and political connections, are rather astonishing. The reader shall have a specimen to judge by. A ruffian seated on the bare rock, with his knees for a desk, indited on paper which had BATH stamped in the corner, an epistle to his leader's daughter, then at school in Athens. "My dear eyes"—(my dear child)—the veteran robber dictated, "your schoolmistress writes me that your health is better, and your cold quite gone. At the same time she complains that, since the beginning of April, you do not study, and that you are absent of mind, as if you thought of something else than your book. I cannot too strongly impress upon you the necessity of working hard. Take me as an example. Had I been idle, like many others, I should never have attained my rank in society. I wish you to be worthy of me, and that is why I make so many sacrifices for your education. You know that I have never refused you either masters or books, but I wish my money to bear fruit. The Walter Scott has arrived at the Piræus, as well as the Robinson and all the English books you wished to read. Ask our friends in Hermes Street to get them for you from the custom-house. By the same opportunity you will receive the bracelet you asked me for, and that steel apparatus to puff out your dress. If you are still dissatisfied with your Vienna piano and must have a Pleyel, let me know. I

will do one or two villages after harvest, and it will be very odd if they do not yield me the price of a pretty piano. Pray do not neglect your languages. You must be able to speak French, English, and especially German. You are not destined to pass your life in this ridiculous little country, and I would rather see you dead than married to a Greek. A King's daughter, you must marry nothing less than a prince. I do not mean a contraband prince, like our Fanariots, who boast of their descent from the emperors of the East, and whom I would not have for my servants, but a genuine prince, crowned and reigning. There are very decent ones to be had in Germany, and my fortune entitles you to pick and choose. Since the Germans have come here to reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them. So make haste and learn their language." This letter gave Mr Schulz a high opinion of his captor's sagacity and foresight. Mrs Simons, whose spirit was rather cowed by hunger, nudged him, and inquired if it was their sentence the man was dictating. On being informed that the letter related merely to grand piano and crinoline, Walter Scott and matrimony, she became anxious about breakfast. Just then the King's *cafidgi* presented him with coffee, conserve of roses, and *rahat-loukoum*. The coffee being prepared in the Turkish fashion, with the grounds left in, was rejected with disgust; the delicious rose-jam was barely tasted, for there was but one spoon for three persons. But the *rahat-loukoum*, a delicate perfumed paste, cut in squares like lozenges, was extremely well received. Whilst the ladies emptied the drum containing it, Hadji Stavros dictated other letters: one to his bankers in London, ordering them to sell his shares in the British Bank and invest in the Three per Cents; another to a Mr Micrommati, a high functionary at the palace and a shareholder in the National Company, of which the King of the Mountains was the manager and active director. The conscientious Hadji Stavros rendered an account of his stewardship, showing the highly profitable results of

the preceding year's campaign. His letters finished, he put his seal to them by way of signature, for the writing-master had had little to do with his education, and then proceeded to interrogate his prisoners. Mrs Simons, unsuspecting and indignant, scarcely needed questioning. She proclaimed herself an Englishwoman, belonging to the best society in London, very rich, well acquainted with the English minister at Athens, and with various wealthy bankers of that capital, and she doubted not that in virtue of these recommendations she would immediately be set at liberty. Hadji Stavros listened to her with a deference that increased as she proceeded. He returned all that had been taken from her and her daughter, lectured his lieutenant, whose name was Sophocles, for not having treated her with more respect, ordered carpets for her to recline upon, and the best of dinners to be prepared, and assured her that she might depend on every attention being paid to her comfort until such time as her banker or ambassador should send him a ransom of one hundred thousand francs.

Poor Mrs Simons was perfectly thunderstruck by this unexpected conclusion. But her courage soon returned. England would deliver her; she had faith in Lord Palmerston and also in the Greek gendarmes, and she vowed that she would pay no ransom. Warned by the snare into which she had fallen, Mr Schulz insisted on his poverty. But he was no match for the wily Greek, who by a series of questions, prompted apparently by the most artless curiosity, and by working adroitly on the innocent vanity of the worthy botanist, discovered that he was a man of science, a doctor, commissioned and paid by his native town. Sooner than lose the result of his labours, and leave so learned a man in captivity, Hamburg, Hadji Stavros concluded, would make a sacrifice of 15,000 francs, at which sum he fixed the German's ransom. Had he been an ignoramus like himself, the sarcastic brigand remarked, he would have set him at liberty gratis.

No less feeling historian than Hermann Schulz could have done

justice to the terrors and trials of the charming Mary Ann Simons during her sojourn amongst the outlaws of Greece. The abode assigned to the ladies was far from disagreeable; a verdant nook in the grey rocks, carpeted with soft fine grass, shaded with laurels, refreshed by a limpid spring, a Diamond of the Desert, which swelled silently in its rustic basin, overflowed, and rolled in a silvery sheet down the declivitous mountain-side. Above was the deep blue sky, in the distance the Saronic Gulf, not less blue, the white buildings of Athens, the sombre olive woods, the dusty plain, the round grey back of Mount Hymettus. Even the unromantic Mrs Simons was struck by the view, and admitted that, in London or Paris, it would be worth a long price. As for the grassy laurel-shaded nook, it would have been a prize to a picnic party. But what can embellish a prison, or make the captive forget his chain? The Mountain King was no niggard host, and although he was far too orthodox a Christian to supply meat on the eve of Ascension Day, Mrs Simons's canine hunger was further sharpened, and her long teeth were made to water, by the sight and scent of a fresh loaf smoking from the oven, of a huge wooden vessel of clotted milk, and of a delicate cheese reposing on the clean linen cloth in which it had been pressed. There were olives, too, and pimentos, and a heavy big-bellied goat-skin distended with wine; and the jolly little monk, whom the ladies persisted in considering an accomplice of the robbers, contributed a jar of honey, into which the bees seemed to have distilled all the perfumes of the mountain, and which resembled the honey of western Europe as the finest venison resembles common mutton. A lieutenant of Hadji Stavros, a native of Corfu who spoke English, waited upon the ladies, and to him Mrs Simons, whilst vigorously assailing the provender, occasionally addressed a haughty question. His master, she observed, could not seriously suppose she would pay a ransom of 100,000 francs; but, if he did, he had better lay in a store of patience, for he would have a long

time to wait. "Hadji Stavros," replied the lieutenant, an ill-looking ruffian who had left Corfu to avoid the gallows, "had desired him to say that he would wait until noon on the 15th May." "And if the ransom was not paid by noon on the 15th May," Mrs Simons inquired—"what then?" "In that case," the Ionian coolly replied, "his chief would be under the disagreeable necessity of cutting her throat, as well as that of her daughter." Mrs Simons, confident in speedy rescue, was not to be intimidated or put off her food by threats of this kind; but her daughter was less courageous, and it fell to Hermann's lot to encourage and console her by plans of escape. To the honest and enamoured botanist those days of bondage in Attica's mountains were fertile in emotions, not all of them unpleasing. By nature timid, he became valiant in behalf of the English beauty, whose eyes were as a damask rose or as hot steel at midnight. And when he saw her in all her morning freshness, drying her rich curls, wet from the Diamond of the Desert, in the early sunbeams, he felt himself capable of confronting in her defence the redoubtable Hadji Stavros, and the entire regiment of robbers. He had no occasion, however, to resort to extreme measures for her protection. The prisoners were far too valuable to be mishandled, and the Mountain King kept his men in tolerable order. Upon the whole, the captive trio might have been worse off than amongst those jolly and prosperous robbers, who kept the 1st of May, the Feast of the Ascension, with immense rejoicings, with much roasted lamb, and barbarous music, and dancing of the romaika, and firing of guns and pistols, and who fed their unwilling guests as if they desired to fatten them for killing. At first Mrs Simons obstinately refused her confidence to her German companion in captivity. His apparent intimacy with Dimitri, who she fully believed had led her into the toils, and his conversations in Greek with Hadji Stavros, made her look upon him with suspicion. When at last she became convinced of his honesty, it was evident she had but a poor opinion of him as a

man of action. She seemed to think that he ought, by some feat of valour worthy of an ancient paladin, to have annihilated the banditti, and rescued her. An Englishman, she said, would have at least got himself killed in her defence, and she would have rewarded him with her daughter's hand. Poppies are pale compared to the tint that overspread Hermann's countenance at the mere supposition of such a termination to his adventure. He thought it unnecessary to point out to Mrs Simons the small advantage that even the fair hand of her rich and lovely daughter would be to a dead man, but proceeded at once to combine and explain a plan of escape. They were unguarded on the side of the waterfall; the nature of the ground was such that a couple of hours' work, when the robbers were buried in sleep, would suffice to turn the little stream into another channel; another hour would dry the rocks, and, although the descent was steep and rugged, it was not so much so but that Mary Ann, with his assistance, might get down into the ravine. Then they would have the stars for guides, and Athens before them. Mary Ann looked courageously down the precipitous mountain-side. It might be done, she said, with the help of a strong arm. And she cast a kindly glance at her proposed deliverer. "We have perhaps misjudged you, sir," said she, and she held out her hand to Hermann. Before he could carry it to his lips, she withdrew it and struck her forehead, like one to whom a sudden thought occurs. "And the Ionian!" she exclaimed. Day and night the Ionian kept a strict watch, and when he slept it was at the entrance of the prisoners' tents. Hermann answered for the Ionian. He would bind and gag him; if necessary, he would kill him. Under the influence of Mary Ann's sweet smile and friendly tones, he would have made light of difficulties far greater. But Mrs Simons raised one that was insurmountable. Admitting the Ionian to be slaughtered, the stream turned, the rocks dry, the descent accomplished, and her daughter and Mr Schulz to have safely reached the plain—what was to become of herself? Alone, it was impossible

she should descend the water-course, and it was far too steep for Mr Schulz to come up again and fetch her. Such romantic projects, the good lady observed, have always some radical defect. The best plan, after all, was to wait quietly for the gendarmes. She was an English-woman, and it was an old habit with her to place confidence in the law. Besides, she had seen the gendarmes on parade before the palace. They were fine men, and pretty clean for Greeks. They had long mustaches and percussion muskets; and, with Mr Schulz's permission, she and her daughter would await their arrival.

Never, assuredly, was confidence more misplaced than that of Mrs Simons in the valiant gendarmerie of Greece. As for paying the ransom demanded, she would not listen to such a thing. Besides, if it were paid, she acutely remarked, what security had she that the robbers would perform their part of the contract, and set her and her daughter at liberty? Mr Schulz replied to this, that if they once kept their prisoners after receiving their price, nobody would ever again pay ransom. The brigands, he sarcastically assured her, are the only Greeks who never break their word. But she would not be persuaded. She would wait a week, and if rescue came not, it then would be time enough to think about complying with Hadji Stavros's exorbitant demand. We shall not attempt to follow the thread of the adventures of the Mountain King's interesting captives, or to trace the numerous incidents with which M. About's amusing volume is crammed. We recommend our readers to seek them in the book itself, which abounds in curious glimpses of Greek manners, feelings, and ideas. The caricatures it contains are much less broad than they will be deemed by persons unacquainted with the real state of things in that country. The friendly feeling between brigands and gendarmes, the connivance of men in power at the misdeeds of outlaws, are burlesqued with much humour. On the fourth morning of their detention, the prisoners were roused by an unusual stir in the camp. The

military were at hand; the brigands were afoot, armed to the teeth; Hadji Stavros was on the alert, serious and attentive, but apparently not very uneasy. A ragged vedette came in and reported that a company of gendarmes was marching up by way of Castia. Was it Captain Pericles' company? The scout could not tell. Just then a shot was fired in the distance. The King took out his watch. Three other shots followed at regular intervals; then came a heavy platoon fire; Hadji Stavros smiled. "Return the baggage into store," he said, "and bring Egina wine; it is Pericles and his company. Presently a drum was heard, a blue flag waved, and sixty gendarmes appeared upon the scene. Their commanding officer, a fine young man, whom Hermann Schulz had frequently noticed upon the fashionable promenade of Patissia, sheathed his sabre, ran up to the King of the Mountains, embraced him, and addressed him as his godfather. The robber inquired after the health of the gendarme's family. His uncle the bishop had got fever, the handsome Pericles replied; the prefect of police was better, and sent his kind regards, as did the minister. There was to be a ball at the palace on the 15th, the Athens *Siècle* had announced it; the funds were lower; Photini was writing to her father, but the letter was not ready when the gendarmes marched, and she would send it by the post. The most interesting news of all was, that the paymaster-general was sending specie to Argos, which might be met with on the road; and that the English-women, instead of writing for their ransom, as Hadji Stavros believed, had invoked the aid of the entire Greek army. Captain Pericles proposed reporting a bloody encounter with the brigands, in which these should have been severely worsted. He wanted a decoration, and this was a good opportunity to get one. Hadji Stavros demurred; he did not like the idea of being beaten, even in a bulletin. At last he consented to defeat, on condition that Pericles and his men should guard the camp and prisoners whilst he and his band went to capture the convoy, whose

escort, it was found, might be so ill mannered as to decline fraternisation and defend their charge.

Mrs Simons, whose trust was in the law and the gendarmes, could not believe her eyes when she saw the latter march away, leaving her and her daughter in captivity. We shall not divulge the ingenious device by which Hermann Schulz obtained the release of the ladies, himself remaining in the hands of the Philistines. But Mary Ann smiled sweetly on him at parting, and suffered him to kiss her lily hand, a little bronzed by the sojourn in the mountains; Mrs Simons also vouchsafed him her bony fist, and bade him come and see her as soon as he made his escape, which he could not fail to do by one of the excellent plans he had proposed, but which had been found impracticable for ladies. An obligation had been contracted, a certain intimacy had grown up; Hermann remembered the French lieutenant who had espoused the Russian princess, and he thought of his own triumph when he should drive into Hamburg with his English bride by his side. To the realisation of this glorious day-dream, an indispensable preliminary was his return to Athens, and as Mrs Simons, although she owed him her liberty, had not offered to pay his ransom (which he thought she might have done, and have deducted it from her daughter's dowry), and as John Harris, in whose courage and resources he had great confidence, and to whom he had written for aid, gave no sign of life, he resolved to try the perilous passage of the waterfall, having previously made his Ionian keeper exceedingly drunk. To turn the stream, and descend the ravine, proved more arduous than he had anticipated; and when at last he thought he had overcome all difficulties, and was about to reach the plain, and start at speed for Athens and Mary Ann, he was suddenly brought to a stand by a dog, as big as a calf, and as fierce as a tiger, one of a pack belonging to the brigands, and which did duty as advanced sentries, occasionally making a meal of a stray traveller, a defenceless shepherd, or even of one of their own masters. It was with the greatest difficulty Mr Schulz kept his

assailant at bay, and avoided being eaten; to proceed was impossible, and he again fell into the power of the robbers, who, reproaching him with his dishonourable behaviour, and to reward him for this and another attempt at escape, applied the bastinado to the soles of his feet, until his running away was quite out of the question. Hadji Stavros, indignant at his unprincipled conduct, no longer protected him, and the robbers teased and tortured him to their hearts' content, straining their barbarous ingenuity to invent new torments. At the very height of his sufferings, Dimitri suddenly appeared in the camp, breathless and excited. He brought a letter from John Harris to Hadji Stavros. Harris had found out that Photini, the young lady who passed her Sundays at the house of Christodulus, and who had fixed her affections on the handsome Yankee, was the daughter of the King of the Mountains. He had had no difficulty in inducing her to pay a visit to his vessel, and, once there, he gave her up his cabin, assured her of honourable treatment, and wrote to her father that she was under the protection of four American cannons, and that she should answer, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, for his friend Hermann Schulz. The tough old robber, who adored his daughter, trembled and wept when he thought of the bastinado applied to the unfortunate botanist, and saw in imagination the terrible sticks descending on the tender soles of his darling Photini. He had been a pirate in his day, and he deliberated whether he should not board the Yankee vessel, but abandoned the idea lest harm should come to his child. Before Mr Schulz was sufficiently recovered from his injuries to return to Athens, whither Hadji Stavros was now all impatience to send him, a mutiny broke out amongst the robbers, and led to a desperate fight, complicated, at the most critical moment, by the sudden-appearance of Harris and his nephew with an arsenal of revolvers, backed by the herculean Giacomo, wielding a heavy ship's musket as though it had been a feather, and striking down a man with every sweep of its butt. A strong odour of

blood and cartridge pervades this part of M. About's book, which would be quite a treasure to the ingenious gentleman who constructs "Grand Romantic Spectacles" for Astley's amphitheatre.

And so, after many sufferings, the unlucky German naturalist once more set foot in Athens—tenderly, doubtless; for, although Hadji Stavros had lavished upon him all his surgical skill, the bastinado had been too severe to be easily forgotten. His hair had been singed short in a freak of the playful brigands, and his clothes had materially suffered. But he made light of these mishaps; a barber was summoned to trim his lessened locks; and as for garments, had he not in his trunk a magnificent red coat, embroidered with silver, which had belonged to his deceased uncle Rosenthaler, who held a high position in the natural history department of the philomathic institution of Minden? It was the parting gift of his aunt, a sensible woman, who knew that a uniform, especially when red, is well received in all countries. So, in spite of his disasters, Hermann's heart was joyful, for it was the 15th May, the day of the palace-ball; he was invited, and Dimitri had informed him that Mrs Simons and her daughter would be there. He thought to himself how surprised and delighted Mary Ann would be to see him. And he sat down to write to his family, announcing his approaching marriage, inviting them all to his wedding, and promising to make their fortunes. The letter despatched, he equipped himself in uniform, and hastened to the palace. His cocked hat was slightly rusty, but he thought that would not show by candle-light; his sword was rather short, but it was as well it was not longer, for as it was, it had a tendency to get between his legs; his coat was decidedly tight, it cut him under the arms, and no amount of pulling would bring the cuff down to his wrists, but the effect of the embroidery was dazzling. Thus equipped, he entered the ball-room, accompanied by his friend John Harris. Mary Ann had not arrived, and long did he seek her in vain, in the fast-increasing crowd. At last he despaired of her appearance, and was

gloomily looking on at a card-table, and wondering what could have kept her away, when a well-known silvery laugh behind him made his heart throb violently. He dared not turn round, but he felt that she was there, and his joy rose to his throat, and nearly choked him. He never knew what it was that excited her mirth, but supposed it might be some ridiculous costume, such as one meets in all countries at official balls. In a mirror opposite to him he caught her image. She stood between her mother and uncle, more lovely and radiant even than the first day he had seen her. A triple row of pearls adorned her swanlike neck; her beautiful eyes sparkled in the brilliant light, which seemed to sport amidst her glossy redundant locks; and her pearl-like teeth were disclosed by her joyous laugh. Her dress and hair were adorned with flowers—and what flowers! None others than the *Boryana variabilis*, the pursuit of which had led Mr Schulz into so many adventures, and of which he had not yet succeeded in obtaining a specimen. He made sure of one now; and can there, he thought, be anything in life more delightful than to herborise amidst the tresses of the woman one loves? He felt himself at that moment to be the happiest of men and naturalists. Carried away by his emotions, he suddenly turned round, and advanced towards her with outstretched hands, exclaiming "Mary Ann, it is I!" But, to his astonishment, instead of falling into his arms, she retreated as if terrified, whilst Mrs Simons raised her head so high that it seemed as if the bird of paradise that adorned it was about to fly up to the ceiling. The uncle took him by the hand, led him aside, examined him as if he were some curious animal, and gravely addressed him as follows, "Sir, have you been introduced to these ladies?" A pretty question to put to a man who for ten days had shared their captivity, had eaten and drank with them, and soothed their fears and planned their escape, and, finally, contributed to their deliverance, who had risked death in their service, and was the betrothed of Mary Ann. In vain did he strive to impress this

upon the imperturbable brother of Mrs Simons, who insisted upon a formal presentation. Furious at the Englishman's stupidity and obstinacy, Hermann Schulz ran like a madman through the ball, breaking up groups and tripping up waltzers, until he himself was tripped up by his sword, and fell at full length at the feet of John Harris. The Yankee helped him to rise, heard the tale of his vexations, and promised to have him introduced by the American minister. But in the mean time the ladies had left the ball; Hermann just got a glimpse of Mrs Simons's bird of paradise soaring through the doorway. The excitement and agitation of the evening robbed him of rest, and it was daybreak when he at last fell asleep. Three hours later Dimitri entered his room, big with news. The Simons family had just departed by steamer for Trieste—the same steamer that conveyed Hermann's triumphant letter to his family announcing his approaching nuptials. Thus fell, at one crash, the botanist's air-built castle. Yankee Harris furnished a moral to the story. Gratitude, he said, imposes itself, but love is not to be commanded. So thought poor Hermann Schulz as he next day boarded the French boat that was to convey him to Sicily. He forwarded his collection of Greek plants to Hamburg, but it contained not a single specimen of the *Boryana variabilis*.

"Harris is on his way to Japan,"

said Mr Schulz, concluding his narration. "In a year or two I hope to hear from him. His nephew wrote to me at Rome; he still practises pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues to seal letters in the daytime, and to crack nuts at night. M. Merinay's great work on the lamp of Demosthenes is to be printed some day or other. The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities, and is building a mansion outside Athens, with a guardhouse to lodge twenty-five devoted Pallicares. Pending its completion, he has hired an hotel in the new town. He sees a great deal of company, and is working to become minister of justice, but it requires a little time. Photini keeps his house; Dimitri goes sometimes to sup and sigh in the kitchen. I have heard nothing more of Mrs Simons, or of her brother, or of Mary Ann. If this silence continues, I soon shall think no more of them. Sometimes, at night, I dream that she is before me, and that my long thin countenance is reflected in her beautiful eyes. Then I awake, weeping bitterly, and I bite my pillow with rage and disappointment. What I regret, believe me, is not the woman herself, but the fortune and position that have escaped me. Well is it for me that I did not surrender my heart, and I daily return thanks to my natural insensibility. How greatly to be pitied should I be, my dear sir, had I unfortunately fallen in love!"

THE ATHELINGS ; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

BOOK III.—PART XI.

CHAPTER XV.—GOING HOME.

AFTER this the family made immediate preparations for their return. Upon this matter Rachel was extremely uncomfortable, and much divided in her wishes. Miss Lucy, who had been greatly solaced by the gentle ministrations of this mild little girl, insisted very much that Rachel should remain with her until her friends returned in spring, or till her brother had "established himself." Rachel herself did not know what to do; and her mind was in a very doubtful condition, full of self-arguments. She did not think Louis would be pleased—that was the dark side. The favourable view was, that she was of use to the invalid, and, remaining with her would be "no burden to any one." Rachel pondered, wept, and consulted over it with much sincerity. From the society of these young companions, whom the simple girl loved, and who were so near her own age; from Louis, her lifelong ruler and example; from the kindly fireside, to which she had looked forward so long—it was hard enough to turn to the invalid chambers, the old four-volume novels, and poor pretty old Miss Lucy's "disappointment in love." "And if afterwards I had to sing or give lessons, I should forget all my music there," said Rachel. Mrs Atheling kindly stepped in and decided for her. "It might be a very good thing for you, my dear, if you had no friends," said Mrs Atheling. Rachel did not know whether to be most puzzled or grateful; but to keep a certain conscious solemnity out of her tone—a certain mysterious intimation of something great in the future—was out of the power of Mamma.

Accordingly, they all began their preparations with zeal and energy, the only indifferent member of the party being Agnes, who began to feel herself a good deal alone, and to suspect that she was indeed in the ene-

my's interest, and not so anxious about the success of Louis as she ought to have been. A few days after Miss Anastasia's visit, the Rector came to find them in all the bustle of preparation. He appeared among them with a certain solemnity, looking haughty and offended, and received Mrs Atheling's intimation of their departure with a grave and punctilious bow. He had evidently known it before, and he looked upon it, quite as evidently, as something done to thwart him—a personal offence to himself.

"Miss Atheling perhaps has literary occupation to call her to town," suggested Mr Rivers, returning to his original ground of displeasure, and trying to get up a little quarrel with Agnes. She did not reply to him, but her mother did, on her behalf.

"Indeed, Mr Rivers, it does not make any difference to Agnes; she can write anywhere," said Mrs Atheling. "I often wonder how she gets on amongst us all; but my husband has been left so long by himself—and now that the trial does not come on till spring, we are all so thankful to get home."

"The trial comes on in spring?—I shall endeavour to be at home," said the Rector—"and I trust, if I can, be of any service. I am myself going to town; I am somewhat unsettled in my plans at present—but my friends whom I esteem most are in London—people of scientific and philosophical pursuits, who cannot afford to be fashionable. Shall I have your permission to call on you when we are all there?"

"I am sure we shall all be very much pleased," said Mrs Atheling, flattered by his tone—"you know what simple people we are, and we do not keep any company; but we shall be very pleased, and honoured too, to see you as we have seen you here."

Agnes was a little annoyed by her

mother's speech. She looked up with a flash of indignation, and met, not the eyes of Mrs Atheling, but those of Mr Rivers, who was looking at her. The eyes had a smile in them, but there was perfect gravity upon the face. She was confused by the look, though she did not know why. The words upon her lip were checked—she looked down again, and began to arrange her papers with a rising colour. The Rector's look wandered from her face, because he perceived that he embarrassed her, but went no further than her hands, which were pretty hands enough, yet nothing half so exquisite as those rose-tipped fairy fingers with which Marian folded up her embroidery. The Rector had no eyes at all for Marian; but he watched the arrangement of Agnes's papers with a quite involuntary interest—detected in an instant when she misplaced one, and was very much disposed to offer his own assistance, relenting towards her. What he meant by it—he who was really the heir of Lord Winterbourne, and by no means unaware of his own advantages—Mrs Atheling, looking on with quick-witted maternal observation, could not tell.

Then quite abruptly—after he had watched all Agnes's papers into the pockets of her writing-book—he rose to go away; then he lingered over the ceremony of shaking hands with her, and held hers longer than there was any occasion for. "Some time I hope to resume our argument," said Mr Rivers. He paused till she answered him: "I do not know about argument," said Agnes, looking up with a flash of spirit—"I should be foolish to try it against you. I know only what I trust in—that is not argument—I never meant it so."

He made no reply save by a bow, and went away leaving her rather excited, a little angry, a little moved.

Then they began to plague her with questions—What did Mr Rivers mean? There was nothing in the world which Agnes knew less of than what Mr Rivers meant. She tried to explain, in a general way, the conversation she had with him before, but made an extremely lame explanation, which no one was satisfied with, and escaped to her own room in a very nervous condition, quite disturbed out of her self-command. Agnes did not at all know what to make of her anomalous feelings. She was vexed to the heart to feel how much she was interested, while she disapproved so much, and with petulant annoyance exclaimed to herself, that she wanted no more argument if he would but let her alone!

And then came the consideration of Lionel's false hope—the hope which some of these days would be taken from him in a moment. If she could only let him know what she knew, her conscience would be easy. As she thought of this, she remembered how people have been told in fables secrets as important; the idea flashed into her mind with a certain relief—then came the pleasure of creation, the gleam of life among her maze of thoughts; the fancy brightened into shape and graceful fashion—she began unconsciously to hang about it the shining garments of genius—and so she rose and went about her homely business, putting together the little frocks of Bell and Beau, ready to be packed, with the vision growing and brightening before her eyes. Then the definite and immediate purpose of it gave way to a pure native delight in the beautiful thing which began to grow and expand in her thoughts. She went down again, forgetting her vexation. If it did no other good in the world, there was the brightest stream of practical relief and consolation in Agnes Atheling's gift.

CHAPTER XVI.—NEW INFLUENCES.

Once more the Old Wood Lodge stood solitary under the darkening wintry skies, with no bright faces at its windows, nor gleam of household firelight in the dim little parlour, where Miss Bridget's shadow came

back to dwell among the silence, a visionary inhabitant. Once more Hannah sat solitary in her kitchen, lamenting that it was "lonesomer nor ever," and pining for the voices of the children. Hannah would have

almost been content to leave her native place and her own people to accompany the family to London; but that was out of the question; and, spite of all Mamma's alarms, Susan had really conducted herself in a very creditable manner under her great responsibility as housekeeper at Bellevue.

The journey home was not a very eventful one. They were met by Papa and Louis on their arrival, and conducted in triumph to their own little house, which did not look so attractive, by any means, as it used to do. Then they settled down without more ado into the family use and wont. With so great a change in all their prospects and intentions—so strange an enlargement of their horizon and extension of their hopes—it was remarkable how little change befell the outward life and customs of the family. Marian, it was true, was "engaged;" but Marian might have been engaged to poor Harry Oswald without any great variation of circumstances; and that was always a possibility lying under everybody's eyes. It did not yet disturb the *habits* of the family; but this new life which they began to enter—this life of separated and individual interest—took no small degree of heart and spirit out of those joint family pleasures and occupations into which Marian constantly brought a reference to Louis, which Agnes passed through with a preoccupied and abstracted mind, and from which Charlie was far away. The stream widened, the sky grew broader, yet every one had his or her separate and peculiar firmament. A maturer, perhaps, and more complete existence was opening upon them; but the first effect was by no means to increase the happiness of the family. They loved each other as well as ever; but they were not so entirely identical. It was a disturbing influence, foreign and unusual; it was not the quiet, assured, undoubting family happiness of the days which were gone.

Then there were other unaccordant elements. Rachel, whom Mrs. Atheling insisted upon retaining with them, and who was extremely eager on her own part to find something to do, and

terrified to think herself a burden upon her friends; and Louis, who contented himself with his pittance of income, but only did his mere duty at the office, and gave all his thoughts and all his powers to the investigation which engrossed him. Mrs. Atheling was very much concerned about Louis. If all this came to nothing, as was quite probable, she asked her husband eagerly what was to become of these young people—what were they to do? For at present, instead of trying to get on, Louis, who had no suspicion of the truth, gave his whole attention to a visionary pursuit, and was content to have the barest enough which he could exist upon. Mr. Atheling shook his head, and could not make any satisfactory reply. "There was no disposition to idleness about the boy," Papa said, with approval. "He was working very hard, though he might make nothing by it; and when this state of uncertainty was put an end to, then they should see."

And Marian of late had become actively suspicious and observant. Marian attacked her mother boldly, and without concealment. "Mamma, it is something about Louis that Charlie has gone abroad for!" she said, in an unexpected sally, which took the garrison by surprise.

"My dear, how could you think of such a thing?" cried the prudent Mrs. Atheling. "What could Miss Anastasia have to do with Louis? Why, she never so much as saw him, you know. You must, by no means, take foolish fancies into your head. I daresay, after all, he must belong to Lord Winterbourne."

Marian asked no more; but she did not fail to communicate her suspicions to Louis, at the earliest opportunity. "I am quite sure," said Marian, not scrupling even to express her convictions in presence of Agnes and Rachel, "that Charlie has gone abroad for something about you."

"Something about me!" Louis was considerably startled: he was even indignant for a moment. He did not relish the idea of having secret enterprises undertaken for him, or to know less about himself than Marian's young brother did. "You must be mistaken," he said, with a momentary

haughtiness. "Charlie is a very acute fellow, but I do not see that he is likely to trouble himself about me."

"Oh, but it was Miss Anastasia," said Marian, eagerly.

Then Louis coloured, and drew himself up. His first idea was that Miss Anastasia looked for evidence to prove him the son of Lord Winterbourne; and he resented, with natural vehemence, the interference of the old lady. "We are come to a miserable pass, indeed," he said, with bitterness, "when people investigate privately to prove this wretched lie against us."

"But you do not understand," cried Rachel. "Oh, Louis, I never told you what Miss Anastasia said. She said you were to take the name of Atheling, because it meant illustrious, and because the exiled princes were named so. Both Marian and Agnes heard her. She is a friend, Louis. Oh, I am sure if she is inquiring anything, it is all for our good!"

The colour rose still higher upon Louis's cheek. He did not quite comprehend at the moment this strange, sudden side-light which glanced down upon the question which was so important to him. He did not pause to follow, nor see to what it might lead; but it struck him as a clue to something, though he was unable to discover what that something was. Atheling! the youth's imagination flashed back in a moment upon those disinherited descendants of Alfred, the Edgars and Margarets, who, instead of princely titles, bore only that addition to their name. He was as near the truth

at that moment as people wandering in profound darkness are often near the light. Another step would have brought him to it; but Louis did not take that step, and was not enlightened. His heart rose, however, with the burning impatience of one who comes within sight of the jail. He started involuntarily with haste and eagerness. He was jealous that even friendly investigations should be the first to find out the mystery. He felt as if he would have a better right to anything which might be awaiting him, if he discovered it himself.

Upon all this tumult of thought and feeling Agnes looked on, saying nothing—looked on, by no means enjoying her spectatorship and superior knowledge. It was a "situation" which might have pleased Mr Endicott, but it terribly embarrassed Agnes, who found it no pleasure at all to be so much wiser than her neighbours. She dared not confide the secret to Louis any more than she could to the Rector; and she would have been extremely unhappy between them, but for the relief and comfort of that fable, which was quickly growing into shape and form. It had passed out of her controlling hands already, and began to exercise over her the sway which a real created thing always exercises over the mind even of its author; it had ceased to be the direct personal affair she had intended to make it; it told its story, but after a more delicate process, and Agnes expended all her graceful fancy upon its perfection. She thought now that Louis might find it out as well as the Rector. It was an eloquent appeal, heart-warm and touching to them both.

CHAPTER XVII.—RACHEL'S DOUBTS.

After Louis, the most urgent business in the house of the Athelings was that of Rachel, who was so pertinaciously anxious to be employed, that her friends found it very difficult to evade her constant entreaties. Rachel's education—or rather Rachel's want of education—had been very different from that of Marian and Agnes. She had no traditions of respectability to deter her from

anything she could do; and she had been accustomed to sing to the guests at Winterbourne, and concluded that it would make very little difference to her, whether her performance was in a public concert-room or a private assembly. "No one would care at all for me; no one would ever think of me or look at me," said Rachel. "If I sang well, that would be all that any one thought of; and we need not

tell Louis—and I would not mind myself—and no one would ever know.”

“But I have great objections to it, my dear,” said Mrs Atheling, with some solemnity. “I should rather a hundred times take in work myself, or do anything with my own hands, then let my girls do this. It is not respectable for a young girl. A public appearance! I should be grieved and ashamed beyond anything. I should indeed, my dear.”

“I am very sorry, Mrs Atheling,” said Rachel, wistfully; “but it is not anything wrong.”

“Not wrong—but not at all respectable,” said Mrs Atheling, “and unfeminine, and very dangerous indeed, and a discreditable position for a young girl.”

Rachel blushed, and was very much disconcerted, but still did not give up the point. “I thought it so when they tried to force me,” she said, in a low tone; “but now, no one need know; and people, perhaps, might have me at their houses; ladies sing in company. You would not mind me doing that, Mrs Atheling? Or I could give lessons. Perhaps you think it is all vanity; but indeed they used to think me a very good singer, long ago. Oh, Agnes, do you remember that old gentleman at the Willows? that very old gentleman who used to talk to you? I think he could help me if you would only speak to him.”

“Mr Agar? I think he could,” said Agnes; “but, Rachel, mamma says you must not think of it. Marian does not do anything, and why should you?”

“I am no one’s daughter,” said Rachel, sadly. “You are all very kind; but Louis has only a very little money; and I will not—in indeed I will not—be a burden upon you.”

“Rachel, my dear,” said Mrs Atheling, “do not speak so foolishly; but I will tell you what we can do. Agnes shall write down all about it to Miss Anastasia, and ask her advice, and whether she consents to it; and if she consents, I will not object any more. I promise I shall not stand in the way at all, if Miss Anastasia decides for you.”

Rachel looked up with a little wonder. “But Miss Anastasia has nothing to do with us,” said the astonished girl. “I would rather obey you than Miss Rivers, a great deal. Why should we consult *her*?”

“My dear,” said Mrs Atheling, with importance, “you must not ask any questions at present. *I have my reasons.* Miss Anastasia takes a great interest in you, and I have a very good reason for what I say.”

This made an end of the argument; but Rachel was extremely puzzled, and could not understand it. She was not very quick-witted, this gentle little girl; she began to have a certain awe of Miss Anastasia, and to suppose that it must be her superior wisdom which made every one ask her opinion. Rachel could not conclude upon any other reason, and accordingly awaited with a little solemnity the decision of Miss Rivers. They were in a singular harmony, all these young people; not one of them but had some great question hanging in the balance, which they themselves were not sufficient to conclude upon—something that might change and colour the whole course of their lives.

Another event occurring just at this time, made Rachel for a time the heroine of the family. Charlie wrote home with great regularity, like a good son as he was. His letters were very short, and not at all explanatory; but they satisfied his mother that he had not taken a fever, nor fallen into the hands of robbers, and that was so far well. In one of these epistles, however, the young gentleman extended his brief report a little, to describe to them a family with which he had formed acquaintance. There were a lot of girls, Charlie said; and one of them, called Giulia Remori, was strangely like “Miss Rachel;” “not exactly like,” wrote Charlie,—“not like Agnes and Marian” (who, by the way, had only a very vague resemblance to each other). “You would not suppose them to be sisters; but I always think of Miss Rachel when I see this Signora Giulia. They say, too, she has a great genius for music, and I heard her sing once myself,

like — ; well, I cannot say what it was like. The most glorious music, I believe, under the skies.”

“Mamma, that cannot be Charlie!” said the girls simultaneously; but it was Charlie, without any dispute, and Marian clapped her hands in triumph, and exclaimed that he must be in love; and there stood Rachel, very much interested, wistful, and smiling. The tender-hearted girl had the greatest propensity to make friendships. She received the idea of this foreign Giulia into her heart in a moment, and ran forth eagerly at the time of Louis’s usual evening visit to meet him at the gate, and tell him this little bit of romance. It moved Louis a great deal more deeply than it moved Rachel. This time his eye flashed to the truth like lightning. He began to give serious thought to what Marian had said of Charlie’s object, and of Miss Anastasia. “Hush, Rachel,” he said, with sudden gravity. “Hush, I see it; this is some one belonging to our mother.”

“Our mother!” The two orphans stood together at the little gate, silenced by the name. They had never speculated much upon this parent. It was one of the miseries of their cruel position, that the very idea of a dead mother, which is to most minds the most saintlike and holy imagination under heaven, brought to them their bitterest pang of disgrace and humiliation. Yet now Louis stood silent, pondering it

with the deepest eagerness. A burning impatience possessed the young man; a violent colour rose over his face. He could not tolerate the idea of an unconcerned inquirer into matters so instantly momentous to himself. He was not at all amiable in his impulses; his immediate and wild fancy was to rush away, on foot and penniless, as he was; to turn off Charlie summarily from his mission, if he had one; and without a clue, or a guide, or a morsel of information which pointed in that direction, by sheer force of energy and desperation to find it out himself. It was misery to go in quietly to the quiet house, even to the presence of Marian, with such a fancy burning in his mind. He left Rachel abruptly, without a word of explanation, and went off to make inquiries about travelling. It was perfectly vain, but it was some satisfaction to the fever of his mind. Louis’s defection made Marian very angry; when he came next day they had their first quarrel, and parted in great distraction and misery, mutually convinced of the treachery and wretchedness of this world; but made it up again very shortly after, to the satisfaction of every one concerned. With these things happening day by day, with their impatient and fiery Orlando, always in some degree inflaming the house, it is not necessary to say how wonderful a revolution had been wrought upon the quiet habitudes of this little house in Bellevue.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AGNES.

Yet the household felt, in spite of itself, a difference by no means agreeable between the Old Wood Lodge and Bellevue. The dull brick wall of Laurel House was not nearly so pleasant to look upon as that great amphitheatre with its maze of wan waters and willow-trees, where the sunshine flashed among the spires of Oxford; neither was Miss Willsie, kind and amusing as she was, at all a good substitute for Miss Anastasia. They had Louis, it was true, but Louis was in love, and belonged to Marian; and no one within their range was at all to be compared to

the Rector. Accustomed to have their interest fixed, after their own cottage, upon the Old Wood House and Winterbourne Hall, they were a little dismayed, in spite of themselves, to see the meagreness and small dimensions even of Killiecrankie Lodge. It was a different world altogether—and they did not know at the first glance how to make the two compatible. The little house in the country, now that they had left it, grew more and more agreeable by comparison. Mrs Atheling forgot that she had thought it damp, and all of them, mamma herself among

the rest, began to think of their return in spring.

And as the winter went on, Agnes made progress with her fable. She did not write it carefully, but she did write it with fervour, and the haste of a mind concerned and in earnest. The story had altered considerably since she first thought of it. There was in it a real heir whom nobody knew, and a supposed heir, who was the true hero of the book. The real heir had a love-story, and the prettiest *fiancée* in the world; but about her hero Agnes was timid, presenting a grand vague outline of him, and describing him in sublime general terms; for she was not at all an experienced young lady, though she was an author, but herself regarded her hero with a certain awe and respect and imperfect understanding, as young men and young women of poetic conditions are wont to regard each other. From this cause it resulted that you were not very clear about the Sir Charles Grandison of the young novelist. Her pretty heroine was as clear as a sunbeam; and even the Louis of her story was definable, and might be recognised; but the other lay half visible, sometimes shining out in a sudden gleam of somewhat tremulous light, but for the most part enveloped in shadow: everybody else in the tale spoke of him, thought of him, and were marvellously influenced by him; but his real appearances were by no means equal to the importance he had acquired.

The sole plot of the story was connected with the means by which the unsuspected heir came to a knowledge of his rights, and gained his true place; and there was something considerably exciting to Agnes in her present exercise of the privilege of fiction, and the steps she took to make the title of her imaginary Louis clear. She used to pause, and wonder in the midst of it, whether such chances as these would befall the true Louis, and how far the means of her invention would resemble the real means. It was a very odd occupation, and interested her strangely. It was not very much of a story, neither was it written with that full perfection of style which comes by experience and the progress of years;

but it had something in its faulty grace, and earnestness, and simplicity, which was perhaps more attractive than the matured perfectness of a style which had been carefully formed, and "left nothing to desire." It was sparkling with youth, and it was warm from the heart. It went into no greater bulk than one small volume, which Mr Burlington put into glowing red cloth, embellished with two engravings, and ornamented with plenty of gilding. It came out, a wintry Christmas flower, making no such excitement in the house as *Hope Hazlewood* had done; and Agnes had the satisfaction of handing over to papa, to lock up in his desk in the office, a delightfully crisp, crackling, newly-issued fifty-pound note.

And Christmas had just given way to the New Year when the Rector made his appearance at Bellevue. He was still more eager, animated, and hopeful than he had been when they saw him last. His extreme high-church clerical costume was entirely abandoned; he still wore black, but it was not very professional, and he appeared in these unknown parts with books in his hands, and smiles on his face. When he came into the little parlour, he did not seem at all to notice its limited dimensions, but greeted them all with an effusion of pleasure and kindness, which greatly touched the heart of Agnes, and moved her mother, in her extreme gratification and pride, to something very like tears. Mr Rivers inquired at once for Louis, with great gravity and interest, but shook his head when he heard what his present occupation was.

"This will not do; will he come and see me, or shall I wait upon him?" said the Rector with a subdued smile, as he remembered the youthful haughtiness of Louis. "I should be glad to speak to him about his prospects—here is my card—will you kindly ask him to dine with me to-night, alone? He is a young man of great powers; something better may surely be found for him than this lawyer's office."

Mrs Atheling was a little piqued in spite of herself. "My son, when he is at home, is there," said the good mother; and her visitor did

not fail to see the significance of the tone.

"He is not at home now—where is he?" said the Rector.

There was a moment's hesitation. Agnes turned to look at him, her colour rising violently, and Mrs Atheling faltered in her reply.

"He has gone abroad to — to make some inquiries," said Mrs Atheling; "though he is so very young, people have great confidence in him; and — and it may turn out very important indeed, what he has gone about."

Once more Agnes cast a troubled glance upon the Rector—he heard of it with such perfect unconcern—this inquiry which in a moment might strike his ambition to the dust.

He ceased at once speaking on this subject, which did not interest him. He said, turning to her, that he had brought some books about which he wanted Miss Atheling's opinion. Agnes shrank back immediately in natural diffidence, but revived again, before she was aware, in all her old impulse of opposition. "If it is wrong to write books, is it right to form opinions upon them?" said Agnes. Mr Rivers imperceptibly grew a little loftier and statelier as she spoke.

"I think I have explained my sentiments on that point," said the Rector; "there is no one whose appreciation I should set so high a value on as that of an intelligent woman."

It was Agnes's turn to blush and say nothing, as she met his eye. When Mr Rivers said "an intelligent

woman," he meant, though the expression was not romantic, his own ideal; and there lay his books upon the table, evidences of his choice of a critic. She began to busy herself with them, looking quite vacantly at the title-pages; wondering if there was anything besides books, and controversies, and opinions, to be found in the Rector's heart.

When Mrs Atheling, in her natural pride and satisfaction, bethought her of that pretty little book with its two illustrations, and its cover in crimson and gold, she brought a copy to the table immediately. "My dear, perhaps Mr Rivers might like to look at this?" said Mrs Atheling. "It has only been a week published, but people speak very well of it already. It is a very pretty story. I think you would like it—Agnes, my love, write Mr Rivers' name."

"No, no, mamma!" cried Agnes hurriedly; she put away the red book from her, and went away from the table in haste and agitation. Very true, it was written almost for him—but she was dismayed at the idea of being called to write in it Lionel Rivers' name.

He took up the book, however, and looked at it in the gravest silence. *The Heir*;—he read the title aloud, and it seemed to strike him; then without another word he put the little volume safely in his pocket, repeated his message to Louis, and a few minutes afterwards, somewhat grave and abstracted, took his leave of them, and hastened away.

CHAPTER XIX.—LIONEL.

The Rector became a very frequent visitor during the few following weeks at Bellevue. Louis had gone to see him, as he desired, and Mr Rivers anxiously endeavoured to persuade the youth to suffer himself to be "assisted." Louis as strenuously resisted every proposal of the kind; he was toiling on in pursuit of himself, through his memoir of Lord Winterbourne—still eager, and full of expectation—still proud, and refusing to be indebted to any one. The Rector argued with him like an elder brother. "Let us grant that you are

successful," said Mr Rivers; "let us suppose that you make an unquestionable discovery, what position are you in to pursue it? Your sister, even—recollect your sister—you cannot provide for her."

His sister was Louis's grand difficulty; he bit his lip, and the fiery glow of shame came to his face. "I cannot provide for her, it is true. I am bitterly ashamed of it; but, at least, she is among friends."

"You do me small credit," said the Rector; "but I will not ask, on any terms, for a friendship which is re-

fused to me. You are not even in the way of advancement; and to lose your time after this fashion is madness. Let me see you articted to these people whom you are with now; that is, at least, a chance, though not a great one. If I can accomplish it, will you consent to this?"

Louis paused a little, grateful in his heart, though his tongue was slow to utter his sentiments. "You are trying to do me a great service," said the young man; "you think me a churl, and ungrateful, but you endeavour to benefit me against my will—is it not true? I am just in such a position that no miracle in the world would seem wonderful to me; it is possible, in the chances of the future, that we two may be set up against each other. I cannot accept this service from you—from you, or from any other. I must wait."

The Rector turned away almost with impatience. "Do you suppose you can spend your life in this fashion—your life?" he exclaimed, with some heat.

"My life!" said Louis. He was a little startled with this conclusion, "I thank you," he added abruptly, "for your help, for your advice, for your reproof—I thank you heartily, but I have no more to say."

That was how the conversation ended. Lionel, grieved for the folly of the boy, smiling to himself at Louis's strange delusion that he, who was the very beau-ideal of the race of Rivers, belonged to another house, went to his rest, with a mind disturbed, full of difficulties, and of ambition, working out one solemn problem, and touched with tender dreams; yet always remembering, with a pleasure which he could not restrain, the great change in his position, and that he was now, not merely the Rector, but the heir of Winterbourne. Louis, on his part, went home to his dark little lodging, with the swell and tumult of excitement in his mind, and could not sleep. He seemed to be dizzied with the rushing shadows of a crowd of coming events. He was not well; his abstinence, his studiousness, his change of place and life, had weakened his young

frame; these rushing wings seemed to tingle in his ears, and his temples throbbed as if they kept time. He rose in the middle of the night, in the deep wintry silence and moonlight, to open his window, and feel the cold air upon his brow. There he saw the moonbeams falling softly, not on any imposing scene, but on the humble roof underneath whose shelter sweet voices and young hearts, devout and guileless, prayed for him every night; the thought calmed him into sudden humility and quietness; and, in his poverty, and hope, and youth, he returned to his humble bed, and slept. Lionel was waking too; but he did not know of any one who prayed for *him* in all this cold-hearted world.

But the Rector became a very frequent visitor in Bellevue. He had read the little book—read it with a kind of startled consciousness, the first time, that it looked like a true story, and seemed somehow familiar to himself. But by-and-by he began to keep it by him, and, not for the sake of the story, to take it up idly when he was doing nothing else, and refer to it as a kind of companion. It was not, in any degree whatever, an intellectual display; he by no means felt himself pitted against the author of it, or entering into any kind of rivalry with her. The stream sparkled and flashed to the sunshine as it ran; but it flowed with a sweet spontaneous readiness, and bore no trace of artificial force and effort. It wanted a great many of the qualities which critics praise. There was no great visible strain of power, no forcible evidence of difficulties overcome. The reader knew very well that *he* could not have done this, nor anything like it, yet his intellectual pride was not roused. It was genius solacing itself with its own romance, singing by the way; it was not talent getting up an exhibition for the astonishment, or the enlightenment, or the instruction of others. Agnes defeated her own purpose by the very means she had taken to procure it. The Rector forgot all about the story, thinking of the writer of it; he became indifferent to what she had to tell, but dwelt and lingered—not like a critic—like something

very different—upon the cadence of her voice.

To tell the truth, between his visits to Bellevue, and his musings thereafter—his study of this little fable of Agnes's, and his vague mental excursions into the future, Lionel Rivers, had he yielded to the fascination, would have found very near enough to do. But he was manful enough to resist this trance of fairyland. He was beginning to be "in love;" nobody could dispute it; it was visible enough to wake the most entire sympathy in the breasts of Marian and Rachel, and to make for the mother of the family wakeful nights, and a most uneasy pillow; but he was far from being at ease or in peace. His friends in London were of a class as different as possible from these humble people who were rapidly growing nearer than friends. They were all men of great intelligence, of great powers, scholars, philosophers, authorities—men who belonged, and professed to belong, to the ruling class of intellect, prophets and apostles of a new generation. They were not much given to believing anything, though some among them had a weakness for mesmerism or spiritual manifestations. They investigated all beliefs and faculties of believing, and received all marvellous stories, from the Catholic legends of the saints to the miracles of the New Testament, on one general ground of indulgence, charitable and tender, as mythical stories which meant something in their day. Most of them wrote an admirable style—most of them occasionally said very profound things which nobody could understand; all of them were scholars and gentlemen, as blameless in their lives as they were superior in their powers; and all of them lived upon a kind of intellectual platform, philosophical demigods, sufficient for themselves, and looking down with a good deal of curiosity, a little contempt, and a little pity, upon the crowds who thronged below of common men.

These were the people to whom Lionel Rivers, in the first flush of his emancipation, had hastened from his high-churchism, and his country pulpit—some of them had been his com-

panions at College—some had inspired him by their books, or pleased him by their eloquence. They were a brotherhood of men of great cultivation—his equals, and sometimes his superiors. He had yearned for their society when he was quite removed from it; but he was of a perverse and unconforming mind. What did he do now?

He took the strange fancy suddenly, and telling no man, of wandering through those frightful regions of crime and darkness, which we hide behind our great London streets. He went about through the miserable thoroughfares, looking at the miserable creatures there. What was the benefit to them of these polluted lives of theirs? They had their enjoyments, people said—their enjoyments! Their sorrows, like the sorrows of all humanity, were worthy human tears, consolation, and sympathy,—their hardships and endurance were things to move the universal heart; but their enjoyments—Heaven save us!—the pleasures of St Giles's, the delights and amusements of those squalid groups at the street corners! If they were to have nothing more than that, what a frightful fate was theirs!

And there came upon the spectator, as he went among them in silence, a sudden eagerness to try that talisman which Agnes Atheling had bidden him use. It was vain to try philosophy there, where no one knew what it meant—vain to offer the rites of the Church to those who were fatally beyond its pale. Was it possible, after all, that the one word in the world, which could stir something human—something of heaven—in these degraded breasts, was that one sole unrivalled *Name*?

He could not withdraw himself from the wretched scene before him. He went on from street to street with something of the consciousness of a man who carries a hidden remedy through a plague-stricken city, but hides his knowledge in his own mind, and does not apply it. A strange sense of guilt—a strange oppression by reason of this grand secret—an overpowering passionate impulse to try the solemn experiment, and withal a fascinated watch-

fulness which kept him silent—possessed the mind of the young man.

He walked about the streets like a man doing penance; then he began to notice other passengers not so idle as himself. There were people here who were trying to break into the mass of misery, and make a footing for purity and light among it. They were not like his people;—sometimes they were poor city missionaries, men of very bad taste, not perfect in their grammar, and with no great amount of discretion. Even the people of higher class were very limited people often to the perception of Mr Rivers; but they were at work, while the demigods slept upon their platform. It would be very hard to make philosophers of the wretched population here. Philosophy did not break its heart over the impossibility, but calmly left the untasteful city missionaries, the clergymen, High Church and Low

Church, who happened to be in earnest, and some few dissenting ministers of the neighbourhood, labouring upon a forlorn hope to make them *men*.

All this moved in the young man's heart as he pursued his way among these squalid streets. Every one of these little stirrings in this frightful pool of stagnant life was made in the name of Him whom Lionel Rivers once named with cold irreverence, and whom Agnes Atheling, with a tender awe and appropriation, called "Our Lord." This was the problem he was busy with while he remained in London. It was not one much discussed, either in libraries or drawing-rooms among his friends; he discussed it by himself as he wandered through St Giles's—silent—watching—with the great Name which he himself did not know, but began to cling to as a talisman, burning at his heart.

CHAPTER XX.—AN ARRIVAL.

While the Athelings at home were going on quietly, but with anxiety and disturbance of mind in this way, they were startled one afternoon by a sudden din and tumult out of doors, nearly as great as that which, not much short of a year ago, had announced the first call of Mrs Edgerley. It was not, however, a magnificent equipage like that of the fashionable patroness of literature which drew up at the door now. It was an antique job carriage, not a very great deal better to look at than that venerable fly of Islington, which was still regarded with respect by Agnes and Marian. In this vehicle there were two horses, tall brown bony old hacks, worthy the equipage they drew—an old coachman in a very ancient livery, and an active youth, fresh, rural, and ruddy, who sprang down from the creaking coach-box to assault, but in a moderate country fashion, the door of the Athelings. Rachel, who was peeping from the window, uttered an exclamation of surprise—"Oh, Agnes, look! it is Miss Anastasia's man."

It was so beyond dispute, and Miss Anastasia herself immediately de-

scended from the creaking vehicle, swinging heavily upon its antiquated springs; she had a large cloak over her brown pelisse, and a great muff of rich sables, big enough to have covered from head to foot, like a case, either little Bell or little Beau. She was so entirely like herself in spite of those additions to her characteristic costume, and withal so unlike other people, that they could have supposed she had driven here direct from the Priory, had that been possible, without any commonplace intervention of railway or locomotive by the way. As the girls came to the door to meet her, she took the face—first of Agnes, then of Marian, and lastly of Rachel, who was a good deal dismayed by the honour—between her hands, thrusting the big muff, like a prodigious bracelet up upon her arm the while, and kissed them with a cordial heartiness. Then she went into the little parlour to Mrs Atheling, who in the mean time had been gathering together the scattered pieces of work, and laying them, after an orderly fashion, in her basket. Then Papa's easy-chair was wheeled to the fire for the old lady, and

Marian stooped to find a footstool for her, and Agnes helped to loose the big cloak from her shoulders. Miss Anastasia's heart was touched by the attentions of the young people. She laid her large hand caressingly on Marian's head, and patted the cheek of Agnes. "Good children—eh? I missed them," she said, turning to Mamma, and Mamma brightened with pleasure and pride as she whispered something to Agnes about the fire in the best room. Then, when she had held a little conversation with the girls, Miss Rivers began to look uneasy. She glanced at Mrs Atheling with a clear intention of making some telegraphic communication; she glanced at the girls and at the door and back again at Mamma, with a look full of meaning. Mrs Atheling was not generally so dull of comprehension, but she was so full of the idea that Miss Anastasia's real visit was to the girls, and so proud of the attraction which even this dignified old lady could not resist, that she could not at all consent to believe that Miss Rivers desired to be left alone with herself.

"There's a hamper from the Priory," said Miss Anastasia at last, abruptly; "among other country things there's some flowers in it, children—make haste all of you and get it unpacked, and tell me what you think of my camellias! Make haste, girls!"

It was a most moving argument; but it distracted Mrs Atheling's attention almost as much as that of her daughters, for the hamper doubtless contained something else than flowers. Mamma, however, remained decorously with her guest, despite the risk of breakage to the precious country eggs; and the girls partly deceived, partly suspecting their visitor's motive, obeyed her injunction, and hastened away. Then Miss Rivers caught Mrs Atheling by the sleeve, and drew her close towards her. "Have you heard from your boy?" said Miss Anastasia.

"No," said Mrs Atheling with a sudden momentary alarm, "not for a week—has anything happened to Charlie?"

"Nonsense—what could happen to him?" cried the old lady, with a

little impatience, "here is a note I had this morning—read it—he is coming home."

Mrs Atheling took the letter with great eagerness. It was a very brief one:—

MADAM,—I have come to it at last—suddenly. I have only time to tell you so. I shall leave to-day with an important witness. I have not even had leisure to write to my mother; but will push on to the Priory whenever I have bestowed my witness safely in Bellevue. In great haste.—Your obedient servant,

C. ATHELING.

Charlie's mother trembled all over with agitation and joy. She had to grasp by the mantelshelf to keep herself quite steady. She exclaimed, "My own boy!" half-crying and wholly exultant, and would have liked to have hurried out forthwith upon the road and met him half way, had that been possible. She kept the letter in her hand looking at it, and quite forgetting that it belonged to Miss Anastasia. He had justified the trust put in him—he had crowned himself with honour—he was coming home! Not much wonder that the good mother was weeping-ripe, and could have sobbed aloud for very joy.

"Ay," said Miss Anastasia, with something like a sigh, "you're a rich woman. I have not rested since this came to me, nor can I rest till I hear all your boy has to say."

At this moment Mrs Atheling started with a little alarm, catching from the window a glimpse of the coach, with its two horses and its antiquated coachman, slowly turning round and driving away. Miss Anastasia followed her glance with a subdued smile.

"Do you mean then to—to stay in London, Miss Rivers?" asked Mrs Atheling.

"Tut! the boy will be home directly—to-night," said Miss Anastasia; "I meant to wait here until he came."

Mrs Atheling started again in great and evident perturbation. You could perceive that she repeated "to wait *here*!" within herself with a great many points of admiration;

but she was too well-bred to express her dismay. She cast, however, an embarrassed look round her, said she should be very proud, and Miss Rivers would do them honour, but she was afraid the accommodation was not equal—and here Mrs Atheling paused much distressed.

"I have been calculating all the way up when he can be here," interrupted Miss Anastasia. "I should say about twelve o'clock to-night. Agnes, when she comes back again, shall revise it for me. Never mind accommodation. Give him an hour's grace—say he comes at one o'clock—then a couple of hours later—by that time it will be three in the morning. Then I am sure one of the girls will not grudge me her bed till six. We'll get on very well; and when Will Atheling comes home, if you have anything to say to him, I can easily step out of the way. Well, am I an intruder? If I am not, don't say anything more about it. I cannot rest till I see the boy."

When the news became diffused through the house that Charlie was coming home to-night, and that Miss

Anastasia was to wait for him, a very great stir and bustle immediately ensued. The best room was hastily put in order, and Mrs Atheling's own bedchamber immediately revised and beautified for the reception of Miss Anastasia. It was with a little difficulty, however, that the old lady was persuaded to leave the family parlour for the best room. She resisted energetically all unusual attentions, and did not hesitate to declare, even in the presence of Rachel, that her object was to see Charlie, and that for his arrival she was content to wait all night. A great anxiety immediately took possession of the household. They too were ready and eager to wait all night; and even Susan became vaguely impressed with a solemn sense of some great approaching event. Charlie was not to be alone either. The excitement rose to a quite overpowering pitch—who was coming with him? What news did he bring? These questions prolonged to the most insufferable tediousness the long slow darksome hours of the March night.

CHAPTER XXI.—CHARLIE'S RETURN.

The girls could not be persuaded to go to rest, let Mamma say what she would. Rachel, the only one who had no pretence, nor could find any excuse for sitting up, was the only one who showed the least sign of obedience; *she* went up-stairs with a meek unwillingness, lingered as long as she could before lying down, and when she extinguished her light at last, lay very broad awake looking into the midnight darkness, and listening anxiously to every sound below. Marian in the parlour on a footstool, sat leaning both her arms on her mother's knee, and her head upon her arms, and in that position had various little sleeps, and half-a-dozen times in half-a-dozen dreams welcomed Charlie home. Agnes kept Miss Anastasia company in the best room, and Papa, who was not used to late hours, went between the two rooms with very wide open eyes, very anxious for his son's return. Into the midnight darkness and

solemnity of Bellevue, the windows of Number Ten blazed with a cheerful light; the fires were studiously kept up, the hearths swept, everything looking its brightest for Charlie; and a pair of splendid capons, part produce of Miss Anastasia's hamper, were slowly cooking themselves into perfection, under the sleepy superintendence of Susan, before the great kitchen-fire—for even Susan would not go to bed.

Miss Anastasia sat very upright in an easy-chair, scorning so much as a suspicion of drowsiness. She did not talk very much; she was thinking over a hundred forgotten things, and tracing back step by step the story of the past. The old lady almost felt as if her father himself was coming from his foreign grave to bear witness to the truth. Her heart was stirred as she sat gazing into the ruddy firelight, hearing not a sound except now and then the ashes falling softly on the hearth, or

the softer breath of Agnes by her side. As she sat in this unfamiliar little room, her mind flew back over half her life. She thought of her father as she had seen him last; she thought of the dreary blank of her own youthful desolation, a widowhood almost deeper than the widowhood of a wife—how she did not heed even the solemn pathos of her father's farewell—could not rouse herself from her lethargy even to be moved by the last parting from that last and closest friend, and desired nothing but to be left in her dreary self-seclusion obstinately mourning her dead—her murdered bridegroom! The old lady's eyes glittered, tearless, looking into the gleaming shadowy depths of the little mirror over the mantelpiece. It was scarcely in human nature to look back upon that dreadful tragedy, to anticipate the arrival to-night of the witnesses of another deadly wrong, and not to be stirred with a solemn and overwhelming indignation like that of an avenger of blood. Miss Anastasia started suddenly from her reverie, as she caught a long drawn anxious sigh from her young companion; she drew her shawl close round her with a shudder. "God forgive me!" cried the vehement old lady, "did you ever have an enemy, child?"

In this house it was a very easy question. "No," said Agnes, looking at her wistfully.

"Nor I, perhaps, when I was your age." Miss Anastasia made a long pause. It was a long time ago, and she scarcely could recollect anything of her youth now, except that agony with which it ended. Then in the silence there seemed to be a noise in the street, which roused all the watchers. Mr Atheling went to the door to look out. It was very cold, clear, and calm, the air so sharp with frost, and so still with sleep, that it carried every passing sound far more distinctly than usual. Into this hushed and anxious house, through the open door came ringing the chorus of a street ballad, strangely familiar and out of unison with the excited feelings of the auditors, and the loud, noisy, echoing footsteps of some late merry-makers. They were all singularly disturbed by these uncon-

genial sounds; they raised a certain vague terror in the breasts of the father and mother, and a doubtful uneasiness among the other watchers. Under that veil of night, and silence, and distance, who could tell what their dearest and most trusted was doing? The old people could have told each other tales, like Jessica, of "such a night;" and the breathless silence, and the jar and discord of those rude voices, stirred memories and presentiments of pain even in the younger hearts.

It was now the middle of the night, two or three hours later than Miss Anastasia had anticipated, and the old lady rose from her chair, shook off her thoughtful mood, and began to walk about the room and to criticise it briskly to Agnes. Then by way of diversifying her vigil, she made an incursion into the other parlour, where Papa was nursing the fire, and Mamma sitting very still, not to disturb Marian, who slept with her beautiful head upon her mother's knee. The old lady was suddenly overcome by the sight of that fair figure, with its folded arms and bowed head, and long beautiful locks falling down on Mrs Atheling's dark gown, like a stream of sunshine. She laid her hand very tenderly upon the sleeper's head. "She does not know," said Miss Anastasia—"she would not believe what a fairy fortune is coming to her, the sleeping beauty—God bless them all!"

The words had scarcely left her lips, the tears were still shining in her eyes, when Marian started up, called out of her dream by a sound which none of them besides had been quick enough to hear. "There! there! I hear him," cried Marian, shaking back her loose curls; and they all heard the far-off rapid rumble of a vehicle, gradually invading all the echoes of this quietness. It came along steadily—nearer—nearer—waking every one to the most overpowering excitement. Miss Anastasia marched through the little parlour, with an echoing step, throwing her tall shadow on the blind, clasping her fingers tight. Mr Atheling rushed to the door; Marian ran to the kitchen to wake up Susan, and see that the tray was ready

for Charlie's refreshment; Mamma stirred the fire, and made it blaze; Agnes drew the blind aside, and looked out into the darkness from the window. Yes, there could be no mistake; on came the rumbling wheels closer and closer. Then the cab became absolutely visible, opposite the door—some one leapt out—was it Charlie?—but he had to wait, to help some one else, very slow and uncertain, out of the vehicle. They all crowded to the door, the mother and sisters for the moment half forgetting Miss Anastasia; and there stood a most indisputable Charlie, very near six feet high, with a travelling-cap and a rough overcoat, bringing home the most extraordinary guest imaginable to his amazed parental home.

It was a woman, enveloped from head to foot in a great cloak, but unbonneted, and with an amazing head-dress; and after her stumbled forth a boy, of precisely the same genus and appearance as the Italian boys with hurdy-gurdies and with images, familiar enough in Bellevue. Charlie hurried forward, paying the greatest possible attention to his charge, who was somewhat peevish. He scarcely left her hand when he plunged among all those anxious people at the door. "All safe—all well, mother; how did you know I was coming?—how d'ye do, papa? Let her in, let her in, girls!—she's

tired to death, and doesn't know a word of English. Let's have her disposed of first of all—she's worth her weight in gold——Miss Rivers!"

The young man fell back in extreme amazement. "Who is she, young Atheling?" cried Miss Anastasia, towering high in the background over everybody's head.

Charlie took off his cap with a visible improvement of "manners." "The nurse that brought them home," he answered, in the concisest and most satisfactory fashion; and, grasping the hand of every one as he passed, with real pleasure glowing on his bronzed face, Charlie steered his charge in—seeing there was light in it—to the best room. Arrived there, he fairly turned his back to the wall, and harangued his anxious audience.

"It's all right," said Charlie; "she tells her story as clearly as possible when she's not out of humour, and the doctor's on his way. I've made sure of everything of importance; and now, mother, if you can manage it, and Miss Rivers does not object, let us have something to eat, and get her off to bed, and then you shall hear all the rest."

Marian went off instantly to call Susan, and all the way Marian repeated under her breath, "All the rest! all the rest of what? Oh, Louis! but I'll find out what they mean."

THE LAND OF GOLD.

THERE are few things on which we reflect with more honest pride than the circumstance that we have never quitted our native county—we might almost say parish—where we have lived under all sorts of dispensations, content to mark the changes that have occurred from the old monarchical days of George III. to these liberal, democratic, Palmerstonian times, when the voice of the people, conveyed through some sonorous premier or first speaking-trumpet, is listened to as the utterance of an indisputable ruling power, which some think celestial, some infernal. In a sequestered nook of a sequestered county we have grown from youth to age a reverend hermit. Here we have taken root, marrying early in life the daughter of a neighbour, and bringing up a large family. From figuring in most of the capacities which our laws allot to a citizen—grand jurymen, sheriff, church-warden, magistrate, and militia officer—we are acquainted with the constitution of this country practically, as well as theoretically in the roseate pictures of Blackstone and De Lolme. We have parochial business at our finger-ends; many lawsuits with churchmen of various grades have given us an insight into ecclesiastical polity; and our inborn propensities of naturalist and sportsman have made us familiar with the topographical, botanical, zoological, and geological peculiarities of the surrounding district, as will be found some day, when a certain book, the labour of a lifetime—containing our discoveries, facts, and speculations, in a complete history of the shire, which is intended for posthumous publication—shall be given to the world.

Knowing then, or fancying that we know, a good deal about one spot of the earth's surface, it is most exasperating to us to be obliged to feel insignificant in the presence of some beardless traveller, returning to spend a short phase of his migratory exist-

ence in his and our native parish, whom we know for an ass, as we did his father and grandfather before him. It is difficult to imagine what charm travel can have for men without reverence, reading, or observant power. Classical celebrities, over whose fields of fame they have wandered, are remembered by them chiefly as bricks—they have a distinct recollection of the tomb of an Egyptian monarch of the Nimroud period, because they played blind hookey on the lid of his sarcophagus; but except such mementos of travel, and pencillings by the way, they return, just as wise as they went, to revile conscientious citizens like ourself as precious slow old coaches, with deuced narrow-minded ideas, and fearfully behind the age. In their society we feel glad that we have never been up the Rhine nor across the Alps—that the forty centuries on the top of the Pyramids have never looked down upon us—that Rome still sits, in our imagination, on her seven hills, with no Cockney in the foreground—in fact, that we have never felt the impulse which is making the Anglo-Saxons a vast nomadic tribe, sending them forth to the points of the compass, restless as Mother Carey's chickens, or bees that have lost their queen, to grow more stupid the longer they stare, and generally to benefit nothing by their travels except their native land, which is probably all the better for their absence.

Probably these will be looked on as the opinions of a crabbed old gentleman, bilious from much port, and disgusted with the age which has left him so hopelessly behind. Nothing of the sort. When we meet a traveller of the right stamp, nobody enjoys his talk or his writing more than we. By the right stamp we mean a natural aptitude for dispensing with conventionalities, an open conciliatory temper, a habit of making the best of everything, a talent for roughing it, and a knack of detecting the

significant features of new scenes, and graphically recording them. When we meet with such a man we bow before him, not as a man who (considering our probably much greater age) knows more than we do, but as one who knows something which we do not, and can give us a new set of impressions. Next to seeing such a man we like to read his book; and it is with great profit and pleasure that, seated in our leather-bottomed library-chair, and surrounded by several generations of descendants, we have perused, through our double-gold eye-glasses, Mr Borthwick's pleasant, picturesque, and instructive narrative of the three years he passed in California.

The interest we take in the subject is altogether apart from the question of gold. We do not blush to say that we know nothing about the currency question, though we often blush for other people who pretend they do. Individually, we are not much interested in the precious metal, because we have never yet possessed a stock of the root of all evil sufficient to affect for an instant the uniformly virtuous tenor of our humble career. But, considering gold in its abstract and metaphysical aspect, as the motive which, next to religious enthusiasm, has had most influence on the great enterprises affecting the fortunes of Europe, we love to watch its effects, whether pouring of yore the hot flood of discovery to the shores of the Pacific, showing us Pizarro face to face with the mild hapless Incas, and stout Cortes "silent upon a peak in Darien," while they were opening for Spain those glittering prospects which have rendered her fertile valleys a wilderness, her famous armies a rabble, and her government a course of revolutions; or, showing us the men of our own time, heirs of all the ages, casting aside the benefits which civilisation and science confer on life, to join in the mad struggle where every man is for himself and the devil for all, in obedience to the glittering deity that so inexorably rules the world.

The man of our times, darling of the optimists, in spite of the special pleading of Mr Macaulay, is found,

whenever put to the test, as prone to avarice, or any other villanous passion, as in the dark times which produced Shakespeare and Bacon. But the means and the mode of gratifying the propensity are now very different from then. In those days, individual effort could avail nothing, and, however alluring the golden dreams that broke the slumbers of a nation, there was no means of realising them till some great name, like that of a Walter Raleigh or an Hernando Cortes, was evoked, round which the active avarice of the people might gather; and hence the banded enterprises of those days took a character of chivalrous romance. The difficulties of these leaders, great soldiers and sailors as they were, began before they embarked, and it was only by the exercise of a diplomacy as unwearied as their courage in the field or on the main, that they could gain permission from their jealous rulers to commence an undertaking, bearing the knightly character of all the enterprises of those times, and where the hunger for gold might in some minds be less potent than the desire for romantic adventure and military fame, or the visions of an imagination which might dwell unchecked on some dim enchanted sovereignty like Prospero's isle.

The first paragraph of Mr Borthwick's narrative shows us the very different aspect of modern gold-seeking—

"About the beginning of the year 1851, the rage for emigration to California from the United States was at its height. All sorts and conditions of men, old, young, and middle-aged, allured by the hope of acquiring sudden wealth, and fascinated with the adventure and excitement of a life in California, were relinquishing their existing pursuits and associations to commence a totally new existence in the land of gold.

"The rush of eager gold-hunters was so great, that the Panama Steam-ship Company's office in New York used to be perfectly mobbed for a day and a night previous to the day appointed for selling tickets for their steamers. Sailing vessels were despatched for Chagres almost daily, carrying crowds of passengers, while numbers went by the different routes through Mexico, and others chose

the easier, but more tedious, passage round Cape Horn."

Mr Borthwick set out from New York for California in May 1851, and after a voyage, the privations of which are amusingly described, was set ashore at Chagres, along with a great number of free and enlightened citizens, on golden thoughts intent, some of whom are depicted under the following agreeable aspect:—

"It was very amusing to watch the change which had been coming over some of the men on board. They seemed to shrink within themselves, and to wish to avoid being included in any of the small parties which were being formed to make the passage up the river. They were those who had provided themselves with innumerable contrivances for the protection of their precious persons against sun, wind, and rain, also with extraordinary assortments of very untempting-looking provisions, and who were completely equipped with pistols, knives, and other warlike implements. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes, ready to be put ashore on a desert island; and they seemed to imagine themselves to be in just such a predicament, fearful, at the same time, that companionship with any one not provided with the same amount of rubbish as themselves, might involve their losing the exclusive benefit of what they supposed so absolutely necessary. I actually heard one of them refuse another man a chew of tobacco, saying he guessed he had no more than what he could use himself."

From Chagres he performed an arduous and interesting voyage up the river to Panama, where he embarked in a sailing vessel, and, after a passage of many tedious weeks, reached San Francisco on the threshold of the gold country—a city bearing so strong a resemblance to Bunyan's town of Vanity as fully to attest the strength and truth of the imagination of him who drew the allegorical picture. Here human nature is seen naked, unchained, and flushed almost to delirium by draughts from the fountain-head of gold—an academy where students of humanity may draw from unveiled models. He of philosophic eye, who has dwelt in San Francisco, must ever after, we should think, walk among his species with a sense that he knows the respectabilities he meets far

better than they know themselves, haunted as his thoughts ever must be by the recollections of Pandemonium, and his ears ringing as they ever must ring with the wild demon-chorus that underlies "the still sad music of humanity."

"San Francisco exhibited an immense amount of vitality compressed into a small compass, and a degree of earnestness was observable in every action of a man's daily life. People lived more there in a week than they would in a year in most other places.

"In the course of a month, or a year, in San Francisco, there was more hard work done, more speculative schemes were conceived and executed, more money was made and lost, there was more buying and selling, more sudden changes of fortune, more eating and drinking, more smoking, swearing, gambling, and tobacco-chewing, more crime and profligacy, and, at the same time, more solid advancement made by the people, as a body, in wealth, prosperity, and the refinements of civilisation, than could be shown in an equal space of time by any community of the same size on the face of the earth.

"The every-day jog-trot of ordinary human existence was not a fast enough pace for Californians in their impetuous pursuit of wealth. The longest period of time ever thought of was a month. Money was loaned, and houses were rented, by the month; interest and rent being invariably payable monthly and in advance. All engagements were made by the month, during which period the changes and contingencies were so great that no one was willing to commit himself for a longer term. In the space of a month the whole city might be swept off by fire, and a totally new one might be flourishing in its place. So great was the constant fluctuation in the prices of goods, and so rash and speculative was the usual style of business, that no great idea of stability could be attached to anything, and the ever-varying aspect of the streets, as the houses were being constantly pulled down and rebuilt, was emblematic of the equally varying fortunes of the inhabitants.

"The streets presented a scene of intense bustle and excitement. The side-walks were blocked up with piles of goods, in front of the already crowded stores; men hurried along with the air of having the weight of all the business of California on their shoulders; others stood in groups at the corners of the

streets; here and there was a drunken man lying grovelling in the mud, enjoying himself as uninterrupted as if he were merely a hog; old miners, probably on their way home, were loafing about, staring at everything, in all the glory of mining costume, jealous of every inch of their long hair and flowing beards, and of every bit of California mud which adhered to their ragged old shirts and patchwork pantaloons, as evidences that they, at least, had 'seen the elephant.'

"Troops of newly arrived Frenchmen marched along, *en route* for the mines, staggering under their equipment of knapsacks, shovels, picks, tin wash-bowls, pistols, knives, swords, and double-barrelled guns—their blankets slung over their shoulders, and their persons hung around with tin cups, frying-pans, coffee-pots, and other culinary utensils, with perhaps a hatchet and a spare pair of boots. Crowds of Chinamen were also to be seen, bound for the diggings, under gigantic basket-hats, each man with a bamboo laid across his shoulder, from both ends of which were suspended a higgledy-piggledy collection of mining tools, Chinese baskets and boxes, immense boots, and a variety of Chinese 'fixins,' which no one but a Chinaman could tell the use of,—all speaking at once, gabbling and chattering their horrid jargon, and producing a noise like that of a flock of geese. There were continuous streams of drays drawn by splendid horses, and loaded with merchandise from all parts of the world, and horsemen galloped about, equally regardless of their own and of other men's lives.

"Two or three auctioneers might be heard at once, 'crying' their goods with characteristic California vehemence, while some of their neighbours in the same line of business were ringing bells to collect an audience—and at the same time one's ears were dinned with the discord of half-a-dozen brass bands, braying out different popular airs from as many different gambling-saloons. In the midst of it all, the runners, or tooters, for the opposition river-steamboats, would be cracking up the superiority of their respective boats at the top of their lungs, somewhat in this style: 'One dollar to-night for Sacramento, by the splendid steamer Senator, the fastest boat that ever turned a wheel from Long Wharf—with feather pillows and curled-hair mattresses, mahogany doors and silver hinges. She has got eight young-lady passengers to-night, that speak all the dead languages, and not a coloured man from stem to stern of her.' Here

an opposition runner would let out upon him, and the two would slang each other in the choicest California Billingsgate for the amusement of the admiring crowd.

"Standing at the door of a gambling-saloon, with one foot raised on the steps, would be a well-dressed young man playing thimblorig on his leg with a golden pea, for the edification of a crowd of gaping greenhorns, some one of whom would be sure to bite. Not far off would be found a precocious little black-guard of fourteen or fifteen, standing behind a cask, and playing on the head of it a sort of thimblorig game with three cards, called 'French Monte.' He first shows their faces, and names one—say the ace of spades—as the winning card, and after thimblorigging them on the head of the cask, he lays them in a row with their faces down, and goes on proclaiming to the public in a loud voice that the ace of spades is the winning card, and that he'll 'bet any man one or two hundred dollars he can't pick up the ace of spades.' Occasionally some man, after watching the trick for a little, thinks it the easiest thing possible to tell which is the ace of spades, and loses his hundred dollars accordingly, when the youngster pockets the money and his cards, and moves off to another location, not being so soft as to repeat the joke too often, or to take a smaller bet than a hundred dollars.

"There were also newsboys with their shrill voices, crying their various papers with the latest intelligence from all parts of the world, and boys with boxes of cigars, offering 'the best Havannah cigars for a bit a-piece as good as you can get in the stores for a quarter.' A 'bit' is twelve and a half cents, or an English sixpence, and for all one could buy with it, was but little less useless than an English farthing.

"Presently one would hear, "Hullo! there's a muss!" (*Anglice*, a row), and men would be seen rushing to the spot from all quarters. Auction-rooms, gambling rooms, stores, and drinking-shops would be emptied, and a mob collected in the street in a moment. The 'muss' would probably be only a *difficulty* between two gentlemen, who had referred it to the arbitration of knives or pistols; but if no one was killed, the mob would disperse to resume their various occupations, just as quickly as they had collected.

"Some of the principal streets were planked, as was also, of course, that part of the city which was built on piles; but where there was no planking, the mud

was ankle-deep, and in many places there were mud-holes, rendering the street almost impassable. The streets were the general receptacle for every description of rubbish. They were chiefly covered with bits of broken boxes and casks, fragments of hampers, iron hoops, old tin cases, and empty bottles. In the vicinity of the numerous Jew slop-shops, they were thickly strewn with old boots, hats, coats, and pantaloons; for the majority of the population carried their wardrobe on their backs, and when they bought a new article of dress, the old one which it was to replace was pitched into the street."

Gambling at home, though it displays the passions as broadly as it does elsewhere, is carried on too covertly, and is too much opposed to public opinion, to tinge visibly the general character of the community. But in San Francisco it is an institution, and its temples take precedence of all others—while the devotees exhibit the most picturesque variety of appearance.

"The gambling-saloons were very numerous, occupying the most prominent positions in the leading thoroughfares, and all of them presenting a more conspicuous appearance than the generality of houses around them. They were thronged day and night, and in each was a very good band of music, the performers being usually German or French.

"On entering a first-class gambling-room, one found a large well-proportioned saloon sixty or seventy feet long, brilliantly lighted up by several very fine chandeliers, the walls decorated with ornamental painting and gilding, and hung with large mirrors and showy pictures, while in an elevated projecting orchestra half-a-dozen Germans were playing operatic music. There were a dozen or more tables in the room, each with a compact crowd of eager betters around it, and the whole room was so filled with men that elbowing one's way between the tables was a matter of difficulty. The atmosphere was quite hazy with the quantity of tobacco smoke, and was strongly impregnated with the fumes of brandy. If one happened to enter while the musicians were taking a rest, the quiet and stillness were remarkable. Nothing was heard but a slight hum of voices, and the constant chinking of money; for it was the fashion, while standing betting at a table, to have a lot of dollars in one's hands, and to keep shuffling them backwards and forwards like so many cards.

"The people composing the crowd were men of every class, from the highest to the lowest, and, though the same as might be seen elsewhere, their extraordinary variety of character and of dress appeared still more curious from their being brought into such close juxtaposition, and apparently placed upon an equality. Seated round the same table might be seen well-dressed respectable-looking men, and, alongside of them, rough miners fresh from the diggings, with well-filled buckskin purses, dirty old flannel shirts, and shapeless hats; jolly tars half-seas-over, not understanding anything about the game, nor apparently taking any interest in it, but having their spree out at the gaming-table because it was the fashion, and good-humouredly losing their pile of five or six hundred or a thousand dollars; Mexicans wrapped up in their blankets smoking cigaritas, and watching the game intently from under their broad-brimmed hats; Frenchmen in their blouses smoking black pipes; and little urchins, or little old scamps rather, ten or twelve years of age, smoking cigars as big as themselves with the air of men who were quite up to all the hooks and crooks of this wicked world (as indeed they were), and losing their hundred dollars at a pop with all the *nonchalance* of an old gambler; while crowds of men, some dressed like gentlemen, and mixed with all sorts of nondescript ragamuffins, crowded round, and stretched over those seated at the tables, in order to make their bets.

"There were dirty, squalid, villanous-looking scoundrels, who never looked straight out of their eyes, but still were always looking at something, as if they were 'making a note of it,' and who could have made their faces their fortunes in some parts of the world, by 'sitting for murderers or ruffians generally.'

"Occasionally one saw, jostled about unresistingly by the crowd, and as if the crowd ignored its existence, the live carcass of some wretched, dazed, woe-begone man, clad in the worn-out greasy habiliments of quondam gentility; the glassy unintelligent eye looking as if no focus could be found for it, but as if it saw a dim misty vision of everything all at once; the only meaning in the face being about the lips, where still lingered the smack of grateful enjoyment of the last mouthful of whisky, blended with a longing humble sigh for the speedy recurrence of any opportunity of again experiencing such an awakening bliss, and forcibly expressing an unquenchable thirst for strong drinks, together with

the total absence of all power to do anything towards relieving it, while the whole appearance of the man spoke of bitter disappointment and reverses, without the force to bear up under them. He was the picture of sottish despair, and the name of his duplicates was legion."

After mingling for some time in this witches' dance, Mr Borthwick took a passage for Sacramento, in one of the great river-steamers, "long, white, narrow, two-story houses, floating apparently on nothing, so little of the hull of the boat appears above water, and showing none of the lines which, in a ship, convey an idea of buoyancy and power of resistance, but, on the contrary, suggesting only the idea of how easy it would be to smash them to pieces," which strange structures those wonderful Yankees have conveyed across seventeen thousand miles of stormy ocean. Their appearance must have been perplexing to the last degree to ancient mariners who happened to espy them far off on their passage.

Mr Borthwick did not stay many hours in Sacramento, but taking a place in one of twenty-four coaches, all ready to start for the mines, he entered in this picturesque style the land of gold:—

"At last the solid mass of four-horse coaches began to dissolve. The drivers gathered up their reins and settled themselves down in their seats, cracked their whips, and swore at their horses; the grooms cleared out the best way they could; the passengers shouted and hurraed; the teams in front set off at a gallop; the rest followed them as soon as they got room to start, and chevied them up the street, all in a body, for about half a mile, when, as soon as we got out of town, we spread out in all directions to every point of a semicircle, and in a few minutes I found myself one of a small isolated community, with which four splendid horses were galloping over the plains like mad. No hedges, no ditches, no houses, no road in fact—it was all a vast open plain, as smooth as a calm ocean. We might have been steering by compass, and it was like going to sea; for we emerged from the city as from a landlocked harbour, and followed our own course over the wide world. The transition from the confinement of the city to the vastness of space was instantaneous; and our late neighbours,

rapidly diminishing around us, and getting hull down on the horizon, might have been bound for the uttermost parts of the earth, for all we could see that was to stop them.

"To sit behind four horses tearing along a good road is delightful at any time, but the mere fact of such rapid locomotion formed only a small part of the pleasure of our journey.

"The atmosphere was so soft and balmy that it was a positive enjoyment to feel it brushing over one's face like the finest floss silk. The sky was clear and cloudless, the bright sunshine warmed us up to a comfortable temperature; and we were travelling over such an expanse of nature that our progress, rapid as it was, seemed hardly perceptible, unless measured by the fast-disappearing chimney-tops of the city, or by the occasional clumps of trees we left behind us. The scene all round us was magnificent, and impressed one as much with his own insignificance as though he beheld the countries of the earth from the summit of a high mountain.

"Out of sight of land at sea one experiences a certain feeling of isolation; there is nothing to connect one's ideas with the habitable globe but the ship on which one stands; but there is also nothing to carry the imagination beyond what one does see, and the view is limited to a few miles. But here, we were upon an ocean of grass-covered earth, dotted with trees, and sparkling in the sunshine with the gorgeous hues of the dense patches of wild-flowers; while far beyond the horizon of the plains there rose mountains beyond mountains, all so distinctly seen as to leave no uncertainty as to the shape or the relative position of any one of them, and fading away in regular gradation till the most distinct, though clearly defined, seemed still to be the most natural and satisfactory point at which the view should terminate. It was as if the circumference of the earth had been lifted up to the utmost range of vision, and there melted into air."

His destination was a place which "received its name of Hangtown" (a bit of John Bunyan again), "while yet in its infancy, from the number of malefactors who had there expiated their crimes at the hands of Judge Lynch." The description of the place is very curious and interesting:—

"The town of Placerville—or Hangtown, as it was commonly called—con-

sisted of one long straggling street of clapboard houses and log-cabins, built in a hollow at the side of a creek, and surrounded by high and steep hills.

"The diggings here had been exceedingly rich—men used to pick the chunks of gold out of the crevices of the rocks in the ravines with no other tool than a bowie-knife; but these days had passed, and now the whole surface of the surrounding country showed the amount of real hard work which had been done. The beds of the numerous ravines which wrinkle the faces of the hills, the bed of the creek, and all the little flats alongside of it, were a confused mass of heaps of dirt and piles of stones lying around the innumerable holes, about six feet square and five or six feet deep, from which they had been thrown out. The original course of the creek was completely obliterated, its waters being distributed into numberless little ditches, and from them conducted into the 'long-toms' of the miners through canvass hoses, looking like immensely long slimy sea-serpents.

"The number of bare stumps of what had once been gigantic pine-trees, dotted over the naked hill-sides surrounding the town, showed how freely the axe had been used, and to what purpose was apparent in the extent of the town itself, and in the numerous log-cabins scattered over the hills, in situations apparently chosen at the caprice of the owners, but in reality with a view to be near to their diggings, and at the same time to be within a convenient distance of water and firewood.

"Along the whole length of the creek, as far as one could see, on the banks of the creek, in the ravines, in the middle of the principal and only street of the town, and even inside some of the houses, were parties of miners, numbering from three or four to a dozen, all hard at work, some laying into it with picks, some shovelling the dirt into the 'long-toms,' or with long-handled shovels washing the dirt thrown in, and throwing out the stones, while others were working pumps or baling water out of the holes with buckets. There was a continual noise and clatter, as mud, dirt, stones, and water, were thrown about in all directions; and the men, dressed in ragged clothes and big boots, wielding picks and shovels, and rolling big rocks about, were all working as if for their lives, going into it with a will, and a degree of energy, not usually seen among labouring men. It was altogether a scene which conveyed the idea of hard work in the fullest sense of the words,

and in comparison with which a gang of railway navvies would have seemed to be merely a party of gentlemen amateurs playing at working *pour passer le temps*.

"A stroll through the village revealed the extent to which the ordinary comforts of life were attainable. The gambling-houses, of which there were three or four, were of course the largest and most conspicuous buildings; their mirrors, chandeliers, and other decorations, suggesting a style of life totally at variance with the outward indications of everything around them.

"The street itself was in many places knee-deep in mud, and was plentifully strewn with old boots, hats, and shirts, old sardine-boxes, empty tins of preserved oysters, empty bottles, worn-out pots and kettles, old ham-bones, broken picks and shovels, and other rubbish too various to particularise. Here and there, in the middle of the street, was a square hole about six feet deep, in which one miner was digging, while another was baling the water out with a bucket, and a third, sitting alongside the heap of dirt which had been dug up, was washing it in a rocker. Waggons, drawn by six or eight mules or oxen, were navigating along the street, or discharging their strangely-assorted cargoes at the various stores; and men in picturesque rags, with large muddy boots, long beards, and brown faces, were the only inhabitants to be seen."

It was here that Mr Borthwick first "took up a claim," or established himself upon a bit of ground, and commenced gold-digger. Within a few miles of him a large tribe of Digger-Indians was encamped, who are described by him as degraded, repulsive, and miserably poor. The spectacle of the first flight of gold-hunters scattering themselves over the soil, and digging with might and main to procure a yellow dust, which, to the untutored Indian mind, was principally remarkable for its weight and uselessness, must have excited a great deal of curious speculation among the natives. But suppose any one of the original tenants of the soil could have been made aware of the value of his heritage, what change in a fairy tale would have been equal to the revolution in the fortunes of that happy Digger! Observe him, as described by Mr Borthwick, emerging from the subterranean abode, the construction of which gives him his

name—and wandering into Hangtown to beg bread, meat, and old clothes, and thinking himself sumptuously clad in an old coat, turned inside out to show the gaudy lining. Imagine that Digger to have acquired in his youth a knowledge of the riches to be amassed from the soil around him. With moderate industry, and the assistance of his obliging relatives, he might have achieved, before middle age, opulence undreamt of by Rothschild. Imagine him to have transported himself and his mountains of nuggets to London—what a sensation thrilling from Lombard Street through every artery of the metropolis at his potent presence! Dirty and repulsive, in mind and manners a Digger still, he, lately considered a madman by his tribe, is now a man of the first consideration in the metropolis of the civilised world. An act of Parliament might have been specially passed to raise him to the peerage. My Lord Digger might have selected a beautiful blushing bride from a very high family, and many of the unselected would have envied Lady Digger. He would have been kissed by Jews, and adored by infidels. He might have negotiated loans with insolvent emperors. He might have been entertained at great public dinners in the city, and the Digger accent observable in his after-dinner speeches would have become extremely fashionable. The most distinguished statesmen in a neighbouring country would have sought his friendship, the great ones of the earth would have bowed before him, and the head of the Rothschilds would have hanged himself. Turning from what might have been to what is, we see in the Digger a man who, of all men, may be said to have missed his destiny; and we sincerely trust that he will be spared the terrible pang of knowing what he has lost.

In pursuing the avocation of gold-digging, Mr Borthwick seems to have displayed a degree of energy and self-reliance which would have done credit to the most acute of his Yankee fellow-travellers, and which we hope was suitably rewarded; but he says very little about his own successes, or the statistics of gold in the country,

judiciously confining himself to description and adventure, which abound in the book in passages of very vivid reality. Missourian, Mexican, Chinaman, and Indian are all painted, so that you see them, as well as the background of creek, mountain, or gold-field. Shifting his quarters with the readiness and resource of an Arab, when the gold dust was getting low, our traveller visited nearly all the mines, and describes the varieties with great spirit. It is an agreeable and unexpected feature in the mines themselves, that order, justice, and courtesy reign there. This Mr Borthwick attributes to the salutary influence of lynch-law, which, in its legislative and executive departments, is the only code recognised, and to the operations of which in both functions he devotes a chapter of praise. Without some recognised law of appeal, however imperfect, of course disputes, outrages, and murders would have been of daily occurrence with so powerful an apple of discord in full view. But the imminence and universality of the danger seems to have wrought its own remedy; and the two great requisites of all law, rectitude of decision and promptitude of administration, appear to have been attained by means so simple as prove intelligence and sense of justice to have been attributes of the majority of the motley population. Patches of a few feet square, bordered by other similar patches, and teeming with gold, seem to have been as sacred, when once taken possession of by purchase, or by hoisting the proprietor's standard there, in the form of a pick-axe, as if they had been secured by title-deeds. In some parts it was customary, in the dry season, to throw up the earth in little heaps on particular claims, and so leave it till rain should enable the digger to wash the gold from the soil; and these hillocks, teeming with the coveted metal, and perfectly unguarded, were never meddled with. Hospitality seems to have been a universal virtue, if one may judge from the invitations to rest and refreshment invariably received by Mr Borthwick in his wanderings. One young man, a fellow-traveller of his, was absent one evening from supper

at a wayside inn ; and when it turned out, as surmised by the landlord, that he staid away because he had not wherewithal to pay the score, he received, along with a heartily-bestowed share in the meal, a good deal of sarcasm for his injudicious conscientiousness. Civilities of all kinds abounded, and men, whose time was money, were always ready to leave their work where aid was needed by a strange traveller. The following pretty little trait occurred at Downieville :—

“A company of American glee-singers, who had been concertising with great success in the various mining towns, were giving concerts in a large room devoted to such purposes. Their selection of songs was of a decidedly national character, and a lady, one of their party, had won the hearts of all the miners, by singing very sweetly a number of old familiar ballads, which touched the feelings of the expatriated gold-hunters.

“I was present at their concert one night, when, at the close of the performance, a rough old miner stood up on his seat in the middle of the room, and after a few preliminary coughs, delivered himself of a very elaborate speech, in which, on behalf of the miners of Downieville, he begged to express to the lady their great admiration of her vocal talents, and in token thereof begged her acceptance of a purse containing 500 dollars’ worth of gold specimens. Compliments of this sort, which the Scotch would call ‘wiselike,’ and which the fair cantatrice no doubt valued as highly as showers of the most exquisite bouquets, had been paid to her in most of the towns she had visited in the mines. Some enthusiastic miners had even thrown specimens to her on the stage.”

Readers of the book will observe that the adventurers at work in the mines and the adventurers in San Francisco appear under very different aspects. This difference is no doubt in great measure due to the fact that a large proportion of the population of the city were men who never intended to labour themselves, but only to prey upon those who did, whereas, in the mines, a man had nothing to trust to with confidence except his own honest exertions—and a man who can sufficiently rely on these to cast himself into such a struggle, amid such privation in so distant and strange a

land, must necessarily have a great deal of good in him. Still, admitting all this, it is pleasant to find that human nature under such trying circumstances as life in the mines is much better than a gloomy imagination might have painted it, and that an educated and clever man like Mr Borthwick can pass through such an ordeal with increased respect for his species. “It is difficult,” he says, “to believe that any one, after circulating much among the different types of mankind to be found in the mines, should not have a higher respect than before for the various classes which they represented.”

At the conclusion of his work Mr Borthwick, with great power of comparison and analysis, estimates the different merits of the French and Anglo-Saxon races as colonists. Here they met on a neutral ground, and nowhere could the comparison be more fairly drawn. As we should have expected, the French showed themselves superior in neatness, method, and the art of making themselves comfortable,—tearing what pleasures they could through the iron gates of Californian life. But in the true end of that life, a steady pursuit of gold followed out with unflinching earnestness, singleness of purpose, energy, and independence, they were altogether excelled by the Americans and English ; insomuch that, “comparing,” says Mr Borthwick, “the men of different nations, the pursuits they were engaged in, and the ends they had accomplished, one could not help being impressed with the idea, that if the mines had been peopled entirely by Frenchmen—if all the productive resources of the country had been in their hands—it would yet have been many years before they would have raised California to the rank and position of wealth and importance which she now holds.”

To those who have spent their lives amid the peace and order of old-established institutions, there must be something strangely, almost appallingly, interesting in these experiences of Mr Borthwick. They give us glimpses, not merely into a strange country, but into a strange world, that lies close round us, yet all unseen and unsuspected by gentle natures.

He has seen all the restless spirits of the world full of youth, strength, eagerness, and enterprise, forming a population without being a community. All their interests were individual, all their aims selfish. Those aims were of the most debasing kind, scarcely requiring other appliances than capacity for manual labour, so that a tribe of apes might almost have entered the field as competitors. To have lived in scenes where all those attributes which entitle men to veneration were absolutely worthless, is to have seen a state of things not to be found in the lowest tribes of savages. No intellect was necessary beyond the almost animal instinct for selecting a suitable patch of ground—no morality except that prescribed by Judge

Lynch. And when the tides of population flowing in and out were collected in a great reservoir something resembling society, it was unsoftened by female influence, by public opinion, by any of the moulding or ameliorating causes that so largely modify every other known community. Religion, politics, domestic life, associated interests, all the grooves of civilised existence, had no place there; society was reduced to its original atoms, and these were impelled only by the desires for speedy gain and reckless enjoyment. These new impressions, conveyed as they are by a sagacious observer and most pleasant writer, cannot fail to be received by every reader of the book with deep interest and great advantage.

MELEAGER'S LAMENT FOR HIS WIFE HELIODORA.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

I.

TEARS, Heliodora, tears alone may be
The offering from love's abounding store,
To those who dwell upon the Stygian shore,
And tears, my buried one, I give to thee.

II.

They stream upon thy tomb—and with them stream
A tide of wild lamentings, memories sweet,
Longings that never can fulfilment meet,
And many an forgotten happy dream.

III.

I, Meleager, desolate, forlorn,
Feel woe, a grudging woe, my soul o'erwhelm,
To think how all unprized in that cold realm
The treasure is which death from me has torn.

IV.

Where is my blossom?—Spoiled!—by death's rude grasp
Spoiled is its promise, and its bloom defiled.
O Earth, thou universal mother mild,
My loved one to thy bosom softly clasp!

E. B. H.

REMONSTRANCE WITH DICKENS.

THERE was a time (ah, that it would return!) when authors of all sizes, down to him who holds precarious footing in literature on the sloping slippery ledge of a provincial newspaper, or a volume published by subscription, "to us did seem apparelled in celestial light." To have written words which compositors had deliberately put in type, carefully picking their letters, which sage and learned correctors had afterwards diligently compared with the manuscript, and which had then, in the form of that sacred half-divine thing a Book, gone forth, however feebly, to an audience, which sage and inattentive, was a feat which invested the doer with something of an angel light. Then glowed the literary firmament with living sapphires, of whom Hesperus, in the form of Walter Scott, rode brightest, till the moon Shakespeare (who arose on us somewhat later) unveiled his peerless light, and o'er the dark of our unformed mind his silver mantle threw.

Wordsworth never had in his early childhood more importunate intimations of immortality than we, nor more vivid glimpses of "that imperial palace whence he came." The common earth and its commonest products were for us ambrosial. Green pease had then a taste which our sophisticated palate now tries vainly every June to recall—a taste as of vegetables grown in Paradise. Strawberries might have been among the fruits which Eve heaped on the table for her archangel visitant—sights and scents and sounds, long since become mere commonplace appeals to our debauched and vitiated senses, made the world a wide fairyland. Not only round our senses did these enchantments flutter, but round our soul came blasts of incense, the breath of immortal flowers, harmonies from neighbouring unseen worlds, and glimpses, nay gazings, into depths divine. It could not be expected that such a state of things should last; and accordingly, after cramming the lives of several ordi-

nary octogenarians into the first twelve years of our abode on earth, we had exhausted existence at fifteen. The latest warmth that still glowed in the crater of the extinct volcano (always excepting the unexpected outburst of latent heat into scorching flame caused by the potent influence of her who shall be nameless) was our reverence for authorship—till that, too, faded in the disenchanting presence of the authors themselves—mere word-mongers, idea-mongers, moral-mongers as they sometimes are. Good, faithful, undoubting worshipper of Mumbo Jumbo, could we but dissect for thee that respected deity, show thee the sawdust beneath the tinsel—but why should we? Ah, that we had never eaten of the tree of knowledge!—that we could still believe, after seeing and hearing them, in those cloud-capt oracles. We wonder now, like Caliban, that we could ever have taken for a god that extremely absurd individual who, nevertheless, gave us to drink, from his bottle, of a liquor that was not earthly; and when we see those who have partaken of the cup of his intoxications dancing round him like frenzied bacchanals, taking the sound he makes in blowing his nose for a divine message, the flutter of his snuffy pocket-handkerchief as he returns it to his coat-tail for the waving of a celestial standard, and insisting on interpreting all his maunderings as the utterances of inspiration, we smile sadly, but with no wish to undeceive them. We feel like some worn-out magician who views the demons with whom he is familiar (so terrible and grand to the uninitiated) with a mixture of distrust and disgust, as the unpleasant possessors of an immortality which only renders them more conspicuously horrible.

Be that as it may, there was a time, we repeat, when our reverence for those authors who charmed us was entirely unbounded—when we believed them exempt from the ordinary errors and failings of humanity, and when no critic or biographer who affected to register for the world

their true altitude, could take one inch from their stature, or make us think of them otherwise than as giants. Tall, even among those "whose stature reached the sky," towered, from the very first, Charles Dickens. Who is there of soul so dull or so rusted, so hardened on matter-of-fact, so callous from care, or "at such a distance from his youth in grief," as not to remember when *Pickwick* dawned upon him like a revelation? Before *Pickwick* there seems to us to have been but a serious world of it, with plenty of pathos, poetry, romance, and character, but (except here and there occasional glimpses of humour exciting a smile or a chuckle, seldom a laugh) a decided drought of this last-mentioned element, till it then burst forth in a genial irresistible flood, sweeping down all restraints of primness and puritanism, drowning whole herds of jokers, facetious diners-out and provincial wags, and causing dullards and drivellers, hitherto priding themselves on the thickness of the hide which rendered them impervious to fun, to laugh till their faces, like Prince Hal's, resembled "a wet cloak ill laid-up"—no matter whether they had or had not the ache in their shoulders. One of the most shameful recollections of our almost irreproachable life lies at the door of the mad wag Dickens. We were attending service in a cathedral in a city where we were a stranger, and had been shown into a pew already occupied by two respectable old ladies. For a time we behaved with our wonted decorum, till some absurdity committed by the elder Weller, of which we had been reading the night before, rose up to haunt us. Had we been in the open air a good laugh would have at once relieved us, but cabined, cribbed, confined, as it was, the risibility expanded till our form swelled visibly, our face grew purple, and we saw a medical man in the next pew feel in his waistcoat-pocket as he anxiously watched the veins of our forehead. The choral symphonies of the anthem invested Mr Weller's image with fifty-fold absurdity, blending him, as they did, in his top-boots and shawls with angels ever bright and fair. Despairing of our

ability to prevent an explosion, and feeling the danger becoming each moment more imminent, for india-rubber itself must have given way under the accumulating pressure, we suddenly dived with our head below the shelf on which the prayer-books rested, and laughed silently, while our tears dropt like rain upon the footstool. We were beginning to grow calm when, looking round, we saw the two old ladies regarding us with pious horror through their spectacles, and sidling off to their own end of the pew. This set us off again, and down went our head in a vain ostrich-like attempt at concealment, for our shoulders and back, convulsively agitated from nape to waistband, told of the internal struggle, to say nothing of sounds that occasionally broke forth, noways resembling the responses. Conscious that prebendary and precentor were regarding us from their eminence, we again raised our head with desperate gravity, and shall never forget the agony of shame with which we beheld an aged verger sternly approaching, while two churchwardens were quitting their pews with the faces of men determined to discharge a painful duty. Nevertheless, at the instigation of Old Weller, off we went again in a fit now quite audible, and were eventually marched down the centre aisle, between rows of faces fixed in devout horror, with our handkerchief crammed nearly down our throat, and our watery eyes starting out of our head like a land-crab's, and so, turning a corner, out under the old Saxon archway into the churchyard, where we exasperated the verger and churchwardens to frenzy by sitting down upon a tombstone and giving full vent to our mirth. Next day, all-repentant, we waited upon the dean, who, being himself a *Pickwickian*, gave us absolution in the most kindly way, and we caused a copy of *Pickwick* to be bound in Morocco and gold, with the inscription, "from a penitent Sabbath-breaker," which is to this day conspicuous on a shelf of the episcopal library, for he is now a bishop. We are glad to say that, regular church-goer as we have ever since continued, we have never again remembered Old Weller in our orisons except with shame and contrition.

A much pleasanter recollection of *Pickwick* is the memory of the day when we took our first draught from that perennial fount of humour. Somebody had lent us the twelfth number, into which we plunged at once, ignorant of the adventures and characters described in the antecedent eleven. We sat reading it on the grass-crowned summit of some sloping strawberry beds, in a June morning, when Junes were warmer, balmier, and more musical than ever they are now, with the red fruit clustering all unregarded about our feet, while bees and butterflies hovered above the later blossoms, and then first we knew how Sam Weller, assisted by his parent, wrote his valentine;—how they both went to the Brick Lane temperance meeting, where Old Weller fought Mr Stiggins, who had previously, “in his desire to exclude all improper characters,” knocked brother Tadger head-first down the ladder, “his drab shorts disappearing like a flash of lightning;”—how the case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick was conducted (than which there is no more humorous satire in the world), from the opening of the case (“which appeared to have very little inside it when it was opened”) by Mr Skimpin, “a promising young man of two or three and forty,” to the ultimate triumph of Dodson and Fogg;—how Serjeant Buzfuz delivered the best parody on the balderdash of the bar, ever written, or likely to be written;—how Mr Justice Stareleigh wallowed in absurdities, waking up and writing down something with a pen, without any ink in it; alarming Mr Winkle by his testiness when, by the Justice’s own mistake, that witness’s name has been written down Daniel instead of Nathaniel, which all the world now knows to be Mr Winkle’s Christian appellation; shrewdly objecting to Serjeant Snubbins’ explanation, that a door being “on the jar” means “partly open,” and saying he would make a note of it; and cautioning Sam Weller, who has brought his proverbial philosophy into the witness-box, that he mustn’t tell the court what “the soldier” or any other man said, because “it’s not evidence;”—how the witnesses were legally baited, especially Mr Winkle, who, after the jury are given to un-

derstand that he “has a natural taste for perjury,” is questioned by Mr Skimpin, who, “with a steady frown, places his hands on his hips and smiles suspiciously at the jury”—as to how many times he has seen Mrs Bardell—whether he hasn’t seen her twenty times—whether he hasn’t seen her a hundred times—whether he will swear that he hasn’t seen her at least seventy-five times—“the satisfactory conclusion that was arrived at at last being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about.” All these things, and many more, are they not written in the twelfth number of the book of the chronicles of *Pickwick*? And these we sat reading, and occasionally throwing ourself on our back in irrepressible delight, shifting our seat once a yard or so, because we had injured ourself at the first jest by falling back into a gooseberry bush, from which we emerged with our back as full of prickles as a porcupine’s.

Not till the series was complete did we read the rest. We then got all the numbers and carried them home, some miles, under our arm—stopping every two minutes to assure ourself, by counting them, that we had dropt none on the road—and then set ourself to serious reading. The perusal was not altogether unclouded; for, finding as we read on ahead of the other members of the family, that it was impossible to keep some of the best bits to ourself, we persisted in reading them out to the rest, who naturally objected to receive the instalments, and hence ensued serious misunderstandings. As to what the best bits are, only he who brings to the book a virgin palate is perhaps qualified to discriminate, of so rich materials is the whole compounded; and to this day we are lost in admiration of the wealth of humour which could go on, page after page, chapter after chapter, month after month, to the close of a long work, pouring forth, from a source seemingly inexhaustible, fun, and incident, and description, and character, ever fresh, vivid, and new, which, if distributed with a thrifty hand, would have served to relieve and enliven, perhaps immortalise, twenty sober romances. The

very plan of the work (if plan it can be called where plan seems none) evinces the writer's extraordinary confidence in his resources, where a knot of individuals, connected by the loosest tie, and interesting only from their unconscious drollery, are cast loose upon the world to wander through scenes of everyday life, in which, though constantly getting more absurd and weak, they yet gain a firm hold on the reader's affection; so that at length we take leave of Mr Pickwick, in his rural retirement at Dulwich, with a lingering fondness, such as we never felt for any of those young and handsome miracles of sense and spirit upon whose heroic career the vicissitudes of three thrilling volumes are suspended. To the review at Chatham, and to the cricket-match and the election—to the courts of law and the Fleet prison—to the skating-party and the shooting on Captain Boldwig's ground, and the pound in which he is incarcerated for the trespass—and to Bath and Ipswich, we follow Mr Pickwick and his friends with ever-growing interest. Our own favourite characters in the book, which we think exhibit the author's humorous faculty most forcibly of all, are Old Weller and Mr Benjamin Allen—for this reason, that they are comic unconsciously. Sam Weller, who has probably more admirers than his parent, excellent as he is, is always funny with intent; whereas Old Weller's characteristics—his terror of widows, and unfatherly fondness for the sex in general—his hostility against the red-nosed man Stiggins—his zeal to prove an *alibi* for Mr Pickwick in the breach-of-promise case, resulting from his "firm and unalterable conviction that the Old Bailey was the supreme court of judicature in this country, and regulated and controlled the proceedings of all other courts whatsoever"—his confidence in his legal adviser, Solomon Pell, whose attempt to correct him, when speaking of "probing" Mrs Weller's will, he nevertheless repels with great dignity, are all exhibited with perfect good faith. Again, of the two "sawbones," Mr Bob Sawyer is facetious and extremely amusing, but not so amusing

as Mr Benjamin Allen, who has not the least tinge of facetiousness in his composition. The former might have exerted his powers of drollery for a long time without giving us an idea so comic as his less gifted friend, who, on his way home from the student's grog-party, "rapped at the door of the Borough Market and took short gaps on the steps alternately, under the impression that he lived there and had forgotten the key;" and who told Mr Winkle (Arabella's lover), "as an especially eligible person to impart the secret to," that he was determined to inflict the most sanguinary vengeance on any man except Bob Sawyer who should aspire to the hand of his sister Arabella. Again, when Mr Pickwick, going to see the old wharfinger, Mr Winkle senior, late in the evening, to get him to consent to his son's marriage, is accompanied by Mr Sawyer and Mr Allen, the former is exquisitely facetious in the old gentleman's house before the owner makes his appearance; yet what avail his diverting powers compared with the following trait of Mr Allen, who, in the midst of the interview, had "fallen asleep in an attitude which left nothing of him visible except his spine and his coat collar!" Mr Sawyer, wishing to awaken Mr Allen that he may say something on the right side, pinches him on the fleshy part of the arm, "whereupon Mr Allen, starting up with a loud shriek, advanced hastily to Mr Winkle, and shook him by the hand for about five minutes, with an hospitable inquiry" (it was in Mr Winkle's own house, mind, and he was a perfect stranger to Mr Allen), "with an hospitable inquiry as to whether he would take anything now or prefer waiting till dinner; after which he sat down and stared about him as if he had no very distinct idea of where he was, which indeed he had not."

In the midst of all the genial fun of *Pickwick* there is a little bit of pathos—a sad-coloured spot amid the mass of gay colours—which we have always thought truer and more moving than many of his more elaborate efforts—the death of the poor Chancery prisoner. Still, this is but a touch, an indication. But so

much geniality of all kinds is displayed in the book, that probably no appreciative reader ever rose from its perusal without a strong feeling of personal regard for the author—an element generally omitted in the estimate of a writer's genius, but to which we always attach great importance. For our own part, when we had read *Pickwick* over again for the third time (all three readings being consecutive and unintermittent), we were ready to start on a pilgrimage to Mecca with pease, unboiled, in our shoes, if we could at the end of our journey, an incurable but still enthusiastic cripple, have hoped to catch one glimpse, one word of him who had so delighted us. Yet such is the evanescent character of human enthusiasm, that we don't think we would walk to Mecca to see him now—even if the pease were boiled.

The guarantee, so brilliantly given, of his comic power, was ratified in all his earlier works, though not, as in *Pickwick*, to the exclusion of soberer elements. There was not, perhaps, much of it in *Oliver Twist*—and in *Nickleby* it took a subdued cast, exciting not so much laughter as frequent smiles. Miggs and Tappertit, in *Barnaby Rudge*, were highly comic in the old vein. Swiveller, of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, was worthy of a place in *Pickwick*. And here again we think Dick Swiveller, the half-conscious comedian, yields to Mr Codlin, the misanthropic proprietor of Punch's Show—who, far from wishing to be diverting, regards his species with too cynical an eye to wish to contribute to its amusement except for his own profit; yet his atrocious selfishness is made to appear in so comic a light, that we rather like him than otherwise when "he lets down the drapery, and seats himself in deep misanthropy at the bottom of the show;" when he tries to supplant his coadjutor Short, on finding that those who have been kind to Nell are likely to be rewarded; and when he faintly inquires of the landlord of the Jolly Sandboys what time the stew, whose perfume so charms him, will be ready; and having ascertained the fact—"Then bring me a pint of warm ale," said Mr Codlin, "and don't let nobody

bring so much as a biscuit into the room till dinner is ready."

In *Chuzzlewit* the old humour came out in great force. Todgers's and the boy Bailey were famous—ininitely better than the noodle Tom Pinch, or the oft-quoted Pecksniff, who owed most of his celebrity, we believe, to his remarkable likeness to the late Sir R. Peel. But Pecksniff, and (worse still) all the abominable Chuzzlewits, are more than amply atoned for by that incomparable old woman Mrs Gamp, the most admirable piece of broadly humorous female character since the time of Hostess Quickly, who is, centuries ago, in Arthur's bosom, if ever woman went to Arthur's bosom. Charming, irresistible Mrs Gamp!—our passion for her began at the very first moment of her appearance at her window, in reply to Mr Pecksniff's summons, when she asks, "Is it Mr Whilks? Don't say it's Mr Whilks, and that dear creature Mrs Whilks with not so much as a pin-cushion ready;" after which she quite secures her hold on our affections by the innumerable games of quoits she plays, in the hackney coach, with her pattens, on Mr Pecksniff's shins. Think of her chest of drawers, the contents of which, in the absence of handles, could be got out only in two ways—"either by tilting them forward, when they all fell out together; or by opening them singly with knives like oysters." Think of her dresses which, hung up on pegs in her room, retained so completely the impress of the wearer's form, that many an impatient husband, rushing into her chamber in the deceitful twilight, had started back "under the impression that Mrs Gamp had hanged herself." Think of the biscuit which she carried constantly in her pocket "as a provision against contingent drams." Think of her watch by the bed of the sick man, when, after making her evening meal of salmon soured in vinegar, and "supping up the refreshing fluid with the point of her knife," she tied a watchman's coat round her neck by the sleeves, on composing herself for the night, so that she appeared to be "in the act of being embraced by one of the old patrol"—and presented on the wall, when she sat up in her chair,

"the shadow of a gigantic night constable struggling with a prisoner." Think of her appearance at the departure of "the Ankworts package," where she attacks Tom Pinch with her umbrella, and, we are glad to say, hurts him by "a poke or thrust below the ribs which gave him such exceeding anguish that he was fain to turn round and offer a mild remonstrance." Think of the said umbrella, "in colour resembling a faded leaf, with a patch of lively green let dexterously in at the top." Think of her friendship for the shadowy Mrs Harris (by the by, she ought to call her *Harridge*) and the substantial Betsy Prig. Think of these endearing traits, and say whether or not we are justified in the passionate love we bear to Sairey Gamp!

All the American part, too, was excellent. Jefferson Brick, Hannibal Chollop, Colonel Diver, Scadder, the man with two profiles, and the Mother of the Modern Gracchi, are all the genuine growth of those free and enlightened institutions, and not more exaggerated than is necessary to exhibit, in due relief, the national peculiarities. Mark Tapley, though by no means natural, is an agreeable monster—a pleasant piece of fancy-work, and almost deserving of his good fortune in being joined in holy matrimony to the capital landlady, Mrs Lupin.

All this humour is *Pickwickian*—redolent of the days of Weller and Wardle and Winkle, the golden age of Cockaigne. Such a wealth of comic power has never been displayed by any other writer. But in these post-*Pickwickian* works the author aspires not only to be a humourist, but an artist and a moralist; and in his later productions, which we shall talk of by-and-by, he aims at being, besides artist and moralist, politician, philosopher, and ultra-philanthropist. If we direct attention to his weakness in these latter characters, it is solely because he has for years past evinced more and more his tendency to abandon his strong point as humourist and comic writer, and to base his pretensions on grounds which we consider utterly false and unstable. For as a humourist we prefer Dickens to all living men—

as artist, moralist, politician, philosopher, and ultra-philanthropist, we prefer many living men, women, and children to Dickens. It is because we so cordially recognised, and so keenly enjoyed, his genius in his earlier works, that we now protest against the newer phase he chooses to appear in. Formerly, his impulses came from within. What his unerring eye saw, as it glanced round the world, was represented in a medium of the richest humour. But gradually his old characteristics have slipped from him, supplanted by others totally different in origin and result. All his inspiration now seems to come from without. We always imagine him beset, while planning a new book, by critics selected from the most ill-judging of his readers, into whose hands he commits himself, and begins writing to order. One tells him, whatever he does to be sure to be graphic; and accordingly the obedient author paints every scene and every character, no matter of what degree of importance, with a minuteness far surpassing that of the most laborious limner of the Dutch school, till still life has no atom left in natural indistinctness; and as for living beings, you may say even the hairs of their heads are all numbered. A booby who aims at being thought a thinker, then assures him that his great strength lies in "going to the heart of our deepest social problems;" and straightway Dickens, the genial Dickens, overflowing by nature with the most rampant hearty fun, addresses himself to the melancholy task, setting to work to illustrate some enigma which Thomas Carlyle perhaps, or some such congenial dreary spirit, after discussing it in two volumes octavo, has left rather darker than before. Another luminary tells him that it is the duty of a great popular writer to be a great moral teacher, and straightway a piece of staring morality is embroidered into the motley pattern. Next comes an evil whisper, which we always imagine to proceed from a thin young lady of about five-and-thirty, with a pink nose and a blighted heart, to the effect that she hopes there will be plenty of his beautiful sentiment; and, in compliance with

the voice of the charmer, some sparkling bits of tinsel, warranted copper-gilt, are woven in the web. Lastly comes the worst tempter of all, in the guise of a kindly, large-hearted detector and extoller of perfection, especially among the lower orders, at whose instigation are elaborated some plebeian specimens of all the virtues which, if they had the slightest touch of nature in them, would go far to upset the old-established belief in human weakness and fallibility. The result of some such guidance as we have imagined here appears in *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, as well as in great part of both *Dombey* and *Copperfield*.

In executing this piebald plan, the old natural, easy, unconscious Pickwickian style has given place to one to which all those epithets are totally inapplicable; and the characteristics of which, always to us unpleasant, are growing more prominent in every successive work. One of the most striking of these resembles a habit in which many favourite comic actors have indulged to the injury of their reputation—that of presuming on their favour with the audience in jests and drolleries altogether extraneous from their part in the drama; and this displays itself in his later works in a great variety of ways. He affects to have a secret understanding with his reader—he has his private jests, and expressions of approbation or dislike for his characters, whose points are never allowed to appear, either dramatically or in simple narrative, without the author's face constantly appearing over their shoulders, either confirming their acts or words, or else giving you to understand, with his tongue in his cheek, and a knowing wink, that you mustn't let the character (to whom he points with his thumb) impose upon your credulity, as it might possibly do but for this caution. He indulges, to an extent quite unparalleled, his remarkable power of endowing all his personages with peculiar acts, tones, and gestures, and noting them minutely down. The effect of this upon a naturally-drawn character is to bring it frequently into the foreground, when, from its intrinsic or accidental insignificance, it has no business there; upon an unnatural

one (whose spasms are all sure to be chronicled), to give it the look of motion without life, always unpleasant, sometimes shocking. For so singular is the faculty he possesses of watching his conceptions, as if they were actually present, and endowed with volition, that not only are those which really may have been copied from life presented with a minuteness which very few of the cleverest observers, though bound by oath to note down the most trivial and ordinary acts of those in the same room with them, could hope to rival, but the merest puppets or abstractions, with no type in real existence, are narrowly watched in all their little mummeries of nature. The effect, at once grotesque and unnatural, of many of the characters, is increased by giving them names odd without significance, and absurd without drollery—as if he had noted down all the most unusual appellations to be met with, and, separating the syllables composing them, had reconstructed them in the most startling combinations—such as Chuzzlewit, Turveydrop, Tulkinghorne, and Flintwinch. His descriptions of still life are carried out with the same remorseless fidelity; and when some fanciful resemblance or attribute is bestowed on an object, it is constantly reproduced in connection with it—like the figure of the Roman on Mr Tulkinghorne's ceiling, the voice of the waves in *Dombey*, the chimes, and the Temple Fountain in *Chuzzlewit*. The personages of his stories, having once had particular qualities ascribed to them, are for ever exhibiting these attributes in a way which, were it ever done in real life, would render a knowledge of our species of very easy attainment, since everybody not absolutely idiotic would read everybody else's character; and it is for this reason, perhaps, that Dickens, in order that all the characters may not find each other out prematurely, finds it expedient to represent so many of them as of weak intellect; so that, besides a sprinkling of professional idiots, for whom he has a great liking, his pages are always garnished with a vast number of amateur fools, whose claims to the honours of fatuity are not clearly admitted by the author.

All these errors, which a true artist would only fall into by accident, and would secretly know them himself for blots, are so widely spread over Boz's later works, that it is only here and there that a scrap of his native youthful genius peeps almost doubtfully through the lavish uppgrowth of affectation; and when, at long intervals, we see a bit of the old rich natural humour, we groan over it as travellers who love wine groan over the scattered vines of Madeira, which, supplanted all over the island by potatoes, are leaving the divine liquor, produced in none but that favoured region, to become a thing of the past, recorded only on the palates of our fathers. We trace the first appearance of these weeds of his mind to *Chuzzlewit*; but there such brilliant flowers as the Gambia grandiflora, the Bailey Seedling, the Lupin, and the Transatlantic specimens, might well make us regardless of the surrounding patches of dockens and thistles, which have now, however, made head to such an alarming extent that we can't wait for the end of the wilderness of *Little Dorrit* before recording our earnest protest and deep lament; for in that wilderness we sit down and weep when we remember thee, O *Pickwick*!

The first broad general conclusion which we arrive at from reading this last book, so far as it has gone, is, that Dickens, with all his fertility of invention, has less constructiveness than falls to the lot of five novel-writers out of six, including all the worst. Even if, in the few remaining numbers, the joints of the story should be tightened up, and the different parts of the machinery made to work in something like harmony, yet that would not now retrieve the character of so aimless a work. A most cumbrous array of characters and scenes has been set in motion, and all for what?

Absolutely, the only event yet described which can be called a leading incident, is the deliverance of old Dorrit from the Marshalsea. And how is this brought about? Not by any cause with which any of the characters are even remotely connected, but by the extremely probable circumstance, accidentally discovered, that the old gentleman, after a cap-

tivity of twenty years or so, has been all the time the right heir of the great estates of the "Dorrits of Dorsetshire," of which distinguished family we then hear for the first time. We would pardon this violent wrench in the story if the dislocation produced any interesting results, but the contrary is the case; for, whereas old Dorrit was, in his character of Father of the Marshalsea, the best-drawn personage and most interesting study (we might really say the only one of any value) in the book, he becomes, on his accession to wealth, a prosy old driveller, whose inanities are paraded and circumstantially described in a long succession of twaddle, till the favourable impression made in his former phase is quite effaced before his decease, which happily took place in the last number, and which, to all appearance, might just as well have occurred a long time ago. There is positively no dramatic result whatever from the marvellous convulsion in the fortunes of the Dorrit family up to the old gentleman's decease, except that one of his daughters is married to a Mr Sparkler, one of the amateur idiots of the book, who is the stepson of the great speculator, Mr Merdle, another of the amateur idiots of the book.

The fortunes of the Clennam family, occupying as they do a space nearly as large as those of the Dorrits, would, by an artistic writer, have been so interwoven that the opposing or blending interests should have elicited character and sustained curiosity; yet four-fifths of the book have elapsed without any connection being even hinted at, except that Little Dorrit came to work as a sempstress for Mrs Clennam, without any result whatsoever, except that young Clennam noticed her peculiarity of taking home some of her dinner instead of eating it; and Mrs Clennam (a most unpleasant old image, that sits always bolt upright in a wheeled chair like some grim heathen deity, and habitually talks in the most unchristian manner) once relaxes from her stony sourness so far as to kiss her. There is some hint of some influence that some Clennam may have had formerly on the fate of old Dorrit, but so obscure

and shadowy as to induce the reader to believe that the author had not made up his mind as to what it should turn out to be, and was, therefore, anxious not to commit himself—a blemish that might injure a much better work than this. Meantime the Clennam household have experienced no vicissitudes, and are exactly where they were in the first number. Then there is the Meagles family, whose fortunes, whatever they may be, are totally distinct, so far, from the Dorrits and Clennams, and have experienced only one change—viz., that the daughter, whose courtship was in progress when the book began, is now married, and has an addition to her family. The Casbys are *in statu quo*. A murderer and a smuggler, who were introduced at the beginning, in prison together, in a scene well calculated to excite attention, have done nothing in any way worthy of their formidable antecedents. The heroes of the Circumlocution department have, of course, had nothing to do with anybody or anything, and, in fact, nothing has hitherto befallen anybody, except old Dorrit and his brother (another amateur idiot), who are both defunct.

With these facts before them, Mr Dickens's blindest admirers will scarcely pretend that this is a work of art. But perhaps they will say that he has other grounds to build on besides art; and remembering how clear and vivid is the impression left by *Pickwick*, in which art certainly had little to do, we admit the justice of the reply. But if this is not a work of art, what is it? Is it a work of humour? Let us take a glance at some of the characters which the author apparently intends should be humorous. There is Mrs Finching, otherwise Flora, occupying a comic part, the humour of which consists in her conversation, which is disjointed and without commas. Here is an average speech of hers:—

“ ‘I declare,’ she sobbed, ‘I never was so cut up since your mamma and my papa not Doyce and Clennam for this once but give the precious little thing a cup of tea and make her put it to her lips at least pray Arthur do, not even Mr F.’s last illness for that was of another kind and gout is not a child’s affection though very painful for all parties and Mr F. a

martyr with his leg upon a rest and the wine trade in itself inflammatory for they will do it more or less among themselves and who can wonder, it seems like a dream I am sure to think of nothing at all this morning and now Mines of money is it really, but you must you know my darling love because you never will be strong enough to tell him all about it upon teaspoons, mightn’t it be even best to try the directions of my own medical man for though the flavour is anything but agreeable still I force myself to do it as a prescription and find the benefit, you’d rather not why no my dear I’d rather not but still I do it as a duty, everybody will congratulate you some in earnest and some not and many will congratulate you with all their hearts but none more so I do assure you than from the bottom of my own I do myself though sensible of blundering and being stupid, and will be judged by Arthur not Doyce and Clennam for this once so good-by darling and God bless you and may you be very happy and excuse the liberty, vowing that the dress shall never be finished by anybody else but shall be laid by for a keepsake just as it is and called Little Dorrit though why that strangest of denominations at any time I never did myself and now I never shall!’ ”

The joke about “Arthur not Doyce and Clennam” requires explanation, because, besides being unintelligible in itself, it is the strong point of the character. Arthur was the former lover of Mrs Finching in her maiden days, and her affection for him returning when she again meets him in her widowed state, he being then a partner in the firm of Doyce and Clennam, she always begins to address him as “Arthur,” and then apologises by adding “Doyce and Clennam much more proper.” This exquisite conceit is of very frequent recurrence. Alas, alas! shades of Gamp, Hominy, Swiveller, and all the *Pickwickian* host! how are the mighty fallen!

Flora is supported by an abominable old idiot (one of the idiots proper of the book), known as “Mr F.’s aunt,” who is described as resembling a great staring wooden doll, and who perfectly acts up to the description. Flora’s father, Mr Casby, is what Pecksniff would have been in his dotage, if he had allowed his hair to grow over his shoulders. There is a Mr Pancks, also, in the establishment, who is so little like a human being,

that when the author, perceiving some resemblance between his notion of him and a steam-vessel, constantly alludes to him as "the Tug," and describes him as "steaming away," instead of walking off the scene, we cease to think of him as a man at all. There is a comic lover of the name of John Chivery, a kind of mixture of Toots, Moddle, and Swiveller, without the diverting qualities of any of them, having the weakness of Toots, the spooniness of Moddle, and Swiveller's habit of poetically bewailing his own fate, except that Mr Chivery does it by composing epitaphs on himself, instead of parodying popular verses. As for the incidental bits of humour, read the two following, and say if it could have been believed that the Dickens we once knew would have stooped to either of them :—

"Mrs Gowan, looking over her green fan when this young gentleman's name was mentioned, replied as follows :—

"My love, you know the wretched state of the country—those unfortunate concessions of John Barnacle's! and you therefore know the reasons for my being as poor as Thingummy."

"A church-mouse?" Mrs Merdle suggested, with a smile.

"I was thinking of the other proverbial church person—Job," said Mrs Gowan. "Either will do."

That is one.

Mr Meagles is anxious about his daughter, who is in Rome :—

"Let her be as well cared for as any lady in that land, still it is a long way off. Just as home is home, though it's never so homely, why, you see," said Mr Meagles, adding a new version to the proverb, 'Rome is Rome, though it's never so Romely.'"

That is the other.

We suppose that all readers not deaf to reason on the subject of Dickens, will admit that this style of writing, however long continued, will never constitute a work of humour; and in this style the comic portion of the book is written. Is it, then, a novel of character? Let us look at the characters—first the Dorrits.

Little Dorrit, the heroine, is Little Nell over again, only smaller, plainer, and older. Little Nell would have taken care of old Dorrit as his

daughter does. Little Dorrit would have taken care of Nell's grandfather as Nell does. But Nell, besides being more interesting, came first, and has, moreover, the advantage of being supported by such capital comic characters as Kit Nubbles, Swiveller, little Mrs Quilp, Mrs Jiniwin, and Mrs Jarley, "the genuine, and only"—wherefore, seeing that Little Dorrit comes after, and is not so supported, we look on her (without positive objection, for she is a good little soul) as a Nell with the colour washed out.

The mixture of self-importance, selfishness, and meanness, in old Dorrit while in prison, is very well displayed; but to exhibit a character made up of such materials, can scarcely be a primary object in a long work. As to the author's inference that these qualities are all the result of prison-life ("the shadow of the Marshalsea wall," as he expresses it), that may or may not be. For all we can see, old Dorrit would have been just the same had he remained solvent all his life. His daughter, under the same influences, has grown up a miracle of self-denial and generosity. All that can be said, therefore, of the influence of prison-life, accepting its effects as exhibited in these pages, is, that some characters suffer from it, and some do not; which may be said of any other position in life, and, so far, the inference remains unproved.

As for old Dorrit's brother, we need not discuss him, for he is remarkable only for inanity, like Nell's grandfather, old Chuffy, and other imbeciles who are allowed to wander at large about Mr Dickens's works.

Tip and Fanny Dorrit are each very well in their way—that is, as third or fourth rate characters, having no title to a conspicuous place in any composition.

Mr Clennam is a walking gentleman; Mrs Clennam, the mother, we have characterised already. Mr Flintwinch is a horrible old puppet, and so far (that is, through sixteen numbers) quite unaccountable.

Mr Meagles is a benevolent puppet; Mrs Meagles is a benevolent dummy. Connected with them in some mysterious way are two female characters, Miss Wade and Tattycoram;

the former described as of great personal attractions, but in spirit resembling Edith Grainger, Rosa Dartle, and other indomitably evil-disposed young women, whom, if they really exist, we, thank heaven, have never met with.

Some of the characters, having some peculiar feature ascribed to them, by dint of constant repetition, have their personality altogether absorbed in that feature. Thus Mrs Merdle, having a remarkable bust, is always alluded to as "the Bosom." Rigaud the murderer, having a peculiar way of fiendishly smiling, is so constantly making "his mustache go up under his nose, and his nose come down over his mustache," that these parts of his face throw all the rest of his figure and countenance into the background, and he becomes part of a huge diabolical mask. Mr Pancks, as we have said, is invariably "the Tug," having a habit of snorting, which it was perhaps not incumbent on a biographer to chronicle. Thus we are told "from the inner dock, where the good ship Pancks was hove down when out in no cruising-ground, the noise was heard of that steamer labouring towards them. It struck Arthur that the noise began demonstratively far off, as though Mr Pancks sought to impress on any one who might happen to think about it, that he was working on from out of hearing." Such is the sustained metaphorical flight, founded at length on this gentleman's nasal peculiarity. Mr Casby, being of venerable aspect, is "the Patriarch."

We presume we have now said enough to show that this is not a great work of character. Indeed, in the absence of incident, it is difficult to see how character can display itself. Hence arises another prime fault. In a great novel the incidents and characters work together for good, characters producing incident, incident calling forth traits of character, till in the very highest specimens the principal personages are scarcely fully developed before the end of the book. But here a character is minutely described on its first appearance, and henceforward it is a mere repetition, never developing or evolving itself in the

least; and whole pages are taken up with the talk about nothing, of people who, if they talked about something, would not be worth listening to.

There is a stupid and disagreeable old woman called Mrs General (we never knew anybody of the name, but we are not surprised any more than if the author had thought proper to christen her Mrs Serjeantmajor, or Mrs Fieldmarshal, or Mrs Commanderinchief), who acts as a sort of companion and Mentor to the Misses Dorrit, and who is thus introduced:—

"Mrs General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-five as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamoured of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to be taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs General drove until the commissary died. In the course of their united journey, they ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties; but always in a high style, and with composure.

"The commissary having been buried with all the decorations suitable to the service (the whole team of proprieties were harnessed to his hearse, and they all had feathers and black velvet housings, with his coat-of-arms in the corner), Mrs General began to inquire what quantity of dust and ashes was deposited at the bankers'."

This, we suppose, is meant for a humorous bit of satirical description, though what the metaphors mean we cannot divine. However, Mrs General, to the exhibition of whom, at full length, half a page would be an ample concession, twaddles and attitudinises through a great number of scenes, till an attempt is made to create a languid excitement about her, by making old Dorrit, in his dotage, conceive the idea of proposing to her; which design is, however, nipt in the bud by his timely decease. In the course of one of her prosings, Mrs General delivers herself as follows:—

"'Papa is a preferable mode of address,' observed Mrs General. 'Father

is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips: especially prunes and prism. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanour, if you sometimes say to yourself in company—on entering a room, for instance—Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism.’

Will it be believed that the Dickens whom we remember of yore (*cheu, quantum mutatus!*), instead of being ashamed of this puerility, becomes positively enamoured of it, as an excellent joke worthy of frequent repetition? Little Dorrit, to whom the maxim is addressed, presently afterwards fixes “her loving eyes upon her father, whom she had very nearly addressed as poultry, if not prunes and prism too, in her desire to submit herself to Mrs General, and please him.” Then “Mrs General made a sweeping obeisance, and retired with an expression of mouth indicative of prunes and prism.” Next she is said to have infused a “wholesale amount of prunes and prism, into the family life.” This gibberish goes on acquiring importance, till, in the author’s mind, it means something, though what, we don’t know. “Prunes and prism, in a thousand combinations, having been wearily in the ascendant all day,” till at last we hear of “the prunes and prism school,” then “prunes and prism get the upper hand,” and so on through many chapters—indeed, we fear we haven’t done with the joke, whatever it is, yet. It is difficult to perceive by what steps a humour so true and rich as Dickens’s could descend to this, and revel in it. To show to what a great writer may come under such influences as those which preside over *Little Dorrit*, we will transcribe one dialogue, premising that the incident (such as it is) therein alluded to, leads to nothing whatever.

“What is it, Mrs Tickit?” said he.

“Sir,” returned that faithful house-keeper, having taken him into the parlour and closed the door, “if ever I saw the led-away and deluded child in my life, I saw her identically in the dusk of yesterday evening.”

“You don’t mean Tatty——”

“Coram, yes I do!” quoth Mrs Tickit, clearing the disclosure at a leap.

“Where?”

“Mr Clennam,” returned Mrs Tickit, ‘I was a little heavy in my eyes, being that I was waiting longer than customary for my cup of tea which was then preparing by Mary Jane. I was not sleeping, nor what a person would term correctly, dozing. I was more what a person would strictly call watching with my eyes closed.’

“Without entering upon an inquiry into this curious abnormal condition, Clennam said, ‘Exactly. Well?’

“Well, sir,” proceeded Mrs Tickit, ‘I was thinking of one thing and thinking of another. Just as you yourself might. Just as anybody might.’

“Precisely so,” said Clennam. ‘Well?’

“And when I do think of one thing, and do think of another,” pursued Mrs Tickit, ‘I hardly need to tell you, Mr Clennam, that I think of the family. Because, dear me! a person’s thoughts,’ (Mrs Tickit said this with an argumentative and philosophic air), ‘however they may stray, will go more or less on what is uppermost in their minds. They *will* do it, sir, and a person can’t prevent them.’

“Arthur subscribed to this discovery with a nod.

“You find it so yourself, sir, I’ll be bold to say,” said Mrs Tickit, ‘and we all find it so. It an’t our stations in life that changes us, Mr Clennam; thoughts is free!—As I was saying, I was thinking of one thing, and thinking of another, and thinking very much of the family. Not of the family in the present times only, but in the past times too. For when a person does begin thinking of one thing and thinking of another, in that manner as it’s getting dark, what I say is that all times seem to be present, and a person must get out of that state, and consider before they can say which is which.’

“He nodded again, afraid to utter a word, lest it should present any new opening to Mrs Tickit’s conversational powers.

“In consequence of which,” said Mrs Tickit, ‘when I quivered my eyes and saw her actual form and figure looking in at the gate, I let them close again without so much as starting; for that actual form and figure came so pat to the time when it belonged to the house as much as mine or your own, that I never thought at the moment of its having gone away. But, sir, when I quivered my eyes again and saw that it wasn’t there, then it all flooded upon me with a fright, and I jumped up.’

“You ran out directly!” said Clennam.

“I ran out,” assented Mrs Tickit, ‘as fast as ever my feet would carry me; and if you’ll credit it, Mr Clennam, there wasn’t in the whole shining heavens, no,

not so much as a finger of that young woman.'

"Passing over the absence from the firmament of this novel constellation, Arthur inquired of Mrs Tickit if she herself went beyond the gate.

" 'Went to and fro, and high and low,' said Mrs Tickit, 'and saw no sign of her.'

"He then asked Mrs Tickit how long a space of time she supposed there might have been between the two sets of ocular quiverings she had experienced? Mrs Tickit, though minutely circumstantial in her reply, had no settled opinion between five seconds and ten minutes. She was so plainly at sea on this part of the case, and had so clearly been startled out of slumber, that Clennam was much disposed to regard the appearance as a dream. Without hurting Mrs Tickit's feelings with that infidel solution of her mystery, he took it away from the cottage with him; and probably would have retained it ever afterwards, if a circumstance had not soon happened to change his opinion."

In Dickens's estimation, there is no such thing as insignificance. Throughout the book there is the same tendency apparent to exhaust every part of every subject, whether description, narration, or dialogue, the result being, of course, altogether inadequate to the power exercised, because the material is so worthless. It is like employing some vast machine that is meant for welding iron and cutting steel to macerate old rags.

A novel which, besides being destitute of well-considered plot, is not a novel of incident or character, can scarcely be a great picture of life; indeed, the number of puppets, dummies, and unnatural creations that grimace and jerk their way along the scenes, forbid it to be so considered. "All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, "and all the men and women merely players."—"All the world's a puppet-show," says Dickens, "and all the men and women *fantoccini*. See here, ladies and gentlemen, I take this abstract quality, which is one of the characteristics of the present day, and which you will therefore like to see—I select this individual trait from the heap you see lying by me—I add a bit of virtue, because it looks well to detect a soul of goodness in things evil—I dress the combination in these garments, which I got off a man in the street. Observe now, when I pull the strings (and I don't mind

letting you see me pulling the strings all through the exhibition—no deception, ladies and gentlemen, none), how natural the action! how effective the character!" And all the languid people in the boxes, and the stupid people in the pit, and the gods in the galleries, clap their hands, and cry, Bravo! hurrah! But there are many people in the boxes who are not languid, many in the pit who are not stupid, and there is good sense even among the gods; and the applause is not unqualified.

If, then, this is not a work of any of the kinds we have mentioned, what is it? We really cannot tell; but we should imagine that Mr Dickens, seeing his large canvass spread, remembering his successes, and feeling his power of work, conceives always an ambitious design of being at once a graphic story-teller, a social reformer, a limner of life, a great moral teacher, and a political satirist, and between all these stools, some of which have very weak legs, comes ignominiously to the ground, where he sits as complacently as if he were throned on Olympus.

What can be weaker in itself, to say nothing of the total want of art in connecting it with the story, than the intended satire on the Circumlocution Office? We don't in the least wish to stand up for the Circumlocution Office—curse the Circumlocution Office, say we. We know well the amount of insolence and ignorance to be found among Government officials of all departments. But the attempt to show it up in *Little Dorrit* is as inartificial as if he had cut half-a-dozen leading articles out of an Opposition newspaper, and stuck them in anyhow, anywhere. Besides, in all his attempts to embody political questions, Dickens has never shown a spark of original thought. He is merely waving, as an oriflamme, a ragged old standard, with a great staring legend on it, stained with beer, and smelling villanously of tobacco, in consequence of long figuring at contested elections. We don't blame him for not being a great politician. It would be almost miraculous if a man with such rare power of individualising as he is endowed with, should possess also the power of habitually considering questions

in their most comprehensive and abstract bearing. What we blame him for is, for leaving the circle where none dare walk but him, to elbow his way on a thoroughfare open to tagrag and bobtail. The next time Mr Dickens dines out, the gentlemen on each side of him will probably be just as much entitled to a hearing on a political question as he is. We don't want him to be a politician, of whom there are plenty; we want him to be a humourist, and painter of passion and life, where he stands almost without a peer.

On reading over what we have written, we almost fear we have expressed ourself with a little tinge of severity. But Dickens, dear Dickens, no offence—none! We have spoken to thee not in anger, but in sorrow—"not in drink, but in tears—not in words only, but in woes also." Can we bear that you, whom we ranked among the foremost men of all this world, should become a weaver of odds and ends into a pattern resembling nothing in heaven or earth, and which cannot even hold together? Can we see this without our special wonder—wonder and sorrow?—and mixed with them some little indignation, lending to our tone a sharpness which may be the more wholesome because you are quite unused to it? We know that you must of necessity be surrounded by admirers of more enthusiasm than discretion. We know that if you were unhappily afflicted with a brain-fever, and your delirious utterances were taken down in shorthand, and published as a serial, plenty of foolish readers would be found to admire, plenty of foolish critics to applaud. This is only to say that you are a great writer with a vast reputation, and therefore whenever you hold up your finger the multitude will shout. Cry but "Mum," and thousands of voices will respond with "Budget." We don't doubt that your foolish joke about prunes and prism will be bandied from thousands of silly mouths as a household word. We don't doubt that thousands will date the origin of their animosity against the Circumlocution Office from their perusal of *Little Dorrit*—and we are glad to think of a cry being raised against that office; but we like you more than we dis-

like it, and are sorry you wrote in a style below your reputation. Therefore, dear Dickens, don't listen to your adulators—listen to *us*, your true friend and admirer. We appeal from the author of *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* to the author of *Pickwick*, the *Old Curiosity Shop*, and the better parts of *Chuzzlewit*. Not in humour only are you dear to us, but in tragedy also, and in pathos we own your power. Paul Dombey—heaven knows how fond we were of that boy!—whose short life we have never yet been able to read consecutively through, the page always growing dim and blurred long before the little spark is quenched. Sykes, too, and Fagin, in their ends attest your tragic power, though we never knew nor cared under what statute the latter was condemned. And for fancy and humour and pathos combined, there is that entire and perfect chrysolite the *Christmas Carol*, which we read aloud ever on a Christmas eve to an audience that ever still responds with weeping and with laughter. Remembering these benefits, ungrateful should we be beyond all measure of ingratitude, should we now write one word in spirit otherwise than of truest friendship of him who wrote so well in the brave days of old. And if you take our advice, and give your rare powers fair play, laying aside your pen for awhile, collecting fitting materials in your own fields, without wandering into regions strange to you, and, when fully ripe, expressing the results of your marvellous faculty of observation in your old natural, humorous, graphic, pathetic way, we, as we read, gladdened of your readers, that matured evidence of your genius, will bow ourselves before you, and (while secretly exulting in the fruit our words have borne) will humbly crave forgiveness for our bold though honest remonstrance, rejoicing more over your repentance than over ninety and nine respectable writers who have never gone astray. But if you do not take our advice, and mean to go on building streets of Bleak Houses, and creating crowds of Little Dorrits, then we recommend you to inscribe on your next serial, "A Banter on the British Public. By Charles Dickens. In Twenty Parts."

LETTERS FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.—NO. III.

MY DEAR EBONY,—So—the game is up ; and that old Parliament, with its manifold inconsistencies, manœuvres, and eccentricities, is about to give up the ghost ! Whether we shall have a better in lieu of it may be a question ; but I am not very sanguine on the subject. It is the fashion, in politics as in private life, to abuse the defunct, and to speak all manner of evil regarding it, without due consideration of its better points. This I hold to be a base and degrading practice. Let us be just to the dear departed—for such I may style her to be, though she is only moribund while I write—and let us give her credit for courage and pugnacity at least, in having over-crowded three separate ministries in less than five years. I say nothing about the defeat of the Derby Administration, because that was matter of certainty so soon as the roll of the House of Commons was made up ; and party strife had been so hot previous to 1852, that it was plainly impossible that a ministry, which did not command a majority, could stand its ground against the attacks of a fierce though divided opposition. The defeat of the Aberdeen Administration was much more remarkable ; for, although Lord John Russell had a notable share in that transaction, it is impossible to deny that the House of Commons displayed right feeling and honest independence in visiting with their censure the misconduct of the imbeciles who had neither the talent, energy, nor disposition to prosecute the war with vigour, and whose outrageous blundering so justly brought down a storm of indignation on their heads. On that occasion the Lower House was undoubtedly the exponent of the feeling of the country ; and I do not know that I ever received any kind of intelligence with more sincere joy than I experienced when I heard the news of the ignominious expulsion of Aberdeen and his junta of incapable supporters. Again, I think this last defeat of Palmerston on the Chinese question must be taken as an additional proof of the independent feel-

ing of the House. It is all stuff, and nonsense, and the merest clap-trap, to talk of a coalition having been made in this instance for the purpose of defeating the Ministry. No one can be better aware of that than Palmerston himself ; and I am not a little surprised that he should so far have demeaned himself as even to have expressed a suspicion of the possibility of any such combination. Coalitions may be made when the coalescing parties intend or expect to be able to work together after they have gained their common object. Thus Mr Gladstone could coalesce cordially enough with the Whigs in effecting the overthrow of Lord Derby, because he expected to become a member of a cabinet in which the Whigs should have a numerical preponderance. I do not charge him with any impropriety for having done so. Doubtless he followed his own convictions, and saw his way into the future as clearly as he will ever be able to see it, before acting in concert with his old antagonists. But does any man of sense believe that, on the recent occasion, Lord John Russell was acting in concert with Disraeli, or Cobden with Sir E. B. Lytton, or W. J. Fox with Lord John Manners, or Roebuck with Mr Gladstone, or Sir F. Baring with Mr Newdegate, or Mr Murray Dunlop with Mr Baillie Cochrane ? Upon what common point of political opinion could these men possibly coalesce ? Objectionable as the policy of Lord Palmerston might be upon many points, his government was not odious. If he refused to go so far as the advanced section of the Liberals could wish, that refusal would naturally conciliate, not incense, the Conservatives. On the other hand, the advanced Liberals can hardly be supposed to have desired his overthrow, in order that a new ministry might be constructed from the Tory ranks. For my own part, if I were a keen politician, as most men become after entering the House of Commons, I should, while voting with the majority, have regretted the necessity of doing so ; for, in the present confused

state of parties, I anticipate no advantage from a change. I observe that a good many Conservatives voted with Palmerston; and they are by no means to be blamed for doing so, if, in their view, the conduct of Sir J. Bowring with regard to the Chinese in this unfortunate business can admit of any justification. Neither shall I blame those Liberals who, though convinced that justice was not on the British side, voted in support of the Ministry. All I mean to say, is that the late division was, upon the whole, a fair and frank expression of the opinion of the House of Commons, formed without reference to political or party considerations; and therefore to be regarded, in every point of view, with respect.

From that decision Lord Palmerston has now taken his appeal to the country, through the constituencies; and I will not disguise from you my apprehensions as to the result. In the first place, I hold it to be entirely ridiculous to suppose that the country will give a verdict upon the point at issue. If you were to poll the constituencies simply upon the question of the Chinese war, I am certain that the Ministry would be left with a miserable minority; for, whatever may be their failings, the people of Great Britain have a strong regard for justice, detest oppression, and never will connect the idea of military glory with conquest over the Chinese. In the coming elections, no one will bestow a thought upon China. Bowring, now puffed into notoriety like an empty bladder, will collapse, like the same bladder when punctured by a penknife; and be no more regarded by men than are the works of that execrating Bentham, which he edited, after the earth was relieved from the living weight of the heaviest charlatan that ever staggered through the wilderness of nonsense. You may rely upon it that the electors, not only generally, but to a man, will ignore China altogether. They will choose their representatives—as indeed they ought to do—upon grounds of general policy; for, when a dissolution takes place, the electors would be mad indeed if they limited their

views to the reversal of a single vote given in the former Parliament. They are called upon to take their share in the constitution of a new House of Commons, which possibly may endure for seven years to come; and they cannot afford to be crotchety, or nice as to particular points, which they may reasonably consider to be of ephemeral interest. So that the result of this general election, whatever that may be, cannot be held as an expression of the opinion of the country, as to the policy or impolicy of the Ministry of Lord Palmerston, in recognising as legitimate and creditable the deeds of the British subordinates in China. That I regard as a misfortune; because I think, in the present posture of European affairs, it is most important that no misconception should arise regarding any part of our foreign policy, or our dealing with alien people. Heaven knows that we have already suffered far too much, in the shape of loss of character, from the notion prevalent abroad, that we are, as a nation, selfish, grasping, and unprincipled. Our popular form of government lends countenance to such an idea; for we are so proud of possessing freedom ourselves, and so bigoted about our own institutions, that we insist upon administering the latter, as a dose, to every nation with which we come in contact, without considering whether or not they are able to bear it; and the consequence is, that we find ourselves perpetually embroiled with governments who do not want our advice, and who regard us as visionary, or, it may be, insolent interlopers.

If Lord Palmerston, when the new Parliament assembles in the month of May, can point to a working majority in his favour, that will be taken, abroad, as a sufficient proof that the British nation collectively approves of the late violent proceedings at Canton, and the nation will be judged accordingly. For by that time the dispute may be settled, or matters may have assumed so serious an aspect as to render it inexpedient, if not impracticable, again to take a vote upon the subject of the *casus belli*; and so the appeal, in so far as the question really at issue is concerned,

will have been made in vain. I am not versed in Parliamentary history or precedent, and therefore I can only speak doubtfully on such a matter; but I cannot argue myself into the conviction that Lord Palmerston was entitled, in consequence of the recent vote of the House of Commons, to propose a dissolution. The Home Government was not bound by the acts of Sir J. Bowring or Admiral Seymour, unless these were the consequences of express instructions; a position which the Ministry have carefully repudiated. Therefore, undoubtedly, the censure of the House of Commons was directed against the officials as having, on their own responsibility, acted illegally and unwisely, and in a manner calculated to tarnish the reputation and character of Great Britain. The censure did not apply to the Ministry, because the acts complained of were not traceable to their policy or instructions; and even though the Ministry thought fit to vindicate the conduct of their subordinates, a parliamentary condemnation of the latter was by no means equivalent to a vote of censure against the former. It seems to me very essential that this should be kept in view, the more especially as the partisans and placemen who are now preparing for the hustings, have hazarded, on more than one occasion, the false and preposterous assertion that the recent vote was the result of an unprincipled conspiracy. It was nothing of the kind. No resolution at all impugning the conduct or policy of the Ministry was proposed. The blow was levelled, not at Cæsar, but at Cæsar's incompetent bondsman; and Palmerston, in calling together a new Parliament, is not asking a vote of confidence in his own favour or that of his colleagues, but in favour of Bowring, whose singular fortune it has been to originate a war with the Celestial Empire, and to break up a Parliament at home!

Providence, it has been truly said, sometimes works by strange instruments. The Roman capital was saved by the cackling of a gander—the operations of a mole, whom the old Jacobites affectionately designated as “the little gentleman in black

velvet,” cut short the career of William of Orange; and finally Bowring, formerly known as the most stupendous bore in the House of Commons, has raised a storm which has shaken the East, overthrown a Parliament, and agitated the British Isles! But the worst of it is, that Palmerston, after having risked so much in defence of this wonderful man, who has achieved immortality at last, though it may only be that of Erostratus, has actually thrown him overboard, and declared, by the most significant act in his power, his want of confidence in the discretion or the ability (for it does not signify which) of the Governor of Hong-Kong, by sending out a plenipotentiary to supersede him! This is a mode of proceeding purely Oriental. In former days, whenever a pasha had, by rapacity or violence, exhausted the patience of a province, or committed some other act which excited the ire of the sultan, the latter thought it beneath his dignity to pass any audible censure on the offender. He would not even allow his misdeeds to be canvassed in open divan; but despatched a successor with a firman in one hand, and a silken cord in the other, which tokens being presented to the culprit, he straightway kissed the firman, adjusted the cord round his own neck, and was strangled, to the extreme edification of a select company of the faithful. Upon this model acts Sultan Palmerston. He dismisses the divan because they ventured to blame the doings of Pasha Bowring, but, notwithstanding, he sends out the firman and the cord!

If this is not a farce, and a sorry one, I have read Mrs. Inchbald's collection of comic afterpieces in vain. I look upon it as very degrading indeed; and I am surprised that a statesman of Palmerston's position should have had recourse to such petty expedients. For it is clear beyond dispute that, if Lord Palmerston had announced during the recent debate that the Government were about to despatch to China a plenipotentiary to investigate all the circumstances which led to this unhappy quarrel, and to act accordingly, the House of Commons would at

once have accepted the proposition, and would have refrained from expressing any opinion upon what had taken place. But, although urged by several members, who usually gave him their support, to adopt this or a similar course, Lord Palmerston doggedly declined, even going the length, as Mr Lindsay the member for Tynemouth states, that he confirmed the whole of the acts of Sir John Bowring, and that he did not consider any inquiry necessary. In consequence of that declaration he was left in a minority; and in the course of a week he so far acquiesces in the vote of the House of Commons, that he announces his intention of sending out a plenipotentiary, to do that which he refused to do before the House had declared its opinion. What, then, is the new House of Commons to do in respect to the Chinese question? Is it to vote confidence in Bowring before the plenipotentiary has reported upon his conduct? and if not, how is it possible to justify Lord Palmerston for resorting to the extreme measure of a dissolution of Parliament?

If he wished to try the experiment of strengthening his hands by reverting to the country, he ought, in common decency, to have waited until some vote expressive of censure upon his government had been carried. A general election, so far from being desired by the country, is looked upon as a positive nuisance; so much so, that all agitation on the subject of annual or triennial parliaments has died away, and even Radical cobblers no longer attempt to pledge candidates in that direction. The nation is too busy to be subjected to wanton interruptions, and therefore the Minister who dissolves Parliament without imperious necessity, is guilty of a culpable trifling with the interests of the people. All that the majority of the House of Commons wished has been done by Lord Palmerston, of his own free will, since the vote was recorded. The majority did not wish to give a political vote condemnatory of his government—they did not care sixpence whether Bowring was dead or alive—they did not want to stigmatise that ridiculous Pundit in his own

proper person—they simply passed a resolution to the effect that the papers laid before them “fail to establish satisfactory grounds for the violent measures resorted to at Canton in the late affair of the Arrow.” A milder motion could not, under the circumstances, have been made. It casts censure directly upon no one. It was a mere proposition that the information afforded as to the cause was not sufficient to account for the undoubted effect, and it went no further. View it as you will, it was to all intents and purposes a motion for inquiry, such as became the representatives of a great nation, in a matter so delicate and important; and the Prime Minister, after the vote has been given, acquiesces in the judgment, and sends out a plenipotentiary to inquire, punishing in the mean time the House by dissolving it, because it would not submit to his dictatorial will. I know of no historical parallel to this—I can only conceive one. What if King John, after signing Magna Charta at Runnymede, had ordered the Barons to be beheaded?

On the subject of the Chinese war itself I shall say little, because the matter was most amply discussed in all its bearings in both Houses of Parliament, and every man who has had the curiosity or interest to peruse the debates, must have been able therefrom to form an impartial opinion. I read them very attentively during the midnight watch, and with such complete absorption that I became insensible to the storm which was raging without, and heard not the sleet dashing on the windows. Only once, during the perusal of the speech of the Duke of Argyll, I was startled by a most tremendous thump overhead, the cause of which I could not divine; but next morning, on going out into the gallery which surrounds the lamp, the phenomenon was accounted for by my finding the carcass of a luckless bird, which, bewildered by the tempest, and attracted by the glare, had dashed itself against the outer panes, and suffered dislocation of the neck. I felt nervous for some time afterwards, the place being cery, and my imagination somewhat excited. In read-

ing the debates I was particularly struck with the complacent tone of some of the ministerial speakers, who termed the Chinese "barbarians;" using precisely the same word which the Chinese employ when they mean to designate ourselves. This did somewhat tickle my spleen, and I could not abstain from caccination, remembering that the Greeks were wont to apply the same term to the Persians, who were in reality fifty times more civilised than themselves. Also that the Romans, who were incapable of originating, and careless about cultivating art, directed that identical slang, first against the Etrurians, a polished people whom they annihilated—next against the Carthaginians, who alone of the ancients understood and practised commerce—then against the Egyptians, the most colossal architects and ingenious inventors of the older world—and, finally, against the Greeks, by that time degenerated, through political empiricism and the influence of mean democracy, into a race of scoundrels. I laughed, I say; and laughed more heartily than any addle-pated supporter of Palmerston who sits on third Treasury bench, and, in obedience to the signal of Hayter, roars at the stale jests of his leader. After which, when relieved from duty, I went to bed; and, in the language of John Bunyan, "lo! I dreamed a dream."

I was transported to a country, the aspect of which was to me unknown, but all was fair and pleasant. I stood upon the summit of a hill surrounded by many others, all cultivated to the tops, and planted with a fragrant shrub, the leaves of which were being collected by hundreds of peasants, fantastically but comfortably attired. Descending toward the plain, I entered a grove of mulberry-trees, which, like the gardens of Damascus, was interspersed with summer-houses, wherein the mysterious worms that spin the silk were fed and tended until they resolved themselves into cocoons. Further down by the margin of the stream were silk and paper factories, the low fields were covered with crops of millet and other grain, and the marshy grounds were luxuriant fields of rice. In every direction

canals stretched into the country, not only affording an easy mode of communication, but acting as irrigators in summer, and stimulating the vegetable growth. No spot of land seemed to be thrown away. All was reclaimed by man, and rendered useful and productive for the maintenance of the people. I entered a noble city, along the streets of which the tide of population flowed as briskly as in London. I saw porcelain towers of enormous magnitude, in the construction of which more ingenuity had been expended than would have sufficed for the rearing of twenty crystal palaces. I passed into the bazaar, where all kinds of manufactures were exposed for sale. Silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics were in abundance, of all sorts of workmanship, from tissues which a prince might wear on his wedding-day, down to the homely cloth most suitable for the labouring man. Nor were the ornamental arts neglected. There was silver filagree work of exceeding fineness, and matchless carvings out of ivory, not formed by machinery, but by the dexterous and practised labour of a single hand. There, too, I saw in tempting profusion,

"The candied apple, quince, and plum,
and gourd,

With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucid syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand, to cedar'd Lebanon."

More extraordinary still, I saw, in vases of porcelain ware, miniatures of forest trees which apparently had been dwarfed—oaks, gnarled enough to have been centuries old, bearing tiny leaves and acorns—orange trees laden with golden fruit not much bigger than peas, but to all appearance perfectly complete and healthy. I saw, too, specimens of painting and sculpture, and many books; while in almost every street there seemed to be a school, and a large building was indicated to me as the university. I went down to the port: it was crowded with vessels of the kind described by Trelawney in his *Adventures of a Younger Son*: "She was flat-bottomed and flat-sided; decorations of green and yellow dragons were painted and gilded all over her;

she had four or five masts, bamboo yards, neat sails, and coir rigging, double galleries all round, with ornamented head and stern, high as my maintop, and was six hundred tons burthen. Her interior was a complete bazaar; swarms of people were on board, and every individual having a portion of tonnage or measured space, had partitioned off his own, and converted it into a shop or warehouse; they were like the countless cells of a beehive, and must have amounted to some hundreds. All sorts of handicraft trades were going on, as if on shore, from iron forging to making paper of rice-straw, and grass of rice, chasing ivory fans, embroidering gold on muslins, barbecuing fat pigs, and carrying them about on bamboos for sale." But what surprised me most was, that the river was covered with boats wherein families dwelt, as if they had been thatched cottages. Some of them had been platformed, covered with soil, and planted with flowers, and were, in fact, floating conservatories. Aquatic birds had been trained to do the work of the fisherman; and attached to each barge was a convoy of ducks and geese, who swam merrily alongside of their master's dwelling. It was a strange sight, but a very suggestive one, for it showed what might be accomplished by the industry of a people, resolute that God's good earth should be made as fruitful as He intended it to be, and believing that mankind cannot be more honourably employed than in developing the resources of the land which gave them birth. Gradually the vision seemed to fade before my eyes, and I was about to relapse into oblivion, when I heard a voice saying unto me—"Lo, this is barbarism!"

Again I woke in my dream. I was standing on the deck of a steamer. It was a cold, misty, uncomfortable morning. Before me stretched a low island, with few patches of cultivation on its surface to break the monotony of the heather, morass, and rocks. Near the shore were some ruins, interspersed with hovels from which the wind wafted a sickly odour of burning peat and sea-weed, "enough," as I heard a

gentleman from Glasgow remark, "to give a kelpie the scunners." There seemed to be no proper landing-place—only a wretched heap of shingle slippery with ware, near which four or five rotten and unclean boats were moored. Nevertheless I did land; and no sooner did my foot press the shore than down came the natives. First a swarm of infantry, draped, for I cannot call them clothed, in obscene rags and fragments of tattered plaid—guiltless of shoes, guiltless of stockings, guiltless also of anything bearing the remotest resemblance to trousers. Their hair, which from the day of their birth had never been combed, brushed, or covered by any head-gear, was of a bleached dirty-white colour—the simple element of water had never touched their faces, much less had the knowledge of the existence of soap penetrated to that favoured isle. In their hands they bore platters, filled with green pebbles gathered on the sea-shore, which they thrust into the faces of the voyagers, screaming all the while with the utmost energy, and enunciating a jargon, for surely it was no language, as musical as the wooing of a corn-crake. One word alone approaching to intelligibility could they pronounce, and that sounded marvelously like "sulphur;" but it was interpreted into me by one who had been there before, even the ship's steward, that they intended thereby to express their desire for silver or coined money, which they were willing to receive in exchange for the common rinsings of the tide. At the doors of some hovels filthier and more squalid than imagination could suggest, stood eldritch-looking women, sluttish and slatternly, scarce better clad than their offspring, and even more revolting in appearance. As to the males, I saw only some half-dozen individuals lounging by the shore, who possibly might be philosophers of extreme profundity, for they seemed to be wholly wrapped in their own sublime meditations, and far too transcendental to occupy themselves in any kind of terrestrial labour. I should not forget the pigs, long-legged, skinny, and ill-favoured creatures, whose familiarity with the

natives, as well as their attenuated condition, would probably save them from the general doom of their race, since by no possibility could such animals be converted into masticable bacon. We passed along a miserable causeway fringed with a hedge of nettles and burdock, the only plants which seemed to thrive in that region, to some ruins which the hand of the spoiler and the neglect of centuries had left visible. But there really was nothing to see. The monastery was a crumbling fragment. Ordure lay on the stones beneath which, as tradition avers, rest the bones of forty-eight Scottish, four Irish, and eight Norwegian kings. The brasses had all been stolen—the crosses were broken to shivers. It was a sight which, so far from awakening sensations of pity, could only excite feelings of unmitigated disgust. It is now thirteen hundred years ago since Columba landed on Iona, made it a sanctuary and a place of learning, and founded the earliest college in the British Islands. Look at it now. The squalor of the place would force a cough from a Carrib. The simplest rudimental arts practised by the natives of the cannibal islands are here unknown. Industry is dead—intelligence smothered in dirt—even passive humanity reduced to its lowest and most degraded ebb. As I was pondering on these things, an old man with a white beard approached me. He carried in his encrusted paw a snuff mull, which he thrust towards me, and huskily droned out the words, "Gife us something to be paying tobacco!" "Who," said I, "may be the owner of this interesting island? To what patriarchal lord do the inhabitants owe allegiance? Who is the chief of this enviable clan?" "If the Sassenach pody is speering wha the place pelongs to," replied the venerable man, luxuriously rubbing himself against a broken fragment of the Christian emblem, "I will tell him that it is M'Callum-more, whom the Southernns call Teuk of Argyll. And now gife us something for tobacco!" I gave the sage sixpence, whereat he gazed contemptuously, as if his information were worth a higher guerdon; but the angel of sleep again seized on me, and this vision too be-

gan to fade. Only I heard a voice saying unto me, "Lo! this is civilisation!"

To talk of the Chinese as barbarians, argues both ignorance and presumption. Their civilisation is of a much older date than our own, and of course is different in kind. It never was intended by Providence that Asiatic civilisation should assume the same form as that which is exhibited in Europe, else the day might come when the sentence pronounced in the plain of Shinar would be nugatory. The customs, habits, and observances of one nation must always differ widely from those of another; and it is rank egotism to found upon such differences as proofs of the inferiority of others. After all, what is civilisation? I understand it to mean the cultivation of those arts which elevate man above the rank of the mere savage, which teach combination, unity of interest, and distribution of labour; and which, in their development and progress, tend to elevate intellect, and to improve the understanding. The civilisation of a people is not to be estimated by the tenor of their laws, or the nature of their political constitution. Man in a state of nature acknowledges the existence or binding power of hardly any laws. But when a community is advancing in wealth, and progressing in social organisation, laws become necessary; and these are usually framed in accordance with the peculiar ideas, customs, traditions, and wants of a people. It is quite possible that to one nation the laws which regulate the conduct of another may appear faulty, or even detestable; but the philosopher will be slow of admitting that such opinion is to be regarded as equivalent to a sound and solid judgment. The right of communities, however constituted, to frame their own laws, is essential to freedom; and history affords us numerous examples of the fact, that mere subjugation, or conquest by a neighbouring power, is considered by nations as a minor evil, compared to the violent alteration of their established laws. For laws, as I have said, suit themselves to a nation's growth, and cannot be taken off, exchanged, or rudely reversed, without exciting the deepest dissatisfaction,

or stimulating mortal resistance. In like manner political constitutions are the result of civilisation—effects, not causes; and civilisation will thrive and continue, whether the form of government be despotical, monarchical, mixed, or republican. Take, for example, the instance of France. No one questions her civilisation, though in our day she has adopted successively almost every form of known and recognised government. For my own part, I consider that every country—whatever be its laws, government, or faith—which is highly populated and highly cultivated, in which the practical industry of the people is encouraged—in which literature is revered and education fostered—must be regarded as civilised, although the civilisation may differ in kind and in degree. And with regard to China, I am not by any means assured that its civilisation is not greater, by which I mean more generally extended, than our own. I should like very much to hear the candid and unbiassed opinion of an educated Chinaman upon the respective civilisation of the countries, after he had visited the rookeries of London, the purlieus of Glasgow, and the Cowgate and closes of Edinburgh. Would he regard the unutterable filth, the brutal manners, the abject ignorance, the depraved conversation, and the frightful drunkenness which are exhibited in these places, and in similar quarters of every large town throughout Great Britain, as evidences of our boasted civilisation, or as its results? Or show him Ireland, with its ragged, reckless, and improvident peasantry; the Western Isles of Scotland, where the population is sunk into abject pauperism; or even England, with its countless bastilles,—would the sight of these things be likely to convince him that he and his countrymen deserved the name of barbarians? No, Ebony! Though there is much in this favoured country of ours of which we may be reasonably and blamelessly proud, there is also much which should teach us humility, and prevent us from forming, and, above all, from expressing, an arrogant opinion with regard to other nations.

One other word with regard to a kindred matter. The Palmerstonian

candidates, in their election addresses, are already, as is the manner with such gentlemen, enunciating commonplaces about supporting the honour of Britain and avenging insults to her flag. That the honour of Britain should be maintained is my dearest wish; but I cannot see what honour is to be won by a violent and murderous assault upon an unoffending people. When Hotspur is matched with an equal opponent, let him by all means display his valour, and cavil on the ninth part of a hair; but when he has to deal with a weakling, the wanton exhibition of his strength is not honour, but absolute dishonour. Honour belongs to chivalry, and chivalry forbids oppression. There is no more honour to be gained from such a contest as this, than could accrue from bombarding a sheepfold; for it is notorious that the Chinese are not a warlike people, and that they are incapable of offering adequate resistance to such an armament as Britain has it in her power to equip and direct against them. In this instance, it is out of the question to suppose that forbearance could ever have been construed into timidity; and yet, in the circumstances in which Sir J. Bowring was placed, it is evident that forbearance would have been the soundest policy. The force at his disposal in the Canton river was too small for continued action; consequently, by the last advices, it appears that Admiral Seymour has been compelled to abandon Canton, to the great loss and destruction of British property. In fact, our squadron has been forced to draw off, and is at present employed in keeping the channels clear until the arrival of reinforcements from England, by which time hostilities will have advanced to that stage when the interference of no plenipotentiary or ambassador of peace can be of the slightest avail. Then probably we shall have more bombardments, and burnings of junks, and wholesale slaughter, in the style practised by the Norse vikings of old, or the buccaneers, but understood for centuries to have been condemned by the universal voice of Christendom!

These are the results which honourable candidates, in their enthusiasm for the support of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, confidently and complacently anticipate; and for such ends and purposes do they demand the votes of their constituencies in their favour. But it may be said, and no doubt will be said, that, admitting all the force of this reasoning, things have now come to such a pass, that it is necessary for the honour of England to demonstrate her superiority—that, however frivolous may have been the original cause of quarrel, however imprudent may have been the conduct of Sir J. Bowring, we cannot now reſile, but must prosecute hostilities until we have compelled the Chinese to submit to our dictation. Do so if you will; but do not profane the name of honour by applying it to deeds of infamy! If you think that, at all costs and at all hazards—irrespective of all considerations of right or wrong—England, when once engaged in a contest, must needs fight it out to the uttermost, in order to convince the world that in arms she is supreme and invincible—say so in broad terms, but do not shelter yourselves under the hypocritical plea of honour. Take rather for your plea, necessity. Upon that you may stand, if not in accordance with the word of God, at least in deference to the example of men. Honour will not serve your turn, for you cannot possibly lay claim to it, unless you are prepared to show that your cause was honourable from the beginning. That you cannot do; for it is by far the worst feature of this unhappy business that the aggressor himself was conscious that he had not justice on his side. For, mark the language of Sir J. Bowring in the letter written by him to Consul Parkes on 11th October: "It appears, on examination, that the Arrow had no right to hoist the British flag; the licence to do so expired on the 27th September, from which period she has not been entitled to protection." The affair of the Arrow took place on 8th October. And again, on 13th October, he wrote: "I will consider the regranting the register of the

Arrow if applied for; but there can be no doubt that, after the expiry of the licence, protection could not legally be granted." So that, in the opinion of the Governor of Hong-Kong, no insult had been offered to the British flag, for the Arrow had no right to bear that ensign, and consequently could not claim its protection. But in writing to the Chinese commissioner Yeh, Sir J. Bowring thought fit to state his view of the matter differently. "Whatever representations may have been made to your Excellency, there is no doubt that the lorcha Arrow lawfully bore the British flag, under a register granted by me." Was this statement the result of some new discovery made after Bowring had written to Parkes in terms diametrically opposite? Not so. How, then, came he to make it? Because, as he himself states in his letter of 11th October, "THE CHINESE HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXPIRY OF THE LICENCE!"

How any honest man—be he Christian or Pagan—can defend such conduct as this, utterly passes my comprehension. In all ages and in all time, bad faith and duplicity have been branded with scorn, and no nation has been more emphatic than our own in the denunciation of such perfidies. Honesty has been the principle upon which we have hitherto prided ourselves in our dealings with other people; and although we may at times have carried matters with rather too high a hand, and given colour to the accusation that our sense of justice is not always particularly acute, hitherto we have not been liable to the charge of unfair or treacherous conduct. Nor are we liable to it even now, for the House of Commons, by refusing, in spite of the entreaties and cajolements of Palmerston, to sanction the doings of his subordinate, has saved us from that terrible reproach. But this appeal to the constituencies may have the effect of procuring the sanction of the nation to what was really a scandalous case of duplicity—so scandalous, indeed, that no British minister, whatever the consequence might be, should have excused or defended it. Sir John Bowring has virtually

admitted that there was no aggression on the part of the Chinese, because, even supposing that the British flag had been hauled down (a fact which is disputed), the vessel in question had no right to hoist that flag. Let us even assume for the sake of argument that the Chinese (as Sir J. Bowring asserts, which, after all, can be but matter of opinion) were in ignorance that the licence had expired, and that they did pull down the flag deliberately—still, I do not see how that can alter the complexion of the case. For it is not *animus*, but *injury*—actual, palpable injury—which to men and nations is the proper cause of action; and here there was no injury at all. Whatever might have been the intent of the Chinese, in this instance they had done no wrong; and is it to be tolerated that without having a clear instance of wrong, upon which a claim of reparation could be founded, this country is to be involved in a new war, simply because Lord Palmerston wants the moral courage to repudiate the rash conduct and discreditable policy of a vain and egotistical official? That public servants should be supported in the execution of their duty is a proposition which ought to receive universal approval; but to stretch it further, and to maintain that such servants ought to be supported when they exceed or transgress their duty, would be to establish a practice, hostile to good faith and general morality, and most dangerous indeed to the welfare of the country. And yet that is precisely what Palmerston, in the present case, is attempting to do. Whether heedlessly or deliberately, he is striking a deadly blow at the principles of the British constitution; for he is trying by every possible means to elevate the executive and to depress the legislative body—to arrogate despotic power to the Government, and to deprive the Parliament of control. In proof of this, which is a most serious matter, I appeal to facts. We have been at war with Persia, a country with which we have long held diplomatic relations; and a treaty of peace is said to have been concluded, mainly owing to the good offices of the Emperor of the French. Now,

what are the ordinary conditions or formalities attending war? Ministers cannot involve us in a war without the sovereign authority; “for,” says Blackstone, “it is held by all the writers on the law of nature and nations, that the right of making war, which by nature subsisted in every individual, is given up by all private persons that enter into society, and is vested in the sovereign power; and this right is given up, not only by individuals, but even by the entire body of the people that are under the dominion of a sovereign.” But this power, so great and momentous, is, in our constitution, so far checked, that Ministers are accountable to Parliament for their conduct in beginning, conducting, or concluding a national war, and may be impeached for doing anything which may derogate from the honour and interest of the nation; and besides this, Parliament possesses another check in its power of withholding supplies.

In order that these checks may, when necessary, be applied for the benefit of the nation, the executive—that is, the Ministry—are bound to communicate to Parliament such information as may be necessary, not only to relieve themselves of future responsibility, but in justice to the people, who have to bear the whole burden of a war, and therefore are entitled to know something regarding its origin and purpose. The Persian war is now said to be concluded, for which we ought to be thankful, but it does strike me as singular that up to the present time no information whatever should have been afforded us regarding the object of that war. It is not enough, surely, to tell a man that he is engaged in a lawsuit. He is naturally and justifiably desirous to know what is the subject-matter in dispute, and why he has to undergo the ordeal of what may be a protracted and expensive litigation. Seeing that in the long run he is answerable for the costs (none being ever exacted by us from the opposite party even if we gain the day), it is reasonable that he should be informed as to particulars, since he may consider it advisable to effect a compromise at an early stage, or may have some doubts as to his at-

torney's prudence. Palmerston is the national attorney; but *in re* Persia, he will not vouchsafe us any kind of information. For my own part, although I do read the journals, and especially the records of the Parliamentary proceedings, with more than ordinary diligence and attention, seeing that in this remote region a newspaper has more than common value, I know no more about the actual causes of our dispute with Persia than I do of the political relations of the Queen of Sheba. I have a confused notion that a woman was somehow or other mixed up in the matter; but what she did, or what was done to her, I cannot tell. Possibly she may have undergone some great wrong, and if so, I am sorry for it—slightly on her account, but very seriously on account of the ratepayers of Great Britain, who are taxed or taxable to redress the woes of some modern Helen or Briseis. If the sinews of war in the olden times were furnished as they are now, the income-tax of twenty per cent, levied all over Greece, would hardly have sufficed to defray the expenses incurred on account of the wife of Menelaus. But, as I said before, I can speak only mistily on the subject, an obfuscation which I am glad to observe, from good authority, does not arise simply from the opacity of my intellect; for the Earl of Derby, in his speech of the 16th March, which the people of this country, if they have any regard for their own position, prospects, and, above all, pockets, will do well to consider deeply, uses the following terms in reference to the Persian war:—

"My lords, I conceive it cannot be said that, in respect either to this or the other House of Parliament, we have been anxious to interfere with the discharge of the duties of the executive, or that we have interposed any obstacles in the way of the exercise of those functions which properly belong to the Crown. They have managed, on the contrary, to display a degree of forbearance which I do not blame, but which I venture to say is almost unparalleled. What is the case with regard to the war in Persia? A quarrel has been entered into, troops have been despatched,

war has been declared, an expedition has been sent out, a fortress has been taken, negotiations have been entered into, negotiations have been concluded, peace has been made, and from the first to the last, from the hour when the quarrel began to the moment when I am addressing your lordships, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, have not had *one single scrap of paper or one single official document which shows the object, the cause, the intentions of the war, or the terms on which it is terminated*; and the House of Commons, which ought to furnish supplies upon an estimate of expenses, are not likely to know anything about that expense until they are called on to pay the bill already discharged by Her Majesty's Government."

Now just reflect for one moment what this leads to. It is an entire, effectual, and insuperable counter-check to the control which is constitutionally intrusted to Parliament for behoof of the people. Without information afforded, no member in either House could, whatever were the supposed blunders, intrigues, or negligence of Ministers, venture to propose a vote of censure against them, because the material is wanting on which to found a motion; and, to all intents and purposes, Palmerston is a virtual dictator. What needs he care for the moaning of Issachar under a double burthen, when poor Issachar has been fitted with a pair of blinders, which prevents him from seeing what is destined for his back, or whither he is destined to go? Palmerston reminds me irresistibly of the humane costermonger, whose mode of treating his dumb dependent used to be celebrated in the "Coalhole," and other places of metropolitan diversion, in strains which linger but imperfectly in my memory—

"If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Do ye think I would wallop him? Oh, no,
no!
I'd give him some hay, and I'd say, Gee woa!
With a 'Come up, Neddy!'"

And, in sober earnest, "Come up, Neddy!" is Palmerston's true cry in his present appeal to the constituencies. The veteran statesman has much faith in the gullible propen-

sities of the British public. He offers them no substantial benefits in return for their solicited support. He does not even vouchsafe them an inkling of his future plans. I apprehend there is no previous instance on record, in which a Prime Minister, after sustaining a Parliamentary defeat, has ventured upon a dissolution, without being able to point to some great contemplated measure as a reason for asking the electoral body to strengthen his hands. There was nothing in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the last Session of Parliament to excite the hopes of any party—nothing which could, by the most liberal construction, be held as indicative of a deliberate policy. If we are to regard the Chinese dispute as the point really at issue, then I say that every elector would do well to reflect what the consequences may be, before he gives his vote to an out-and-out supporter of Lord Palmerston. I have already shown that the honour of the country is in no way implicated, except in so far as it has been tarnished by the disingenuous dealing of Sir J. Bowring, in demanding reparation for an offence, which in reality was no offence at all. Surely it is not for our interest that we should be precipitated into an antipodean war, from which it seems impossible that we can reap the smallest advantage in a commercial point of view—whereas, looking to finance, such a war, if conducted on a scale corresponding with its magnitude, must necessitate the imposition of new taxes, and must retard the prospective diminution and ultimate extinction of the income-tax, an impost from which the nation at large is most heartily desirous to be freed. With the experiences of the last few years fresh in our memories, it seems superfluous to insist upon the fact that war breeds taxes with a fecundity absolutely appalling; and yet the standard, round which Lord Palmerston expects the people to rally, bears a war motto, and is indicative of augmented taxation. I do not believe, however, that the great body even of those electors who may give their apparent support to Palmerston, are in favour of a war with

China. They regard Palmerston, at the present time, as a kind of political necessity—an *ἀνάγκη* which they are fain to accept lest a worse thing should befall them—and this marks, very decidedly, a considerable subsidence in the waters of Liberalism. The middle classes are now as thoroughly averse, as was the Tory party of old, to organic changes; and they are apprehensive of what might happen should power again fall into the hands of Lord John Russell, who never made a worse move in his life than when he repudiated his old sobriquet of Finality Jack. It is the Conservative element in Palmerston's character which will gain for him additional support in the ensuing election; for the result of the division upon the motion of Mr Locke King showed that the great majority of the Liberal members returned in 1852, by no means represented the feelings of their constituencies in 1857; and that, in order to avoid the confusion inseparable from a new arrangement of the political franchise, and the danger apprehended from lowering it materially, it was necessary to strengthen the hands of a Minister who, while professing the Liberal creed, had declared himself opposed to any violent measures of reform. This is Conservatism in its new phase, as exhibited by the middle classes; who, naturally enough, are loth to surrender their tenure of power, and unwilling that it should be shared by those immediately below them. It is not a kind of Conservatism which I personally admire; but I do not write as a partisan—I write simply as an unbiassed spectator, and I can very well understand the feeling which actuates the respectable electors. The possession of the franchise, which in many burghs has amounted to a monopoly, has been valuable to them in various ways. It has given them command of the corporations; it has invested them with local importance; it has allowed them the occasional opportunity of picking up crumbs of patronage which otherwise might not have fallen in their way; and long possession of these desirable things is now construed by

them into an inalienable privilege. It is very curious to observe the working of this spirit. In your own city an agitation has been got up for the purpose of lowering the franchise *in counties*, and of giving proprietors in burghs the right of voting in the counties in which those burghs are situated. The agitators ask that proprietorship in counties, or in burgh property available for counties, to the extent of two pounds per annum, should give the franchise—but do they demand that the burgh qualification should be lowered from ten pounds to two? Not they! Even supposing that they are individually in favour of such a lowering, they know too well the stuff of which the majority of burgh voters are made, to venture upon any such proposition. I think I see the face of one of your worthy town-councillors, who has always piqued himself upon being “a stench Leebéral,” and who is heartily in favour of lowering the county franchise, when listening to such a proposition! How the large unctuous drops, the results of yesterday’s toddy, would cluster on the good man’s brow as he heard the monstrous proposal, which would infallibly lead to the debasement of himself and of his order! No more holiday trips or dinners out of hospital funds—no more fish-banquets after pleasant excursions in summer to survey the oyster-beds—no more guzzling with convivial constables—no more dictation to the clergy—no more attendance at the levees and table of the Lord High Commissioner—no more of the gloriflunkum which hitherto has been inseparable from the office of a civic Solon! For the excellent soul knows right well that under a two-pound constituency he has not the remotest chance to be returned to the Council. Never, either as Dean of Guild, or as bailie in the police court, would his ears be tickled by the dulcet appellation of “My Lord.” For him the Orange colours would remain for ever unfurled, and the baronial honours of Easter and West Portsburgh be tabooed! For, whether the choice of the new body of electors would be elevated or depressed, he knoweth right well that it could not, by any possibility, light

upon him; and from that ill-omened day his footsteps would be unheard in the spence of “the Howff,” for more than twenty years the Eleusinian and alcoholic cabinet, in which strong waters and the affairs of the city are privately discussed.

I therefore regard Palmerston as being, for the nonce, the man entirely after the heart of the ten-pounders. They are frightened by Russell, and they are shy about Lord Derby. They know that the former, if he came into power, would swamp them; and they entertain a fixed impression that the latter is too aristocratic for their purpose. They want a man who will keep them where they are, cajole them, flatter them, and rebuke them no farther than by pleasant and genial banter. Such a man they think they have found in Palmerston, and therefore they toss their caps in the air, and huzza for him to the uttermost. I do not and cannot blame them. I think that organic changes, when the state of the commonwealth is healthy, cannot be justified. They are the baits which the devil holds out to unscrupulous politicians, who have been so long political that they regard measures not as tending to the advantage of the nation, but as affecting their own personal and pitiful aggrandisement: and if the soul of Lord John Russell is yet plastic enough to receive any impression from without, I would conjure him to consider whether, at his time of life, personal ambition may not be carried so far as almost to amount to a crime. With the home policy of Palmerston I have very little fault to find, for it is impossible to quarrel with a nonentity. National education is a question—or rather a theory, for there is no fixed scheme before us—which will not be settled for many years to come. It has, according to the jargon of the day, been ventilated; but the wind has poured in from so many opposing and opposite quarters, that we have no right to blame a Minister for leaving that subject out of his programme—in truth, it ought never to be made a distinct ministerial project. Legal and sanitary reform, or rather improvement—for reform in those directions began long ago—should be

prosecuted; and I am one of the number of the chosen who think that the present is a fit opportunity for reconsidering the state of our currency, with a view of preventing those violent monetary panics which ever and anon occur, which bring ruin to many, and serve only to augment the swollen fortunes of a few. If I were the heir of Lord Overstone, I might hesitate to advance this opinion; but as a simple lighthouse-keeper, without credit at any bank, I may at least lay claim to impartiality of judgment. But, on the whole, in so far as domestic policy is concerned, Palmerston might pass muster, as being neither good nor bad, but simply of indifferent quality. My objection to him arises from his foreign relations, tendencies, and course of action. With regard to Naples, he has cut a miserable figure, and placed us in a ludicrous position. Upon that there cannot be a doubt. Even his own most ardent supporters are shy of approaching the subject; and they do right, for there is nothing to boast of, and a good deal of which to be ashamed. With regard to Persia, he claims credit for having terminated a war, the commencement of which, as I have already remarked, he has omitted to explain. But I would fain draw your attention and that of the public to a circumstance, as yet little noticed, but exceedingly significant of its kind—that is, the position now occupied by the Emperor of the French as arbiter in every dispute or quarrel in which Britain is engaged. Whenever, thanks to the eccentricities of Palmerston, this country is landed in a scrape, our faithful ally is ready to mediate, and by his mediation matters are adjusted. In consequence he has received, in the eyes not only of Europe but of the wide world, a vast accession of importance—so much so, that we are made to appear rather as a vassal than an independent power; and it is universally understood that the decisions of the Cabinet of St James's are not final until they have received the sanction of the inscrutable occupant of the Tuileries. That the French influence is now predominant and paramount is no secret. The fact has been proclaimed in every

mart, exchange, and bazaar; and so notorious has it become, that I see it gravely stated in various journals as a reason for supporting Palmerston in the present crisis, that the accession of Lord Derby to power might interrupt the friendly relations which at present exist with France. I am one of those who hold that the best security for the peace of the world is the continuance of an intimate alliance between France and Britain; but, at the same time, I do not wish to see my country reduced to the level of a secondary power. I desire that she should be strong in council, and resolute and independent in action; which she never can be until the present system of meddling and interfering is abandoned.

Lord Palmerston is said by his admirers to be the incarnation of "British pluck;" and on that ground they now call on the electoral body to support him. The biography of the noble lord has yet to be written—and I hope many years may elapse before any one is privileged to undertake that duty; but I have read and noted something of the particulars of his career, and I cannot say that I coincide in the views so confidently put forward by his satellites. I do not think that he exhibited any pluck in abetting France to deprive Holland of the Belgian provinces, at a time when Holland was quite able and exceedingly desirous to maintain the integrity of her own guaranteed possessions. In 1831, Austria was willing, on certain conditions, to cede the province of Galicia, and restore Polish nationality; but although that proposal was favourably received by France, Palmerston the plucky declined to interfere, and Poland was reconquered by the Czar. In the same year, the town of Cracow, which, by the Treaty of Vienna, was to remain "for ever free, independent, and strictly neutral," was occupied by Russia, and afterwards absorbed. Plucky Palmerston said nothing about the occupation, and simply protested against the absorption. In 1837, a British merchant sent out a vessel, with a valuable cargo, to the Circassian coast on the Black Sea, having previously taken the precaution to inquire at headquarters whether

the British Government recognised a blockade of that coast by the Russians. The answer was a reference to the *Gazette*, which contained no notice of the blockade; and, consequently, the merchant in question thought himself perfectly safe. In this view his supercargo was fortified by the opinion of the British ambassador at Constantinople; but, on arriving off the Circassian coast, the vessel was attacked, boarded, captured, and ultimately condemned; and Lord Palmerston positively refused to take any steps towards demanding any reparation, either for the plundered merchant or for the dishonour done to the British flag, although he would not and could not assert that any infraction of a legal blockade had been committed. So much for Lord Palmerston's "pluck," as exhibited in the affair of the *Vixen*. I notice it now as a curious instance of augmented pluck combined with increasing years; for the case of the *Vixen* was fifty times stronger than that of the *Arrow*, and yet his Lordship declined to interfere. Ill-natured people might hint that, in the one case, Russia was the aggressor, whereas, in the other, the plucky man had only to meet the resistance of unwarlike China. But I hint nothing of the kind. I merely say that the pluck which is now so much extolled was not exhibited twenty years ago, when there was good reason to have looked for its appearance.

Opinions differ. Some may see pluck in the measures used towards Greece, when Palmerston, in the name of Britain, put forth her might to enforce reparation for the broken crockery of Don Pacifico. I incline to think that the future annalist will hesitate to chronicle that deed as glorious, or even creditable. But I see no use in citing instances which militate against the plucky theory. I confine myself to calling upon Lord Palmerston's friends to name one deed of his, which all of us, who have the national honour at heart, can denominate as bold, courageous, and creditable. I fear that I must wait a long time before receiving an articulate reply. Surely those men who profess themselves as Lord Palmerston's friends, must see, on reflection

—which will come after the turmoil of the election is over—that they are doing him a positive and permanent injury by their absurd laudations. In some of the instances I have noticed, I do not by any means condemn the conduct of Lord Palmerston. He may have acted prudently, and as the exigencies of the times demanded, in declining to commit this country to a war with Russia for the restoration of Polish nationality; and if he had taken his stand upon the Treaty of Vienna, that course would have been not only intelligible, but unassailable. But he took no such stand. If he had done so, he was bound to have maintained the right of Holland to Belgium, and to have defended Cracow; neither of which he did: and his habitual disregard of treaties, which really ought to be considered as invested with a certain degree of sanctity—for they are national engagements—has materially lowered our position in the eyes of Europe. Nor will Chinese bombardments redound any whit to our credit. What glory, gratification, or rejoicing can any man who reads his Bible, and believes in its doctrines, derive from the information that an hundred thousand fellow-creatures have perished beneath the ruins of Canton, because a pedantic utilitarian was not allowed to enter the city, like a ridiculous peacock, proud of the expanse of its tail, but regardless of its posterior exposure? Men, for their individual deeds, are judged hereafter; but the judgment of God upon nations is swift, rigid, and inexorable.

No second-sight is required to predicate the consequences of this Chinese war, if the electoral body generally shall resolve upon supporting Palmerston. It will not only prevent the reduction of existing taxes, but it will necessitate the imposition of new ones. Your old friend the war ninnepence, on the occasion of whose obsequies so few tears were shed, will start from his grave as lively as a vampire, and terrify you out of your wits by a domiciliary visit. The late reduction of the tea-duty will be of no benefit to the consumer. If hostilities are pushed any further, the Chinese government will be driven

to stop their exports, the stock on hand will rapidly diminish, and tea will become an article of luxury too expensive for the poor to purchase. It is absolutely chimerical to suppose that, by any connivance or aid from neutral powers, you can drive a prosperous trade with a country which you are assailing by force of arms. The consumption of tea by the humbler classes has become so universal, that they will suffer from the deprivation as much as if a famine were in the land; and where, then, will be the popularity of the confident Premier? In India this war will produce a monetary crisis, with all its terrible concomitants—nay, the crisis has already begun. In less than one month, between the 7th of January and the 5th of February, the rate of discount at the Bank of Bengal was raised from six to *fourteen* per cent—a rise which will be followed by numerous failures, involving, it is to be feared, the fortunes of many persons who live in England on the interest of money left in the hands of commercial houses in India. I am not much addicted to the prophetic vein of Cassandra, and I feel anything but pleasure in the contemplation of coming disaster; but I cannot shut my eyes to what I think must be the inevitable consequences of the present infatuation. War is, in every instance, a calamity, because it necessitates an enormous expenditure, without prospect of a return; but war with a State with which we have a large trade and important commercial relations, is almost suicidal; because the very first result is, that our merchants are menaced with ruin; the second is, that our imports must greatly diminish; and the third is, that our revenue must suffer by a loss of customs' duties. In a commercial point of view, a war with Russia could not affect us nearly as much as a war with China. Russia sent us nothing which we could not otherwise procure at a slightly augmented rate, but China stands in the peculiar position of having the virtual monopoly of its own supply. In all respects, therefore, this war is to be deprecated; and yet Lord Palmerston has appealed to the country solely as an advocate for a new war, using

thus strangely the popularity he has acquired by being instrumental in terminating the old one!

For my own part, I hope that the constituencies will not be so far led astray as to give Lord Palmerston the command of even a considerable majority. He is precisely that kind of person to whom it is not safe to intrust unlimited power, for he has already shown himself to be totally regardless of constitutional checks, and anxious to rule with an authority which closely approaches to despotism. His reason for getting rid of the old House of Commons is quite intelligible and apparent. He saw that neither the Tories nor the Radicals would permit him any longer to concentrate in his own person, in imitation of Louis Napoleon, the whole power of the State, without explanation, justification, or announcement of an intelligible policy. He saw that the House would not longer submit to be made a mere engine for taxing the people; that it was resolute to discharge its constitutional functions; and would insist, sooner or later, upon its right to discuss and probe the negotiations and conduct of the Ministry. Therefore, although a way was opened to him to escape from immediate difficulty, he deliberately courted a defeat upon the Chinese question, although he knew and had been warned that many members who ranked as his general supporters, would on this occasion divide against him. And now he asks for a national vote of confidence, in the very broadest sense of the term; for he expects in the new Parliament to command such a majority that he may pursue his own course, in regard to foreign affairs, without being molested with demands for explanation, and without being obliged to indicate his policy before the country is irretrievably committed.

However, it is no use speculating upon the result of an event so near; for, as I look from my watchtower, I see a steamer plunging northwards through a heavy and baffling sea; and I have little doubt that she bears the tidings of the dissolution of Parliament to the distant islands. Well, philosopher as I am, and thoroughly reconciled to my own isolated posi-

tion, I should like to have one other glimpse of a contested election. Vivid in my memory are recollections of large turnip-faced men, of fozy intellect, who upon such occasions are invariably placed upon the committees—of agents, some sharp as needles, others helpless as moon-calves, rushing to and fro in quest of fugitive or recalcitrating electors—of the yells of the crowd before the hustings, who enjoy their day's hooting with intense gusto—of the stammering, stuttering, and vehement gesticulation of the candidates, who have rarely the sense to go through their part of the ceremony in dumb show—of the forest of unwashed hands—of the pointless placards which are meant to be extremely witty—of the triumph of the winning party, and the rage, agony, and despair of those who lose. Such scenes and ebullitions, being genuine exponents of feeling, are useful and comforting in their way; and I hope that in our time they will never be abolished to make room for the sneaking ballot, which is a system suitable only to a community of hypocritical slaves. I do not object to the ballot from party considerations. I am firmly convinced that, if it were introduced to-morrow, the Tories would be the gainers, for coercion in election matters is practised only by the ignoble and tyrannical, and I am proud to say that men of that stamp are not numerous on our side. But I like to see public opinion, even though I differ from its course, expressing itself freely and openly; and I hold that it would be a gross act of injustice to the non-electors to allow those who have the franchise to exercise their privilege in secret. It would be, on a smaller and yet wider scale, to adopt the Palmerstonian policy, which is one of secrecy and silence, without the chance, in the event of misfortune or calamity, of ascertain-

ing upon whose shoulders the real responsibility should rest.

So, then, I bid you, in the mean time, farewell. I am somewhat in the condition of Cassius; for "thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations," have been simmering in my brain; but what would be the use of enunciating them now, when the whole British public are thronging tumultuously to the poll? I have told you, in accordance with your kind permission, what I think of the present crisis; but, however the elections may go, I feel no manner of alarm. We may have to pass through a period of suffering, occasioned by the policy of our rulers (or rather ruler), in embarking in an unrighteous and wicked war—we may have again to submit to taxation from which we trusted that we were freed—we may have to endure some calamity, deprivation, and restriction of the comforts of the poor—but, for all that, the nation will right itself at last, like a ship when its lumber is thrown overboard; or rather like that vessel from Joppa to Tarshish, which contained the inconsistent prophet Jonah, who paid the fare thereof. Palmerston no doubt will try to throw out tubs to the whale; but, in the long run, he will himself be thrown overboard; and in that case, after his deliverance from physical, though not political death, he may possibly understand how the following text is applicable to the recent deplorable and iniquitous treatment of Canton: "Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?"

I add nothing more; but remain always, your affectionate Contributor,
PHOSPHORUS.

*Pictarnie Lighthouse,
North Britain.*

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MR GILFIL'S LOVE - STORY.

PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

CATERINA tore herself from Anthony with the desperate effort of one who has just self-recollection enough left to be conscious that the fumes of charcoal will master his senses unless he bursts a way for himself to the fresh air; but when she reached her own room, she was still too intoxicated with that momentary revival of old emotions, too much agitated by the sudden return of tenderness in her lover, to know whether pain or pleasure predominated. It was as if a miracle had happened in her little world of feeling, and made the future all vague—a dim morning haze of possibilities, instead of the sombre wintry daylight and clear rigid outline of painful certainty.

She felt the need of rapid movement. She must walk out in spite of the rain. Happily, there was a thin place in the curtain of clouds which seemed to promise that now, about noon, the day had a mind to clear up. Caterina thought to herself, "I will walk to the Mosslands, and carry Mr Bates the comforter I have made for him, and then Lady Cheverel will not wonder so much at my going out." At the hall door she found

Rupert, the old bloodhound, stationed on the mat, with the determination that the first person who was sensible enough to take a walk that morning should have the honour of his approbation and society. As he thrust his great black and tawny head under her hand, and wagged his tail with vigorous eloquence, and reached the climax of his welcome by jumping up to lick her face, which was at a convenient licking height for him, Caterina felt quite grateful to the old dog for his friendliness. Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

"The Mosslands" was a remota part of the grounds, encircled by the little stream issuing from the poole and certainly, for a wet day, Caterin; could hardly have chosen a less suitable walk, for though the rain was abating, and presently ceased altogether, there was still a smart shower falling from the trees which arched over the greater part of her way. But she found just the desired relief from her feverish excitement in labouring along the wet paths with an umbrella that made her arm ache. This amount of exertion was to her tiny body

what a day's hunting often was to Mr Gilfil, who at times had *his* fits of jealousy and sadness to get rid of, and wisely had recourse to nature's innocent opium—fatigue.

When Caterina reached the pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to the Mosslands for any but webbed feet, the sun had mastered the clouds, and was shining through the boughs of the tall elms that made a deep nest for the gardener's cottage—turning the raindrops into diamonds, and inviting the nasturtium flowers creeping over the porch and low-thatched roof to lift up their flame-coloured heads once more. The rooks were cawing with many-voiced monotony, apparently—by a remarkable approximation to human intelligence—finding great conversational resources in the change of weather. The mossy turf, studded with the broad blades of bulbous plants, told that Mr Bates's nest was rather damp in the best of weather; but he was of opinion that a little external moisture would hurt no man who was not perversely neglectful of that obvious and providential antidote, rum-and-water.

Caterina loved this nest. Every object in it, every sound that haunted it, had been familiar to her from the days when she had been carried thither on Mr Bates's arm, making little cawing noises to imitate the rooks, clapping her hands at the green frogs leaping in the moist grass, and fixing grave eyes on the gardener's fowls cluck-clucking under their pens. And now the spot looked prettier to her than ever; it was so out of the way of Miss Assher, with her brilliant beauty, and personal claims, and small civil remarks. She thought Mr Bates would not be come in to his dinner yet, so she would sit down and wait for him.

But she was mistaken. Mr Bates was seated in his arm-chair, with his pocket-handkerchief thrown over his face, as the most eligible mode of passing away those superfluous hours between meals when the weather drives a man indoors. Roused by the furious barking of his chained bulldog, he descried his little favourite approaching, and forthwith presented himself at the doorway, look-

ing disproportionately tall compared with the height of his cottage. The bulldog, meanwhile, unbent from the severity of his official demeanour, and commenced a friendly interchange of ideas with Rupert.

Mr Bates's hair was now grey, but his frame was none the less stalwart, and his face looked all the redder, making an artistic contrast with the deep blue of his cotton neckerchief, and of his linen apron twisted into a girdle round his waist.

"Why, dang my boottons, Miss Tiny," he exclaimed, "hoo coom ye to coom oot dabblin' your faet laike a little Muscovy duck, sich a day as this? Not but what ai'm delaighted to sae ye. Here, Hesther," he called out to his old humpbacked housekeeper, "tek the young ledy's com-brella an' spread it oot to dray. Coom, coom in, Miss Tiny, an' set ye doon by the faire an' dray yer faet, an' hev summat warm to kape ye from ketchin' coold."

Mr Bates led the way, stooping under the door-places, into his small sitting-room, and, shaking the patch-work cushion in his arm-chair, moved it to within a good roasting distance of the blazing fire.

"Thank you, uncle Bates" (Caterina kept up her childish epithets for her friends, and this was one of them); "not quite so close to the fire, for I am warm with walking."

"Eh, but yer shoes are faine an wet, an' ye must put up yer faet on the finder. Rare big faet, baint 'em?—about the saize of a good big spoon. I woonder ye can mek a shift to stan' on 'em. Now, what 'll ye hev to warm yer insaide? a drop o' hot elder-wain, now?"

"No, not anything to drink, thank you; it isn't very long since breakfast," said Caterina, drawing out the comforter from her deep pocket. Pockets were capacious in those days. "Look here, uncle Bates; here is what I came to bring you. I made it on purpose for you. You must wear it this winter, and give your red one to old Brooks."

"Eh, Miss Tiny, this is a beauty. An' ye made it all wi' yer little fingers for an old feller laike me! I tek it very kaind on ye, an' I belave ye I'll wear it, and be prood

on't too. These 'sthraipes, blue an' whaite, now, they mek it uncommon pritty."

"Yes, that will suit your complexion, you know, better than the old scarlet one. I know Mrs Sharp will be more in love with you than ever when she sees you in the new one."

"My complexion, ye little roogue! ye're a-laughin' at me. But talkin' o' complexions, what a beautiful cooler the bride as is to be hes on her cheeks! Dang my boottons! she looks faine an' handsome o' hoss-back—sits as upraight as a dart, wi' a figure like a statty! Misthress Sharp has promised to put me behaind one o' the doors when the ladies are comin' doon to dinner, so as I may sae the young un i' full dress, wi' all her curls an' that. Misthress Sharp says she's amost beautifuller nor my ledy was when she was young; an' I think ye'll noot faind many i' the country as'll coom up to that."

"Yes, Miss Assher is very handsome," said Caterina, rather faintly, feeling the sense of her own insignificance returning at this picture of the impression Miss Assher made on others.

"Well, an' I hope she's good, too, an'll mek a good naice to Sir Cristhifer an' my ledy. Misthress Grifin, the maid, says as she's rather tatchy an' find-fautin' about her clothes, laike. But she's young—she's young; that'll wear off when she's got a hoosband, an' children, an' summat else to think on. Sir Cristhifer's fain an' delaighted, I can see. He says to me th' other mornin', says he, 'Well, Bates, what do you think of your young misthress as is to be?' An' I says, 'Whay, yer honour, I think she's as fain a lass as iver I set eyes on; an' I wish the Captain luck in a fain family, an' your honour laife an' health to see't.' Mr Warren says as the mather's all for forrardin' the weddin', an' it'll very laike be afore th' autumn's oot."

As Mr Bates ran on, Caterina felt something like a painful contraction at her heart. "Yes," she said, rising, "I dare say it will. Sir Christopher is very anxious for it. But I must go, uncle Bates; Lady Cheverel

will be wanting me, and it is your dinner-time."

"Nay, my dinner doont sinnify a bit; but I moosn't kaep ye if my ledy wants ye. Though I hevnt thanked ye half anooof for the comfiter—the wrap-raskil, as they call't. My feekins, it's a beauty. But ye look very whaite and sadly, Miss Tiny; I doubt ye're poorly; an' this walkin' i' th' wet isn't good for ye."

"O yes, it is indeed," said Caterina, hastening out, and taking up her umbrella from the kitchen floor. "I must really go now; so good-by."

She tripped off, calling Rupert, while the good gardener, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood looking after her and shaking his head with rather a melancholy air.

"She gets moor nesh and dillicat than iver," he said, half to himself and half to Hester. "I shouldn't woonder if she fades away, laike them cyclamens as I transplanted. She puts me i' maind on 'em somehow, hangin' on their little thin stalks, so whaite an' tinder."

The poor little thing made her way back, no longer hungering for the cold moist air as a counteractive of inward excitement, but with a chill at her heart which made the outward chill only depressing. The golden sunlight beamed through the dripping boughs like a Shechinah, or visible divine presence, and the birds were chirping and trilling their new autumnal songs so sweetly, it seemed as if their throats, as well as the air, were all the clearer for the rain; but Caterina moved through all this joy and beauty like a poor wounded leveret painfully dragging its little body through the sweet clover-tufts—for it, sweet in vain. Mr Bates's words about Sir Christopher's joy, Miss Assher's beauty, and the nearness of the wedding, had come upon her like the pressure of a cold hand, rousing her from confused dozing to a perception of hard, familiar realities. It is so with emotional natures, whose thoughts are no more than the fleeting shadows cast by feeling: to them words are facts, and, even when known to be false, have a mastery over their smiles and tears. Caterina entered her own room again,

with no other change from her former state of despondency and wretchedness than an additional sense of injury from Anthony. His behaviour towards her in the morning was a

new wrong. To snatch a caress when she justly claimed an expression of penitence, of regret, of sympathy, was to make more light of her than ever.

CHAPTER VIII.

That evening Miss Assher seemed to carry herself with unusual haughtiness, and was coldly observant of Caterina. There was unmistakably thunder in the air. Captain Wybrow appeared to take the matter very easily, and was inclined to brave it out by paying more than ordinary attention to Caterina. Mr Gilfil had induced her to play a game at draughts with him, Lady Assher being seated at picquet with Sir Christopher, and Miss Assher in determined conversation with Lady Cheverel. Anthony, thus left as an odd unit, sauntered up to Caterina's chair, and leaned behind her, watching the game. Tina, with all the remembrances of the morning thick upon her, felt her cheeks becoming more and more crimson, and at last said impatiently, "I wish you would go away."

This happened directly under the view of Miss Assher, who saw Caterina's reddening cheeks, saw that she said something impatiently, and that Captain Wybrow moved away in consequence. There was another person, too, who had noticed this incident with strong interest, and who was moreover aware that Miss Assher not only saw, but keenly observed what was passing. That other person was Mr Gilfil, and he drew some painful conclusions which heightened his anxiety for Caterina.

The next morning, in spite of the fine weather, Miss Assher declined riding, and Lady Cheverel, perceiving that there was something wrong between the lovers, took care that they should be left together in the drawing-room. Miss Assher, seated on the sofa near the fire, was busy with some fancy-work, in which she seemed bent on making great progress this morning. Captain Wybrow sat opposite, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he obligingly read extracts with an elaborately

easy air, wilfully unconscious of the contemptuous silence with which she pursued her filagree work. At length he put down the paper, which he could no longer pretend not to have exhausted, and Miss Assher then said,—

"You seem to be on very intimate terms with Miss Sarti."

"With Tina? oh yes; she has always been the pet of the house, you know. We have been quite brother and sister together."

"Sisters don't generally colour so very deeply when their brothers approach them."

"Does she colour? I never noticed it. But she's a timid little thing."

"It would be much better if you would not be so hypocritical, Captain Wybrow. I am confident there has been some flirtation between you. Miss Sarti, in her position, would never speak to you with the petulance she did last night, if you had not given her some kind of claim on you."

"My dear Beatrice, now do be reasonable; do ask yourself what earthly probability there is that I should think of flirting with poor little Tina. Is there anything about her to attract that sort of attention? She is more child than woman. One thinks of her as a little girl to be petted and played with."

"Pray, what were you playing at with her yesterday morning, when I came in unexpectedly, and her cheeks were flushed, and her hands trembling?"

"Yesterday morning?—O, I remember. You know I always tease her about Gilfil, who is over head and ears in love with her; and she is angry at that,—perhaps, because she likes him. They were old playfellows years before I came here, and Sir Christopher has set his heart on their marrying."

"Captain Wybrow, you are very

false. It had nothing to do with Mr Gilfil that she coloured last night when you leaned over her chair. You might just as well be candid. If your own mind is not made up, pray do no violence to yourself. I am quite ready to give way to Miss Sarti's superior attractions. Understand that, so far as I am concerned, you are perfectly at liberty. I decline any share in the affection of a man who forfeits my respect by duplicity."

In saying this, Miss Assher rose, and was sweeping haughtily out of the room, when Captain Wybrow placed himself before her, and took her hand.

"Dear, dear Beatrice, be patient; do not judge me so rashly. Sit down again, sweet," he added in a pleading voice, pressing both her hands between his, and leading her back to the sofa, where he sat down beside her. Miss Assher was not unwilling to be led back or to listen, but she retained her cold and haughty expression.

"Can you not trust me, Beatrice? Can you not believe me, although there may be things I am unable to explain?"

"Why should there be anything you are unable to explain? An honourable man will not be placed in circumstances which he cannot explain to the woman he seeks to make his wife. He will not ask her to believe that he acts properly; he will let her know that he does so. Let me go, sir."

She attempted to rise, but he passed his hand round her waist and detained her.

"Now, Beatrice dear," he said imploringly, "can you not understand that there are things a man doesn't like to talk about—secrets that he must keep for the sake of others, and not for his own sake? Everything that relates to myself you may ask me, but do not ask me to tell other people's secrets. Don't you understand me?"

"O yes," said Miss Assher scornfully, "I understand. Whenever you make love to a woman—that is her secret, which you are bound to keep for her. But it is folly to be talking in this way, Captain Wybrow.

It is very plain that there is some relation more than friendship between you and Miss Sarti. Since you cannot explain that relation, there is no more to be said between us."

"Confound it, Beatrice! you'll drive me mad. Can a fellow help a girl's falling in love with him? Such things are always happening, but men don't talk of them. These fancies will spring up without the slightest foundation, especially when a woman sees few people; they die out again when there is no encouragement. If you could like me, you ought not to be surprised that other people can; you ought to think the better of them for it."

"You mean to say, then, that Miss Sarti is in love with you, without your ever having made love to her."

"Do not press me to say such things, dearest. It is enough that you know I love you—that I am devoted to you. You naughty queen you, you know there is no chance for any one else where you are. You are only tormenting me, to prove your power over me. But don't be too cruel; for you know they say I have another heart-disease besides love, and these scenes bring on terrible palpitations."

"But I must have an answer to this one question," said Miss Assher, a little softened: "Has there been, or is there, any love on your side towards Miss Sarti? I have nothing to do with her feelings, but I have a right to know yours."

"I like Tina very much; who would not like such a little simple thing? You would not wish me not to like her? But love—that is a very different affair. One has a brotherly affection for such a woman as Tina; but it is another sort of woman that one loves."

These last words were made doubly significant by a look of tenderness, and a kiss imprinted on the hand Captain Wybrow held in his. Miss Assher was conquered. It was so far from probable that Anthony should love that pale insignificant little thing—so highly probable that he should adore the beautiful Miss Assher. On the whole, it was rather gratifying that other women should

be languishing for her handsome lover; he really was an exquisite creature. Poor Miss Sarti! Well, she would get over it.

Captain Wybrow saw his advantage. "Come, sweet love," he continued, "let us talk no more about unpleasant things. You will keep Tina's secret, and be very kind to her—won't you?—for my sake. But

you will ride out now? See what a glorious day it is for riding. Let me order the horses. I'm terribly in want of the air. Come, give me one forgiving kiss, and say you will go."

Miss Assher complied with the double request, and then went to equip herself for the ride, while her lover walked to the stables.

CHAPTER IX.

Meanwhile Mr Gilfil, who had a heavy weight on his mind, had watched for the moment when, the two elder ladies having driven out, Caterina would probably be alone in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room. He went up and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the sweet mellow voice, always thrilling to him as the sound of rippling water to the thirsty.

He entered and found Caterina standing in some confusion, as if she had been startled from a reverie. She felt relieved when she saw it was Maynard, but, the next moment, felt a little pettish that he should have come to interrupt and frighten her.

"Oh, it is you, Maynard! Do you want Lady Cheverel?"

"No, Caterina," he answered gravely; "I want you. I have something very particular to say to you. Will you let me sit down with you for half an hour?"

"Yes, dear old preacher," said Caterina, sitting down with an air of weariness; "what is it?"

Mr Gilfil placed himself opposite to her, and said, "I hope you will not be hurt, Caterina, by what I am going to say to you. I do not speak from any other feelings than real affection and anxiety for you. I put everything else out of the question. You know you are more to me than all the world; but I will not thrust before you a feeling which you are unable to return. I speak to you as a brother—the old Maynard that used to scold you for getting your fishing-line tangled ten years ago. You will not believe that I have any mean, selfish motive in mentioning things that are painful to you?"

"No; I know you are very good," said Caterina abstractedly.

"From what I saw yesterday evening," Mr Gilfil went on, hesitating and colouring slightly, "I am led to fear—pray forgive me if I am wrong, Caterina—that you—that Captain Wybrow is base enough still to trifle with your feelings, that he still allows himself to behave to you as no man ought who is the declared lover of another woman."

"What do you mean, Maynard?" said Caterina, with anger flashing from her eyes. "Do you mean that I let him make love to me? What right have you to think that of me? What do you mean that you saw yesterday evening?"

"Do not be angry, Caterina. I don't suspect you of doing wrong. I only suspect that heartless puppy of behaving so as to keep awake feelings in you that not only destroy your own peace of mind, but may lead to very bad consequences with regard to others. I want to warn you that Miss Assher has her eyes open on what passes between you and Captain Wybrow, and I feel sure she is getting jealous of you. Pray be very careful, Caterina, and try to behave with politeness and indifference to him. You must see by this time that he is not worth the feeling you have given him. He's more disturbed at his pulse beating one too many in a minute, than at all the misery he has caused you by his foolish trifling."

"You ought not to speak so of him, Maynard," said Caterina, passionately. "He is not what you think. He *did* care for me; he *did* love me; only he wanted to do what his uncle wished."

"O to be sure! I know it is only from the most virtuous motives that

he does what is convenient to himself."

Mr Gilfil paused. He felt that he was getting irritated, and defeating his own object. Presently he continued in a calm and affectionate tone.

"I will say no more about what I think of him, Caterina. But whether he loved you or not, his position now with Miss Assher is such that any love you may cherish for him can bring nothing but misery. God knows, I don't expect you to leave off loving him at a moment's notice. Time and absence, and trying to do what is right, are the only cures. If it were not that Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel would be displeased and puzzled at your wishing to leave home just now, I would beg you to pay a visit to my sister. She and her husband are good creatures, and would make their house a home to you. But I could not urge the thing just now without giving a special reason, and what is most of all to be dreaded, is the raising of any suspicion in Sir Christopher's mind of what has happened in the past, or of your present feelings. You think so too, don't you, Tina?"

Mr Gilfil paused again, but Caterina said nothing. She was looking away from him, out of the window, and her eyes were filling with tears. He rose, and, advancing a little towards her, held out his hand and said,—

"Forgive me, Caterina, for intruding on your feelings in this way. I was so afraid you might not be aware how Miss Assher watched you. Remember, I entreat you, that the peace of the whole family depends on your power of governing yourself. Only say you forgive me before I go."

"Dear, good Maynard," she said, stretching out her little hand, and taking two of his large fingers in her grasp, while her tears flowed fast; "I am very cross to you. But my heart is breaking. I don't know what I do. Good-by."

He stooped down, kissed the little hand, and then left the room.

"The cursed scoundrel!" he muttered between his teeth, as he closed the door behind him. "If it were not for Sir Christopher, I should like to pound him into paste to poison puppies like himself!"

CHAPTER X.

That evening Captain Wybrow, returning from a long ride with Miss Assher, went up to his dressing-room, and seated himself with an air of considerable lassitude before his mirror. The reflection there presented of his exquisite self was certainly paler and more worn than usual, and might excuse the anxiety with which he first felt his pulse, and then laid his hand on his heart.

"It's a devil of a position this for a man to be in," was the train of his thought, as he kept his eyes fixed on the glass, while he leaned back in his chair, and crossed his hands behind his head; "between two jealous women, and both of them as ready to take fire as tinder. And in my state of health too! I should be glad enough to run away from the whole affair, and go off to some lotoseating place or other where there are no women, or only women who are too sleepy to be jealous. Here am

I, doing nothing to please myself, trying to do the best thing for everybody else, and all the comfort I get is to have fire shot at me from women's eyes, and venom spirted at me from women's tongues. If Beatrice takes another jealous fit into her head—and it's likely enough, Tina is so unmanageable—I don't know what storm she may raise. And any hitch in this marriage, especially of that sort, might be a fatal business for the old gentleman. I wouldn't have such a blow fall upon him for a great deal. Besides, a man must be married some time in his life, and I could hardly do better than marry Beatrice. She's an uncommonly fine woman, and I'm really very fond of her; and as I shall let her have her own way, her temper won't signify much. I wish the wedding was over and done with, for this fuss doesn't suit me at all. I haven't been half so well lately.

That scene about Tina this morning quite upset me. Poor little Tina! What a little simpleton it was, to set her heart on me in that way! But she ought to see how impossible it is that things should be different. If she would but understand how kindly I feel towards her, and make up her mind to look on me as a friend;—but that is what one never can get a woman to do. Beatrice is very good-natured; I'm sure she would be kind to the little thing. It would be a great comfort if Tina would take to Gilfil, if it were only in anger against me. He'd make her a capital husband, and I should like to see the little grasshopper happy. If I had been in a different position, I would certainly have married her myself, but that was out of the question with my responsibilities to Sir Christopher. I think a little persuasion from my uncle would bring her to accept Gilfil; I know she would never be able to oppose my uncle's wishes. And if they were once married, she's such a loving little thing, she would soon be billing and cooing with him as if she had never known me. It would certainly be the best thing for her happiness if that marriage were hastened. Heighho! Those are lucky fellows that have no women falling in love with them. It's a confounded responsibility."

At this point in his meditations he turned his head a little, so as to get a three-quarter view of his face. Clearly it was the "*dono infelice della bellezza*" that laid these onerous duties upon him—an idea which naturally suggested that he should ring for his valet.

For the next few days, however, there was such a cessation of threatening symptoms as to allay the anxiety both of Captain Wybrow and Mr Gilfil. All earthly things have their lull: even on nights when the most unappeasable wind is raging, there will be a moment of stillness before it crashes among the boughs again, and storms against the windows, and howls like a thousand lost demons through the key-holes.

Miss Assher appeared to be in the highest good-humour; Captain Wybrow was more assiduous than usual,

and was very circumspect in his behaviour to Caterina, on whom Miss Assher bestowed unwonted attentions. The weather was brilliant; there were riding excursions in the mornings and dinner-parties in the evenings. Consultations in the library between Sir Christopher and Lady Assher seemed to be leading to a satisfactory result; and it was understood that this visit at Cheverel Manor would terminate in another fortnight, when the preparations for the wedding would be carried forward with all despatch at Farleigh. The baronet seemed every day more radiant. Accustomed to view people who entered into his plans by the pleasant light which his own strong will and bright hopefulness were always casting on the future, he saw nothing but personal charms and promising domestic qualities in Miss Assher, whose quickness of eye and taste in externals formed a real ground of sympathy between her and Sir Christopher. Lady Cheverel's enthusiasm never rose above the temperate mark of calm satisfaction, and having quite her share of the critical acumen which characterises the mutual estimates of the fair sex, she had a more moderate opinion of Miss Assher's qualities. She suspected that the fair Beatrice had a sharp and imperious temper; and being herself, on principle and by habitual self-command, the most deferential of wives, she noticed with disapproval Miss Assher's occasional air of authority towards Captain Wybrow. A proud woman who has learned to submit, carries all her pride to the reinforcement of her submission, and looks down with severe superiority on all feminine assumption as "unbecoming." Lady Cheverel, however, confined her criticisms to the privacy of her own thoughts, and, with a reticence which I fear may seem incredible, did not use them as a means of disturbing her husband's complacency.

And Caterina? How did she pass these sunny autumn days, in which the skies seemed to be smiling on the family gladness? To her the change in Miss Assher's manner was unaccountable. Those compassionate attentions, those smiling condescen-

sions, were torture to Caterina, who was constantly tempted to repulse them with anger. She thought, "Perhaps Anthony has told her to be kind to poor Tina. This was an insult. He ought to have known that the mere presence of Miss Assher was painful to her, that Miss Assher's smiles scorched her, that Miss Assher's kind words were like poison stings inflaming her to madness. And he—Anthony—he was evidently repenting of the tenderness he had been betrayed into that morning in the drawing-room. He was cold and distant and civil to her, to ward off Beatrice's suspicions, and Beatrice could be so gracious now, because she was sure of Anthony's entire devotion. Well! and so it ought to be—and she ought not to wish it otherwise. And yet—oh, he *was* cruel to her. She could never have behaved so to him. To make her love him so—to speak such tender words—to give her such caresses, and then to behave as if such things had never been. He had given her the poison that seemed so sweet while she was drinking it, and now it was in her blood, and she was helpless."

With this tempest pent up in her bosom, the poor child went up to her room every night, and there it all burst forth. There, with loud whispers and sobs, restlessly pacing up and down, lying on the hard floor, courting cold and weariness, she told to the pitiful listening night the anguish

which she could pour into no mortal ear. But always sleep came at last, and always in the morning the reactive calm that enabled her to live through the day.

It is amazing how long a young frame will go on battling with this sort of secret wretchedness, and yet show no traces of the conflict for any but sympathetic eyes. The very delicacy of Caterina's usual appearance, her natural paleness and habitually quiet mouse-like ways, made any symptoms of fatigue and suffering less noticeable. And her singing—the one thing in which she ceased to be passive, and became prominent—lost none of its energy. She sometimes wondered herself how it was that, whether she felt sad or angry, crushed with the sense of Anthony's indifference, or burning with impatience under Miss Assher's attentions, it was always a relief to her to sing. Those full deep notes she sent forth seemed to be lifting the pain from her heart—seemed to be carrying away the madness from her brain.

Thus Lady Cheverel noticed no change in Caterina, and it was only Mr Gilfil who discerned with anxiety the feverish spot that sometimes rose on her cheek, the deepening violet tint under her eyes, and the strange absent glance, the unhealthy glitter of the beautiful eyes themselves.

But, alas! those agitated nights were producing a more fatal effect than was represented by these slight outward changes.

CHAPTER XI.

The following Sunday, the morning being rainy, it was determined that the family should not go to Cumbermoor Church as usual, but that Mr Gilfil, who had only an afternoon service at his curacy, should conduct the morning service in the chapel.

Just before the appointed hour of eleven, Caterina came down into the drawing-room, looking so unusually ill as to call forth an anxious inquiry from Lady Cheverel, who, on learning that she had a severe headache, insisted that she should not attend service, and at once packed her up

comfortably on a sofa near the fire, putting a volume of Tillotson's Sermons into her hands, as appropriate reading, if Caterina should feel equal to that means of edification.

Excellent medicine for the mind are the good archbishop's sermons, but a medicine, unhappily, not suited to Tina's case. She sat with the book open on her knees, her dark eyes fixed vacantly on the portrait of that handsome Lady Cheverel, wife of the notable Sir Anthony. She gazed at the picture without thinking of it, and the fair blonde dame seemed to look down on her with

that benignant unconcern, that mild wonder, with which happy self-possessed women are apt to look down on their agitated and weaker sisters.

Caterina was thinking of the near future—of the wedding that was so soon to come—of all she would have to live through in the next months.

"I wish I could be very ill, and die before then," she thought. "When people get very ill, they don't mind about things. Poor Patty Richards looked so happy when she was in a decline. She didn't seem to care any more about her lover that she was engaged to be married to, and she liked the smell of the flowers so that I used to take her. O, if I could but like anything—if I could but think about anything else! If these dreadful feelings would go away, I wouldn't mind about not being happy. I wouldn't want anything—and I could do what would please Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel. But when that rage and anger comes into me, I don't know what to do. I don't feel the ground under me; I only feel my head and heart beating, and it seems as if I must do something dreadful. O! I wonder if any one ever felt like me before. I must be very wicked. But God will have pity on me; He knows all I have to bear."

In this way the time wore on till Tina heard the sound of voices along the passage, and became conscious that the volume of Tillotson had slipped on the floor. She had only just picked it up, and seen with alarm that the pages were bent, when Lady Assher, Beatrice, and Captain Wybrow entered, all with that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished.

Lady Assher at once came and seated herself by Caterina. Her ladyship had been considerably refreshed by a doze, and was in great force for monologue.

"Well, my dear Miss Sarti, and how do you feel now?—a little better, I see. I thought you would be, sitting quietly here. These headaches, now, are all from weakness. You must not over-exert yourself, and you must take bitters. I used to have just the same sort of headaches

when I was your age, and old Dr Sinsnick used to say to my mother, 'Madam, what your daughter suffers from is weakness.' He was such a curious old man, was Dr Sinsnick. But I wish you could have heard the sermon this morning. Such an excellent sermon! It was about the ten virgins: five of them were foolish, and five were clever, you know; and Mr Gilfil explained all that. What a very pleasant young man he is!—so very quiet and agreeable, and such a good hand at whist. I wish we had him at Farleigh. Sir John would have liked him beyond anything; he is so good-tempered at cards, and he was such a man for cards, was Sir John. And our rector is a very irritable man; he can't bear to lose his money at cards. I don't think a clergyman ought to mind about losing his money; do you?—do you now?"

"O pray, Lady Assher," interposed Beatrice, in her usual tone of superiority, "do not weary poor Caterina with such uninteresting questions. Your head seems very bad still, dear," she continued, in a condoling tone, to Caterina; "do take my vinaigrette, and keep it in your pocket. It will perhaps refresh you now and then."

"No, thank you," answered Caterina; "I will not take it away from you."

"Indeed, dear, I never use it; you must take it," Miss Assher persisted, holding it close to Tina's hand. She coloured deeply, pushed the vinaigrette away with some impatience, and said, "Thank you, I never use those things. I don't like vinaigrettes."

Miss Assher returned the vinaigrette to her pocket in surprised and haughty silence, and Captain Wybrow, who had looked on in some alarm, said hastily, "See! it is quite bright out of doors now. There is time for a walk before luncheon. Come, Beatrice, put on your hat and cloak, and let us have half an hour's walk on the gravel."

"Yes, do, my dear," said Lady Assher, "and I will go and see if Sir Christopher is having his walk in the gallery."

As soon as the door had closed be-

hind the two ladies, Captain Wybrow, standing with his back to the fire, turned towards Caterina, and said in a tone of earnest remonstrance, "My dear Caterina, let me beg of you to exercise more control over your feelings; you are really rude to Miss Assher, and I can see that she is quite hurt. Consider how strange your behaviour must appear to her. She will wonder what can be the cause of it. Come, dear Tina," he added, approaching her, and attempting to take her hand; "for your own sake let me entreat you to receive her attentions politely. She really feels very kindly towards you, and I should be so happy to see you friends."

Caterina was already in such a state of diseased susceptibility that the most innocent words from Captain Wybrow would have been irritating to her, as the whirl of the most delicate wing will afflict a nervous patient. But this tone of benevolent remonstrance was intolerable. He had inflicted a great and unrepented injury on her, and now he assumed an air of benevolence towards her. This was a new outrage. His profession of goodwill was insolence.

Caterina snatched away her hand and said indignantly, "Leave me to myself, Captain Wybrow! I do not disturb you."

"Caterina, why will you be so violent—so unjust to me? It is for you that I feel anxious. Miss Assher has already noticed how strange your behaviour is both to her and me, and it puts me into a very difficult position. What can I say to her?"

"Say?" Caterina burst forth, with intense bitterness, rising, and moving towards the door; "say that I am a poor silly girl, and have fallen in love with you, and am jealous of her; but that you have never had any feeling but pity for me—you have never behaved with anything more than friendliness to me. Tell her

that, and she will think all the better of you."

Tina uttered this as the bitterest sarcasm her ideas would furnish her with, not having the faintest suspicion that the sarcasm derived any of its bitterness from truth. Underneath all her sense of wrong, which was rather instinctive than reflective—underneath all the madness of her jealousy, and her ungovernable impulses of resentment and vindictiveness—underneath all this scorching passion there were still left some hidden crystal dews of trust, of self-reproof, of belief that Anthony was trying to do the right. Love had not all gone to feed the fires of hatred. Tina still trusted that Anthony felt more for her than he seemed to feel; she was still far from suspecting him of a wrong which a woman resents even more than inconstancy. And she threw out this taunt simply as the most intense expression she could find for the anger of the moment.

As she stood nearly in the middle of the room, her little body trembling under the shock of passions too strong for it, her very lips pale, and her eyes gleaming, the door opened, and Miss Assher appeared, tall, blooming, and splendid, in her walking costume. As she entered, her face wore the smile appropriate to the exits and entrances of a young lady who feels that her presence is an interesting fact; but the next moment she looked at Caterina with grave surprise, and then threw a glance of angry suspicion at Captain Wybrow, who wore an air of weary vexation.

"Perhaps you are too much engaged to walk out, Captain Wybrow? I will go alone."

"No, no, I'm coming," he answered, hurrying towards her, and leading her out of the room, leaving poor Caterina to feel all the reaction or shame and self-reproach after her outburst of passion.

CHAPTER XII.

"Pray, what is likely to be the next scene in the drama between you and Miss Sarti?" said Miss Assher to Captain Wybrow as soon

as they were out on the gravel. "It would be agreeable to have some idea of what is coming."

Captain Wybrow was silent. He

felt out of humour, wearied, annoyed. There come moments when one almost determines never again to oppose anything but dead silence to an angry woman. "Now then, confound it," he said to himself, "I'm going to be battered on the other flank." He looked resolutely at the horizon, with something more like a frown on his face than Beatrice had ever seen there.

After a pause of two or three minutes, she continued in a still haughtier tone, "I suppose you are aware, Captain Wybrow, that I expect an explanation of what I have just seen."

"I have no explanation, my dear Beatrice," he answered at last, making a strong effort over himself, "except what I have already given you. I hoped you would never recur to the subject."

"Your explanation, however, is very far from satisfactory. I can only say that the airs Miss Sarti thinks herself entitled to put on towards you, are quite incompatible with your position as regards me. And her behaviour to me is most insulting. I shall certainly not stay in the house under such circumstances, and mamma must state the reasons to Sir Christopher."

"Beatrice," said Captain Wybrow, his irritation giving way to alarm, "I beseech you to be patient, and exercise your good feelings in this affair. It is very painful, I know. But I am sure you would be grieved to injure poor Caterina—to bring down my uncle's anger upon her. Consider what a poor little dependent thing she is."

"It is very adroit of you to make these evasions, but do not suppose that they deceive me. Miss Sarti would never dare to behave to you as she does, if you had not flirted with her, or made love to her. I suppose she considers your engagement to me a breach of faith to her. I am much obliged to you, certainly, for making me Miss Sarti's rival. You have told me a falsehood, Captain Wybrow."

"Beatrice, I solemnly declare to you that Caterina is nothing more to me than a girl I naturally feel kindly to—as a favourite of my uncle's, and a nice little thing enough. I should

be glad to see her married to Gilfil to-morrow; that's a good proof that I'm not in love with her, I should think. As to the past, I may have shown her little attentions, which she has exaggerated and misinterpreted. What man is not liable to that sort of thing?"

"But what can she found her behaviour on? What had she been saying to you this morning to make her tremble and turn pale in that way?"

"O, I don't know. I just said something about her behaving peevishly. With that Italian blood of hers, there's no knowing how she may take what one says. She's a fierce little thing, though she seems so quiet generally."

"But she ought to be made to know how unbecoming and indelicate her conduct is. For my part, I wonder Lady Cheverel has not noticed her short answers and the airs she puts on."

"Let me beg of you, Beatrice, not to hint anything of the kind to Lady Cheverel. You must have observed how strict my aunt is. It never enters her head that a girl can be in love with a man who has not made her an offer."

"Well, I shall let Miss Sarti know myself that I have observed her conduct. It will be only a charity to her."

"Nay, dear, that will be doing nothing but harm. Caterina's temper is peculiar. The best thing you can do will be to leave her to herself as much as possible. It will all wear off. I've no doubt she'll be married to Gilfil before long. Girls' fancies are easily diverted from one object to another. By Jove, what a rate my heart is galloping at! These confounded palpitations get worse instead of better."

Thus ended the conversation, so far as it concerned Caterina, not without leaving a distinct resolution in Captain Wybrow's mind—a resolution carried into effect the next day, when he was in the library with Sir Christopher for the purpose of discussing some arrangements about the approaching marriage.

"By the by," he said carelessly, when the business came to a pause, and he was sauntering round the

room with his hands in his coat-pockets, surveying the backs of the books that lined the walls, "when is the wedding between Gilfil and Caterina to come off, sir? I've a fellow-feeling for a poor devil so many fathoms deep in love as Maynard. Why shouldn't their marriage happen as soon as ours? I suppose he has come to an understanding with Tina?"

"Why," said Sir Christopher, "I did think of letting the thing be until old Crichley died; he can't hold out very long, poor fellow; and then Maynard might have entered into matrimony and the rectory both at once. But, after all, that really is no good reason for waiting. There is no need for them to leave the Manor when they are married. The little monkey is quite old enough. It would be pretty to see her a matron, with a baby about the size of a kitten in her arms."

"I think that system of waiting is always bad. And if I can further any settlement you would like to make on Caterina, I shall be delighted to carry out your wishes."

"My dear boy, that's very good of you; but Maynard will have enough; and from what I know of him—and I know him well—I think he would rather provide for Caterina himself. However, now you have put this matter into my head, I begin to blame myself for not having thought of it before. I've been so wrapt up in Beatrice and you, you rascal, that I had really forgotten poor Maynard. And he's older than you—it's high time he was settled in life as a family man."

Sir Christopher paused, took snuff in a meditative manner, and presently said, more to himself than to Anthony, who was humming a tune at the far end of the room, "Yes, yes. It will be a capital plan to finish off all our family business at once."

Riding out with Miss Aasher the same morning, Captain Wybrow mentioned to her incidentally, that Sir Christopher was anxious to bring about the wedding between Gilfil and Caterina as soon as possible, and that he, for his part, should do all he could to further the affair. It would be the best thing in the world for

Tina, in whose welfare he was really interested.

With Sir Christopher there was never any long interval between purpose and execution. He made up his mind promptly, and he acted promptly. On rising from luncheon, he said to Mr Gilfil, "Come with me into the library, Maynard. I want to have a word with you."

"Maynard, my boy," he began, as soon as they were seated, tapping his snuff-box, and looking radiant at the idea of the unexpected pleasure he was about to give, "why shouldn't we have two happy couples instead of one, before the autumn is over, eh?"

"Eh?" he repeated, after a moment's pause, lengthening out the monosyllable, taking a slow pinch, and looking up at Maynard with a sly smile.

"I'm not quite sure that I understand you, sir," answered Mr Gilfil, who felt annoyed at the consciousness that he was turning pale.

"Not understand me, you rogue? You know very well whose happiness lies nearest to my heart after Anthony's. You know you let me into your secrets long ago, so there's no confession to make. Tina's quite old enough to be a grave little wife now; and though the rectory's not ready for you, that's no matter. My lady and I shall feel all the more comfortable for having you with us. We should miss our little singing-bird if we lost her all at once."

Mr Gilfil felt himself in a painfully difficult position. He dreaded that Sir Christopher should surmise or discover the true state of Caterina's feelings, and yet he was obliged to make those feelings the ground of his reply.

"My dear sir," he at last said with some effort, "you will not suppose that I am not alive to your goodness—that I am not grateful for your fatherly interest in my happiness; but I fear that Caterina's feelings towards me are not such as to warrant the hope that she would accept a proposal of marriage from me."

"Have you ever asked her?"

"No, sir. But we often know these things too well without asking."

"Pooh, pooh! The little monkey must love you. Why, you were her first playfellow; and I remember she used to cry if you cut your finger. Besides, she has always silently admitted that you were her lover. You know I have always spoken of you to her in that light. I took it for granted you had settled the business between yourselves; so did Anthony. Anthony thinks she's in love with you, and he has young eyes, which are apt enough to see clearly in these matters. He was talking to me about it this morning, and pleased me very much by the friendly interest he showed in you and Tina."

The blood—more than was wanted—rushed back to Mr Gilfil's face; he set his teeth and clenched his hands in the effort to repress a burst of indignation. Sir Christopher noticed the flush, but thought it indicated the fluctuation of hope and fear about Caterina. He went on:—

"You're too modest by half, Maynard. A fellow who can take a five-barred gate as you can, ought not to be so faint-hearted. If you can't speak to her yourself, leave me to talk to her."

"Sir Christopher," said poor Maynard earnestly, "I shall really feel it the greatest kindness you can possibly show me, not to mention this subject to Caterina at present. I think such a proposal, made prematurely, might only alienate her from me."

Sir Christopher was getting a little displeased at this contradiction. His tone became a little sharper as he said, "Have you any grounds to state for this opinion, beyond your general notion that Tina is not enough in love with you?"

"I can state none beyond my own very strong impression that she does not love me well enough to marry me."

"Then I think that ground is worth nothing at all. I am tolerably correct in my judgment of people; and if I am not very much deceived in Tina, she looks forward to nothing else but to your being her husband. Leave me to manage the matter as I think best. You may rely on me that I shall do no harm to your cause, Maynard."

Mr Gilfil, afraid to say more, yet wretched in the prospect of what might result from Sir Christopher's determination, quitted the library in a state of mingled indignation against Captain Wybrow, and distress for himself and Caterina. What would she think of him? She might suppose that *he* had instigated or sanctioned Sir Christopher's proceeding. He should perhaps not have an opportunity of speaking to her on the subject in time; he would write her a note, and carry it up to her room after the dressing-bell had rung. No, that would agitate her, and unfit her for appearing at dinner, and passing the evening calmly. He would defer it till bedtime. After prayers, he contrived to lead her back to the drawing-room, and to put a letter in her hand. She carried it up to her own room, wondering, and there read,—

"DEAR CATERINA,—Do not suspect for a moment that anything Sir Christopher may say to you about our marriage has been prompted by me. I have done all I dare do to dissuade him from urging the subject, and have only been prevented from speaking more strongly by the dread of provoking questions which I could not answer without causing you fresh misery. I write this, both to prepare you for anything Sir Christopher may say, and to assure you—but I hope you already believe it—that your feelings are sacred to me. I would rather part with the dearest hope of my life than be the means of adding to your trouble.

"It is Captain Wybrow who has prompted Sir Christopher to take up the subject at this moment. I tell you this, to save you from hearing it suddenly when you are with Sir Christopher. You see now what sort of stuff that dastard's heart is made of. Trust in me always, dearest Caterina, as—whatever may come—your faithful friend and brother,

"MAYNARD GILFIL"

Caterina was at first too terribly stung by the words about Captain Wybrow to think of the difficulty which threatened her—to think either of what Sir Christopher would say to

her, or of what she could say in reply. Bitter sense of injury, fierce resentment, left no room for fear. With the poisoned garment upon him, the victim writhes under the torture—he has no thought of the coming death.

Anthony could do this!—Of this there could be no explanation but the coolest contempt for her feelings, the basest sacrifice of all the consideration and tenderness he owed her to the ease of his position with Miss Assher. No. It was worse than that; it was deliberate, gratuitous cruelty. He wanted to show her how he despised her; he wanted to make her feel her folly in having ever believed that he loved her.

The last crystal drops of trust and tenderness, she thought, were dried up; all was parched, fiery hatred. Now she need no longer check her resentment by the fear of doing him an injustice; he *had* trifled with her, as Maynard had said; he *had* been reckless of her; and now he was base and cruel. She had cause enough for her bitterness and anger; they were not so wicked as they had seemed to her.

As these thoughts were hurrying after each other like so many sharp throbs of fevered pain, she shed no tear. She paced restlessly to and fro, as her habit was—her hands clenched, her eyes gleaming fiercely and wandering uneasily, as if in search of something on which she might throw herself like a tigress.

"If I could speak to him," she whispered, "and tell him I hate him, I despise him, I loathe him!"

Suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, she drew a key from her pocket, and unlocking an inlaid desk where she stored up her keepsakes, took from it a small miniature. It was in a very slight gold frame, with a ring to it, as if intended to be worn on a chain; and under the glass at the back were two locks of hair, one dark and the other auburn, arranged in a fantastic knot. It was Anthony's secret present to her a year ago—a copy he had had made specially for her. For the last month she had not taken it from its hiding-place. There was no need to heighten the vividness of the past. But now she

clutched it fiercely, and dashed it across the room against the bare hearthstone.

Will she crush it under her feet, and grind it under her high-heeled shoe, till every trace of those false cruel features is gone?

Ah, no! She rushed across the room, but when she saw the little treasure she had cherished so fondly, so often smothered with kisses, so often laid under her pillow, and remembered with the first return of consciousness in the morning—when she saw this one visible relic of the too happy past lying with the glass shattered, the hair fallen out, the thin ivory cracked, there was a revulsion of the overstrained feeling; relenting came, and she burst into tears.

Look at her stooping down to gather up her treasure, searching for the hair and replacing it, and then mournfully examining the crack that disfigures the once-loved image. Alas! there is no glass now to guard either the hair or the portrait; but see how carefully she wraps delicate paper round it, and locks it up again in its old place. Poor child! God send the relenting may always come before the worst irrevocable deed!

This action had quieted her, and she sat down to read Maynard's letter again. She read it two or three times without seeming to take in the sense; her apprehension was dulled by the passion of the last hour, and she found it difficult to call up the ideas suggested by the words. At last she began to have a distinct conception of the impending interview with Sir Christopher. The idea of displeasing the baronet, of whom every one at the Manor stood in awe, frightened her so much that she thought it would be impossible to resist his wish. He believed that she loved Maynard; he had always spoken as if he were quite sure of it. How should she tell him he was deceived—and what if he were to ask her whether she loved anybody else? To have Sir Christopher looking angrily at her, was more than she could bear, even in imagination. He had always been so good to her! Then she began to think of the pain she might give him, and the more selfish distress of fear gave way to the distress of

affection. Unselfish tears began to flow, and sorrowful gratitude to Sir Christopher helped to awaken her sensibility to Mr Gilfil's tenderness and generosity.

"Dear, good Maynard!—what a poor return I make him! If I could but have loved him instead—but I can never love or care for anything again. My heart is broken."

CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning the dreaded moment came. Caterina, stupified by the suffering of the previous night, with that dull mental aching which follows on acute anguish, was in Lady Cheverel's sitting-room, copying out some charity lists, when her ladyship came in, and said,—

"Tina, Sir Christopher wants you; go down into the library."

She went down trembling. As soon as she entered, Sir Christopher, who was seated near his writing-table, said, "Now, little monkey, come and sit down by me; I have something to tell you."

Caterina took a footstool, and seated herself on it at the baronet's feet. It was her habit to sit on these low stools, and in this way she could hide her face better. She put her little arm round his leg, and leaned her cheek against his knee.

"Why, you seem out of spirits this morning, Tina. What's the matter, eh?"

"Nothing, Padroncello, only my head is bad."

"Poor monkey! Well, now, wouldn't it do the head good if I were to promise you a good husband and smart little wedding gowns, and by-and-by a house of your own, where you would be a little mistress, and Padroncello would come and see you sometimes?"

"O no, no! I shouldn't like ever to be married. Let me always stay with you!"

"Pooh, pooh, little simpleton. I shall get old and tiresome, and there will be Anthony's children putting your nose out of joint. You will want some one to love you best of all, and you must have children of your own to love. I can't have you withering away into an old maid. I hate old maids. They make me dismal to look at them. I never see Sharp without shuddering. My little black-eyed monkey was never

meant for anything so ugly. And there's Maynard Gilfil, the best man in the county, worth his weight in gold, heavy as he is; he loves you better than his eyes. And you love him too, you silly monkey, whatever you may say about not being married."

"No, no, dear Padroncello, do not say so; I could not marry him."

"Why not, you foolish child? You don't know your own mind. Why, it is plain to everybody that you love him. My lady has all along said she was sure you loved him—she has seen what little princess airs you put on to him; and Anthony too, he thinks you are in love with Gilfil. Come, what has made you take it into your head that you wouldn't like to marry him?"

Caterina was now sobbing too deeply to make any answer. Sir Christopher patted her on the back and said, "Come, come; why, Tina, you are not well this morning. Go and rest, little one. You will see things in quite another light when you are well. Think over what I have said, and remember there is nothing, after Anthony's marriage, that I have set my heart on so much as seeing you and Maynard settled for life. I must have no whims and follies—no nonsense." This was said with a slight severity; but he presently added, in a soothing tone, "There, there, stop crying, and be a good little monkey. Go and lie down and get to sleep."

Caterina slipped from the stool on to her knees, took the old baronet's hand, covered it with tears and kisses, and then ran out of the room.

Before the evening, Captain Wybrow had heard from his uncle the result of the interview with Caterina. He thought, "If I could have a long quiet talk with her, I could perhaps persuade her to look more reasonably at things. But there's

no speaking to her in the house without being interrupted, and I can hardly see her anywhere else without Beatrice's finding it out." At last he determined to make it a matter of confidence with Miss Assher—to tell her that he wished to talk to Caterina quietly for the sake of bringing her to a calmer state of mind, and persuade her to listen to Gilfil's affection. He was very much pleased with this judicious and candid plan, and in the course of the evening he had arranged with himself the time and place of meeting, and had communicated his purpose to Miss Assher, who gave her entire approval. Anthony, she thought, would do well to speak plainly and seriously to Miss Sarti. He was really very patient and kind to her, considering how she behaved!

Tina had kept her room all that day, and had been carefully tended as an invalid, Sir Christopher having told her ladyship how matters stood. This tendence was so irksome to Caterina, she felt so uneasy under attentions and kindness that were based on a misconception, that she exerted herself to appear at breakfast the next morning, and declared herself well, though head and heart were throbbing. To be confined in her own room was intolerable; it was wretched enough to be looked at and spoken to, but it was more wretched to be left alone. She was frightened at her own sensations; she was frightened at the imperious vividness with which pictures of the past and future thrust themselves on her imagination. And there was another feeling, too, which made her want to be down stairs and moving about. Perhaps she might have an opportunity of speaking to Captain Wybrow alone—of speaking those words of hatred and scorn that burned on her tongue. That opportunity offered itself in a very unexpected manner.

Lady Cheverel having sent Caterina out of the drawing-room to fetch some patterns of embroidery from her sitting-room, Captain Wybrow presently walked out after her, and met her as she was returning down stairs.

"Caterina," he said, laying his

hand on her arm as she was hurrying on without looking at him, "will you meet me in the Rookery at twelve o'clock? I must speak to you, and we shall be in privacy there. I cannot speak to you in the house."

To his surprise, there was a flash of pleasure across her face; she answered shortly and decidedly, "Yes," then snatched her arm away from him, and passed down stairs.

Miss Assher was this morning busy winding silks, being bent on emulating Lady Cheverel's embroidery, and Lady Assher chose the passive amusement of holding the skeins. Lady Cheverel had now all her working apparatus about her, and Caterina, thinking she was not wanted, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-room. It seemed as if playing massive chords—bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's "Messiah" stood open on the desk, at the chorus "All we like sheep," and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happiest moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hurled by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble.

But at half-past eleven she was interrupted by Lady Cheverel, who said, "Tina, go down, will you, and hold Miss Assher's silks for her. Lady Assher and I have decided on having our drive before luncheon."

Caterina went down, wondering how she should escape from the drawing-room in time to be in the Rookery at twelve. Nothing should prevent her from going; nothing should rob her of this one precious moment—perhaps the last—when she could speak out the thoughts that were in her. After that, she would be passive—she would bear anything.

But she had scarcely sat down with a skein of yellow silk on her

hands, when Miss Assher said, gracefully,—

"I know you have an engagement with Captain Wybrow this morning. You must not let me detain you beyond the time."

"So he has been talking to her about me," thought Caterina. Her hands began to tremble as she held the skein.

Miss Assher continued, in the same gracious tone. "It is tedious work holding these skeins. I am sure I am very much obliged to you."

"No, you are not obliged to me," said Caterina, completely mastered by her irritation; "I have only done it because Lady Cheverel told me."

The moment was come when Miss Assher could no longer suppress her long latent desire to "let Miss Sarti know the impropriety of her conduct." With the malicious anger that assumes the tone of compassion, she said,—

"Miss Sarti, I am really sorry for you, that you are not able to control yourself better. This giving way to unwarrantable feelings is lowering you—it is indeed."

"What unwarrantable feelings?" said Caterina, letting her hands fall, and fixing her great dark eyes steadily on Miss Assher.

"It is quite unnecessary for me to say more. You must be conscious what I mean. Only summon a sense of duty to your aid. You are paining Captain Wybrow extremely by your want of self-control."

"Did he tell you I pained him?"

"Yes, indeed, he did. He is very much hurt that you should behave to me as if you had a sort of enmity towards me. He would like you to make a friend of me. I assure you we both feel very kindly towards you, and are sorry you should cherish such feelings."

"He is very good," said Caterina, bitterly. "What feelings did he say I cherished?"

This bitter tone increased Miss Assher's irritation. There was still a lurking suspicion in her mind, though she would not admit it to herself, that Captain Wybrow had told her a falsehood about his conduct and feelings towards Caterina. It was this suspicion, more even than

the anger of the moment, which urged her to say something that would test the truth of his statement. That she would be humiliating Caterina at the same time, was only an additional temptation.

"These are things I do not like to talk of, Miss Sarti. I cannot even understand how a woman can indulge a passion for a man who has never given her the least ground for it, as Captain Wybrow assures me is the case."

"He told you that, did he?" said Caterina, in clear low tones, her lips turning white as she rose from her chair.

"Yes, indeed, he did. He was bound to tell it me after your strange behaviour."

Caterina said nothing, but turned round suddenly and left the room.

See how she rushes noiselessly, like a pale meteor, along the passages and up the gallery stairs! Those gleaming eyes, those bloodless lips, that swift silent tread, make her look like the incarnation of a fierce purpose rather than a woman. The mid-day sun is shining on the armour in the gallery, making mimic suns on bossed sword-hilts and the angles of polished breastplates. Yes, there are sharp weapons in the gallery. There is a dagger in that cabinet; she knows it well. And as a dragon-fly wheels in its flight to alight for an instant on a leaf, she darts to the cabinet, takes out the dagger, and thrusts it into her pocket. In three minutes more she is out, in hat and cloak, on the gravel-walk, hurrying along towards the thick shades of the distant Rookery. She threads the windings of the plantations, not feeling the golden leaves that rain upon her, not feeling the earth beneath her feet. Her hand is in her pocket, clenching the handle of the dagger, which she holds half out of its sheath.

She has reached the Rookery, and is under the gloom of the interlacing boughs. Her heart throbs as if it would burst her bosom—as if every next leap must be its last. Wait, wait, O heart! till she has done this one deed. He will be there—he will be before her in a moment. He will come towards her with that false

smile, thinking she does not know his baseness—she will plunge that dagger into his heart.

Poor child ! poor child ! she who used to cry to have the fish put back into the water—who never willingly killed the smallest living thing—dreams now, in the madness of her passion, that she can kill the man whose very voice unnerves her.

But what is that lying among the dank leaves on the path three yards before her ?

Good God ! it is he—lying motionless—his hat fallen off. He is ill, then—he has fainted. Her hand lets go the dagger, and she rushes towards him. His eyes are fixed ; he does not see her. She sinks down on her knees, takes the dear head in her arms, and kisses the cold forehead.

“Anthony, Anthony ! speak to me—it is Tina—speak to me ! O God, he is dead !”

A RUN TO NICARAGUA.

THE bar-room of the St Charles Hotel at New Orleans, always a scene of stir and bustle, presented a more than usually excited aspect on the morning of the 28th of last December ; a degree of unwonted earnestness might have been observed in the countenances of some of the groups collected over cocktails, who, after touching each other's glasses with an air of fierce determination, and disposing of their contents with a defiant toss of the head, separated with so much hearty hand-shaking, and accompanied their parting blessings with so many ejaculations partaking of an exactly opposite character, that their next meeting was clearly, in their opinion, a distant and problematical event. On that eventful morning I myself had gone through an extensive and varied course of beverages, for I was fortunate enough to possess many friends in New Orleans ; and as I was about to leave them, a number of parting-cups were necessarily involved. The influence which hotel bars exercise over the lives and fortunes of individuals in America, invests the institution with an importance which the stranger is at first sight apt to overlook. At the bar, many agreeable and profitable acquaintances may be made, and friendships cemented. Here, too, are hard bargains struck, and good stories told, and insults given and received, which result in duels fought under a wonderful variety of conditions, and reconciliations effected, and political intrigue concocted, and opinions ventilated ; here men

celebrate their first meeting after a long and eventful interval of years, and here they pledge each other before parting, to join some adventurous expedition, from which they have little chance of returning. New Orleans is, of all others, the city of the United States where “the bubbling passions of the country” most freely find a vent. It is conveniently situated, in a filibustering point of view, and a favourite point of concentration for the more reckless spirits of the South, who find in the mixed and somewhat rowdy crowd which throng its streets and bars a congenial atmosphere. It is not to be supposed, however, that this constitutes the society of New Orleans. While its fluctuating population is composed of such varied materials, its social attractions are as great, if not greater, than those of any other city in the Union. In its clubs the visitor will find a cordial and hearty welcome ; at its opera he will be fascinated by an array of beauty more brilliant than can be found in any other house of the same limited dimensions, and he will only have himself to blame, if he is contented to confine his experiences to the range of his lorgnette ; should he extend them beyond it, he will in all probability find himself lingering in the Crescent City, long after the secret conviction has been forced upon him, that, as a resolute and conscientious traveller, he is bound to prosecute the object, whatever it may be (and we will give him credit for having one), which has induced him to start

upon his travels. But if I would not fall into the very sin against which I am warning others, I must not remain dallying any longer at New Orleans. It was quite inexcusable to diverge from the St Charles Hotel to the opera, seeing that we are on our way to Nicaragua; and so, as Walter Gay said, when he finally tore himself away from the affectionate embraces of Cap'en Cuttle, "now I am off." The departure of the steamer *Texas* for Greytown, with recruits for Walker's army, was the cause of the excitement which prevailed in all the places of public resort in the city, which I have already described—an excitement which derived an additional interest from the fact that it was partly increased by some rumours which had been current for a day or two previously, that the United States Government had determined to lay a veto upon the departure of the steamer at the last moment—a proceeding to which the free and independent citizens of New Orleans were by no means disposed tamely to submit; and announcements to that effect, in the forcible language peculiar to the country, rendered the moment of the steamboat's departure one of more than ordinary interest. The good ship *Texas* was moored to the *Levéé*, amidst a host of shipping, and a fleet of Mississippi steamboats, which latter give to the port of New Orleans a character unlike that of any other port in the world. We picked our way across these extensive wharves, between barrels of sugar and molasses, through lanes formed by bales of cotton, past tobacco from Kentucky and Missouri, amid bags of corn and barrels of pork from Illinois and Iowa; in fact, through all that varied produce, which is grown for two thousand miles upon the banks of this mighty river, and which finds its port of export at New Orleans. The raw material, however, which possessed the highest interest in my eyes, was that with which I was to be associated, and which was now crowding the deck of the *Texas*, in the shape of two hundred and fifty "free companions," bound for certain lands of the sunny South, with the laudable

determination of appropriating the same. A large crowd was collected upon the *Levéé* to wish us god-speed, and I parted with a number of friends who had come down to see me off, with feelings of a somewhat unusual description. The crowd, generally, seemed to regard us with mingled feelings of compassion (for those who have gone to Nicaragua hitherto have seldom returned), of admiration (for the desperate nature of the adventure commanded this), and of sympathy (for was not the object laudable?) So that we were rather lions, on the whole, more particularly when slightly intoxicated and highly enthusiastic individuals harangued those on shore from the side of the ship, and were responded to by short spasmodic cheers, and observations ironical or genuine, according to the sympathies of the speaker. A number of oblong deal cases, very ominous in appearance, for they looked like unostentatious coffins, immediately preceded me, and I learned afterwards that they contained two hundred rifles, to be used upon an occasion hereinafter to be named. A good deal of delay took place, after we got on board, consequent upon the non-arrival of a certain Colonel Titus, of Kansas notoriety, who was hourly expected from that tranquil territory with one hundred and fifty "boys," who had been helping him to keep the peace there, and who, now that their services were no longer needed, were going to make themselves useful elsewhere. Thick fogs, however, had prevented their coming "to time," and so we were obliged at last to start without them; and once more waving our adieus, we cast off from the wharf, unmolested by the myrmidons of Marcy, and amid the cheers of the populace dropped slowly down the river.

All that night and the following day we were enveloped in fogs so thick that our progress was but slow, and their depressing influence seemed to be felt on board: the men had not shaken down into their berths; the decks were wet and uncomfortable; and it was not until we had crossed the bar, and left the river and its fogs behind us, that we began to feel at home, when it was

time to establish regular discipline among the men. Various *contre-temps* before starting had reduced our force from 500, the number at which it was originally estimated, to 250. It was only necessary, however, to see these men mustered, to perceive their value as irregular troops, peculiarly fitted for the style of warfare in which they were about to be engaged, and in which, to a certain extent, every man would be called upon to rely upon himself. They were divided into five companies, each having a captain and two subalterns; these had all been raised in different States by enterprising young men, who received, as a reward for their exertions, rank proportionate to the number of men whom they enlisted. The inducement held out to them was a grant of land as soon as the country should be settled, and, in the mean time, twenty-five dollars a-month, to be paid in scrip. There was nothing, however, in the aspect of these men, to lead one to suppose that they had embarked in the enterprise from mercenary motives alone. The spirit of adventure was the moving cause with nearly all; some were well off in their own country, others had left from personal motives which had in many cases rendered them reckless; while some were soldiers of fortune—men who were unable to live except under the exciting influence of gunpowder.

It was a never-ending source of interest to me to hear from their own lips the adventures of men whose whole life had been passed in constant exposure to danger in every form. There were men of every nationality, who had fought in every part of the world. One company was composed entirely of Germans. There were Hungarians who had bled at Segedin; Italians who had fought at Novara; Prussians who had gone through the Schleswick-Holstein campaigns; Frenchmen who had fought in Algeria; Englishmen who had been in our own artillery in the Crimea; Americans who had taken part in both the Cuban expeditions, and suffered a year's imprisonment in Spain; others fresh from Kansas; while among the

younger ones were those who had not yet fleshed their maiden bowies, and were burning to have some deeds of prowess of their own to relate. Some of the officers had served already in Nicaragua, and were returning from leave of absence; others had been in the United States army, and were as well-informed, gentlemen-like, and agreeable as the officers in that service usually are.

With such an incongruous mixture, it might have been anticipated that to keep order would be no easy task. So far, however, from this being the case, nothing could exceed the orderly behaviour of the men. No spirits of any kind, even on New Year's Day, were allowed to be issued. The roll was called regularly morning and evening, the officers of the day appointed, and a guard of sixteen men told off. Nor did the fact that no social distinction existed between the men and officers in any way affect the maintenance of discipline; the men lived forward, the officers aft, and they mixed but rarely together, though now and then absurd mistakes arose among some of the younger and inexperienced officers at drill, one of whom I heard say to his company, "Break rank, gentlemen; right flank march!" I am bound to say that the gentlemen behaved themselves as such. They were exercised daily at drill, to which they seemed to take instinctively. The officers of the day wore swords buckled round their shooting-coats, as insignia of rank, otherwise they were guiltless of uniform, while the men presented an extraordinary variety of costume. Some wore red flannel-shirts and high jackboots; others, in seedy black, were clerical in appearance, as though they belonged to a sort of church militant; some were neat and respectable, others detestably shabby and ragged; still, for the most part, their countenances were not ill-favoured, and so strong was my confidence in their honesty at last, that I did not take those precautions with regard to my cabin door which I should have done, and all my property was abstracted. My only consolation was, that my fellow-sufferer in the same cabin was

the colonel himself. On New Year's Day we passed Point Antonio, the western extremity of Cuba, which immediately became the object of much ardent gazing through telescopes, and many wistful eyes were turned upon its wooded hills, and sighs drawn over the two last fruitless expeditions, while the chances of success of another were discussed, all tending to the one inevitable conclusion, that some day or other Uncle Sam "is bound to have Cuba." We glided prosperously over the smooth sea, no event of importance disturbing the even tenor of our voyage. On the fourth day we passed Big and Little Corn Island. These islands are inhabited chiefly by free negroes from Jamaica, who rear pigs, poultry, and grow corn, which they take to Greytown. The population of the largest is about five thousand; it is eight miles long by five broad, hilly, but fertile and well cultivated. In the calm moonlight evenings the men used to collect in groups forward to sing. In the German company there were some excellent voices, and their natural taste for music enabled them to sing beautifully in parts. On the opposite side of the deck a group of Americans were similarly engaged, and as some piece from Handel was being executed with exquisite taste and feeling by the Germans, the boisterous "right toooral lol looral," &c., so dear to the Anglo-Saxon, would strike harshly in, a characteristic indication of our mixed company. Upon such occasions the aspect of our crowded deck was highly suggestive. It was strange to look upon this handful of men, who, confident in their superior energy and courage, were about to throw themselves boldly into a foreign country, and, enrolling themselves under its banner, add to the small but determined force which now forms its army, and in which there is scarce a native of the country. They left New Orleans as emigrants for Nicaragua, they arrive there as soldiers in its army; and so long as they continue to leave the United States in the former capacity, the Government cannot prevent them from doing so.

It was a significant indication of the age to see this magnificent steamer, the product of a high state of civilisation, employed in conveying across those very seas, where Kidd and Morgan won immortal renown, men bent upon an enterprise in some respects not very dissimilar in character, but yet differing in this important feature, that buccaneers sacked cities and robbed churches, and stored their plunder away for their own behoof in secluded islets, while filibusters have nobler and higher aspirations, and seeking to possess themselves, not of gold and silver ornaments, but of a magnificent and fertile country, they desire to replace the inefficient government, which left its resources undeveloped, by one which they would themselves supply, and, regenerating a neglected State, give prosperity to its inhabitants, and a profitable market to the world at large. These are the motives by which these gentlemen declare themselves animated, and if the process is somewhat rude, the results are desirable. At all events, it is a mode of colonisation peculiar to the age, and as such, an interesting subject of contemplation. Meantime we were drawing near Greytown, and speculations were rife as to whether the coffin-shaped boxes would have to be opened, or not. That such a contingency might occur, we were led to expect, from the fact that a report had reached New Orleans before our departure, to the effect that Vanderbilt had sent one hundred and fifty men to Omoa, in Honduras, but that in all probability their real destination was Greytown, where they were intended to arrive before us, so as to obtain possession of the Point, upon which the buildings of the Transit Company were situated, and which were a subject of dispute between Vanderbilt and Morgan, the present proprietor of the line. In the event of this occupation having taken place, we were prepared forcibly to eject the intruders, who probably would not calculate upon our arriving thus thoroughly armed. Great, therefore, was the excitement, as we neared the mouth of the river San Juan, and saw the pilot coming skipping out to

us over the bar, in his little cockle-shell of a boat, to hear the news, and greater still was our wonderment and dismay to learn that the Point was in the hands, not of the men sent by Vanderbilt from New York, but of the Costa Ricans, led, however, by a Captain Spencer, an agent of this same man, the most indefatigable enemy of Walker and Morgan. The San Juan river forms a sort of lagoon before entering the sea. On the northern shore is the town of Greytown, on the southern a flat spit of land runs out to the bar, and is called Point Arenas. Upon this are situated the Company's buildings, and thither were all glasses directed as we rounded the Point, and came slowly up to our anchorage in a state of extreme perplexity and indecision, for we could not see the Costa Ricans anywhere. At last we perceived a miserable bit of red bunting, said to be the Costa Rican flag, flying over a hut about two hundred yards off, in front of which was anchored a small river-steamer, and on board this craft, we were assured, was the redoubted Captain Spencer and his Costa Ricans. Immediately on this becoming certain, preparations were made for taking the said boat, which was in fact the one by which we had been destined to pursue our own voyage up the river. The men, who, from the moment of our crossing the bar, had not been allowed to show themselves on deck for fear of allowing the enemy to perceive the extent of our force, were now all drawn up on the lower deck. The coffin-shaped boxes were opened, arms and ammunition were served out to the men, who were now on the tip-toe of expectation. Indeed, we all looked forward to some excitement after the monotony of the voyage. While these preparations were in progress, and matters were beginning to assume a warlike aspect, Captain Cockburn, of H.M.S. *Cossack*, came on board to learn the state of affairs. He found a few peaceable-looking individuals strolling about the deck, and was assured that no violence would be resorted to. On the other hand, he expressed the utmost desire on the part of the British naval authorities to maintain a strict neutrality, in so far as the

rival claims in the property of the Transit Company were concerned, but at the same time wished it clearly to be understood that, in waters under British protection, no bloodshed, or destruction of life or property, would be allowed. As the capture of the steamer could scarcely be effected without a struggle, the partisans of Walker would have probably found themselves in a dilemma, had not the difficulty been solved by the prompt departure of Captain Spencer, who had simply waited to inspect our appearance, and not liking the proximity of a large steamer, which he had good reason to suspect contained a strong hostile force, he slipped quietly away up the shallow waters of the river, where it was impossible, without another river-steamer (which we did not possess), to follow him, and was no more seen. To add to the difficulty of the position, we found that all the river and lake steamers, to the number of seven, were in the possession of the gallant captain and his Costa Rican associates, and that all possibility, therefore, of proceeding up the river to join Walker, was at an end. This disastrous intelligence was communicated to us by various excited personages who had come down from Walker, and been present at one or other of the events of which they were the voluble narrators, and who now found themselves cut off from any possibility of return. Regrets for what might have been done were now idle. The curses heaped upon the head of the devoted Spencer but little affected that acute individual, who was now chuckling over his success, and strengthening the defences of the river; and while I shall leave my quondam friends to devise plans for forcing their way past these, it may be interesting to give some account of the manner in which an operation was effected, calculated so seriously to injure the prospects of General Walker, and to render the work of reopening a communication with him, from the Atlantic side, one of the utmost danger and difficulty. The following account, taken from the *Boletín Oficial* of San José, the capital of Costa Rica, is said to be derived from undoubted authority:—

"It appears that the Costa Rica Government, in addition to the army it had sent off to co-operate with the allied forces against Walker in Nicaragua, resolved upon organising an expeditionary force for the purpose of possessing itself of the river San Juan, wisely judging that the efforts made to dislodge Walker would be prolonged, if not rendered futile, as long as he possessed facilities for receiving supplies and reinforcements by every steamer from the United States. On the 10th of December this force set out, not by the Serapiqui river, as was publicly reported and believed, but by the San Carlos, another tributary of the San Juan which enters that river about half way between the lake and San Juan del Norte. This was done for the purpose of misleading a detachment of Walker's forces who were posted at Hipp's Point at the mouth of the Serapiqui.

"As this route is very little if ever used, the Costa Ricans experienced great difficulties in advancing, having to cut their way through the forest along a track where mules could not be used, and along which all the provisions and munitions of war had to be borne on men's shoulders. Six days were spent on the march, during which the rain fell almost incessantly. At last the 'embarcadero' was reached, and a few canoes were hastily constructed, and rafts made of trunks of trees rudely lashed together with vines and twigs.

"Thus these enterprising men, most of whom had never before beheld a boat on a navigable river, boldly embarked on the 16th December, to float down an unknown stream, to its confluence with the river San Juan, and thence to Greytown itself. It was indeed a perilous undertaking. Had these frail rafts, upon which 120 men had ventured, met one of Walker's steamers coming up or going down the river, the slightest contact would have been fatal to them.

"On the morning of the 23d, the expedition was hauled into a creek near Hipp's Point, to refresh the men, previous to attacking Walker's post of 50 men and 2 cannon. At that moment a steamer was heard coming down the river. The men were made to lie down on the rafts. It was a perilous moment. The steamer passed without any one on board having seen or suspected the lurking danger. A road or track was soon cut towards the flank and rear of Walker's post, which they silently reached. The signal (a single shot) was given. The Costa Ricans rushed with the bayonet with horrid yells upon their surprised foes, and in half a minute resistance was at

an end. A panic had seized them. Some were bayoneted—the rest sprung off the bank into the deep and rapid river. One brave officer (Captain Thompson) did all that mortal man could do to rally the men, but in vain—the onslaught was too sudden and overpowering to admit of a resistance. Captain Thompson only ceased his exertions after he received a second severe bayonet-wound. His very enemies, admiring his signal gallantry, liberated him subsequently at Greytown, where also they did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings. One man besides Captain T. was saved from the river, and five escaped into the forest. The rest are said to have perished.

"A sufficient force having been left to guard Hipp's Point, the rest of the adventurous band again committed their lives to the precarious chances of the river upon the same rafts, which had now become rickety and insecure. They arrived close to Greytown about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 24th. Here again fortune favoured them; for a steamer was just getting up her steam to ascend the river. She was immediately taken with three others. Had the expedition been delayed an hour later in its descent, it must have perished. It would indeed have been 'touch and go;' the slightest touch from the steamer would have separated the slightly-bound pieces of the rafts, and sent the Costa Ricans instantaneously to a watery grave.

"By dawn of day the steamers were taken, without loss, and the Costa Ricans also in possession of Punta Castilla (or Punta Arenas,) which they have always claimed as belonging to their country.

"At the same time, the inhabitants of Greytown became aware of the presence of this unexpected invasion. The place was soon in confusion and commotion, one party, the most numerous, threatening violence to the foreigners in the place (mostly Americans), under the cry of 'Viva Costa Rica!' However, the officers commanding the expedition discountenanced any and every hostile attempt against the inhabitants of Greytown, and left the place next morning in the captured vessels.

"In the mean time, the U. S. consul made an application to the officer commanding the British squadron at Greytown, to protect the property of Captain Joseph N. Scott, agent for Messrs Charles Morgan & Son, of New York, from a forcible seizure by a force of Costa Ricans under the command of Colonel Joaquin Fernandez.

"To this, Captain John C. Erskine, senior officer, replied from on board the *Orion*, dated 24th Dec. 1856, that 'he had taken steps, by landing a party of marines from one of Her Majesty's ships, to protect the persons and private property of Captain Joseph Scott, his family, and all citizens of the United States of America; which the officer of the Costa Rica force, now at Punta Arenas, also assured him should be placed in no peril.' Then, as regards the capture of the steamers, Captain Erskine, in continuation, very judiciously expressed himself as follows:—

"To prevent all misapprehension, I think it, however, right to state that the steamers and other property belonging to the accessory Transit Company, being at this moment the subject of a dispute between two different companies, the representatives of which are on the spot, and one of them authorising the seizure, I do not feel justified in taking any steps which may effect the interests of either party.

"With respect to the participation of a force of Costa Ricans in the seizure and transfer of the steamers alluded to, I must observe that these steamers, having been for some months past employed in embarking in this port and conveying to the parties with whom Costa Rica is now carrying on active hostilities, men and munitions of war; it appears that as a non-belligerent, I am prohibited by the law of nations from preventing the execution of such an operation by a belligerent party.—I have the honour, &c.,

JOHN E. ERSKINE,
Capt. and Sen. Officer.

To B. S. COTTRELL, Esq.,
U.S. Consul at Greytown. }
Dec. 24, 1856.

"On ascending the river, when off the mouth of the river San Carlos, (which, as before stated, is a tributary of the river San Juan,) one of the steamers was despatched to ascertain if General Jose Joaquin Mora (brother to the President of Costa Rica), had arrived at the embarcadero with the main body of the expeditionary army; and if so, to report the success of the expedition to Greytown, so that measures might immediately be taken for carrying promptly into effect the second part of the plan of operations. On proceeding up the San Carlos, five men, placed on a raft as videttes, became so frightened by the noise and appearance of the approaching steamer (never having before seen or imagined the like), that they plunged into the river, and were drowned in the attempt to reach the bank. The steamer then landed two men to cut their way through

the forest to the embarcadero, in order that General Mora might receive timely notice that the steamer was no longer an enemy, so that the probability of his firing upon her might be removed. General Mora was found at his post, with 800 men, followed by a rear-guard of 300, who have since also arrived. In addition to these, two transport corps of 600 men are alternately employed in carrying provisions, ammunition, &c., from the interior to the embarcadero.

"Having now the four river-steamers at command, the Castillo Rapids and the steamers John Ogden and Ruth were soon taken by General Mora. He then moved up to Fort San Carlos, which, with the large steamer and detachment of men there, was also taken by stratagem. Then the two lake-steamers, San Carlos and Virgin, not aware of these occurrences, came across the lake with passengers from California, and were also taken by General Mora, who generously sent the passengers on to Greytown in the captured steamers."

Such is the Costa Rican account of this very cleverly executed enterprise, which we have no reason to regard as incorrect in its details, as there is no doubt about the truth of its results. It was just at the moment that Captain Spencer had finished politely landing the Californian passengers, to the number of four hundred, above alluded to, that we made our appearance in the Texas; when, as he had nothing to detain him except a laudable curiosity to inspect us, he vanished as soon as that was satisfied. As there are no means of communicating across Lake Nicaragua, now that the steamers hitherto used for the transit are in the hands of the enemy, Walker must have remained for many days in total ignorance of the occurrence, which cannot but seriously affect his position; while, in all probability, the first authentic intelligence which he received of its details were, some weeks after, from the lips of one of his most tried friends and followers, whom I accompanied as far as Panama on his way to rejoin Walker from the Pacific side, and who could not have arrived at headquarters for a month after the capture of the steamers by Spencer. It is easy to imagine the state of uncertainty and suspense in which General Walker has been kept by this unexpected, and to him unac-

countable, cessation of reinforcements and supplies from the Atlantic coast. Meantime the effects of the blow have been somewhat over-estimated in Central America: it is generally supposed that the career of General Walker is terminated, and that in another month the invasion of Nicaragua by filibusters will become matter of history. Even if that be so, the episode will always be interesting; but if, on the other hand, the Americans permanently retain their footing in the country, every record of the earlier events of their occupation of it, and every incident in the career of their leader, will become valuable. Having had some favourable opportunities of becoming acquainted with these, I will briefly recount the history of Walker and his expedition up to this time.

The discovery of gold in California produced a rush from all parts of the world towards the western shores of the continent of North America; the remote position of the country, however, and the slender traffic with which it had heretofore been favoured, made the process of emigration one of considerable difficulty. Various routes were adopted by the hardy gold-seekers; some plunged boldly into the western prairies, and scaling the Rocky Mountains, arrived half famished at their destination; others hazarded the stormy passage round the Horn, and often never arrived at all; while a third section found their way across some part or other of that neck of land which connects the Northern and Southern continents, and which is now known by the newly-invented appellation of Central America. The facilities for crossing this Isthmus were offered at two points. At one place, between Chagres and Panama, the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific is only forty-eight miles, while three hundred miles farther north, and consequently affording a shorter route, the magnificent lake of Nicaragua, which is connected with the Gulf of Mexico by a navigable river, is separated from the Pacific by a neck of land only twelve miles across.

These rival routes have both been largely patronised by Californian passengers: the one by Panama, which was established some years before

the other, they now cross by railway; while in Nicaragua they ascend in steamers to the western shore of the lake, and perform the remaining twelve miles on mules. Four lines of steamers connect Panama and San Juan del Sur on the one side, and Aspinwall and Greytown on the other, with California and the Eastern States. It was not until 1851 that a company was formed, under the auspices of Mr Vanderbilt, called the Accessory Transit Company, for the purpose of conveying passengers through Nicaragua; for this purpose a charter was obtained from the Nicaragua Government for a transit route, in which it was stipulated that a certain annual percentage should be paid by the Company to the Government out of its net profit. In the following year the route was first opened, and every month hundreds of travellers, belonging to the most enterprising and progressive race in the world, passed through this magnificent and fertile country, and wondered no less at the extent and variety of its resources, than at the apathy and incapacity of the inhabitants, calling themselves civilised, who could allow them to remain undeveloped. A corresponding degree of astonishment was doubtless felt among the Nicaraguans themselves, when they found their country turned into a highway, which crowds of impetuous Anglo-Saxons traversed like those gigantic ants whose broad beaten tracks are to be seen in their own forests.

The contact produced results which were only natural under the circumstances. It became evident to the Nicaraguans, who had been for two years engaged in a bloody civil war, that the infusion of a little Anglo-Saxon courage and energy on one side or the other would terminate the struggle in favour of the faction who could secure it; while so tempting an appeal was not likely to be made in vain, to men who were only longing for an excuse to enter the country as permanent occupants, which they had coveted when transit passengers. But in order to understand the circumstances under which the Nicaraguans applied to the Californians for assistance, it will be necessary to glance summarily at the

history of the country for a few years preceding this event. In 1815, Nicaragua, then a Spanish colony, attempted an insurrection to throw off the dominion of the mother country. This, however, proved abortive, and it was not until six years after that Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, declared their independence of Spain. In 1822 they were incorporated with Mexico under the Emperor Iturbide. Upon his overthrow, which happened soon after, a federal republic, similar to that of the United States, was formed, composed of the five central American States, with a national assembly at Guatemala. Upon this occasion the republic only existed two years, the most important feature in its legislation being the abolition of slavery throughout the States; but it was reconstituted in 1829 by General Morazan, and destroyed by Carera; indeed, during a period of twenty years, all these States were a prey to a series of devastating revolutions, sometimes endeavouring to reunite, sometimes at war with one another, nearly always at war within themselves. In 1851, Honduras, San Salvador, and Nicaragua formed a union; in 1852 it was dissolved, and Señor Pineda was elected President of Nicaragua. In the following year he died, and an election taking place to fill the vacancy, Señors Castillon and Chamorro were the candidates. Chamorro by force of arms obtained possession of the polls throughout the State, and, defeating Castillon, banished him from Nicaragua. Castillon, however, who, as the democratic and therefore popular candidate, had a large number of partisans in Nicaragua, was not a man to be thus easily crushed, and, while an exile in Honduras, organised an expedition composed of refugees like himself, and with them marched boldly upon Leon, his native town. Here he was received with acclamation. Joined by crowds of political adherents, who are in these countries accustomed to enforce their views by blows, by them he was proclaimed Provisional Director of the republic; routed Chamorro in a pitched battle, and obliged him to take refuge in Grenada, to which city he forthwith laid

siege. Although commencing under such favourable auspices, success did not crown the efforts of Castillon. For eight months Grenada was besieged, and even after Chamorro's death the war was carried on by his partisans with so much vigour, and there seemed so little chance of peace being restored to the country, that Castillon eagerly listened to the suggestion of some American gold-speculators, that he should apply for the assistance of some Californians, who had already rendered themselves notorious by an unsuccessful expedition into Sonora, from which they had just returned. Of this expedition, which had for its object the conquest of the departments of Sonora in Northern Mexico, General Walker was the leader, and although his daring attempt at establishing an independent republic there had failed, he gained so high a reputation for military skill and prowess, that Castillon at once perceived the acquisition which such a man, with a few brave followers, would prove to his undisciplined and almost demoralised army. He therefore applied to Walker to know the terms upon which he and his followers were prepared to join the Nicaraguan army. The price demanded by Walker was a grant of land, fifty-two thousand acres in extent, to be selected from any unoccupied lands in the State. These terms were at once complied with by Castillon, and Walker lost no time in organising his expedition. A glance at the personal history of the remarkable man who conducted this daring enterprise may not be uninteresting. General Walker's father had been a banker in Scotland, and emigrated to the United States in 1820. Walker himself was born in 1824, but manifested a roving disposition. At an early age he graduated successively in law, physic, and divinity; travelled for a year in Europe; returned to the States, and became the editor of a newspaper in New Orleans; thence proceeded to San Francisco in California in a similar capacity, which he relinquished to take command of the Sonora expedition. On his return from this he entered into the arrangements above stated with Castillon. In stature, General Walker

is but little over five feet four. His features are described as coarse and impassable ; his square chin and long jaw denote character, but his lips are full, and his mouth is not well formed ; his eyes are universally spoken of as the striking feature in his face—of a singularly light grey, they are so large and fixed that in a daguerreotype the eyelid is scarcely visible. His manner is remarkably self-possessed, and some of his most intimate friends, who have been with him throughout the most trying scenes of his Nicaraguan experiences, have assured me that under no circumstances have they ever observed him to change countenance, even to laugh, or to alter in the smallest degree his slow and precise mode of diction. He is at all times taciturn, and when he does speak it is directly to the point. He manifests a contemptuous indifference to danger without being reckless, and altogether seems better qualified to inspire confidence and respect among lawless men than to shine in civilised society.

He is ascetic in his habits, and his career hitherto has shown him to be utterly careless of acquiring wealth. Highly ambitious, it is only due to him to say that his aspirations, however little in accordance they may be with the moral code in vogue at the present day, are beyond riches. Like the Emperor Louis Napoleon, he has a fixed faith in the star of his destiny, and like him he doubtless will be branded by the civilised nations of Europe as an unprincipled adventurer or a heaven-born hero, according as he fails or succeeds in his daring enterprise.

In the month of June 1855, Walker and his fifty-six were enlisted by Castillon in the democratic army of Nicaragua. His first engagement took place at Rivas, where, with a hundred natives and fifty-six Americans, he engaged the aristocratic or servile troops, as they were called, under General Boscha. The natives running away, the fifty-six Americans were left to fight it out, and were defeated, with a loss of twenty-two killed. Their determined resistance, however, produced as salutary an effect upon the enemy as a victory, as General Boscha owned a loss of 180 in killed and wounded. This

was followed by the battle of Virgin Bay, in which the democratic forces under Walker were victorious, and the reputation of Americans for prowess established. At this time the death of Castillon by cholera left the conduct of affairs almost altogether in the hands of Walker, whom the democratic leader had just appointed to the command of his army. A considerable number of recruits arriving from California, he now determined to take Grenada, which was captured by 110 Americans, with the loss of only one man, after having stood a siege of nineteen months against the democratic army under the command of sundry Nicaraguan generals. This decided the war in favour of the democrats ; and Castillon being now dead, Walker was proposed by some of the democratic leaders as president. This honour, however, he declined. On the 23d of October a treaty of peace was signed between General Walker and General Ponciano Corral, the commander-in-chief of the aristocratic army, in which it was stipulated that a certain Patricio Rivas should be named provisional president of Nicaragua for fourteen months ; that he should appoint his ministers of state ; that there should be a general oblivion of all that had previously taken place for political faults and opinions ; that the army of General Corral should be reduced to 150 men, and the army of Walker to the same number ; that the united armies should be placed under the command of General Walker, who should be recognised as general-in-chief of the army of the republic, and named such by a decree of the government. The signing of this treaty took place at Grenada with great eclat. The two armies were drawn up in the Plaza ; Generals Walker and Corral embraced one another in their presence ; and the heads of the new government were announced, of whom four were Nicaraguans, and two, including Walker, Americans. Thus, for the first time after an incessant internecine war of two years' duration, was peace restored to Nicaragua through the instrumentality of the American filibuster. Sixteen days after Walker embraced Corral in the Plaza of Grenada,

he was unfortunately obliged to have him shot there, in consequence of an intercepted correspondence, which has since been published, and which affords undoubted evidence of the treachery of Corral, who was in league with Guardiola and two other Nicaraguan generals to destroy Walker, of whom they naturally felt jealous.

The country being now in a state of profound peace, Walker turned his attention to the development both of its mineral and agricultural resources, and to the establishment of his foreign relations upon a satisfactory basis. President Rivas was a timid man, of no mental calibre and very little energy, and acted entirely under the dictation of his general and chief. It would be difficult to conceive a more interesting occupation than that to which Walker now devoted himself, in his endeavours to regenerate a magnificent but neglected country. He visited the gold regions of Chontales and Segovia, and circulated reports of their wealth far and wide; numerous decrees were passed guaranteeing life and property, extending immunity to political offenders, and holding out inducements to immigration; a department of colonisation was organised, and every effort made to attract settlers to explore for themselves the mineral and agricultural wealth of a country which only requires an enterprising population to enable it to take, when joined with the neighbouring States, an independent position as a Central American Republic—with a constitution doubtless constructed on very different principles from that of the United States, but which, wisely and energetically carried out, would render her a formidable competitor to the Northern Federation.

Secretly entertaining these views, which, however, he had not thought it prudent openly to express, General Walker induced President Rivas to send a minister to the United States, in the hope that his recognition by that Government would prevent the neighbouring Central American republics, who had already shown symptoms of alarm at his progressive tendencies, and the power he had acquired over Rivas, from combining to eject him from Nicaragua. The

United States Government, however, did not think that Walker's chances of success were at that time sufficient to warrant a recognition of the government he had been instrumental in establishing, and therefore refused to receive Colonel French, upon the ground that the condition of political affairs in Nicaragua was not acquiesced in by the citizens of that country. In consequence of this refusal by Mr Marcy, diplomatic relations between the government of Nicaragua and Mr Wheeler, resident minister of the United States there, were suspended.

The news of the non-recognition of Colonel French at once decided the hesitating republics of Central America; and Guatemala, Honduras, St Salvador, and Costa Rica assumed a hostile attitude. The insults offered by the latter to a peaceful emissary of General Walker resulted in an open rupture. On the 20th March 1856, the Costa Rican army met the force which General Walker had detached under Colonel Schlessinger, amounting to 207 men, composed of French, Germans, and Americans, and utterly routed them, Schlessinger himself being the first to set the example of flight: for this he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot; but he avoided his fate by effecting his escape, and he is now supposed to be serving in the Costa Rican army. The Costa Ricans followed up this success by a surprise upon Virgin Bay, where they killed a number of shopkeepers, and innocent persons employed by the Transit Company. They then attacked and succeeded in occupying Rivas, with a force of about 2500 men. One of the most determined struggles which has taken place during the war now ensued. General Walker, who happened to be marching on Leon, at once turned back, and with a force of only 500 men advanced upon Rivas. The battle commenced early on the morning of the 11th of April, and raged throughout the rest of the day with the greatest fury. General Walker lost the whole of his staff, and the Americans performed prodigies of valour. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 130, that of the Costa Ricans was estimated at over 500. Although

remaining masters of the field, the latter evacuated it eighteen days afterwards, and returned precipitately to Costa Rica ; the reason assigned in the public proclamation by General Cañas being the alarming outbreak of cholera.

Meantime General Walker determined to make a second attempt, to convince the authorities at Washington that the government of Nicaragua had the approval of its citizens ; and for this purpose he despatched thither Padre Vijil, a native of the country, who succeeded in inducing the Secretary of State to recognise him as Nicaraguan minister, although the political condition of Nicaragua was precisely the same as when, two months before, he had refused to recognise French.

It may be remembered that, before Walker's arrival at Nicaragua, a Transit Company had been formed by Mr Vanderbilt with the then existing Nicaraguan Government, upon terms which I have above described. Not one farthing, however, of the twenty per cent due to the Nicaraguan Government out of the annual net profits, which were well known to be large, had ever been paid by the Company ; and President Rivas at last, at the instigation of General Walker, upon the refusal of the Company to explain matters, or liquidate the large debt due to the State, abrogated the old grant, and regranted the route to fresh American speculators, who undertook, in consideration thereof, the transport of recruits for Walker's army from all parts of the Union. Long and complicated proceedings between Mr Vanderbilt, the Nicaraguan Government, and the new Transit Company, in which Messrs Morgan and Garrison soon became the leading men, now took place—proceedings which it would be tiresome here to detail, and which have already cost the United States Government endless trouble and annoyance. Their most unfortunate result, so far as General Walker is concerned, has been to make for him an enemy of a powerful, wealthy, and not very scrupulous man in Vanderbilt, who has now allied himself to the Costa Ricans, and whose daring and energetic agents have enabled those bastard Spanish troops to accomplish

a feat of strategy in the seizure of the river-boats belonging to the present Transit Company, of which they were otherwise incapable.

When so many events happen concurrently, it is always difficult to maintain a chronological sequence ; and in order thoroughly to appreciate General Walker's position at this crisis, it is necessary to recur again to the battle which had just been fought at Rivas. A short time before this event took place, with a view of conciliating the democratic party, the seat of government was moved from Granada to Leon, which had always been considered their headquarters, and thither the President Rivas went, leaving Walker in the neighbourhood of the town of Rivas. It was here that the weak president in an evil hour listened to the whisperings of Salhazar and General Hæres, influential leaders of the old party, who took this opportunity of inflaming the mind of Rivas with jealousy against Walker, until at last they induced him to enter into a traitorous correspondence with the Costa Rican Government, in which he assured the enemies of his country of his co-operation in any designs that they might entertain against the Nicaraguan army, commanded by General Walker ; and as an earnest of his sincerity, he wrote to Walker, urging him to come with all speed to Leon, to defend him from threatened attacks from that quarter, hoping thus to withdraw his attention from the town of Rivas, so as to enable the Costa Ricans to attack it with greater chance of success. General Walker, in compliance with this request, had scarcely accomplished half the journey, when he heard of the attack upon the town of Rivas. He instantly returned, fought the Costa Ricans, as above described, discovered the treachery, and proceeded at once to Leon. Here he saw Rivas, but did not tax him with his unworthy conduct. His close connection with that imbecile old man, and a certain regard he entertained for him, prevented his bringing about an open rupture : he simply informed him, that in consequence of what had come to his knowledge, he had determined, upon the expiration of Rivas' presidency,

to have himself nominated as a candidate. He then returned to his headquarters, and almost immediately afterwards, Rivas, panic-stricken, fled from Leon with those leaders of the old party who were friendly to him, and ensconced himself in the remote town of Chinandagua, thus isolating himself from the rest of his cabinet, and practically breaking up the government. Under these circumstances, Don Firmin Ferrer, one of the late cabinet, and a native of Nicaragua, was appointed president provisionally, until a general election should take place. This was held two weeks afterwards, and General Walker was elected president by the almost unanimous vote of the people. This was not to be wondered at, as the great majority of the inhabitants are Indians, violently opposed to the Spanish rule, and desirous of that of the Anglo-Saxons. Walker had scarcely been elected president, when Salazar was accidentally intercepted crossing the bay of Fonseca, on his way to carry out his intrigues in Guatemala. He was the bearer of a correspondence deeply implicating Rivas, and was consequently promptly despatched to General Walker's headquarters, who, upon receiving his admission to signatures to letters of a treasonable character, ordered him immediately to be shot—a sentence which was carried into execution without any unnecessary delay. General Walker now sent Mr Oaksmith to Washington as his representative, *Padre Viljil* not having been satisfied with his residence there, but the Government refused to recognise him. He has been followed by Don Firmin Ferrer, who is still waiting for recognition. Shortly after, in October last, followed the battles of Massaya and Grenada, the details of which are too fresh in the public mind to render any fuller description necessary. Though Walker was victorious, he perceived that it was essential to his safety to destroy the old capital Grenada, because it was too unhealthy to garrison with his own troops; and he no sooner evacuated it than it became a stronghold of the enemy, from which the transit route, so important to his position both in a military and financial point of view, could at any mo-

ment be threatened. This magnificent old Spanish city, which in its palmy days had contained a population of about 30,000 inhabitants, was consequently burnt to the ground. An old church, however, situated about a mile and a half from the lake's side, was spared; and here General Henningsen took refuge, with 400 men, some guns, and a large supply of ammunition, when he was surrounded by about 3000 Central Americans. The Costa Ricans were now allied with San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras, and the united force succeeded in effecting this operation about the 22d of last November.

The gallant little band, hemmed in by an overwhelming force on all sides, unable to escape by the lake, in the absence of means of communication, took refuge in the church, with the determination of protecting their guns and ammunition to the last. The siege lasted for nineteen days. Twenty-nine men, who were holding the pier, so as to keep open the communication with the lake, were betrayed by a Cuban, and cut off to a man. General Walker arrived in a small steamer, but was unable to offer any assistance, as all the men he could spare were engaged protecting the transit route. Meantime a fortnight glided by, and the situation of the garrison was becoming desperate; not only had every horse been eaten, but the most terrible methods were resorted to to sustain life. Day and night an incessant and galling fire was kept up on both sides. Various attacks of the enemy were met with most determined resistance. To add to the horrors of the siege, cholera broke out, which was increased by the impossibility of burying the dead; and the putrid atmosphere, and poisoned water, and scanty food, frightfully diminished the numbers. On the 19th day, of the 400 men, 150 only were left, and General Henningsen at last reluctantly determined to abandon his guns, and, with the weak and exhausted remnant of his men, cut his way through the enemy's ranks, or perish in the attempt. Upon that night, however, General Walker had planned his rescue, and Henningsen had the satisfaction of seeing a force landed in the rear of the enemy. This force, which consisted only of 175

men, forced their way over three successive breastworks, and after a most gallant and daring attack, formed a junction with Henningsen, though with the loss of nearly half their number. The allies, disheartened, drew off in despair, and occupied the following day in quarrelling among themselves, so that Henningsen was enabled to embark his guns without having a shot fired at him. Many of the sick and wounded from the siege of Grenada arrived at Greytown while I was there, and described to me in vivid terms the horrors of that event. Such was the position of matters at the period of my visit, and it was then said that Walker had altogether 1000 men in good fighting order. Since then, various attacks have been made, during the end of January and the beginning of February, upon General Cañas, whose headquarters are a few miles from those of Walker, but without any marked result. So long as the river San Juan is in the hands of the Costa Ricans, Walker will be prevented from undertaking any expedition on a large scale, while his army will dwindle away for want of reinforcements. It is possible, indeed, that by early intelligence we shall hear of the success of the filibusters, who have already attacked the Costa Ricans upon the river, and who may succeed in forcing their way up; but the protracted struggle has already had the effect of disheartening many of Walker's men, and it is now becoming doubtful whether, under any circumstances, he will be able permanently to maintain his position of President in Nicaragua. His ultimate success is clearly as much to be desired in a political point of view by this country, as it is to be deprecated by the American Government.

Ever since the disclosures by General Goicuria of Walker's real intentions, in which the latter frankly asserts that "Nicaragua is a great deal too fine a country for those d——d psalm-singing Yankees," the American Government has taken a very different view of his proceedings; they now perceive the danger that would arise from the formation of a federal union of the Central American republics and Mexico by Anglo-

Saxons. No sensible American ever either hopes or desires to annex to the United States these countries, containing a population of 9,000,000, who have vainly endeavoured to carry out republican institutions, and who, if infused into the United States, with the rights of citizens, to which they would be entitled by the constitution of that country, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Added to this is the opposition which would arise on the part of the North against the annexation of so large a tract of tropical country, involving slave-labour. The question for the American Government to consider is, whether it is preferable for these States to remain as they are, or to be incorporated into a federal government by Anglo-Saxons, under institutions by no means republican in their character, but adapted to the present peculiar political condition of the inhabitants, necessarily partaking of the nature of a military dictatorship. It is clear that such a government, springing as it were from a neighbouring republic, but so opposed to it in its institutions, would be highly unpalatable to the United States, but a source of satisfaction to this country, as proving that those vaunted institutions are not suitable to every clime and race; while, at the same time, we should find a counterpoise to the Northern Republic, and hear no more of its aggressive designs.

The magnificent resources of these countries, now neglected, would be developed, markets would be erected, transit routes innumerable established between the two oceans, and Central American questions, as between this country and the United States, set at rest for ever; that they have ever existed arises simply from the fact, that Americans generally are as ignorant of questions affecting the future of Central America as we are ourselves, or we both of us would know that it is impossible, from the nature of things, for either country to extend its possessions into a region destined, from its geographical position, to be formed ere long into an independent State.

AFOOT.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

"Always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known."

ROAM thus, brother of the staff! and thou shalt not only see, but know and feel! Roam with the hungry heart, with a heart hungering after beauty and wisdom, with a heart open to impressions of things great and small—from the grandeur of a mountain to the loveliness of the heather-bell, from the prattling of the child to the maxims of the hoary head—and thou shalt see oftentimes things which angels love to look on—sometimes, perhaps, things which make angels weep! See everything! Nature has no disappointments, no blanks, no failures. Her dullest, dreariest scenes will have beautiful revelations for thee, if thou have faith and patience. We were tramping once across a moor, bleak, flat, and swampy, the cherished home of solitary snipe and misanthropic heron. A thick mist hung around us, passing in on our breath and clinging to our whiskers; the shadow of smelfungus was creeping o'er us, and we had almost said in our heart, "All is barren," when suddenly the wind arose, drifting and driving the mist before it in columns and wreaths, and the sun broke forth in his might, gradually widening the orbit of his glory, darting his beams after the retreating clouds, and raying their watery dimness with rainbow colours. The glory above made us forget the waste wet swamp beneath.

Stay not thy foot at Nature's call! Let not the mountain-steep daunt thee! If thou hast no other pleasure, thou wilt feel at least

"The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil."

But who is there—surely none—of our brotherhood, that hath not felt the mind rise with the body, the heart spring with the foot, and the soul expand as it finds itself face to face with the mighty hills, symbols

of strength, and sees in their rugged, majestic, giant forms the grandest types of creative power?

Ever as we have ascended from height to height, and seen the world-picture grow beneath us, all its details of champaign, valley, wood, rock, and sea gathering and forming into one whole of expression and design, we have seemed to know why the tempter chose the mountain-top to set forth the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them; and have felt a glory in the common heirship of creation, which has absorbed, as the sun does the mists, all the petty desires and ambitions of mere possession in the one grand thought: "This is thy work, O God! and thou hast given to me, to all who look upon it, to walk therein, and to see thy power reflected thereon!"

Climb ever! Some manifestation will await thee: it may be at morn, at noon, at eventide, or at night; but bide thy time, and thy soul will not go away empty or unfilled. We have sat on the highest peak of Snowdon, whither we had climbed on our hands and knees at early dawn to see the sun rise, with a thick fog shrouding the whole world-vision save the few feet of rock around us. Even our comrade by our side loomed vague and spectral, like an erl king, a wild huntsman, or a figure in Turner's pictures. Faithless and distrustful, our heart began to rebel within us, as hour passed on hour, and still we looked into the same gloom. Our thoughts even turned regretfully to the breakfast-table at Bedgelert, and the cakes, the eggs, the fresh trout, which we knew about that time would appear thereon. Presently a lightness was felt to be permeating the obscurity, as though the spirit of the fog were being softened and brightened by some genial influence; and then, after a while, the dark shroud was seen lifting and

rising from off the earth, like a huge bird, now poising on its pinions, now flapping them heavily, revealing beneath a groundwork of green, patches of lake and woodland, and the dim outlines of hills. As it rose, and rose higher and higher, it seemed as though some enemy in the air were attacking it; buffeting and rending it, and swaying it to and fro, until, like a discomfited host, it broke and fled in rolling masses, or dispersed in light clouds, like flying squadrons, leaving no trace behind save some fleecy drift hanging to a hill-top, or mist-wreaths drooping over the bosom of a lake. Our time had come. We looked from Snowdon's top on one of those glorious panoramas, so complete, so perfect, that they seem worlds in miniature; a panorama wherein the different elements take not the eye singly, but blend in the proportions of design and unity. It was, indeed, a little world which lay below—a world of mountain, lake, and plain, belted and girded by sea and cloudlands. The valleys had melted away, or were recognisable only in waves and dips; the broad rivers had become mere bright meandering lines; the woods and plantations showed as green spots, and the towns as homesteads scattered o'er the broad expanse. But the height, which dwindled the smaller features, had mellowed and beautified the grander ones. The hills swept with a gentle slope, and rose and fell in graceful undulations; the lakes, dwarfed in size, though multiplied in number, shone like large stars in the sunshine; and over all, now sweeping in broad waves, now dimpling and rippling, now sleeping calmly, lay the wondrous harmony of light and shade. The sun was high in the heavens ere our thoughts again turned to Bedgelert and its fleshpots. We were scarcely equal, even, to appreciating fully the comic effect of a disaster which befell a Cockney who had come upon us during our tryst. Bowbell was all spick and span; he might have been sent forth as a walking poem by Moses & Son; he was stamped all over with "154 Minorities." But his glory was his hat, a bran-new gossamer, which he wore perched on the side of his head. We

had caught his eye, more than once, wandering with a glance of contempt over our well-worn tweeds and patched boots, and lighting especially on our wide-awake, bound on our head by a handkerchief. We had thought little of him, however, until, bending ourself to a gust which swept suddenly over the mountain-top, we heard a loud cry, and, looking up, saw Bowbell standing with streaming hair and uplifted hands, watching the gossamer, as it drifted down the mountain-sides, now hanging for a while on a jutting crag, then bounding on and on again, until lost in the depths below. We did our best for him by tying a kerchief over his head, turban fashion, and tried in every way to console him; but he would not be comforted; and the burden of his lamentation was ever, "that 'at, that Lunnun 'at."

He who climbs Vesuvius at night, stumbling over the heaps of cinder, bruising his shins, and scarring his hands against the rugged edges, would demand some higher compensation than to look on the dark sides of the crater cone. He will rarely find it, however, unless he wait till dawn, or the night be bright and starry. We did. Scarcely had we sat down to rest at the foot of the small cone, when we observed a great excitement among our guides, who, by violent gesticulation and vociferation, indicated that they observed something unusual in the aspect of the mountain, and vehemently urged a rapid descent. The very idea, however, of beholding even a partial eruption, at such a time and place, fixed us to the spot.

'Twas a fit night for such a scene. The air was heavy and sulphurous; the sky dark and murky; not a star shone forth in it, and the moonlight fell with a faint twilight gleam on the waters of the bay. There were soon signs and portents of a movement within. Heavings and loud rumblings were heard, as though a thundercloud were pent in the bosom of the mountain. The lava-stream grew live and turbid. The little wreaths, which hang ever round the edges of the crater, grew and gathered into one huge mass, which roared and tossed as it rose and rolled swift-

ly on, like the breathings of a spirit of evil, spreading darkness and gloom around. Fiery swords of flame flashed through and through the smoke-cloud, streaking but not lighting it; and these again were soon absorbed in one large fire, which rushed, strong and fierce, from the crater's mouth, raging in wild bursts and wrathful gusts, coursing after the smoke, and making the heavens lurid with that strange fearful glare which the soul associates with fire and doom. The roar within deepened; and the fire grew fiercer every moment, the smoke blacker and thicker; and then there was a sound as of a torrent bursting its bounds, as the rushing of a mighty wind, the sweeping of a tornado, and forth from the mountain's depths there gurgled floods of flame and storms of fiery balls, which shot meteor-like into the air, and then fell and rolled around us with all the force of red-hot shot. Ever and anon there would be a lull, a smouldering; and then again the volcano would send up its eruption of fire and smoke and ashes. Amid the grand and terrible features of the scene was one which had much of beauty in its effect. Ever as the mountain worked, the lava stream swelled and glowed, gushing from its outlet, and running in burning rills down the mountain-side. It has been often described as snake-like. No word images it so truly. Its glowing colours have the same brilliant fearful beauty which attracts and repels, its motion is so gliding, and yet so swift; and there is a serpent fascination in it, too, which rivets the gaze, though the eyeballs grow hot, and the brain burns from contact with the molten hues.

There was in our company a fledgling savant, who put a dollar in the lava to get its impression. He turned to some other object for a moment, and on coming back found that the coin had assumed all the appearance of a copper piece. Much and long he pondered over this metallic phenomenon. We had a clue to the mystery, as we had seen a guide hovering about, and shrewdly suspected that the dollar, with the face of Carlo Terzo in intact grimness and ugliness upon it, was quietly reposing in his

pocket. We marked that night in white, though our eyebrows looked for weeks afterwards as if they had been done with burnt cork, and our skin was dusky and grimed as a charcoal-burner's. Personal appearance was something, too, in those days.

We know of no influence more malign and ungenial, or which rises more surely as a thick cloud betwixt the soul and nature, than the sultriness of a tropic eve. The air is still, charged with heat and oppressiveness. The mind and body, enervated by the long contest, and not yet re-strung by coolness and quiet, are electric with irritation. The usual trials have all a double power. The sultriness seems suffocation. The mosquito stings with the venom of a serpent, and the rumpled rose-leaf has the torture of Procrustes' bed. It was at such a time that we once began to climb a hill in the island of Grenada, at the top of which a lake, called the Grand Etange, lies in the hollow of an extinct crater. It is not for the lake, though that is curious enough, that the ascent is generally made, but for the glorious bursts of landscape which at every turn meet the sight. Insensate and indifferent, we toiled upwards, neither turning to the right nor the left, nor once looking behind us. It was enough to endure; we could not enjoy. On reaching the Grand Etange, we lay down beside the margin until the coolness and the calm had soothed our irritation, and restored perception and harmony to the soul. We turned to descend, and stood in the presence of a tropic night. The moon and the stars did there indeed rule the night—not serve it. Theirs were the dominion and the power. They shone now with no flickering gleam or unsteady twinkle, but with a full radiance, spreading their sway over the blue waves of the ocean, which glowed and trembled with vibrations of light, flooding the cane-fields of the plain with a soft golden brightness, and lighting up the masses of foliage which lay on the slopes, and at the foot of the hill—here showing the tall form of some feathery palm, bamboo, or tall tree rising above the rest—here revealing

some opening where the vegetation grew thick and rich, or hung in garlands and wreaths of creepers from the branches of trees. It was solemn to look on the "vault of heaven studded with stars and nebulae;" on the earth, mantled with its rich vegetable covering; on the vast ocean, and hear no sound, see no movement in these great elements, save the steady flow of the moonlight, and the starlight, and the constant motion of the waves. At times there seemed to come a sound from the trees and the foliage—not a rustle, nor even a murmur, but a soft gentle waving, like the distant moving of wings. Beside this there was calm and silence. Long we gazed on this scene, and at the different turnings beheld it under new phases. About midway we were sensible of a movement amid the foliage, which ended in one of the most beautiful and novel effects we ever witnessed. At first, a few tiny sparks were seen rising between the leaves; these multiplied and multiplied, until myriads on myriads of fire-flies swarmed over the vegetable space, lying on it like a mottled beam, oscillating and swaying in bright sparkles and waving lights. It was a fine image of the force of multitude, this tiny insect by its myriads lighting up and covering the depths and masses of a tropic forest.

We have not brought forward these pictures as illustrations of mountain effects or mountain sensations. Travellers who have trodden the Himalaya and scaled Ararat would laugh at our mountains as mole-hills; but we introduce them as instances where patience and waiting on nature have been rewarded by grand and beautiful revelations.

The hills, too, have not only their sublime manifestations, but their associations. They have been the birth-place of free-born men and free-born thoughts, the refuge of freemen flying from oppression and wrong. They have been the temples whereon rude faiths have piled up their altars. They have given their boldest images to poets, and psalmist and prophet have found in them the truest symbols of God and His might.

As such, they will have words, thoughts, and inspirations for the

brother pilgrim, which will be worth seeking, worth finding.

Thou must seek the hills, but thy pathways will lead thee across the plains. Lesser in majesty than the hills, lesser perhaps in beauty than the valleys, they will have a dignity and an import in thy sight, as the arena of man's toil, the fields wherein he drops his sweat, plants and digs, that he may eat of the fruit of the ground and live. The first men were of the plains; there they led their flocks, there pitched their tents, sowed and gathered, and offered up their sacrifices. Thus they will have a sacredness in thine eyes. They will have a beauty, too, the beauty of luxuriance and fertility; the beauty of waving corn, of green grasses, of fragrant herbs, of running water, of clustering vines and tree-tops, rich with leaves and heavy with fruit. They have not associations of strong thoughts or bold images, but they are transcripts of primeval state—pastoral poems, eloquent of peaceful labour and simple destiny—types of Almighty goodness tempering the doom of toil.

Yet how often have they been scenes of strife and war; and how many of them, like Marathon, seem formed as arenas, wherein man might contend with man, and set his battled hosts in array. Even when man's hand and man's work are not visible, as in the wilderness of the prairies and the steppes, and the arid barrenness of the desert, thou wilt see in their magnitude and vastness a grand and terrible phase of nature. Humboldt says, if he might yield to the charm of memory, he would dwell on the calm of tropic nights—would recall the deep wooded valleys of the Cordilleras or the peak of Teneriffe. His soul had evidently its kinship and sympathy with the grand and the awful. We must confess that in "the happier aspect of the wild fertility of nature reclaimed to the use of man, fields waving with golden harvests, and peaceful dwellings rising by foaming torrents," we find our brightest pictures. We love ever to trace the hand and track the foot of man amid the works of God. The plain, the cultured plain, then, especially if it be watered by flowing

streams and shadowed by surrounding hills, presents to us the very perfection of nature's revelations.

Two pictures of this character—the Vega of Granada and the plain of Olympia—have a foremost place in our memory. There are vignettes and smaller sketches very precious and very dear to us, but these are our *chef-d'œuvres*, our art-pieces.

The beautiful Vega! in its beauty a silent idyll—in its romantic associations a grand epic! We see it now as it first appeared to us. A mass of sunshine hung o'er the earth, wavy with dancing mote and shot with rays and beams, which seemed as though they might have been the pathways of angels in their passage to and fro from heaven to earth. A broad long plain, encircled by a mountain rampart, lay basking in this sunshine, bathed in it, flooded with it. The sunshine lay everywhere—on patches of red soil now lying fallow, on the tree-tops, deepening the autumn tints of their leaves; on the waters of the Xenil, which passed with a silver gleam by towns and cities, through farmyards, vineyards, pasture-lands, now disappearing under masses of foliage, now darting again into the light. It fell on the mountain-sides with a mild gentle gleam, like the fading away of the more gorgeous brightness below; it glanced on the snow-heaps on their summits, making them shine like silver crowns, and passed in a stream through the dark passes and gaps which stood as gateways in the mountain-barrier. This sunshine followed us on and on, though mingling gradually with the shadows of the hills, as we drew nearer and nearer; until at last there stood before us, in all its beauty and grandeur, the city of the Moor.

The picture was most unique and picturesque in itself, and had been the scene of a history as unique and picturesque as ever was annalled in the records of man.

It was a scene on which the eye loved to linger; on which it would have wished to open and close nightly and daily—one which the soul would have chosen for the closing years of its commune with earth. And here it was that Gonsalvo de Cordova

spent the eve of his great day; not in seclusion or privacy, but surrounded by magnificence, hospitality, and courtesy, setting amid the radiance of former glory. After having lived the great life and done great deeds, to pass onwards into repose with the halo of achievement resting on him, and bearing still the impress of former state, is, we think, the grandest end of a great man—grand even than death on the battle-field. It is better than Yuste, with its scourges, eel-pies, and clocks—better than eremite cell—better than courts, with their petty intrigues and etiquette. Few seek such an end, fewer find it.

If we dared so far to scrutinise the design of creation as to think that certain spots had been formed expressly for certain events and certain actors, rather than that man had fitted himself and his acts to the plan of nature, we should have believed that the plain of Olympia had been designed as an amphitheatre for the gathering and assemblage of the Greek people, so perfectly is it in unison with the Greek character. We can imagine the Greek eye dwelling with the fulness of delight on the symmetry of its formation, on the beautiful proportions of its features, on the graceful undulations by which hill, plain, and river were preserved from the ruggedness, and the straight lines so abhorrent to his taste, on the clear defined effect of light and shade, and recognising therein his ideal stamped in nature.

When the Greek no longer wanted an arena, the plain fell back into the hands of nature, and is now so covered with wild luxuriance and richest vegetation, that it is hard to fancy how men could there have driven their chariots, coursed their horses, and ran their races. We saw it, perhaps, in greater beauty than the Greek ever did; for there must ever be more or less of sand and sawdust in all the spots where man sets up his exhibitions. Less soft than the Vega, the plain of Olympia is more luxuriant, and more perfect in form. We cannot define that form; its beauty consists in the absence of regularity, and in the harmony of the whole. The hills encircle it,

but not with rampart or barrier aspect. Each hillock of the chain seems to stand by itself, raising up its peak with a gentle swell towards the clear sky, and shooting out its spurs with a gentle curve into the plain; whilst betwixt them, deep green hollows, alcove-shaped, still more break the line into slopes and undulations. The plain itself teems with vegetation. The eye finds nowhere a bare spot. Even the patches of corn are overshadowed by the exuberance of the herbage and the wildlings which grow around. Far enough apart from each other to prevent their being taken for clumps or avenues, stand great grand old oaks—the generations perchance of oaks which had been marks and goals during the Olympic games. Covered by their own goodly garb of leaves, and garlanded and festooned by creepers, which hang around and from them, they stand grandly, like old priests with their wreaths and fillets. Throughout flows a river, winding and meandering in gentle turns, which might have suggested to the Greek the line of beauty he so loved to use in all his works. The clear bright sky from above throws here and there a well-defined, delicate contour of light, but does not, as in the Vega, suffuse the scene with the fulness of sunshine.

Olympia was more classical—more strictly beautiful; the Vega softer, warmer, more sunny. In the one we would have read heroic history—in the other, dreamed over poetry.

Ere we were half sated with the glory of the place, the flesh cried out, "I thirst;" and we turned to seek water up one of the hollows, which is supposed to have been the stadium of the foot-race. The ground was, however, so thickly wooded, so matted with undergrowth, that we could trace no outline. After a while we came on a small stream, but the water was so tepid and brackish that it repelled our thirst, and we turned away in loathing. At this moment we felt a touch on our shoulder, and on turning round saw standing beside us the wild ragged figure of a man, with matted beard, torn cloak, and holding a staff in his hand—a solitary herdsman of the

plain. He pointed with his finger to his throat, to show us that he understood our want, and then waved us onwards. We followed until he stood still by the edge of the same stream, and then scarcely a foot from it we saw a tiny fountain bubbling up from the sand. The water was delicious, pure, and cold as ice. We drank and drank, and ever as we stopped, our guide invited us by bow and wave of the hand to fresh draughts. It was his possession, and he was doing the honours as a host. These touches of courtesy, thrown over a dry crust or cup of cold water, have for us the truest grace of hospitality; and the simple, personal presentation of a poor gift like this has for us a greater charm than the parade of butler and footman and beat of gong, by which we are ushered to a banquet that is left to speak for itself.

Beside the plains we would place one picture of a valley, a scene in the sister isle, as scarcely second even to them. We had explored Killarney and Glengariff, and were seeking some more work for the wandering foot. Our host suggested the Blackwater, and it was then debated whether, starting from a certain point, we should go up or down the stream. Chance led us downwards, and thus gave us one of our most beautiful memories in the valley of Lismore. The view is here a leading feature, a chief beauty, not an accessory. We looked first on the vale from the old castle, which is built on a precipitous rock, and so near the edge that the turret window overhangs the deep waters which flow beneath. Dark and sullen lies the river there, yet how bright it glistens far away upwards to the west, in the rays of the setting sun, its waters rolling on the splendour in a broad sheet of liquid light, through belts of verdure and tree-clad slopes, all kindling with the same glow. With majestic sweep they roll onwards towards that barrier bank, and then, breaking into a dozen branches, form a fairy-like lake, with its cluster of tiny islets, each scarcely large enough for an eider-duck's home, yet gleaming with the hues of tufted herbage and emerald

shrubs. Then again the waters unite and settle in the gloomy pool which reflects the castle walls, and the overhanging boughs that cover its foundation; for not a foot of the old basement is to be seen, so many trees have sprung forth from its crevices to tapestry the rock with a leafy tracery. Blithely, and with freer, brighter impulse, the stream rolls on again through many a league of meadow, lawn, and park, now skirting the edges of thick plantations, now stretching boldly across the champain. A silver gleam is seen resting at the foot of the wooded height which bounds the horizon, and the river is lost to the eye.

The pervading sense of beauty left by this scene did not make us wholly insensible to the prospects of supper, as we returned to the inn in the town. "Could we have anything for supper?" we asked of our host. "Yes, shure!—what would yer honours like?" "Is there any bacon?" "Bacon—och! devil a bit; isn't the mate of the old pig all gone, and the young one isn't kilt yet?" "Eggs?" "Eggs! shure there were hundreds this morning, but hadn't Judy carried them all to the Youghall market—bad luck to it!" "Fish?" At the word Pat's face brightened. "Is it fish you'd be liking?—shure yer honours shan't want a supper while there's a salmon in the Blackwater; and maybe the sweet evening air and the ripple of the waters will give ye a better relish in ating it." Away went Pat with his tackle, and we followed, rather despondent at the thought that our supper was then waiting for us at the bottom of the Blackwater. However, Pat's hopes were realised much sooner than Irish hopes generally are, and in less time than we could have thought, he had hooked, gaffed, and landed his fish, which, by a process almost magical for an Irish kitchen, was soon served before us in rich creamy steaks. Whether it was the effect of Pat's romance, we know not, but the shadow of the scene without did follow us to our meat, giving it a relish and piquancy which come not of the palate alone.

Adventure and curiosity will carry thee to the mountain, thorough-

fares lead thee across the plains, brother! but thou must seek the valleys. Leave not one behind thee, or thou mayest lose a gem. How many arise before us now; rocky valleys; happy valleys; deep savage glens in eastern lands; the sunny vine-clad valleys of Italy; the wild dells of Cornwall and Wales; the soft vales of Devon. We dare not stay to picture them, or our paper would be a Marlborough House, too small and limited for the collection. They will fit hereafter, perchance, as scenes and backgrounds to our incidents of travel.

We need not advise thee of wood and forest. There is in our northern race a general love, real or feigned, true or romantic, for forest life and woodland scenery. Few men are so wedded to clubs, 'Change, or counter, but that they fancy once a-year, or at least once in their lives, that they could live like Robin Hood in the wild greenwood, or should like gypsy-wise to set up their kettle in some woodland glade, and lie rolling on the grass and basking in the sun, a sort of sylvan Diogenes. It may be perhaps that this is the old instinct surviving from Teutonic migrations; one of those instincts which centuries of civilisation cannot wholly rub out. If there be one luxury of nature sweeter, purer, and more unalloyed than another, it is that of holding commune with her under the green-wood tree. We know no delight to equal that of wandering in an old wood, sitting here, and lying there—watching how

"The enormous elm-tree boles do stoop
and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath,
Their broad curved branches, fledged with
clearest green,
New from its silken sheath;"

and how the giant beech and veteran oak spread their dark green layers of shades; or dwelling lovingly on the rich undergrowth, where

"Growths of jasmine burn,
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root, through lush green grasses
burn
The red anemone."

And where the violet lies in ambush, and the blue-bell droops its head, and the daisy with a hundred other

wildlings "looks up and laughs," and all the while the song of birds makes sweet melody ; insects pass humming through the air ; the leaves rustle gently, and the light slants softly and delicately through the foliage from bough to bough, to play in dancing, trembling shades on the sward beneath.

What could a man, whose soul and body were at ease, desire more than to lie thus, until hunger, cold, sleep, or some of the necessities of humanity, drive him forth? Did we wish to nerve our hearts for stern work or great enterprise, we would pitch our tent amid the mountains. Were we nourishing Arcadian visions or philanthropic schemes, we would associate them with the plenty and fertility of the plains. Did we seek impressions of peacefulness and beauty, we would bide in the valleys ; but to gain true tranquillity of soul, to revive gentleness and lovingness in the heart, to infuse a healthy vein of poetry into the thoughts, there is sought like a day in the woods.

Had we sinned against our brother seventy times seven, and craved his forgiveness, we would seek it at such a time and place.

We remember once casting off the burden of a materialism which had hung on our mind for months, and entered like iron into the soul, by a day's ramble through a cork wood in Spain. The shade, the stillness, the forms of the huge old trees which threw their gnarled arms into the air, or knit them together in leafy arcades ; the vistas made by forest openings and windings, had all an exorcising influence on the dark spirit within, and thoughts came forth, and feelings were stirred, which had long been strangers to us. Little groups of rural life strayed occasionally across the solitude. The tinkle of a bell would be heard, and then would appear a mule, the leader of a long train, all laden with charcoal, and attended by villanous-looking carboneros. There would be a rustle amid the brambles, and a herd of swine followed by a rising Gurth would burst forth grunting and scrambling for the acorns which fell from the boughs, and crunching them betwixt their jaws with all

the gusto of gourmandise. Now and then we should cross a wretched venta with a slatternly hostess knitting at the window, and a group of contrabandistas eating, drinking, or gambling inside. Towards eve, deep in the forest glades, we came upon a convent, ruinous and almost desolate. The gateway was destroyed, the outer walls broken down, the bell had been torn from the tower. Within, the picture was just as melancholy. The pavement was torn up, the cloisters were deserted, weeds grew around the well. One poor priest was now the sole occupant of the place ; he was the last of sixteen brethren, and seemed as though he should soon follow—sickness and poverty were fast wearing him away. Why should he tarry? what was there left for him, save to cry the Ichabod over the desolation of his house?

This picture of the monk and his house was little in keeping with the verdant, self-renewing vitality around, and yet the sadness and loneliness of the scene toned well with the sentiment of forest inspirations.

We love the trees in their corporations as woods and groves, and we love them, too, singly and individually. Many an old talking oak, garrulous beech, and gossiping hawthorn, "mere babblers in the land," have we met and held pleasant intercourse with. There have been old yew-trees, too, full of saws and maxims, which have preached us many a homily. As utilitarians, too, and political economists, we have had discourse with the trees which bear food for man, though we must confess that our practical philosophy has generally oozed away before our admiration for the beauty which many of these possess, spite of the axiom that utility and beauty seldom go together. Those old chestnuts—do we not think more, when looking on them, of the rich bursting blossom, and the fresh green scalloped leaves, than of the brown fruit which they shower down so liberally, and which is afterwards converted into those hand-to-mouth meals, eaten in squares and at the corners of streets? We fear, too, that we have often prized the cocoa palm more for its form and

carriage than for the materials it furnishes for man's use, or for the fecundity which supplies crop after crop to meet the wants of simple appetites. It is otherwise with the date. We never see it without our fancy being carried away to the history of those whirlwind warriors, who shook the kingdoms of the East; and who, in all their rapid marches and conquests, lived on a few dates and a little muddy water.

We have seen much of the olive in its own land, and love it for old acquaintanceship. Even the dull grey leaves, when lit into silvery gleams by the sunshine, have a charm for us. Whatever beauty it has, however, is of the sombre religious cast, and we should of ourselves regard it rather as the symbol of celibacy and seclusion, than of the fatness which makes man of a cheerful countenance, and of the fruitfulness which fills so many mouths with pleasant unctuous food. What oiliness, fatness, and fulness have come from that grave grey tree! A goodly jovial tree is the fig. It is a very type of plenty, a sign of fruit-bearing power. It seems to laugh in its lustiness, and to rejoice in the strength which throws forth leaves and fruit in

such profusion. We remember being once much struck with a gigantic fig at Santa Maura, which grew beside a fountain amid a wilderness of briars and underwood. As it stood towering aloft, ample and portly, flinging its strong limbs covered with broad fat leaves into the air, it seemed the very picture of a veteran rejoicing in the fulness of years, the fulness of vigour and productiveness, and delighting to cast far and wide the shadow of his own richness.

Rest we awhile from the contemplation of nature! We have tarried long amid the scenes which have fed our own soul with bright pleasant impressions, and for which we bless the wandering foot which led us among them. But to thee, brother pilgrim, we can only say as at first, "See everything—see for thyself." Only roam amid them with the seeking eye and hungry heart, and mountain, plain, valley, wood will not only have beauty for thee, but affinities and interpretations. Look on them as fitted and formed for this great drama of ours, and thou wilt better comprehend the purposes of God and the destinies of man. Turn we next to man and his works.

CHAPTER IV.

Whatever man touches, he marks with his glyph. On all his works, whether done by a single hand or by the collective will of a race, he leaves his sign, and stamps the impress of the feeling in which they were created; and this he does so unconsciously and instinctively, that they bear often a truer record of his character and purposes than his creed or code, chronicle or chronology. The more earnest man's feelings are, the more certain will be the mark he sets on his works. He stamps his faith with a deeper seal than his pleasures or his politics. He writes himself more strongly in his burial-places than in his marts or palaces. Such works, bearing such record, the wandering foot will find scattered over the earth in monuments and relics, tombs, cairns, and old ruined temples; laid up in

cabinets and collections; standing patent and present in the palaces, cathedrals, homes, bourses, and workshops of yesterday and to-day. For so often have the revolutions of the world swayed man to and fro, from barbarism to civilisation, that we can ever and again trace him through all the stages of his rise, progress, and decline. So multiplied, so varied, and so distinct are the records of his religion throughout the world, that it would seem as though every symbol of his faith, every form in which he had expressed his worship, had been preserved. From the mumbo jumbo of the poor African to the glorious temple of the Greek, there is no link wanting. From image to altar, from altar to temple, we can track him through every phase of belief.

Of the ruder forms we know none

more striking or expressive than the cromlech. It fitly symbolises the faith of stern-hearted, strong-willed men, which rejected mumming, tinsel, or images, and uttered itself sternly and grandly in circles and altars of massive unhewn stone. It is cited as one of the peculiar circumstances in the building of the Temple, that

"No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung !

Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."

More guiltless still of hammer or chisel was the Druid's temple. It owed nought to builder's skill or sculptor's art ; men's hands sought the materials from nature, and set them up, unfashioned, unwrought, unsculptured, in their own rude form, and yet not without a certain design and symmetry. We may ponder over these cromlechs, but not mock them. The religion they typified was too dark, too terrible, to clothe itself in ridicule or burlesque.

The most perfect cromlech we ever saw, we hit upon by accident in South Wales. In one of our wanderings, we saw in the distance a pile of rocks which struck us as strange and curious ; and we turned aside, as was ever then our wont, to see what this might mean. After forcing our way through a thick brake, and emerging into the open, we found ourselves in the presence of one of these druidical temples. It stood on a slope, in a hollow formed by an overhanging rock, and had evidently once been environed by a wood or thicket. There was the outer fence, formed of large stones placed side by side in a circle, with their pointed ends uppermost, yet without any uniformity of size or weight : one had fallen, another was broken in twain ; and this was all that time had done to them. This evidently enclosed the penetralia, for the space was too limited to admit a crowd of worshippers. In the centre stood the altar, three huge stones or masses of rock, two raised perpendicularly, the third laid horizontally upon them, with a slight slope towards one end. So skilfully had these stones been adjusted, that the upper one, during the long long years, had scarcely worn the points of those on which it

rested ; and so beautifully was it poised, that it rocked and swayed with the slight impulse of our strength. In all the pride of our science we look back with contempt on savages and the dark ages, and yet somehow these savage men, in those dark times, had intuitions of mechanism which enabled them to do things which we should stagger at. This altar was, we believe, meant rather for sacrifice than oblation ; and often, doubtlessly, had the human victim writhed and bled thereon ; and thence had arisen the incense of human blood which had, as they thought, such a grateful savour in the nostrils of their gods. This strange rude emblem of a dark rude faith had for us a deep significance, as one of the earliest manifestations of man's attempt to erect a temple and construct a creed.

'Tis a long leap from this wild weird scene to the three solitary temples, which "stand between the mountains and the sea" at Pæstum ; and yet there are similitudes and affinities which connect the one with the other. They—these temples—remain a lone and mysterious record, whilst of the palaces and streets which once were ranged around them, no one stone stands upon another. They, too, represent an early stage in the development of a faith, though not so early, perhaps, in comparison with the growth of the race, as the Druid monuments do. There is no terrible-ness typified in those stately columns—no bloody rites or incantations suggested by the elegant forms around ; and yet, whilst looking on these ruins, the thoughts naturally reverted to the darker memorials we had seen in other lands of man's beginnings in belief. Here we see the nascent idea of the beauty and the perfectness which afterwards expanded fully in the religion of the taste and the intellect. There the first conceptions of a worship fierce and bloodstained, unsoftened by art and refinement, nurtured in wilds and wildernesses—a worship of savage war-nurtured men, which, keeping its earnestness, became converted into the holiness and purity of a true faith. In both, we see man's first efforts to develop a belief. In one we have supreme

intelligence as the first principle, in the other supreme power. We see the beginnings, and we know the ends; we know how the religion of mind and art ended in extinction and deserted ruins, and how the race which began with Druid rites, and Druid piles, rejoices now in Christianity and Gothic cathedrals.

Apart from such thoughts, these temples had a great interest in themselves. Surrounded by the beauty of an azure sea, by green hills, marble cliffs, and a rich cultivated country, they stand immediately amid the waste and solitude of a desert. For miles the grass grows rank and wild; briars and brambles creep round the plinths and pediments, and the malaria keeps aloof man with his dwellings and cultivation. A few wretched herdsmen with their cattle hover round, but they have all, men and beasts, the sickly cadaverous look of things which had breathed and fed upon the pestilence. "Oh, they are nature's own," says the poet. Not so! They are man's,—still his, though deserted and solitary; and "theirs a voice for ever speaking to his heart."

We were not suffered to linger long about them. During our short stay the guides made us smoke incessantly, and take frequent pulls from the brandy-flask, giving us the encouragement of good example. Even after we had taken to our boats, they strove, by song and speech, and even by thrust of oar, to keep us from drowsiness, for in that poisonous air sleep is death. We need not turn, however, to different races and distant ages to seek the varied characters in which man imprints the signs of his religion. We find the contrast existing in the same country and the same faith; in the rude simplicity of the chapel built on the mountain cliff, and the rich chaste grandeur of Gothic cathedrals—the ideals of religious expression. We remember being much struck with such contrast once on coming from St Petersburg, and entering a poor country-church in our own land. The last we had seen was the Kazan. St Isaac's had not then reared its glories. It was a noble temple. The lofty roof, the spacious aisles, the double rows of red granite pillars, the gor-

geous splendour of the altar, were all in the spirit of magnificence, and would have been solemn in their effect, save for the banners, flags, and horse-tailed ensigns which hung from the walls, the keys of a captured city, and the baton of a flying marshal, which were fixed as trophies to a column, and which seemed to say that the church had been built more for man than God. The next we entered was a little village-church in the isle of Grain in the Medway. It was certainly the smallest, meanest structure bearing that sacred character we had ever seen. In many places the plaster had fallen from the walls; the pavement was broken; the few pews there were, were worm-eaten. There was no monument on the walls; no ornament adorned the ceiling or chancel. The congregation was of the humblest class. Not a coat or bonnet was to be seen in the assembly; the snow-white smock-frock, the clean loose gown and cap, were the principal attire of the sexes; and yet there was an earnestness in the responses, a fervour in the devotion, a seriousness in the faces of these simple people, which gave to the house in which they offered up their prayers a solemnity greater than flaunting trophies or splendid pageants could have imparted.

"That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd
and miss'd,

The lips repose our love has kiss'd."

Yes; that's hallowed ground where our dead repose; and not only our own dead, our own loved ones, but the dead of all ages, and of all lands. The body consecrates the spot where it finds sepulture. It is the strongest instinct of immortality, this anxiety man ever shows for the bestowal of his dust and ashes, and the sacredness with which he invests their resting-place. There are no memorials, not even those of his faith, more thickly strewn, on which the wandering foot more frequently lights—none are more varied or more distinctive of the thoughts and feelings of races. In how many forms does this reverence show itself, and each so illustrative of the time and the people, that by the aid of these and their temples, we might moralise, if not write, their history. The tomb hewn in the

solid rock was a grand simple form of sepulture worthy of patriarchal character. The thought of excavating, in the most solid and least perishable of nature's materials, a last home, where, laid in his linen cloth, and with frankincense and myrrh heaped round, and the stone rolled to the door, he might meet the dissolution of his humanity in silence and exclusion, apart from the tread of foot or hum of life, was consistent with the simple dignity of primitive man.

At the foot of Mount Carmel near the sea, stands a rock, the face of which is covered with these tombs ranged in rows, one above the other, with here and there one of more pretentious size. As we passed this place once, we saw, to our surprise, heads popped out, and children's faces peering through them, and found on inquiry that the poor people, in fear of the violence and ravages of war, had fled from the villages and the country, bringing their chattels and their children with them, and had taken up their dwellings in the tombs.

The principle of preservation, of warding off corruption as long as possible, of struggling against extinction, seems to have been the prevailing one in the sepulture of the ancients; and the idea of congregation—of keeping intact the community of a tribe or people, even in death—was also strongly manifest. To this we owe the pyramids and the custom of embalming, and to the more fastidious dread of the process of decay, urn-burial. This usage of reducing man's humanity to a little heap of ashes, and then compressing them within the limits of a small vase, has a repulsive and undignified effect to us. Nor should we be more inclined towards being embowelled and embalmed than Falstaff himself, and would rather submit to the common course of corruption than be preserved, tightened and swathed into mummy shape. We know not whether there was even dignity or grandeur in the apparition of the Etruscan king, which presented itself as a vision of royalty, with robe and sceptre, for a moment, and was then resolved by the first breath of air into a pinch of dust. The tomb we have ever

admired and envied most is that beautiful marble sarcophagus which stands on the sea-shore at Athens, with the Egean waves washing over it, the sun of Greece shining upon it, and the old memories grouped around it. Tradition assigns it to Themistocles, and tradition is in such cases enough for us. The tumuli in which the bones of old Scandinavian kings and warriors were found, lying with sword and spear, bracelet and circlet beside them, were sepulchres true to the Norse spirit. In the catacombs at Malta, in the old city, we see the principle of congregation most strongly instanced: we descend by long deep steps, holding a flaming torch in our hand, and find ourself in a large vaulted space, through which run streets with niches of tombs on either side, some of these niches holding groups of tombs, the sepulchre of a family; others having only one grave—that perchance of some lone man without kin, or who died the last of his race. And then again, there are chambers and compartments as though they were the divisions of generations—and thus we wander on for miles from street to street, through this city of the dead. It was a solemn thought this, of the two cities existing one above and one below—the city of the living and the city of the dead,—this removing of the dead out of sight, and yet keeping them in community.

So ancient are these catacombs, that there is no record, no conjecture even, of the people to whom they belonged. The ancients perhaps invested their sepulchres with more of solemnity and sublimity, but the moderns have thrown a tenderer sentiment and softer feeling around the homes of the departed. Their principle has been, not to struggle with corruption, but to cover over and surround its operations with the luxuriance and beauty of present life. Strangely enough, the men of the dark cold north, rather than the sons of the sunny south, have developed most fully the poetry of the tombs. We all know the green grassy mounds and tree-shadowed churchyards of our own land; and everywhere along the shores of the Baltic, and in the islands on the coast of Sweden, the burial-places are little gardens

encircled by fences of geranium and sweetbrier—the graves beds of sweet fresh flowers. In a land and among a people where we least expected them, did we find a most beautiful expression of that sentiment and poesy which the hearts of the living offer as a tribute to the shades of the dead. It was in a cemetery at St Petersburg, attached to the convent and church of St Alexander Newski. The church was full of the triumphs of life and the royalty of death. Czars and czarinas lay there in their state, with the signs of their conquests waving above them. We passed hence into a large open space, where slept the thousands who could only claim the turf as a covering for their dust, and the vault of heaven as the canopy of their mortality. Rows of cypress and drooping willows cast their shadows o'er the place, and the wild tall grass almost confounded the divisions of the graves. Almost all these graves were of turf—few were of stone. None were unmarked; the lowliest and most solitary had a rude cross at their head. Over some were placed sculptured emblems and allegories, which told, more truly and tenderly than lettered epitaph or inscription, the story of those who lay beneath. A bare tree, left of its branches, its greenness blighted, its trunk scathed and blackened by the lightning-stroke, bespoke the grief of a father mourning over the graves of a household—the lone heart uttering its plaint of utter desolation and bereavement. Near this was a softer touch of pathos. There was a tiny small mound; at its head stood a marble cross, beside which rose the figure of a rose, with its bud hanging snapt and broken from the stem, yet seeming even then to cling closer and closer to its support—an image of the young soul passing away in the beauty of its bloom and the pureness of its faith, unwithered, unblighted, unstained. We place these among the choicest thoughts we have culled in our wanderings amid the tombs.

It must be confessed that the voices which speak from our own grave-stones are seldom poetic, and that the sermons of resignation and morality which they preach are trite and unsentimental enough; but it is rarely

that the beauty of the place, or some chance feature or circumstance, does not redeem the prose and doggerel of epitaphs. Once, in a village churchyard in Devon, we chanced on a singular scene, in which man, man's work and nature, each in extremest age, were grouped together. An old old man, his long white hair hanging over his back, his limbs quivering with age, and his almost sightless eyes drinking in the light of a setting sun, sat at the foot of an old tomb, a mouldering mass of stone and rubble, with a broken slab on the top, from which every trace of letter or inscription had been obliterated. Above both spread a huge old yew, a giant in decay, its trunk shattered and broken from sheer age, its branches rent, yet still bearing a goodly crown of leaves. The man knew nought of the tomb or its tenant; his father knew nought, nor had heard aught from his father; tradition and legend had left it blank; it was a forgotten past to him and his generations; yet this tomb, in all its antiquity, was a thing of yesterday to the tree, from which generations on generations of men had cut their bows ere the being whose ashes it shadowed had begun to live his little span. These three—the man, the tomb, the tree—made at once a picture and a poem.

Ancients and moderns agree in linking the destinies of the living to the memories of the dead, by claiming the burial-place of a race as the inheritance of generations. We met with a strange illustration of this in Ireland. As we were trudging along on the high-road to Youghal on a winter afternoon, we overtook a funeral. The mourners were of the poorest class of peasantry. There were a few women in tattered cloaks, and men with sleeveless jackets and footless stockings. The coffin had a pauper look: we watched the procession for a while, and to our surprise saw it stop at the entrance of a stately domain. There was a slight demur, and then the gates opened wide, and the dead was carried through; and as the train straggled on through avenues and sloping glades, a wailing cry came back upon the wind. We inquired the meaning of this, and heard that the last of the lordly Geraldines, on selling the lands

of his race, had reserved the right of burial in their own ground to all his descendants for ever. This right had been religiously exacted, and whenever any one who could claim descent from this line, however poor he might be, died, the body claimed the privilege of this strange tenure, and the lordly owner of the vast estates was compelled perforce to see the funeral-train pass beneath his castle windows, and hear the ullagone cried over the grave.

The sepulchres of ages are fitting shrines for pilgrims' feet. Plant thy staff, brother, wherever they are found. Rest awhile amid their "monitory sanctities," and there will be for thee a foreshadowing of the last day. The dead will arise, their phantom shapes will move round thee—

"With dream-like motion, wavering, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow"—

and thou mayest hold commune in spirit with the men of all time.

Man has stamped his mark most strongly on his temples, most deeply on his sepulchres. He has left lighter traces, though still legible ones, on his abiding-places—on the scenes of his pleasure, his toil, and his homes.

The garden is the union of his pleasure and his toil. It was the primeval scene of his first toil, that light toil "of the sweet gardening labour which sufficed"

"To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy."

This garden, this Eden, is still the standard, and as man departs from or approaches to it, we fancy that we can trace him departing from or approaching that simplicity and naturalness which led him to wreath the grace of beauty round the harshness of toil, and weave the luxuriance of flowers and shrubs with fruitfulness. In his gardens we can mark the natural and artificial periods of his life. The straight lines and clipt walks of Versailles were reflections of the thoughts and manners of court and people. The roses of Grenada,

"Which not nice art

In beds and curious knots, but nature's boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,"

and the cool waters, which fell and murmured everywhere, made gardens which portrayed the gentle spirit,

and the love of beauty, abiding in the Moor.

How often, among our own poor, used we to see the efforts to grace toil by bordering the beds of leeks, onions, and cabbages with plots of roses, sweet-william, and heart's-ease! Necessity, pressure, utility, are making such efforts rarer and rarer. We see more of the onions and less of the roses. A garden, to be perfect, must be a place where beauty lives and food grows. We would not accept the sensuous description of the poet—

"And the sinuous paths of lawn and of
moss,
Which led through the garden along and
across,

Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate
bells

As fair as fabulous asphodels."

Nor would we adopt the utilitarian form of a garden of pot-herbs. More than once has our foot lighted on the happy mean, the happy combination of beauty and fertility. In a valley in the island of Santa Maura we found one of these fallen Edens. Trees combining every variety of form and hue were there. The fruits of almost every country seemed there to find a genial soil. Even the olive, generally so sombre and so senile in its aspect, there threw forth its boughs boldly and gracefully, and the groves had almost a woodland character. Ever as we wandered onwards was the same luxuriance, the same exuberance developed in a hundred different denizens of grove and garden. Orchards were on either side, and therein stood the orange and citron; the pomegranate and lemon of the East, quince apple, and fig were there; and the vine, with the freedom of a native, trailed and festooned itself everywhere and around everything. Infinite were the hues and infinite the shapes which tinted and grouped the pictures of the landscape. The pomegranate, with its small pointed leaf of pale cold green, stood perchance surrounded by the thick deep-coloured foliage of the orange and lemon, with the golden fruit gleaming through; whilst a wildling vine, springing up beside the trunk of a walnut, twined itself round the

branches, and then, clustering amid its hardy boughs and dark leaves, flung its tendrils on either side, embracing in turn fig, pear, or quince. The rows of trees on the road-side thus presented an avenue of hanging foliage, and the garden tenants revelled also in creepers, which, mingling with the briars in the ditches, formed with them many a natural alcove and blooming hedgerow. Fruit and flower, leaf and bloom, culture and wildness, luxuriance and beauty, were all here, wed and linked together.

In contrast to this, there starts before us one of those formalities in which an artificial age delighted to exhibit nature clipped and pruned, lined and ruled, trimmed into shapes and cut into figures. It is Queluz, the country palace and garden of the princes of Braganza. A long broad road, paved with pointed stones and shaded by a stiff avenue of trees, leads up to the gate, on which is inscribed the boastful name Queluz. Within, desolation and neglect have done much to hide and overgrow the formality, but still the original spirit survives, and the picturesqueness of ruin is lost in the ludicrous effects of artificiality in decay. In front of the palace, a huge rambling mass, with heavy balustrades, balconies, and terraces, stands a fountain with broken steps, and the water trickling feebly through one tiny pipe. The tessellated pavement of the courtyard is overgrown with weeds, and broken into holes and patches. Wildflowers and nettles spring up betwixt the marble slabs on the terraces. The ornaments of the balustrades lie like rubbish on the ground: the Cupids, the Graces, and the other allegorical figures, have all lost somewhat of their fair proportions,—some a leg, some an eye, some a wing. One poor Cupid is a perfect caricature of love. Poor fellow! he stands on one leg, and holds out his bow most helplessly in one hand. His nose, too, had suffered, but some zealous reformer had endeavoured to repair the damage by sticking on one of plaster, which gives to the boy-god a most unsentimental and anti-killing air. The ponds are all choked, and the gold fish have scarce water enough to swim in. The fountains, which in ancient days played in various forms, and according to curious

devices, now throw up through the mouth of mermaid or dolphin—'tis hard to say which—a few dribbling drops, which deceive the poor fish beneath with the idea of rain. The garden is a wilderness; the long wide alleys, once so trim and closely shaven, are now overgrown with weeds and tall shrubs; the hedges have grown out of the formal shapes, into which they were formerly cut, into others still more fantastic, and the parterres have been invaded by many a wildling. Art has everywhere lost its precision, and the liberty of nature but mocks its rack and ruin.

The homes of men, the hearths where they breathe and act their private life! Enter these, brother, whenever thou canst find an open door. We have ever found in them some type of the man within. We have sat in an Irish cabin during a storm, with the smoke blinding our eyes, and pigs rushing against our legs, and gained more knowledge of Pat at home than blue-books, or novels, or essays would have given, had we read on for years. We pause not now to speak of hut or cottage, tent or wigwam. There will be much to say of them hereafter, for it is the thresholds of such homes that he who goes afoot crosses most frequently. There is less individuality in the palace than in any other work which man raises. There is a greater sameness in modernised royalty than in common humanity. Its signs are of caste rather than of race. We have in our memory a confused jumble of courts and halls, of marble columns, saloons, tapestries, and gilded ceilings, but we cannot connect or identify any. If there be galleries therein, pictures, statues, works of the gifted, we need not say seek them out, and place thy soul in commune with the genius they breathe.

We say not much of cabinets and collections. They are generally stale and unprofitable, save to the hunters of curiosity-shops, except when, as in the museum at Copenhagen, they illustrate the history and traditions of a people. There, some careful hand had gathered from sea-shore, from burrow, tumulus, and armoury, all the relics which the men of different ages had left behind, and arranged them in due order. There was the

rude stone-anchor, with four holes bored in it, with which the savage first anchored his boat—the stone harpoon, rude and unshapely, with which he struck his fish—the two stones, first idea of hammer and anvil, on which he manufactured his rude implements. This was the age of necessity; man's hunger stimulated his invention. His next thought was to kill and slay, to conquer and rule, and henceforth we see weapons of war ever leading invention. And then we see the wooden dart, tipped with flint, and the first conception of the projectile in the sling and bow. Onwards we go, and now the insignia of power and rank share with weapons the efforts of art and skill. Rings of brass, crowns of brass, armlets, as well as swords, of brass, are found among the treasures which the warrior carried to his tomb. We are now with Odin and his heroes. Another step, and we find that man has lit upon the secret of iron, and applied it to the purposes of war. Cumbersome engines have been added to bows and arrows; breastplate and iron pot stand by sword and spear; and thus we pass on until we arrive at the shirt of mail and two-handed sword of the Teuton knight. Thus in thought we are carried onwards and upwards, through the ages and generations of men. There is an old-world delusion, which man clings to very fondly, and builds up and propounds most confidently whenever he has an opportunity: it is the idea that he has degenerated in size and stature; that there were giants in other days; and that he is gradually dwindling down into dwarfdom. The past is ever disproving this theory. In this very museum we saw proof on proof that man is very much the same now as he has been since the Flood. Ours is not quite a leg-of-mutton fist, and yet we could scarcely squeeze our hand into the hilt of Odin's sword. We are not a Goliath of Gath, and yet we did not think the knight's sword such an unmanageable weapon. We remember once being rather disappointed in the size and weight of an iron-studded flail, which we saw in the armoury of the knights of St John at Malta. A comrade, however, who saw it through

the focus of the old delusion, instantly exclaimed, "There's a weapon!" "It would task our degenerate thews and sinews to wield that, I think." "Eh, man!" said a Highland corporal who accompanied us, "there's a chiel in our company who can wurl it round his head like a wusp of straw." The men of our day, too, found themselves straitened in their ancestors' armour at the Eglinton tournament. Yet, spite of these evidences, the discovery of a few gigantic bones here and there is enough to revive the old fallacy, and set babblers prating of men whose heads did reach the skies. We had a friend in Wales—'tis long since we have seen his face or heard his voice, though we think of him oft—a very Hercules in size and proportion, a giant formed in perfect mould. Should his skeleton—long may he be in becoming such—be dug up by men of coming time, and taken as a type of his generation, well might they think that they had been preceded by the sons of Anak. He, too, was a brother of the staff—a man who roamed the world afoot. He was wont to tell a good story of the effect once produced by his great stature. He had arrived late at night at the convent of the Great St Bernard, and proceeded to reconnoitre the premises. With this purpose he rested his chin on the half-open door of the refectory, where the monks were supping. One looked up and saw this strange apparition, fell down on his knees at once, and set to at his beads and aves. Brother after brother was seized with the same ghostly terror, and began muttering and mumbling prayers and exorcisms, until our friend made his proper entry, and showed that he was no devil, and so calmed the community. Ere night ended, we believe, he had made such trial of the vintages of the cellar as had been permitted to few travellers. Rest we once again on our staff! The philosophy of travel has taken us far from our path, and led us amid the mazes of thought and sentiment; and yet without this detour there would be a gap in our wanderings, for to see and feel should be the part of the man who goes afoot.

THE ATHELINGS ; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

BOOK III.—PART XII.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was far from an easy achievement to get her safely conveyed up the stairs. She turned round and delivered addresses to them in most lively and oratorical Italian, eloquent on the subject of her sufferings by the way ; she was disposed to be out of temper when no one answered her but Charlie, and fairly wound up, and stimulated with Miss Anastasia's capon and Mrs Atheling's wine, was not half so much disposed to be sent off to bed as her entertainers were to send her. These entertainers were in the oddest state of amaze and excitement possible. It was beginning to draw near the wintry morning of another day, and this strange figure in the strange dress, which did not look half so pretty in its actual reality, and upon this hard-featured peasant woman, as it did in pictures and romance, the voluble foreign tongue of which they did not know a word. The emphatic gestures ; the change in the appearance of Charlie, and the entire suddenness of the whole scene, confused the minds of the lookers-on. Then a pale face in a white cap, a little shrinking white-robed figure, trembling and anxious, was perceptible to Mrs Atheling at the top of the stair, looking down upon it with terror. So Mamma peremptorily sent Charlie back beside Miss Anastasia, and resumed into her own hands the management of affairs. Under her guidance the woman and the boy were comfortably disposed of, no one being able to speak a word to them. In the room which had been Charlie's, Rachel was comforted and sent back to bed, and then Mrs Atheling turned suddenly upon her own girls. "My dears," said Mamma, "you are not wanted down stairs. I don't suppose Papa and I are wanted either ; Miss Anastasia must talk over her business with Charlie—it is not *our* business you know, Marian, my darling ; go to sleep."

"Go to sleep !—people cannot go to sleep just when they choose at five o'clock in the morning, mamma !" cried the aggrieved and indignant Marian ; but Agnes, though quite as curious as her sister, was wise enough to lend her assistance in the cause of subordination. Marian was under very strong temptation. She thought she could *almost* like to steal down in the dark and listen ; but honour, we are glad to say, prevailed over curiosity, and sleep over both. When her pretty young head touched the pillow there was no eaves-dropping ; and in the entirest privacy and silence, after all this tumult, in the presence of Mamma and Mr Atheling, and addressing himself to Miss Anastasia, Charlie told his tale. He took out his pocket-book from his pocket—the same old-fashioned big pocket-book which he had carried away with him, and gave his evidences one by one into Miss Anastasia's hands as he spoke.

But the old lady's fingers trembled : she had restrained herself as well as she could, feeling it only just that he should be welcomed by his own, and even half diverted out of her anxiety by the excited Tyrolese ; but now her restrained feelings rushed back upon her heart. The papers rustled in her hand ; she did not hear him as he began, in order, and deliberately, his report. "Information ! I cannot receive information, I am too far gone for that," cried the old lady, with a hysterical break in her voice. Give me no facts, Charlie, Charlie !—I am not able to put them together—tell me once in a word—is it true ?

"It is true," said Charlie, eagerly—"not only true, but proved—certain, so clear that nobody can deny it Listen, Miss Rivers, I could be content to go by myself with these evidences in my hand, before any court in England, against the ablest pleader that ever held a brief. Don't

mind the proofs to-night ; trust my assurance, as you trusted me. It is true to the letter, to the word, everything that you supposed. *Giulietta* was his wife. *Louis* is his lawful son."

Miss *Anastasia* did not say a word ; she bowed down her face upon her hands—that face over which an ashy paleness came slowly stealing like a cloud. Mrs *Atheling* hastened forward, thinking she was about to faint, but was put aside by a gesture. Then the colour came back, and Miss *Anastasia* rose up herself again with all her old energy.

"You are perfectly right, young *Atheling*—quite right—as you have always been," said Miss *Rivers* ; "and, of course, you have told me in your letters the most part of what you could tell me now. But your boy is born for the law, *Will Atheling*," she said, turning suddenly to *Charlie's* pleased and admiring father. "He wrote to me as if I were a lawyer instead of a woman ; all facts and no opinion ; that was scant measure for me. Shake hands, boy. I'll see everything in the morning, and then we'll think of beginning the campaign. I have it in my head already, please Heaven ! *Charlie*, we'll chase them from the field."

So saying, Miss *Anastasia* marched with an exultant and jubilant step, following Mrs *Atheling* up the narrow stairs. She was considerably shaken out of her usual composure—swells of great triumph, suddenly calmed by the motion of a moved heart, past over the spirit of this brave old gentlewoman like sun and wind ; and her self-appointed charge of the rights of her father's children, who might have been her own children so far as age was concerned, had a very singular effect upon her. Mrs *Atheling* did not linger a minute longer than she could help with her distinguished guest. She was proud of Miss *Anastasia*, but far prouder of *Charlie*,—*Charlie*, who had been a boy a little while ago, but who had come back a man.

"Come here and sit down, mother," said *Charlie* ; "now we're by ourselves, if you will not tell the girls, I'll tell you everything. First, there's the marriage. That she belonged to the family I wrote of—the family *Remori*

—I got at after a long time. She was an only daughter, and had no one to look after her. I have a certificate of the marriage, and a witness coming who was present—old Doctor *Serrano*—one of your patriots who is always in mischief ; besides that, what do you think is my evidence for the marriage ?"

"Indeed, *Charlie*, I could not guess," cried Mrs *Atheling*.

"There's a kind of tomb near the town, a thing as like the mausoleum at *Winterbourne* as possible, and quite as ugly. There is this good in ugliness," said *Charlie*, "that one remarks it, especially in Italy. I thought no one but an Englishman could have put up such an affair as that, and I could not make out one way or another who it belonged to, or what it was. The priests are very strong out there. They would not let a heretic lie in consecrated ground, and no one cared to go near the grave, if it was a grave. They wouldn't allow even that. You know what the *Winterbourne* tomb is—a great open canopied affair, with that vast flat stone below. There was a flat stone in the other one too, not half so big, and it looked to me as if it would lift easily enough. So what do you think I did ? I made friends with some wild fellows about, and got hold of one young Englishman, and as soon as it was dark we got picks and tools and went off to the grave."

"Oh, *Charlie* !" Mrs *Atheling* turned very pale.

"After a lot of work we got it open," said *Charlie*, going on with great zest and animation. "Then the young fellow and I got down into the vault—a regular vault where there had been a lamp suspended. It, I suppose, had gone out many a year ago ; and there we found upon the two coffin-lids—well, it's very pitiful, mother, it is indeed—but we wanted it for evidence—on one of the coffins was this inscription :—'*Giulietta Rivers, Lady Winterbourne née Remori, died January 1822, aged twenty years.*' If it had been a diamond mine it would not have given so much pleasure to me."

"Pleasure ! oh *Charlie* !" cried Mrs *Atheling* faintly.

"But they might say *you* put it there, Charlie, and that it was not true," said Mr Atheling, who rather piqued himself upon his caution.

"That was what I had the other young fellow for," said Charlie quietly; "and that was what made me quite sure she belonged to the Remoris; it was easy enough after that, and I want only one link now, that is, to make sure of their identity. Father, do you remember anything about the children when they came to the Hall?"

Mr Atheling shook his head. "Your aunt Bridget, if she had been alive, would have been sure to know," said Mamma meditatively; "but Louis found out some old servant lately that had been about Winterbourne long ago."

"Louis! does he know?" cried Charlie.

"He is doing something on his own account, inquiring everything he can about Lord Winterbourne. He does not know, but guesses every possible kind of thing, except the truth," said Mr Atheling; "how long he may be of lighting upon that, it is impossible to say."

"Now Charlie, my dear boy, you can ask all about Louis to-morrow," said Mrs Atheling. "Louis! Dear me, William, to think of us calling him Louis, and treating him like any common young man, and he

Lord Winterbourne all the time! and all through Charlie!—and oh, my Marian! when I think of it all, it bewilders me! But, Charlie, my dear, you must not be fatigued too much. Do not ask him any more questions to-night, Papa; consider how important his health is; he must lie down directly. I'll make him all comfortable; and, William, do you go to the parlour—bid him goodnight."

Papa obeyed, as dutiful papas are wont to obey, and Charlie laughed, but submitted, as his mother, with her own kind unwearied hands, arranged for him the sofa in the best room; for the Tyrolese and Miss Anastasia occupied all the available rooms in the house. Then she bade him goodnight, drawing back his dark elf-locks, and kissing his forehead tenderly, and with a certain respect of the big boy who was a boy no longer; and then the good mother went away to arrange her husband similarly on the other sofa, and to take possession, last of all, of the easy-chair. "I can sleep through the day if I am disposed," said Mrs Atheling, who never was disposed for any such indulgence; and she leaned back in the big chair, with a mind disturbed and glowing, agitated with grand fancies. Marian! was it possible? But then, Agnes, after all, what a maze of splendid uncertainty it was!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You may say what you like, young Atheling," said Miss Rivers, "you've a very good right to your own opinion; but I'm not a lawyer, nor bound by rule and precedent, mind. This is the middle of March; it comes on in April; we must wait for that; and you're not up with all your evidence, you dilatory boy."

"But I might happen to be up with it in a day," said Charlie, "and at all events an ejectment should be served, and the first step taken in the case without delay."

"That is all very well," said the old lady, "but I don't suppose it would advance the business very much, besides rousing him at once to use every means possible, and per-

haps buy off that poor old Serrano, or get hold of Monti. Why did you not look for Monti, young Atheling? The chances are that he was present too."

"One witness was as much as I could manage," said Charlie, shrugging his shoulders at the recollection; "but the most important question of all—Louis—I mean—your brother—the heir—"

"My brother—the heir." Miss Rivers coloured suddenly. It was a different thing thinking of him in private, and hearing him spoken of so. "I tell you he is not the heir, young Atheling; he is Lord Winterbourne; but I will not see him yet, not till *the day*; it would be a

terrible time of suspense for the poor boy."

"Then, if it is your pleasure, he must go away," said Charlie, firmly—"he cannot come here to this agitated house of ours without discovering a good deal of the truth; and if he discovered it so, he would have just grounds to complain. If he is not told at once, he ought to have some commission such as I have had, and be sent away."

Miss Rivers coloured still more, all her liking for Charlie and his family scarcely sufficing to reconcile her to the "sending away" of the young heir, on the same footing as she had sent young Atheling. She hesitated and faltered visibly, seeing reason enough in it, but extremely repugnant. "If you think so," she said at last, with a slightly averted face, "ah—another time we can speak of that."

Then came further consultations, and Charlie had to tell his story over bit by bit, and incident by incident, illustrating every point of it by his documents. Miss Anastasia was particularly anxious about the young Englishman whose name was signed with Charlie's own, in certification of the inscription on the coffin. Miss Anastasia marvelled much whether he belonged to the Hillarys of Lincolnshire, or the Hillarys of Yorkshire, and pursued his shadow through half-a-dozen counties. Charlie was not particularly given to genealogy. He had the young man's card, with his address at the Albany, and the time of his possible return home. That was quite enough for the matter in hand, and Charlie was very much more concerned about the one link wanting in his evidence—the person who received the children from the care of Leonore the Tyrolese.

As it chanced, in their strange maze of circumstance, the Rector chose this day for one of his visits. He was very much amazed to encounter Miss Anastasia; it struck him evidently as something which needed to be accounted for, for she was known and noted as a dweller at home. She received him at first with a certain triumphant satisfaction, but by-and-by a little confusion appeared even in the looks of Miss

Anastasia. She began to glance from the stately young man to the pale face and drooping eyelids of Agnes. She began to see the strange mixture of trouble and hardship in this extraordinary revolution, and her heart was touched for the heir deposed, as well as for the heir discovered. Lionel was "in trouble" himself, after an odd enough fashion. Some one had just instituted an action against him in the ecclesiastical courts touching the furniture of his altar, and the form in which he conducted the services. It was a strange poetic justice to bring this against him now, when he himself had cast off his high-churchism, and was luxuriating in his new freedom. But the Curate grew perfectly inspired under the infliction, and rose to the highest altitude of satisfaction and happiness, declaring this to be the testing touch of promotion, which constantly distinguishes the true faith. It was on Miss Anastasia's lips to speak of this, and to ask the young clergyman why he was so long away from home at so critical a juncture, but her heart was touched with compunction. From looking at Lionel, she turned suddenly to Agnes, and asked, with a strange abruptness, a question which had no connection with the previous conversation—"That little book of yours, Agnes Atheling, that you sent to me, what do you mean by that story, child?—eh?—what put that into your idle little brain? It is not like fiction; it is quite as strange and out of the way as if it had been life."

Involuntarily Agnes lifted her heavy eyelids, and cast a shy look of distress and sympathy upon the unconscious Rector, who never missed any look of hers, but could not tell what this meant. "I do not know," said Agnes; but the question did not wake the shadow of a smile upon her face—it rather made her resentful. She thought it cruel of Miss Anastasia, now that all doubt was over, and Lionel was certainly disinherited. Disinherited!—he had never possessed anything actual, and nothing was taken from him; whereas Louis had been defrauded of his rights all his life; but Agnes instinctively took the part of the present sufferer—the

unwitting sufferer, who suspected no evil.

But the Rector was startled in his turn by the question of Miss Anastasia. It revived in his own mind the momentary conviction of reality with which he had read the little book. When Miss Anastasia turned away for a moment, he addressed Agnes quietly aside, making a kind of appeal. "Had you, then, a real foundation—is it a true tale?" he said, looking at her with a little anxiety. She glanced up at him again, with her eyes so full of distress, anxiety, warning—then looked down with a visible paleness and trembling, faltered very much in her answer, and at last only said, expressing herself with difficulty, "It is not all real—only something like a— a story I have heard."

But Agnes could not bear his inquiring look; she hastily withdrew to the other side of the room, eager to be out of reach of the eyes which followed her everywhere. For his part, Lionel's first idea was of some distress on her part, which he instinctively claimed the right to soothe; but the thing remained in his mind, and gave him a certain vague uneasiness; he read the book over again when he went home, to make it out if he could, but fell so soon into thought of the writer, and consideration of that sweet youthful voice of hers, that there was no coming to any light in the matter. He not only gave it up, but forgot it again, only marvelling what was the mystery which looked so sorrowful and so bright out of Agnes Atheling's eyes.

They all waited with some little apprehension that night for the visit of Louis. He was very late; the evening wore away, and Miss Anastasia had long ago departed, taking with

her, to the satisfaction of every one, the voluble Tyrolese; but Louis was not to be seen nor heard of. Very late, as they were all preparing for rest, some one came to the door. The knock raised a sudden colour on the cheeks of Marian, which had grown very pale for an hour or two. But it was not Louis; it was, however, a note from him, which Marian ran upstairs to read. She came down again a moment after, with a pale face, painfully keeping in two big tears. "Oh, mamma, he has gone away," said Marian. She did not want to cry, and it was impossible to speak without crying; and yet she did not like to confide to any one the lover's letter. At last the tears fell, and Marian found her voice. He had just heard suddenly something very important, had seen Mr Foggo about it, and had hurried off to the country; he would not be detained long, he was sure; he had not a moment to explain anything, but would write whenever he got there. "He does not even say where," said Marian sadly; and Rachel came close up to her, and cried without any restraint, as Marian very much wished, but did not like to do before her father and her brother. Mrs Atheling took them both into a corner, and scolded them after a fashion she had. "My dears, do you think you cannot trust Louis?" said Mamma—"nonsense!—we shall hear to-morrow morning. Why, he has spoken to Mr Foggo, and you may be quite sure everything is right, and that it was the most sensible thing he could do."

But it was very odd certainly, not at all explainable, and withal the most reasonable thing in the world. "I would think it quite a providence," said Mrs Atheling, "if we only heard where he was."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The first thing to be done in the morning, before it was time even for the postman, was to hasten to Killiecrankie Lodge, and ascertain all that could be ascertained concerning Louis from Mr Foggo. This mission was confided to Agnes. It was a soft spring-like morning, and the first of

Miss Willsie's wallflowers were beginning to blow. Miss Willsie herself was walking in her little garden, scattering crumbs upon the gravel-path for the poor dingy town-sparrows, and the stray robin whom some unlucky wind had blown to Bellevue. But Miss Willsie was disturbed out

of her usual equanimity ; she looked a little heated, as if she had come here to recover herself, and rather frightened her little feathered acquaintances by the vehemence with which she threw them her daily dole. She smoothed her brow a little at sight of Agnes. "And what may *you* be wanting at such an hour as this?" said Miss Willsie, "if there is one thing I cannot bide, it is to see young folk wandering about, without any errand, at all the hours of the day!"

"But I have an errand," said Agnes. "I want to ask Mr Foggo about—about Mr Louis—if he knows where he is gone?"

Mr Louis—his surname, as everybody supposed, was the name by which Louis was known in Bellevue.

Miss Willsie's brow puckered with a momentary anger. "I would like to know," said Miss Willsie, "why that monkey could not content herself with a kindly lad at home: but my brother's in the parlour; you'll find him there, Agnes. Keep my patience!—Foggie's there too—the lad from America. If there's one thing in this world I cannot endure, it's just a young man like yon!"

Miss Willsie, however, reluctantly followed her young visitor into the breakfast parlour, from which the old lady had lately made an indignant and unceremonious exit. It was a very comfortable breakfast-table, fully deserving the paragraph it obtained in those "Letters from England," which are so interesting to all the readers of the *Mississippi Gazette*. There was a Scottish prodigality of creature comforts, and the fine ancient table-linen was white as snow, and there was a very unusual abundance, for a house of this class, of heavy old plate. Mr Foggo was getting through his breakfast methodically, with the *Times* erected before him, and forming a screen between himself and his worshipful nephew; while Mr Foggo S. Endicott, seated with a due regard to his profile, at such an angle with the light as to exhibit fitly that noble outline, conveyed his teacup a very long way up from the table, at dignified intervals, to his handsome and expressive mouth.

Agnes hastened to the elder gen-

tleman at once, and drew him aside to make her inquiries. Mr Foggo smiled, and took a pinch of snuff. "All quite true," said Mr Foggo; "he came to me yesterday with a paper in his hand—a long story about next of kin wanted somewhere, and of two children belonging to some poor widow woman, who had been lost sight of a long time ago, one of whom was named Louis. That's the story; it's a mare's nest, Agnes, if you know what that is; but I thought it might divert the boy; so, instead of opposing, I furnished him for his journey, and let him go without delay. No reason why the lad should not do his endeavour for his own hand. It's good for him, though it's sure to be a failure. He has told you perfectly true."

"And where has he gone?" asked Agnes anxiously.

"It's in one of the midland counties—somewhere beyond Birmingham—at this moment I do not remember the place," said Mr Foggo; "but I took a note of it, and you'll hear from him to-morrow. We've been hearing news ourselves, Agnes. Did you tell her, Willsie, what fortune has come to you and me?"

"No," said Miss Willsie. She was turning her back upon her dutiful nephew, and frowning darkly upon the teapot. The American had no chance with his offended aunt.

"A far-away cousin of ours," said Mr Foggo, who was very bland, and in a gracious humour, "has taken it into his head to die; and a very bonny place indeed, in the north country—a cosy little estate and a good house—comes to me."

"I am very glad," said Agnes, brightening in sympathy; "that is good news for everybody. Oh, Miss Willsie, how pleased Mr Foggo must be!"

Miss Willsie did not say a word—Mr Foggo smiled. "Then you think a cosy estate a good thing, Agnes?" said the old gentleman. "I am rather afraid, though you write books, you are not poetical; for that is not the view of the subject taken by my nephew here."

"I despise wealth," said Mr Endicott. "An estate, sir, is so much dirty soil. The mind is the true riches; a

spark of genius is worth all the inheritances in the world !”

“And that’s just so much the better for you, Foggie, my man,” cried Miss Willsie suddenly ; “seeing the inheritances of this world are very little like to come to your share. If there’s one thing I hate, it’s a lee !”

Mr Endicott took no notice of this abstract deliverance. “A very great estate—the ancient feudal domain—the glens and the gorges of the Highland chief, I respect, sir,” said the elevated Yankee ; “but a man who can influence a thousand minds—a man whose course is followed eagerly by the eyes of half a nation—such a man is not likely to be tempted to envy by a mile of indifferent territory. My book, by which I can move a world, is my lever of Archimedes ; this broadsheet”—and he laid his hand upon the pages of the *Mississippi Gazette*—“is my kingdom ! Miss Atheling, I shall have the honour of paying my respects to your family to-day. I shall soon take leave of Europe. I have learnt much—I have experienced much—I am rejoiced to think I have been able to throw some light upon the manners and customs of your people ; and henceforward I intend to devote myself to the elucidation of my own.”

“We shall be very glad to see you, Mr Endicott,” said Agnes, who was rather disposed to take his part, seeing he stood alone. “Now I must hasten home and tell them. We were all very anxious ; but every one will be glad, Mr Foggio, to hear of you. We will feel as if the good fortune had come to ourselves.”

“Ay, Agnes, and so it might, if Marian, silly monkey, had kept a thought for one that liked her well,” said Miss Willsie, as she went with her young visitor. “Poor Harry ! his uncle’s heart yearns to him ; our gear will never go the air of a phrem like you !” said Miss Willsie, growing very Scotch and very emphatic, as she inclined her head in the direction of Mr Endicott ; “but Harry will be little heeding who gets the siller now.”

Poor Harry ! since he had heard of it—since he had known of Marian’s engagement, he had never had the heart to make a single appearance in Bellevue.

Mr Endicott remembered his promise ; he went forth in state, as soon after noon as he could go, with a due regard to the proper hour for a morning call. Mr Endicott, though he had endured certain exquisite pangs of jealousy, was not afraid of Louis ; he could not suppose that any one was so blind, having *his* claims fairly placed before them, to continue to prefer another ; such an extent of human perversity did not enter into the calculations of Mr Endicott. And he was really “in love,” like the rest of these young people. All the readers of the *Mississippi Gazette* knew of a certain lovely face, which brightened the imagination of their “representative man,” and it was popularly expected on the other side of the water, in those refined circles familiar with Mr Endicott, that he was about to bring his bride home. He had an additional stimulus from this expectation, and went forth to-day with the determination of securing Marian Atheling. He was a little nervous, because there was a good deal of real emotion lying at the bottom of his heart ; but, after all, was more doubtful of getting an opportunity than of the answer which should follow when the opportunity was gained.

To his extreme amazement, he found Marian alone. He understood it in a moment—they had left her on purpose—they comprehended his intentions ! She was pale, her beautiful eyes glistened, and were wet and dewy. Perhaps she, too, had an intuition of what was coming. He thought her subdued manner, the tremble in her voice, the eyes, which were cast down so often, and did not care to meet his full gaze, were all signs of that maiden consciousness about which he had written many a time. In the full thought of this, the eloquent young American dispensed with all preamble. He came to her side with the delightful benevolence of a lover who could put this beautiful victim of his fascination out of her suspense at once. He addressed her by her name—he added the most endearing words he could think of—he took her hand. The young beauty started from him absolutely with violence. “What do

you mean, sir?" said Marian. Then she stood erect at a little distance, her eyes flashing, her cheek burning, holding her hands tight together, with an air of petulant and angry defiance. Mr Endicott was thunder-struck. "Did you not expect me—did you not understand me?" said the lover, not yet daunted. "Pardon me; I have shocked your delicate feelings. You cannot think I mean to do it, Marian, sweet British rose? You know me too well for that; you know my mind—you appreciate my feelings. You were born to be a poet's bride—I come to offer you a poet's heart!"

Before he had concluded, Marian recovered herself; into the dewy eyes, that had been musing upon Louis, the old light of girlish mischief came arch and sweet. "I did not quite understand you, Mr Endicott," said Marian, demurely. "You alarmed me a little; but I am very much obliged, and you are very good; only, I—I am sorry. I suppose you do not know I—I am engaged!"

She said this with a bright blush, casting down her eyes. She thought, after all, it was the honestest and the easiest fashion of dismissing her new lover.

"Engaged! Marian, you did not know of me—you were not acquainted with my sentiments," cried the American. "Oh, for a miserable dream of honour, will you blight my life and your own? You were not aware of my love—you were ignorant of my devotion. Beautiful Mayflower! you are free of what you did in ignorance—you are free for me!"

Marian snatched away her hand again with resentment. "I suppose you do not mean to be very impertinent, Mr Endicott, but you are so," cried the indignant little beauty. "I do not like you—I never did like you. I am very sorry, indeed, if you really cared for me. If I were free a hundred times over—if I never had seen any one," cried Marian vehemently, blushing with sudden passion, and feeling disposed to cry, "I never could have had anything to say to you. Mamma—oh, I am sure it is very cruel!—Mamma, will you speak to Mr Endicott? He has been very rude to me!"

Mamma, who came in at the moment out of the garden, started with amazement to see the flushed cheeks of Marian, and Mr Endicott, who stood in an appealing attitude, with the most crestfallen and astonished face. Marian ran from the room in an instant, scarcely able to restrain her tears of vexation and annoyance, till she was out of sight. Mrs Atheling placed a chair for Mr Endicott very solemnly. "What has happened?—what have you been saying, Mr Endicott?" said the indignant mother.

"I have only been offering to your daughter's acceptance all that a man has to offer," said the American, with a little real dignity. "It is over; the young lady has made her own election—she rejects *me*! It is well! it is but another depth of human suffering opening to *his* feet who must tread them all! But I have nothing to apologise for. Madam, farewell!"

"Oh, stay a moment! I am very sorry—she is so young. I am sure she did not mean to offend you," said Mrs Atheling, with distress. "She is engaged, Mr Endicott. Miss Will-sie knew of it. I am sure I am grieved if the foolish child has answered you unkindly; but she is engaged."

"So I am aware, madam," said Mr Endicott, gloomily; "may it be for her happiness—may no poetic retribution attend her! As for me, my art is my lifelong consolation. This, even, is for the benefit of the world; do not concern yourself for me."

But Mrs Atheling hastened upstairs when he was gone, to reprove her daughter. To her surprise, Marian defended herself with spirit. "He was impertinent, mamma," said Marian; "he said if I had known he cared for me, I would not have been engaged. He! when everybody knows I never would speak to him. It was he who insulted me!"

So Mr Endicott's English romance ended, after all, in a paragraph which, when the time comes, we shall feel a melancholy pleasure in transcribing from the eloquent pages of the *Mississippi Gazette*.

CHAPTER XXV.

This evening was extremely quiet, and something dull, to the inhabitants of Bellevue. Though everybody knew of the little adventure of Mr Endicott, the young people were all too reverential of the romance of youth themselves to laugh very freely at the disappointed lover. Charlie sat by himself in the best room, sedulously making out his case. Charlie had risen into a person of great importance at the office since his return, and, youth as he was, was trusted so far as to draw up the brief for the counsel who was to conduct this great case; so they had not even his presence to enliven the family circle, which was very dull without Louis. Then Agnes, for her part, had grown daily more self-occupied; Mrs Atheling pondered over this, half understood it, and did not ask a question on the subject. She glanced very often at the side-table, where her elder daughter sat writing. This was not a common evening occupation with Agnes; but she found a solace in that making of fables, and was forth again, appealing earnestly, with all the power and privilege of her art, not so much to her universal audience as to one among them, who by-and-by might find out the second meaning—the more fervent personal voice.

As for Marian and Rachel, they both sat at work somewhat melancholy, whispering to each other now and then, speaking low when they spoke to any one else. Papa was at his newspapers, reading little bits of news to them; but even Papa was cloudy, and there was a certain shade of dulness and melancholy over all the house.

Some one came to the door when the evening was far advanced, and held a long parley with Susan; the issue of which was, that Susan made her appearance in the parlour to ask information. "A man, ma'am, that Mr Louis appointed to come to him to-night," said Susan, "and he wants to know, please, when Mr Louis is coming home."

Mrs Atheling went to the door to

answer the inquiry; then, having become somewhat of a plotter herself by force of example, she bethought her of calling Charlie. The man was brought into the best room; he was an ordinary-looking elderly man, like a small shopkeeper; he stated what he wanted slowly, without any of the town sharpness. He said the young gentleman was making out some account—as he understood—about Lord Winterbourne, and being once about the Hall in his young days, had come to him to ask some questions. He was a likely young gentleman, and summat in his own mind told the speaker he had seen his face afore, whether it were about the Hall, or where it were, deponent did not know; but thinking upon it, just bethought him at this moment that he was mortal like the old lord. Now the young gentleman—as he heard—had gone sudden away to the country, and the lady of the house where he lived had sent the perplexed caller here.

"I know very well about that quarter myself," said Mrs Atheling. "Do you know the Old Wood Lodge? that belongs to us; and if you have friends in the village, I daresay I will know your name."

The man put up his hand to his forehead respectfully. "I knowed the old lady at the Lodge many a year ago," said he. "My name's John Morrall. I was no more nor a helper at the stables in my day; and a sister of mine had charge of some children about the Hall."

"Some children—who were they?" said Charlie. "Perhaps Lord Winterbourne's children; but that would be very long ago."

"Well, sir," said the man, with a little confusion, glancing aside at Mrs Atheling, "saving the lady's presence, I'd be bold to say that they was my lord's, but in a sort of an—unlawful way; two poor little morsels of twins, that never had nothing like other children. He wasn't any way kind to them, wasn't my lord."

"I think I know the children you mean," said Charlie, to the surprise

and admiration of his mother, who checked accordingly the exclamation on her own lips. "Do you know where they came from?—were you there when they were brought to the Hall?"

"Ay, sir, I know—no man better," said Morrall. "Sally was the woman—all along of my lord's man that she was keeping company with the same time, little knowing, poor soul, what she was to come to, that brought them unfortunate babbies out of London. I don't know no more. Sally's opinion was, they came out o' foreign parts afore that; for the nurse they had with them, Sally said, was some outlandish kind of a Portugee."

"A Portugee!" exclaimed both the listeners in dismay, but Charlie added immediately, "What made your sister suppose she was a Portugee?"

"Well, sir, she was one of them foreign kind of folks—but noways like my lady's French maid, Sally said—so taking thought what she was, a cousin of ours that's a sailor made no doubt but she was a Portugee—so she give up the little things to Sally, not one of them able to say a word to each other; for the foreign woman, poor soul, knew no English, and Sally brought down the babbies to the Hall."

"Does your sister live at Winterbourne?" asked Charlie.

"What, Sally, sir? poor soul!" said John Morrall, "to her grief she married my lord's man, again, all we could say, and he went pure to the bad, as was to be seen of him, and listed—and now she's off in Ireland with the regiment, a poor creature as you could see—five children, ma'am, alive, and she's had ten; always striving to do her best, but never

able, poor soul, to keep a decent gown to her back."

"Will you tell me where she is?" said Charlie, while his mother went hospitably away to bring a glass of wine, a rare and unusual dainty, for the refreshment of this most welcome visitor—"there is an inquiry going on at present, and her evidence might be of great value; it will be good for her, don't fear. Let me know where she is."

While Charlie took down the address, his mother, with her own hand, served Mr John Morrall with a slice of cake and a comfortable glass of port-wine. "But I am sure you are comfortable yourself—you look so, at least."

"I am in the green-grocery trade," said their visitor, putting up his hand again with "his respects," "and got a good wife and three as likely childer as a man could desire. It ain't just as easy as it might be keeping all things square, but we always get on; and lord! if folks had no crosses, they'd ne'er know they were born. Look at Sally, there's a picture!—and it, says I, don't become such like as us to complain."

Finally, having finished his refreshment, and left his own address with a supplementary note, and touch of the forehead—"It ain't very far off; glad to serve you, ma'am"—Mr John Morrall withdrew. Then Charlie returned to his papers, but not quite so composedly as usual. "Put up my travelling-bag, mother," said Charlie, after a few ineffectual attempts to resume; "I'll not write any more to-night; it's just nine o'clock. I'll step over and see old Foggo, and be off to Ireland to-morrow, without delay."

CHAPTER XXVI.

April, as cloudless and almost as warm as summer, a day when all the spring was swelling sweet in all the young buds and primroses, and the broad dewy country smiled and glistened under the rising of that sun, which day by day shone warmer and fuller on the woods and on the fields. But the point of interest was

not the country; it was not a spring festival which drew so many interested faces along the high-road. An expectation not half so amiable was abroad among the gentry of Banburyshire—a great many people, quite an unusual crowd, took their way to the spring assizes to listen to a trial which was not at all important on its

own account. The defendants were not even known among the country people, nor was there much curiosity about them. It was a family quarrel which roused the kind and amiable expectations of all these excellent people,—The Honourable Anastasia Rivers against Lord Winterbourne. It was popularly anticipated that Miss Anastasia herself was to appear in the witness-box, and everybody who knew the belligerents, delighted at the prospect of mischief, hastened to be present at the fight.

And there was a universal gathering, besides, of all the people more immediately interested in this beginning of the war. Lord Winterbourne himself, with a certain ghastly levity in his demeanour, which sat ill upon his bloodless face, and accorded still worse with the mourner's dress which he wore, graced the bench. Charlie Atheling sat in his proper place below, as agent for the defendant, within reach of the counsel for the same. His mother and sisters were with Miss Anastasia, in a very favourable place for seeing and hearing; the Rector was not far from them, very much interested, but exceedingly surprised at the unchanging paleness of Agnes, and the obstinacy with which she refused to meet his eye; for that she avoided him, and seemed overwhelmed by some secret and uncommunicated mystery, which no one else, even in her own family, shared, was clear enough to a perception quickened by the extreme "interest" which Lionel Rivers felt in Agnes Atheling. Even Rachel had been brought thither in the train of Miss Anastasia; and though rather disturbed by her position, and by the disagreeable and somewhat terrifying consciousness of being observed by Lord Winterbourne, in whose presence she had not been before, since the time she left the Hall—Rachel, with her veil over her face, had a certain timid enjoyment of the bustle and novelty of the scene. Louis, too, was there, sent down on the previous night with a commission from Mr Foggo; there was no one wanting. The two or three who knew the tactics of the day, awaited their disclosure with great secret excitement, speculating

upon their effect; and those who did not, looked on eagerly with interest and anxiety and hope.

Only Agnes sat drawing back from them, between her mother and sister, letting her veil hang with a pitiful unconcern in thick double folds half over her pale face. She did not care to lift her eyes; she looked heavy, wretched, spiritless; she could not keep her thoughts upon the smiling side of the picture; she thought only of the sudden blow about to fall—of the bitter sense of deception and craftiness, of the overwhelming disappointment which this day must bring forth.

The case commenced. Lord Winterbourne's counsel stated the plea of his noble client; it did not occupy a very long time, for no one supposed it very important. The statement was, that Miss Bridget Atheling had been presented by the late Lord Winterbourne with a life-interest in the little property involved; that the Old Wood Lodge, the only property in the immediate neighbourhood which was not in the peaceful possession of Lord Winterbourne, had never been separated or alienated from the estate; that, in fact, the gift to Miss Bridget was a mere tenant's claim upon the house during her lifetime, with no power of bequest whatever; and the present Lord Winterbourne's toleration of its brief occupancy by the persons in possession, was merely a good-humoured carelessness on the part of his lordship of a matter not sufficiently important to occupy his thoughts. The only evidence offered was the distinct enumeration of the Old Wood Lodge along with the Old Wood House, and the cottages in the village of Winterbourne as in possession of the family at the accession of the late lord; and the learned gentleman concluded his case by declaring that he confidently challenged his opponent to produce any deed or document whatever which so much as implied that the property had been bestowed upon Bridget Atheling. No deed of gift—no conveyance—nothing whatever in the shape of title-deeds, he was confident, existed to support the claim of the defendant; a claim which, if it

was not a direct attempt to profit by the inadvertence of his noble client, was certainly a very ugly and startling mistake.

So far everything was brief enough, and conclusive enough, as it appeared. The audience was decidedly disappointed: if the answer was after this style, there was no "fun" to be expected, and it had been an entire hoax which seduced the Banburyshire notabilities to waste the April afternoon in a crowded court-house. But Miss Anastasia, swelling with anxiety and yet with triumph, was visible to every one; visible also to one eye was something very different—Agnes, pale, shrinking, closing her eyes, looking as if she would faint. The Rector made his way behind, and spoke to her anxiously. He was afraid she was ill; could he assist her through the crowd? Agnes turned her face to him for a moment, and her eyes, which looked so dilated and pitiful, but only said "No, no," in a hurried whisper, and turned again. The counsel on the other side had risen, and was about to begin the defence.

"My learned brother is correct, and doubtless knows himself to be so," said the advocate of the Athelings. "We have no deed to produce, though we have something nearly as good; but, my lord, I am instructed suddenly to change the entire ground of my plea. Certain information which has come to the knowledge of my clients, but which it was not their wish to make public at present, has been now communicated to me; and I beg to object at once to the further progress of the suit, on a ground which your lordship will at once acknowledge to be just and forcible. I assert that the present bearer of the title is not the true Lord Winterbourne."

There rose immediately a hum and murmur of the strangest character—not applause, not disapproval—simple consternation, so extreme that no one could restrain its utterance. People rose up and stared at the speaker, as if he had been seized with sudden madness in their presence; then there ensued a scene of much tumult and agitation. The judges on the bench interposed indignantly.

The counsel for Lord Winterbourne sprang to his feet, appealing with excitement to their lordships—was this to be permitted? Even the audience, Lord Winterbourne's neighbours, who had no love for him, pressed forward as if to support him in this crisis, and with resentment and disapproval looked upon Miss Anastasia, to whom every one turned instinctively, as to a conspirator who had overshot the mark. It was scarcely possible for the daring speaker to gain himself a hearing. When he did so, at last, it was rather as a culprit than an accuser. But even the frown of a chief-justice did not appal a man who held Charlie Athelings's papers in his hands; he was heard again, declaring, with force and dignity, that he was incapable of making such a statement without proofs in his possession which put it beyond controversy. He begged but a moment's patience, in justice to himself and to his client, while he placed an abstract of the case and the evidence in their lordships' hands.

Then to the sudden hum and stir, which the officials of the court had not been able to put down, succeeded that total, strange, almost appalling stillness of a crowd, which is so very impressive at all times. While the judges consulted together, looking keenly over these mysterious papers, almost every eye among the spectators was riveted upon them. No one noticed even Lord Winterbourne, who stood up in his place unconsciously, overlooking them all, quite unaware of the prominence and singularity of his position, gazing before him with a motionless blank stare, like a man looking into the face of Fate. The auditors waited almost breathless for the decision of the law. That anything so wild and startling could ever be taken into consideration by those grave authorities was of itself extraordinary; and as the consultation was prolonged, the anxiety grew gradually greater. Could there be reality in it? could it be true?

At last the elder judge broke the silence. "This is a very serious statement," he said: "of course, it involves issues much more important than the present question. As fur-

ther proceedings will doubtless be grounded on these documents, it is our opinion that the hearing of this case had better be adjourned."

Lord Winterbourne seated himself when he heard the voice—it broke the spell; but not so Louis, who stood beneath, alone, looking straight up at the speaker in his judicial throne. The truth flashed to the mind of Louis like a gleam of lightning. He did not ask a question, though Charlie was close by him; he did not turn his head, though Miss Anastasia was within reach of his eye; his whole brain seemed to burn and glow; the veins swelled upon his forehead; he raised up his head for air, for breath, like a man overwhelmed; he did not see how the gaze of half the assembly began to be attracted to himself. In this sudden pause he stood still, following out the conviction which burst upon him—this conviction, which suddenly, like a sunbeam, made all things clear. Wrong as he had been in the details, his imagination was true as the most unerring judgment. For what child in the world was it so much this man's interest to disgrace and disable as the child whose

rights he usurped—his brother's lawful heir? This silence was like a lifetime to Louis, but it ended in a moment. Some confused talking followed—objections on the part of Lord Winterbourne's representative, which were overruled; and then another case was called—a common little contest touching mere lands and houses—and every one awoke, as at the touch of a disenchanting rod, to the common pale daylight and common controversy, as from a dream.

Then the people streamed out in agitated groups, some retaining their first impulse of contradiction and resentment; others giving up at once, and receiving the decision of the judges as final. Then Agnes looked back, with a sick and trembling anxiety, for the Rector. The Rector was gone; and they all followed one after another, silent in the great tremor of their excitement. When they came to the open air, Marian began to ask questions eagerly, and Rachel to cry behind her veil, and cast woeful wistful looks at Miss Anastasia. What was it? what was the matter? was it anything about Louis? who was Lord Winterbourne?

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I do not know how he takes it, mother," said Charlie. "I do not know if he takes it at all; he has not spoken a single word all the way home."

He did not seem disposed to speak many now; he went into Miss Bridget's dusky little parlour, lingering a moment at the door, and bending forward in reflection from the little sloping mirror on the wall. The young man was greatly moved, silent with inexpressible emotion; he went up to Marian first, and, in the presence of them all, kissed her little trembling hand and her white cheek; then he drew her forward with him, holding her up with his own arm, which trembled too, and came direct to Miss Anastasia, who was seated, pale, and making gigantic efforts to command herself, in old Miss Bridget's chair. "This is my bride," said Louis faintly, yet with quivering lips. "What are we to call *you*?"

The old lady looked at him for a moment, vainly endeavouring to retain her self-possession—then sprang up suddenly, grasped him in her arms, and broke forth into such a cry of weeping as never had been heard before under this peaceful roof. "What you will! what you will! my boy, my heir, my father's son," cried Miss Anastasia, lifting up her voice. No one moved, or spoke a word—it was like one of those old agonies of thanksgiving in the old Scriptures, when a Joseph or a Jacob, parted for half a patriarch's lifetime, "fell upon his neck and wept."

When this moment of extreme agitation was over, the principal actors in the family drama came again into a moderate degree of calmness; Louis was almost solemn in his extreme youthful gravity. The young man was changed in a moment, as, perhaps, nothing but this overwhelming flood of honour and prosperity could

have changed him. He desired to see the evidence and investigate his own claims thoroughly, as it was natural he should; then he asked Charlie to go out with him, for there was not a great deal of room in this little house, for private conference. The two young men went forth together through those quiet well-known lanes, upon which Louis gazed with a giddy eye. "This should have come to me in some place where I was a stranger," he said with excitement; "it might have seemed more credible, more reasonable, in a less familiar place. Here, where I have been an outcast and dishonoured all my life—here!"

"Your own property," said Charlie. "I'm not a poetical man, you know—it is no use trying—but I'd come to a little sentiment, I confess, if I were you."

"In the mean time there are other people concerned," said Louis, taking Charlie's arm, and turning him somewhat hurriedly away from the edge of the wood, which at this epoch of his fortunes, the scene of so many despairing fancies, was rather more than he chose to experiment upon. "You are not poetical, Charlie. I do not suppose it has come to your turn yet, but we do not want poetry to-night—there are other people concerned. So far as I can see, your case—I scarcely can call it mine, who have had no hand in it—is clear as daylight—indisputable. Is it so?—you know better than me."

"Indisputable," said Charlie, authoritatively.

"Then it should never come to a trial—for the honour of the house—for pity," said the heir. "A bad man taken in the toils is a very miserable thing to look at, Charlie; let us spare him if we can. I should like you to get some one who is to be trusted—say Mr Foggo, with some well-known man along with him—to wait upon Lord Winterbourne. Let them go into the case fully, and show him everything; say that I am quite willing that the world should think he had done it in ignorance—and persuade—that is, if he is convinced, and they have perfect confidence in the case. The story need not be publicly

known. Is it practicable?—tell me at once."

"It's practicable if he'll do it," said Charlie; "but he'll not do it, that's all."

"How do you know he'll not do it?—it is to save himself," said Louis.

"If he had not known it all along, he'd have given in," said Charlie, "and taken your offer, of course; but he *has* known it all along—it's been his ghost for years. He has his plans all prepared and ready, you may be perfectly sure. It is generous of you to suggest such a thing, but *he* would suppose it a sign of weakness. Never mind that—it's not of the least importance what he supposes; if you desire it, we can try."

"I do desire it," said Louis; "and there, Charlie, there is the Rector."

Charlie shook his head regretfully. "I am sorry for him myself," said the young lawyer; "but what can you do?"

"He has been extremely kind to me," said Louis, with a slight trembling in his voice—"kinder than any one in the world, except your own family. There is his house—I see what to do; let us go at once and explain everything to him to-night."

"To-night! that's premature—showing your hand," said Charlie, startled in his professional caution: "never mind, you can stand it; he's a fine fellow, though he is the other line. If you like it, I don't object; but what will you say?"

"He ought to have his share," said Louis—"don't interrupt me, Charlie; it is more generous in our case to receive than to give. He ought, if I represent the elder branch, to have the younger's share: he ought to permit me to do as much for him as he would have done for me. Ah, he bade me look at the pictures to see that I was a Rivers. I did not suppose any miracle on earth could make me proud of the name."

They went on hastily together in the early gathering darkness. The Old Wood House stood blank and dull as usual, with all its closed blinds; but the gracious young Curate, meditating his sermon, and much elated by his persecutions, was straying about the well-kept paths.

Mr Mead hastened to tell them that Mr Rivers had left home—"hastened away instantly to appear in our own case," said the young clergyman. "The powers of this world are in array against us—we suffer persecution, as becomes the true church. The Rector left hurriedly to appear in person. He is a devoted man, a noble Anglican. I smile myself at the reproaches of our adversary; I have no fear."

"We may see him in town," said Louis, turning away with disappointment. "If you write, will you mention that I have been here to-night, to beg his counsel and friendship—I, Louis Rivers—" A sudden colour flushed over the young man's face; he pronounced the name with a nervous firmness; it was the first time he had called himself by any save his baptismal name all his life.

As they turned and walked home

again, Louis relapsed into his first agitated consciousness, and did not care to say a word. Louis Rivers! lawful heir and only son of a noble English peer and an unsullied mother. It was little wonder if the young man's heart swelled within him, too high for a word or a thought. He blotted out the past with a generous haste, unwilling to remember a single wrong done to him in the time of his humiliation, and looked out upon the future as upon a glorious vision, almost too wonderful to be realised: it was best to rest in this agitated moment of strange triumph, humility, and power, to convince himself that this was real, and to project his anticipations forward only with a generous anxiety for the concerns of others, with no question, when all questions were so overwhelming and incredible, after this extraordinary fortune of his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It would not be easy to describe the state of mind of the feminine portion of this family which remained at home. Marian, in a strange and overpowering tumult—Marian, who was the first and most intimately concerned, her cheek burning still under the touch of her lover's trembling lip in that second and more solemn betrothal, sat on a stool, half hidden by Miss Anastasia's big chair and ample skirts, supporting her flushed cheeks on those pretty rose-tipped hands, to which the flush seemed to have extended, her beautiful hair drooping down among her fingers, her eyes cast down, her heart leaping like a bird against her breast. Her own vague suspicions, keen and eager as they were, had never pointed half so far as this. If it did not "turn her head" altogether, it was more because the little head was giddy with amaze and confusion, than from any virtue on the part of Marian. She was quite beyond the power of thinking; a strange brilliant extraordinary panorama glided before her—Louis in Bellevue—Louis at the Old Wood Lodge—Louis, the lord of all he looked upon, in Winterbourne Hall!

Rachel, for her part, was to be found, now in one corner, now in another, generally crying very heartily, and with a general vague impulse of kissing every one in the present little company with thanks and gratitude, and being caressed and sympathised with in turn. The only one here, indeed, who seemed in her full senses was Agnes, who kept them all in a certain degree of self-possession. *It was all over*, at last, after so long a time of suspense and mystery; Agnes was relieved of her secret knowledge. She was grave, but she did not refuse to participate in the confused joy and thankfulness of the house. Now that the secret was revealed, her mind returned to its usual tone. Though she had so much "interest" in Lionel—almost as much as he felt in her—she had too high a mind herself to suppose him overwhelmed with the single fact that his inheritance had passed away from him. When all was told, she breathed freely. She had all the confidence in him which one high heart has in another. After the first shock, she prophesied proudly, within her own mind, how soon his noble spirit would recover itself. Perhaps she

anticipated other scenes in that undeveloped future, which might touch her own heart with a stronger thrill than even the marvellous change which was now working; perhaps the faint dawn of colour on her pale cheek came from an imagination far more immediate and personal than any dream which ever before had flushed the maiden firmament of Agnes Atheling's meditations. However that might be, she said not a single word upon the subject: she assumed to herself quietly the post of universal ministration, attended to the household wants as much as the little party, all excited and sublimed out of any recollection of ordinary necessities, would permit her; and lacking nothing in sympathy, yet quicker than any one, insensibly to herself formed the link between this little agitated world of private history and the larger world not at all moved from its everyday balance, which lay calm and great without.

"I sign a universal amnesty," said Miss Anastasia abruptly, after a long silence—"himself, if he would consult his own interest, I could pass over *his* faults to-day."

"Poor Mr Reginald!" said Mrs Atheling, wiping her eyes. "I beg your pardon, Miss Rivers; he has done a great deal of wrong, but I am very sorry for him: I was so when he lost his son; ah, no doubt he thinks this is a very small matter after *that*."

"Hush, child, the man is *guilty*," said Miss Anastasia, with strong emphasis. "Young George Rivers went to his grave in peace. Whom the gods love die young; it was very well. I forgive his father if he withdraws; he will, if he has a spark of honour. The only person whom I am grieved for is Lionel—he, indeed, might have cause to complain. Agnes Atheling, do you know where he has gone?"

"No." Agnes affected no surprise that the question should be asked her, and did not even show any emotion. Marian, with a sudden impulse of generosity, got up instantly, and came to her sister. "Oh, Agnes, I am very sorry," said the little beauty, with her palpitating heart; and Marian put her pretty arms round

Agnes's neck to console and comfort her, as Agnes might have done to Marian had Louis been in distress instead of joy.

Agnes drew herself instinctively out of her sister's embrace. She had no right to be looked upon as the representative of Lionel, yet she could not help speaking, in her confidence and pride in him, with a kindling cheek and rising heart. "I am not sorry for Mr Rivers *now*," said Agnes, firmly; "I was so while this secret was kept from him—while he was deceived; but I think no one who does him due credit can venture to pity him *now*."

Miss Anastasia roused herself a little at sound of the voice. This pride, which sounded a little like defiance, stirred the old lady's heart like the sound of a trumpet; she had more pleasure in it than she had felt in anything, save her first welcome of Louis a few hours ago. She looked steadily into the eyes of Agnes, who met her gaze without shrinking, though with a rapid variation of colour. Whatever imputations she herself might be subject to in consequence, Agnes could not sit by silent, and hear *him* either pitied or belied.

"I wonder, may I go and see Miss Rivers? would it be proper?" asked Rachel timidly, making a sudden diversion, as Rachel had rather a habit of doing; "she wanted me to stay with her once; she was very kind to me."

"I suppose we must not call you the Honourable Rachel Rivers just yet; eh, little girl?" said Miss Anastasia, turning upon her; "and you, Marian, you little beauty, how shall you like to be Lady Winterbourne?"

"Lady Winterbourne! I always said she was to be for Louis," cried Rachel—"always; the first time I saw her; you know I did, Agnes; and often I wondered why she should be so pretty—she who did not want it, who was happy enough to have been ugly, if she had liked; but I see it now—I see the reason now!"

"Don't hide your head, little one; it is quite true," said Miss Anastasia, once more a little touched at her heart to see the beautiful little figure, fain to glide out of everybody's sight,

stealing away in a moment into the natural refuge, the mother's shadow ; while the mother, smiling and sobbing, had entirely given up all attempt at any show of self-command. "Agnes has something else to do in this hard-fighting world. You are the flower that must know neither winds

nor storms. I don't speak to make you vain, you beautiful child. God gave you your lovely looks, as well as your strange fortune ; and Agnes, child, lift up your head ! the contest and the trial are for you ; but not, God forbid it ! as they came to me."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louis and Rachel returned that night with Miss Anastasia to the Priory, which, the old lady said proudly—the family jointure house for four or five generations—should be their home till the young heir took possession of his paternal house. The time which followed was too busy, rapid, and exciting for a slow and detailed history. The first legal steps were taken instantly in the case, and proper notices served upon Lord Winterbourne. In Miss Anastasia's animated and anxious house dwelt the Tyrolese, painfully acquiring some scant morsels of English, very well contented with her present quarters, and only anxious to secure some extravagant preferment for her son. Mrs Atheling and her daughters had returned home, and Louis came and went constantly to town, actively engaged himself in all the arrangements, full of anxious plans and undertakings for the ease and benefit of the other parties concerned. Miss Anastasia, with a little reluctance, had given her consent to the young man's plan of a compromise, by which his uncle, unattacked and undisgraced, might retire from his usurped possessions with a sufficient and suitable income. The ideas of Louis were magnificent and princely. He would have been content to mulct himself of half the revenues of his inheritance, and scarcely would listen to the prudent cautions of his advisers. He was even reluctant that the first formal step should be taken before Mr Foggo and an eminent and well-known attorney, personally acquainted with his uncle, had waited upon Lord Winterbourne. He was overruled ; but this solemn deputation lost no time in proceeding on its mission. Speedy as they were, however, they

were too late for the alarmed and startled peer. He had left home, they ascertained, very shortly after the late trial—had gone abroad, as it was supposed, leaving no information as to the time of his return. The only thing which could be done in the circumstances was hastened by the eager exertions of Louis. The two lawyers wrote a formal letter to Lord Winterbourne, stating their case and making their offer, and despatched it to the Hall, to be forwarded to him. No answer came, though Louis persuaded his agents to wait for it, and even to delay the legal proceedings. The only notice taken of it was a paragraph in one of the fashionable newspapers, to the effect that the late proceedings at Oxford, impugning the title of a respected nobleman, proved now to be a mere trick of some pettifogging lawyer, entirely unsupported, and likely to call forth proceedings for libel, involving a good deal of romantic family history, and extremely interesting to the public. After this Louis could no longer restrain the natural progress of the matter. He gave it up, indeed, at once, and did not try ; and Miss Anastasia pronounced emphatically one of her antique proverbs, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

This was not the only business on the hands of Louis. He had found it impossible, on repeated trials, to see the Rector. At the Old Wood House it was said that Mr Rivers was from home ; at his London lodgings he had not been heard of. The suit was given against him in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and Mr Mead, alone in the discharge of his duty, mourned over a stripped altar and desolated sanctuary, where the tall candles blazed no longer in the

religious gloom. When it became evident at last that the Rector did not mean to give his young relative the interview he sought, Louis, strangely transformed as he was from the petulant youth always ready to take offence to the long-suffering man, addressed Lionel as his solicitors had addressed his uncle. He wrote a long letter, generous and full of hearty feeling; he reminded his kinsman of the favours he had himself accepted at his hands. He drew a very vivid picture of his own past and present position. He declared, with all a young man's fervour, that he could have no pleasure even in his own extraordinary change of fortune, were it the means of inflicting a vast and unmitigated loss upon his cousin. He threw himself upon Lionel's generosity—he appealed to his natural sense of justice—he used a hundred arguments which were perfectly suitable and in character from him, but which, certainly, no man as proud and as generous as himself could be expected to listen to; and, finally, ended with protesting an unquestionable claim upon Lionel—the claim of a man deeply indebted to, and befriended by him. The letter overflowed with the earnestness and sincerity of the writer; he assumed his case throughout with the most entire honesty, having no doubt whatever upon the subject, and confided his intentions and prospects to Lionel with a complete and anxious confidence, which he had not bestowed upon any other living man.

This letter called forth an answer, written from a country town in a remote part of England. The Rector wrote with an evident effort at cordiality. He declined all Louis's overtures in the most uncompromising terms, but congratulated him upon his altered circumstances. He said he had taken care to examine into the case before leaving London, and was thoroughly convinced of the justice of the new claim. "One thing I will ask of you," said Mr Rivers; "I only wait to resign my living until I can be sure of the next presentation falling into your hands. Give it to Mr Mead. The cause of my withdrawal is entirely private and personal. I had resolved upon

it months ago, and it has no connection whatever with recent circumstances. I hope no one thinks so meanly of me as to suppose I am dismayed by the substitution of another heir in my room. One thing in this matter has really wounded me, and that is the fact that no one concerned thought me worthy to know a secret so important, and one which it was alike my duty and my right to help to a satisfactory conclusion. I have lost nothing actual, so far as rank or means is concerned; but, more intolerable than any vulgar loss, I find a sudden cloud thrown upon the perfect sincerity and truth of some whom I have been disposed to trust as men trust Heaven."

The letter concluded with good wishes—that was all; there was no response to the confidence, no answer to the effusion of heartfelt and fervent feeling which had been in Louis's letter. The young man was not accustomed to be repulsed; perhaps, in all his life, it was the first time he had asked a favour from any one, and had Louis been poor and without friends, as he was or thought himself six months ago, such a tone would have galled him beyond endurance. But there is a charm in a gracious and relenting fortune. Louis, who had once been the very armadillo of youthful haughtiness, suddenly distinguished himself by the most magnanimous patience, would not take offence, and put away his kinsman's haughty letter with regret, but without any resentment. Nothing was before him now but the plain course of events, and to them he committed himself frankly, resolved to do what could be done, but addressing no more appeals to the losing side.

Part of the Rector's letter Louis showed to Marian, and Marian repeated it to Agnes. It was cruel—it was unjust of Lionel—and he knew himself that it was. Agnes, it was possible, did not know—at all events she had no right to betray to him the secrets of another; more than that, he knew the meaning now of the little book which he carried everywhere with him, and felt in his heart that *he* was the real person addressed. He knew all that quite as well as

she did, as she tried, with a quivering lip and a proud wet eye, to fortify herself against the injustice of his reproach, but that did not hinder him from saying it. He was in that condition—known, perhaps, occasionally to most of us—when one feels a certain perverse pleasure in wounding one's dearest. He had no chance of mentioning her, who occupied so much of his thoughts, in any other way, and he would rather put a re-

proach upon Agnes than leave her alone altogether; perhaps she herself even, after all, at the bottom of her heart, was better satisfied to be referred to thus, than to be left out of his thoughts. They had never spoken to each other a single word which could be called wooing—now they were perhaps separated for ever—yet how strange a link of union, concord, and opposition, was between these two!

OXFORD AND THOMAS HEARNE.

A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—I wonder what you would have done had you been her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary at Canton. Trust a quondam member of the Peace Society, with warlike weapons at his disposal, and a quarrel to use them in! Why has Manchester rejected its peace-loving representatives? Why does Huddersfield turn its back on Richard Cobden? I suspect it is because the electors have begun to see that the peace-cry is a sham; and that as the Pacific Ocean is in reality a misnomer, that sea being one of the most treacherous on the face of the earth, and occasionally liable to terrific storms, so the members of the Peace Society are only wolves in sheep's clothing, gladiators in drab. And England does not love shams, and wishes to be represented by real men, whatever their principles are. I proved to you, much to my own satisfaction, if not to yours also, some time ago, that of all members of society professional soldiers are the most amiable as well as the peaceablest, and that a nation is likely to live on good terms with its neighbours in proportion to its military character. I do not want to pass a judgment on this wretched Chinese quarrel; we may be still, for all I know, in the right, and Sir J. Bowring's conduct defensible; but

our antecedents are suspicious. If the British lion be really a lion, and not a domestic cat, it would look much better, and sound much better, if he would prefer matching himself in fight with beasts of his own size, to doing so with those who are so manifestly his inferiors. My large dog, who resembles a lion as much as anything canine can anything feline, always makes a point of measuring the inches of every dog he meets, and, although exceedingly fond of a tussle with a beast of his own weight, will take almost any impertinence from anything lower in rank than a setter—not to say that he has the chivalry never to resent any affront at the hands, or rather the paws, of the ladies of his species. It is not so very long ago that a black man, a British subject, was taken out of a merchant-ship in a harbour of the United States, and impounded, according to the local law, until the ship set sail again. Yet the circumstance led to no consequences comparable to those resulting from the seizure of the Britannically-protected Chinamen on board the *lorcha Arrow*. But I do not wish to pre-judge the case. The Ministerial papers say that the Emperor of China approves of our chastening his lieutenant. So did Prexaspes in Herodotus applaud Cambyses' shoot-

ing when he put an arrow into the heart of his son. The Emperor of China probably fears that the outer barbarians may give the last push to that dynasty which the inner rebels have been so long undermining, and his submission is only a proof that he is, under the circumstances, more wise than romantic. Generally, I dislike the peace party, and I am glad to see them losing their influence; but they may have stumbled on justice in this case, and then, as often happens in life, having done what was right for the first time in their lives, they suffered for it the punishment due to a long course of misdeeds. But as far as Lord Palmerston's own comfort is concerned, I think he made a mistake in dissolving Parliament. The last was somewhat mulish in its nature—would put back its ears sometimes, or shy a little, just to show it had a will of its own; the next may possibly take the bit in its mouth and run away with him; and though he has a good seat, no doubt, and a tight hand, he is getting an elderly gentleman. To my eyes the present election-lists look dangerously democratic, and mischief may come of it to other old gentlemen besides the Premier. Are we not got to the bottom of the hill of democracy yet? I thought we were; and it is pleasant, in rolling down a steep, to know that the bottom has been reached, and to be enabled to congratulate oneself in having escaped with nothing worse than bruises. Amongst other ominous signs of the times, I had a dream the other night of the nightmare genus, which gave me for the time a sensation far from pleasant.

Methought in the dead of the night there appeared to me one who guideth the destinies of Maga. He brought in his hand a flat pamphlet-like publication in green cover, something like a number of the *Cottage Gardener*; and he said, This is the first of the new series of the Magazine. I have altered its shape in deference to the spirit of the age, substituting long lines for the columns, changing the colour to one pleasanter to the eye; and instead of the grim old man's head, I leave a

space for the names of contributors on the back—&c. &c. Ask me how I felt? I felt as if a grandmother, respected as an oracle, had come out at an evening party with a low neck, an enormous skirt, and one of those very pretty head-dresses that my nieces wear, at the back of a brown wig. The crisis of the nightmare was come; I awoke with a shudder, and, to my inexpressible delight, fumbling under the pillow, found Maga in her natural condition; that is, in a state of health and strength, which, as it increases with her years, appears to stamp her with immortality; and still strong in the grand internal columnar structure like that of a basaltic rock, majestic as Arthur's Seat, which overhangs the site of her monthly genesis.

It might be flattering to the vanity of contributors to have their names printed at the back, as the contributors to the *Revue des deux Mondes* have theirs printed at the ends of their articles under imperial compulsion; but what a desecration to the hallowed and mysterious connection! For is not the old age of Maga rather the immortal youth of a goddess, and do not her several contributors stand to her somewhat in the light of Numa to Egeria? Fancy that bower of Egeria turned into a conservatory, and those divine rendezvous made a public spectacle!

We met in secret, doubly sweet
Some say they find it so to meet.

And as a sequel to my dream, I ruminated on the sacredness of eld, and the undoubted shocks that the feelings of a well-regulated mind receive by the disturbance of old associations. It follows as a corollary, that there is scarcely any intellectual pleasure equal to that received by the reproduction of the Past, and the resuscitation of the men and manners of ages past away; far greater, indeed, is it than the introduction of new forms and personages on the stage of life. There is no very essential difference between Mahomedanism and Mormonism: but how much more respectable is the elder misbelief! Here am I in Oxford, where the spirit of change is at work as elsewhere, but with a danger pro-

portioned to the value of that Past, the alteration of which always risks destruction, and where the remodelling of old institutions demands to be directed with peculiar caution and delicacy, like that artillery of Oudinot which was pointed against the city of Rome. In the midst of a fever of experiments, which do not as yet appear to have led to any very definite result—at all events, not as yet to the finding of the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitæ—the Principal of St Mary Hall sits down quietly and edits a gossiping old book, written drily by a dry old gentleman of a century and a half ago, a sort of academical Oldbuck of Monkbarrow, who jots down in his diary the news of the day, with anecdotes innocent and scandalous of living personages, and items of antiquarian research; less witty than Pepys, but less of a scapegrace at heart, proving in every page how valuable the most commonplace remarks, if made in a natural manner, become by keeping, as ordinary wine does if well bottled, as throwing light on the sayings and doings of our great-grandfathers. Few of us are unselfish enough to keep such a diary for a future generation; but we should bear in mind that even a simple record of the impressions of a blockhead would be worth having a century hence, however uninteresting to the present generation. There is apparently neither system nor purpose in the book; it is made up of a number of disjointed entries like those in a tradesman's day-book; and yet, take it as a whole, it gives a sort of unity of impression. Just as the *Iliad* is coloured throughout by the wrath of Achilles, so Hearne's Diary is coloured red by a fire of the most uncompromising furious Jacobitism—quite cheerful to look upon and warm one's hands at in those days of general fusion of parties, resulting in political chilliness. But the consideration of such a narrative provokes reflection on the comparatively small importance, and temporal if not temporary nature, of interests which excite for a time the strongest passions of men, and arouse the fiercest bitterness in their bosoms. Little could the partisans of those days have imagined that a day would come

when Jacobitism would become so innocent in its nature, that a Royal lady of the House of Brunswick would listen to Jacobite songs with full enjoyment of their words and music,—songs breathing sedition and rebellion against the dynasty of her ancestors. An account is given, by the editor, of the author of these Remains, in the Appendix at the end of the second volume.

“These Remains of the Oxford antiquary, Thomas Hearne, are derived from 145 small octavo manuscript volumes, one of which the writer was accustomed to carry constantly in his pocket, and in it to note down at the moment, or immediately after, what he thought, what he read, what he saw himself, what he was told by others; in short, everything he deemed worthy of preservation, or that he fancied might hereafter be useful; and these observations he accompanies with his own remarks, which are in many respects the more valuable, as being the result of his immediate observation and opinion; although, doubtless, in others they would often have been softened, if not entirely changed, had they undergone more of subsequent reflection, and been chastened, as it were, by the more matured judgment and the after-experience of the author. However, such as they stand, the reader now has them genuine and unaltered, except by the omission of some few words, here and there, which were objectionable on account of their grossness of expression, or their severity in personal reflection. These volumes date from July 4, 1705, and extend to June 4, 1735. Hearne continually quotes them in his printed works as ‘*Collectanea Nostra*,’ and regarded them with peculiar affection; he tells Browne Willis that on no consideration would he suffer any of these his note-books out of his own hands; and on more than one occasion was apprehensive lest the university authorities would break open his rooms to obtain possession of them. Had they done so, the consequences doubtless must have been most serious; for the reader will soon perceive that our author was very unguarded in his expressions towards the reigning family, and at no pains to conceal his predilection for that in exile, which he regarded as having a legitimate claim to the crown.

“Nor must we blame the Oxford antiquary for these principles. They were the principles of the university. All the predilections of Oxford were in favour of the Stuarts.”—&c.

From this vindication of Hearne's Jacobite principles, Dr Bliss naturally enough takes occasion to "lament the evils that have befallen Oxford in her latter days;" amongst others, that the "Heads of Houses were deposed from the government of the body by means of a vulgar clamour and the most barefaced misrepresentation, *without a single fault or fact proved against them*, except that they did not proceed to fancied reforms so fast as the impatience of the would-be reformers required."

We shall not attempt to controvert the learned editor's position on these points, merely venturing to state that a comparison has been made, by persons of impartial views, between the usurpation of the power of the Crown and Parliament in England by a Venetian whig aristocracy, and the usurpation, or rather gradual assimilation, of the powers of Congregation, and in a measure, those of Convocation, by the late Hebdomadal Board of the University of Oxford, not, perhaps, consciously to themselves, or at all events to existing members of their body, but as a natural consequence from their being always on the spot, and having nearly all University business thrown on their hands. However, it is of little use to enter upon this question now. The Hebdomadal Council has superseded the former Board, and it remains to be seen how far the change will be justified by its results. That the change was justifiable in principle, provided the power formerly exercised by the Board was unconstitutional, few would now deny; and supposing so much proved, it would not be necessary to prove that the power was exercised in an unconstitutional manner. One thing is generally allowed on all hands, that if the Heads of Houses have fallen, they have fallen, like Cæsar, with dignity unimpaired. Whether their position was so dignified as it is now, in the days of Hearne, is indeed much to be doubted. At that time it would appear, from a passage in the diary, that the vice-chancellor used to walk (that is in university parlance), to patrol the streets, as the proctors do now in enforcing the discipline of the university; and we may conclude that he

could run too, if necessary, and chase fugitive undergraduates; a course of proceeding which, however consistent with the dignity of younger men, would hardly suit our present notions of the vice-chancellor's office, and the general seniority of those who hold it. But it is time that I should quote from Dr Bliss his notice of Thomas Hearne's biography.

"Thomas Hearne was the son of George Hearne, parish-clerk of White Waltham, Berkshire. He was born in July 1670; put to school by the benevolence of Francis Cherry, Esq. of Shottesbrook, and by him sent to Edmund Hall, where he matriculated in 1695, then in his seventeenth year. Being of very studious habits, very moral in his conduct, humble and obliging in his disposition, he soon made friends in Oxford; and although he was offered preferment in the colonies so soon as he had been admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts (in 1699), he declined to quit the university. Becoming a constant frequenter of the Bodleian, he soon made himself acquainted with the treasures of that noble library, and his diligence and knowledge being remarked by the principal librarian, Mr Hudson, he was appointed in 1701 assistant-keeper, much to his own satisfaction, and greatly to the benefit of the library. It may well be imagined that this period was the happiest of his life, and continued so for several years. In 1712 he was appointed to be second keeper of the Bodleian, which place he continued to hold till the latter end of 1715, when, as he says, 'he was debarred the library upon account of the oaths, and new keys were made, and the lock of the library door altered, though he had got the old keys by him, having not made any resignation, or consented to the putting any one into his place. Hearne then retired to Edmund Hall, and, as he had early commenced to be a publisher, his various works being highly esteemed and earnestly sought after by the curious, he now continued his literary labours, printing from time to time such manuscripts as his own collection or the libraries of his friends supplied him with.'

From this time he appears to have been the object of constant petty persecution from the party in power, although it is scarcely possible to conceive a more harmless political enthusiast. Such treatment, although it failed to make him dangerous, appears to have given a certain bitterness to his temper, and, as

might have been expected, strengthened him in his peculiar prejudices and prepossessions, so that in his writings Whig is synonymous with rogue, while all Jacobites and non-jurors are, *par excellence*, *honest men*. He seems, on the whole, to have been a disinterested, unselfish, and simple character, cherishing his filial love for Alma Mater as the single passion of his heart, and devoting his life and energies to her glorification. "He lived, therefore, and died in Oxford without any preferments, having by his industry and economy amassed a considerable sum. No less than upwards of a thousand pounds were found in his room after his decease, which occurred, after a short illness, June 10, 1735, at the no great age of fifty-seven. He was buried in the churchyard of St Peter's in the East, where his tomb is still to be seen." Mr Hearne does not seem to have been destitute of a poetical vein, though one of a quaint and unusual character.

ON THE TACK.

"The globe of earth on which we dwell
Is tackt into the poles,
The little worlds, our carcasses
Are tackt unto our souls.
The parson's chiefest business is
To tack the soul to heaven;
The doctor's is, to keep the tack
'Tween soul and body even.
The priest besides, by office, tacks
The husband to the wife,
And that's a tack (God help them both)
That always holds for life.
The lawyer studys how to tack
His client to the laws;
Th' attorney tacks whole quires and
reams
To lengthen out the cause.
The commons, lords, and English crown,
Are all three tackt together,
And if they e'er chance to untack,
No good can come to either.
The crown is tack't unto the church,
The church unto the crown,
The whiggs are slightly tackt to both,
And so may soon come down.
Since all the world's a general tack
Of one thing to another;
Why then about one honest tack
Do fools make such a pother?"

And between himself and his coat-pocket, or wherever else he kept his lucubrations, he did not scruple to give poetical advice to the highest personage in the realm.

VERSES ON THE NEW PROMOTIONS.

"O Anna! thy new friends and prick-eared court
Cannot thy dignity and crown support.
The awkward loyalty of Whigs is known
To ruine princes, whom they make their own.
Like mastives, feed and strike 'em, they will fawn,
But growl and seize you when your hand's withdrawn.
Thou art like one, that has a wolf by th' ears;
Unsafe to hold, and, if let goe, he tears.
One Casper to your uncle was untrue;
Another, Anna, may be so to you.
Can he thy honour and thy conscience keep
Unspotted, when his own is fast asleep?
Let Cullen witness this, whose wretched ghost
Proclaims this—She who trusts to him is lost.
Think of thy martyr'd grandfather, and shun
That race by which thy father is undone.
Th' hereditary hatred of that crew
Persues the Stewarts, and descends to you.
Oh! do not in those fatal steps proceed,
Least thy white neck at last be made to bleed!
No wanton muse does dictate this in spite,
As vile De Foe and Touchin weekly write.
Love to my church, and monarchy and you,
Has arm'd my pen with truth and courage too.
By zeal, by loyalty, and duty led,
My ears I hazard to secure thy head."

These are lines chiefly valuable for their quaint expression of Jacobite feeling, if they give us, by the standard of the present day, no very exalted idea of the imagination or wit of Mr Thomas Hearne. But a sort of dry humour, which is not without its interest, he undoubtedly had, never relaxing further than a grim smile, such as shines through the following extract:—

"March 2.—Mr Dodwell makes the air the receptacle of all souls, good and bad, and that they are under the power of the devil till the day of judgement, he being the prince of the air. Not that he can inflict any pains upon the souls of really good men, but only some disquietudes and molestations, wherein they may be relieved by the prayers of the living, according to the opinion of Justin Martyr. And that is the reason, without doubt, of Mr Thorndike's being for prayers for the dead. See Mr Dodwell, p. 258. He makes, in p. 562, the lowest region of heaven—that is, the space between earth and the clouds—the place of

the less perfectly good souls, where they are to remain till the resurrection, and have some punishments inflicted on them by the devils, to purge and qualify them for the upper region."

Much more valuable, however, is the real information he gives as to the antiquities of Oxford and its neighbourhood, and the explanation and etymology of forgotten expressions and names.

"*March 9.*—Mr Camden tells us that the royal palace at Woodstock, commonly called the Manor House, was a most magnificent structure, which sufficiently appears from the stately reliques now to be seen; which show that 'twas much larger than the palace now erecting for the Duke of Marlborough. 'Twas first built by King Hen. I., who made the park, and afterwards augmented by King Hen. II., with the addition of a strange labyrinth, wherein he kept his concubine, Rosamond Clifford, as is related by Brompton in his Chronicle. There are no remains of it now (there are foundations of it to be seen by the spring), but it seems to have been somewhere on the north side of that part of the manor now standing, perhaps just by the spring called Rosamond's Well; but as to the story of her being poisoned by Eleanor, wife to King Henry, who got to her by a clue of thread, it seems to be a mere fiction, and to have no foundation, all historians being wholly silent about it. But though the old palace might exceed the new one, yet there were no such gardens as are now designed to it; which, from what is already done, seem to be very extraordinary, and to exceed anything of that nature in England: the walls round are already built, but they must be pulled down again, the stone being faulty, and crumbling to pieces. He that shall attempt the perfecting Sir Hen. Spelman's *History of Sacrilege*, must not forget this place, the park whereof caused the destruction of several churches, and the palace, with the chapel there, was strangely abused by the rebels in the civil wars. Let him observe also the consequences if the Mannor House be wholly destroyed, as 'tis said it will; also what success the duke or his heirs will have in the projects here."

Hearne's comment on the *History of Sacrilege* is especially interesting, since the observations made on this subject by some modern High-church writers. I am profane enough to

attribute the decay of the stones in front to the notoriously bad quality of the Oxfordshire oolite, illustrated equally by the decay of the college-fronts at Oxford, but which, if Hearne is to be believed, will go much faster now, in cases where the foundations have been in a manner secularised by the workings of the Commission. But the destruction of the old house at Woodstock is incontrovertible. Equally illustrative of Hearne's love of the Church, and hatred of Dissent, is an extract from the diary bearing date August 6, 1706:—

"We have an account from Whitchurch in Shropshire, that the Dissenters there, having prepared a great quantity of bricks to erect a capacious conventicle, a destroying angel came by night and spoyled them all, and confounded their Babel in the beginning, to their great mortification."

It must be a subject of deep regret to all lovers of art, as well as all churchmen, that Hearne's destroying angel should ever have stayed his hand. Toleration, like freedom, is abused with us, and becomes mutual annoyance. It was quite enough to allow the Dissenters the free exercise of their religious vagaries, without permitting them to sow the land broadcast with eyesores. It is impossible, Irenæus, to go on reviewing this book, unless you allow me to be as desultory as the author of the diary. It is hard to me to see what connection a dissenting conventicle has with Charles II.; but I cannot help extracting a bit which gives a rather different version from the common one of Rochester's lines:—

"The Lord Rochester's verses upon the king, on account of his majesty's saying he would leave every one to his liberty in talking, when himself was in company, and would not take what was said at all amiss, viz. :—

'We have a pretty witty king,
And whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

The version I have been used to being,—

"God save our mutton-eating king," &c.

Soon follows another note on the merry monarch, who seems with all

his failings, to have been rather a favourite with T. H. :—

“ King Charles II. having given a commission to a gentleman to raise a company of soldiers, and meeting him by chance a little after, asked him how many he had got? The gentleman answered, ‘ But five, if it please your majesty.’ The king replied, ‘ Then be sure you keep them, for five is the best company in the world,’ alluding to a merry company, which consists better of five than any other number.”

I jump from this to an extract which will be a shock to the feelings of those to whom, in the present day, “ the chartered languor of polite All Souls ” has passed into a proverb :—

“ On the thirtieth of January last was an *abominable riot* committed in All Souls College. Mr Dalton, A.M., and Mr Talbot, son to the Bishop of Oxon, A.B., both fellows, had a dinner drest at twelve o’clock, part of which was woodcocks, whose heads they cut off in contempt of the memory of the blessed martyr. At this dinner were present two of the pro-proctors of Oriol College, Mr Ibbetson and Mr Rogers—to their shame be it spoken, both Low-church men. ’Tis to be noted that this Dalton, an empty fellow, is one of those whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Tension, put into the society upon the devotion to him of that power, when Dr Finch, the late warden, died. He was for having calves’-heads, but the cook refused to dress them.”

From All Souls and its most inconsistent *riot*, I must jump to Hearne’s description of the redoubted Charles XII. of Sweden.

“ LETTER FROM MY LORD RABY TO —.

“ I will tell you, as a particular friend, that even without leave (which ought to have been had) I did venture the other day to ramble into Saxony, to satisfy my curiosity in seeing those different things, and penetrating, as far as I could, how matters stood there, and how our fate is like to be determined by that Gothick hero, who, with a handful of men, makes himself dreaded and courted by all the powers of Europe. As for his person, he did not *dementir* the description I had of him. He is a tall handsome gentleman, but immoderately dirty and slovenly. His behaviour and carriage more rustick than you can imagine in so young a man should be; and that the outside of his quarters should not belye

the inside, he has chosen the dirtiest place of all Saxony, and one of the saddest houses. The cleanest place is the court before the house, where everybody is to alight off his horse, and is up to the knees in dirt, where his horses stand with hardly any halters, and sackings instead of cloaths, without either racks or mangers. . . The horses have rough coats, thick bellies, thin buttocks, and switch tails. The grooms that look after them seem not to be better clothed nor better kept than their horses, one of which stands always ready saddled for the mighty monarch, who runs out commonly alone, and bestrides his steed, and away he gallops before any one else is able to follow him. Sometimes he will go ten or twelve of these country miles in a day, which is forty or fifty of our English miles, now in the winter-time, bespattered all over with dirt like a postillion. I should make my letter too long, if I should tell you his dress, his eating, drinking, and sleeping; but not to let it entirely alone, I will tell you his coat is plain blew, with ordinary brass buttons, the skirts pinned up behind and before, which shows his majesty’s old leathern waistcoat and breeches, which, they tell me, are sometimes so greasy that they may be fryed; but when I saw him, they were almost new, for he had been a gallant a little before. He had been to see King Augustus’s queen, upon her return to Leipsick, and to be fine, he had put on those new leathern breeches, spoke not above three words to her, but talkt to a foolish dwarf she had about a quarter of an hour, then left her. He wears a black crape cravat, but the cape of his coat buttoned so close about it that you cannot see whether he has any or no. His shirt and wristbands are commonly very dirty, for he wears no ruffles or gloves but on horseback. His hands are commonly of the same colour as his wristbands, so that you can hardly distinguish them. His hair is light-brown, very greasy, and very short; never combed but with his fingers. He sits upon any chair or stool he finds in the house, without any ceremony, to dinner, and begins with a great piece of bread-and-butter, having stuck his napkin under his chair; then drinks, with his mouth full, out of a great silver old-fashioned beaker, small bear, which is his only liquor. At every meal he drinks about two English bottles full, for he emptyes his beaker twice. Between every bit of meat he eats a piece of bread-and-butter, which he spreads with his thumb. He is never more than a quarter of an hour at dinner; eats like a horse;

speaks not one word all the while. As soon as he rises, his life-guards sitt down at the same table, to the same victuals. His bed-chamber is a very little dirty room, with bare walls; no sheets nor canopy to his bed, but the same quilt that lies under him turns up over him, and so covers him. . . . His writing-table is of a slit deal, with only a stick to support it; and instead of a standish, a wooden thing, with a sand-box of the same. He has a fine gilt bible by his bed-side, the only thing that looks fine in his equipage. He is a very handsome man, well shaped, and a very good face, no stern countenance; but he is very whimsical and positive, which makes all the allies afraid of him; for he risques himself and his army as easily as another would fight a duel."

It must be remarked that this description of the Swedish conqueror tallies very well with Voltaire's, which appears to have been drawn from other sources; but it is more precise as to his hoggish habits, and after reading it there are few who would not pronounce the uncleanly and ungallant hero positively insane. However, if he had landed in Scotland as a partisan of the Stuarts, a contingency which was once upon the cards, he might possibly have changed the destiny of Britain, considering what the expelled dynasty and its friends were able to effect in their own strength. It is strange to think that the random shot in the lines of Frederickshall in Norway may have altered the whole future of the British empire. In a note, dated Sept. 19, 1709, Hearne gives an account of the news of the battle of Mons, in which he says:—

"It lasted for nine hours, with very great obstinacy. At last the French, after they had slain about nineteen thousand of the Allies, with the loss of only seven thousand men on their own side, thought fit to retire, which they did in very good order."

Both sides claimed the victory.

"As this has been the most obstinate, so it has been the most direfull battle to England that has yet happened; and there is not, in the opinion of all *honest men*, any the least occasion of bragging. Private letters frequently come, which give most impartial accounts, and we are well assured, that from the greatest to the meanest officer hardly one

escaped, but what was either slain or very much wounded, Prince Eugene himself being in the list of the latter. Amongst others that signalised themselves on this occasion must not be forgotten the young King of England, who fought under the character of the Chevalier St George, and 'tis by that title he passes. He showed abundance of undaunted courage and resolution, lead up his troops with unspeakable bravery, appeared in the utmost dangers, and at last was wounded. This act cannot but deserve the highest commendation, though 'tis slighted and undervalued by his disloyal and rebellious English subjects, who are for magnifying nothing but what makes for the interest of the Duke of Marlborough, whom some call *King John the Second*: which duke, although he be a good souldier, yet all his achievements will never satisfy for his shameful desertion of his royal master, King James the Second, at Salisbury Plain, from whom he had received so many favours, as one would think could never have been forgotten by any one that pretends to any sparkle of humanity."

Worthy of note in this extract is the commendation of the valour of the Pretender, though he fought with French against English, showing the preponderance of Jacobitism over national antipathies. As for poor Marlborough, he gets cuffed in these days both by Tories and Whigs; for Macaulay qualifies him as "one who in his youth loved lucre better than wine and women, and in his mature age loved lucre better than honour or glory." Nevertheless, no Briton should forget that he was the first to deal a blow to French military prestige, and that by the splendid victories of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, he paralysed the power of "le Grand Monarque" at its zenith, and by doing so, avenged the dragonnades of Cevennes, and brought down the grey hairs of the persecutor of Protestantism with sorrow to the grave.

Hearne is very great on the affair of Dr Sacheverel, who was tried for his nonjuring sermon on the 5th of November, and very strong in his denunciations of the "vile stinking Whiggs," approving of the conduct of the mob in giving the doctor an ovation on his way to and from court—in fact, in spite of his passive-resistance principles, highly commending

every symptom of rebellion against the powers that be in favour of the powers that ought to be with the usual inconsistency of extreme partisanship. Dr Sacheverel was very mildly treated by the government, being only interdicted from preaching for three years, which is the period of penance for a dissenting minister wishing to enter Anglican orders, "but," he cheerfully adds, "his sermon is ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, and the lord-mayor and sheriffs are ordered to attend." Rather irrelevant to all this, and *en passant*, are recorded the deaths of two noblemen, one of them by drinking hot spirits in the morning, and the other by drinking *small beer*; and of a worthier character, Dr Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, whose *Rudiments of the Art of Logic* have immortalised him in the University system, and made his name the terror of freshmen. He appears to have begun the building of Peckwater quadrangle, one of the heaviest and ugliest places in Oxford, but the child of an age of architectural monstrosities. His physician was the famous Dr Ratcliff, or Radcliffe, whose library, whatever may be its architectural defects, has certainly a most imposing appearance, and gives a peculiar character to the distant view of the town of Oxford, bringing to mind the distant view of Rome, as seen from the Alban hills.

I will give you now, a specimen of Thomas Hearne's sturdy Jacobitism rather than of his charity, in the following

"ACROSTIQUE UPON OLD LORD WHARTON.

"Whigg's the first letter of his odious name,

Hypocrisy the second of the same ;
Anarchy, both his darling and his aim ;
Rebellion, discord, mutiny, and faction ;
Tom, captain of the mobb in soul and action ;
O'ergrown in sin, convicted, and in debt,
Noll's soul, and Ireton's, live within him yet."

Inspired by a similar spirit is

A SCOTCH HEALTH TO K. J.

"He's o'er the seas and far awa',
He's o'er the seas and far awa';
Altho' his back be at the wa',
We'll drink his health that's far awa'.

Disloyal Whiggs dispatch and goe,
And visit Noll and Will below ;
It's fit ye at their call should blaw,
While we drink his health that's far awa'.

I hope he shall return again,
And safely hooke what is his ain ;
Until that happy day do daw,
We'll drink his health that's far awa'."

That, such being his sentiments, he should accuse the Whigs of any outrage upon society he could lay at their door is not surprising, and the following passage is valuable as illustrating the *Spectator*, the first appearance of which he mentions about this time, 1711-12.

"A certain barbarous set of people arose lately in London, who distinguish themselves by the name of *Mohocks*. There are great numbers of them, and their custom is to make themselves drunk, and in the night-time go about the street in great droves, and to abuse, after a most inhuman manner, all persons they meet, by beating down their noses, pricking the fleshy parts of their bodies with their swords, not sparing even the women. . . . Nor indeed shall I descend to any other particulars about this brutish people, against whom there is a proclamation issued, with the tender of a considerable reward for discovery of any of them. Divers have been taken up, and strict watches are kept every night. They are found to be young, lewd, debauched sparks, all of the whiggish gangs; and the Whigs are now so much ashamed of this great scandal (provided Whiggs can be ashamed), that they publicly give out there have been no such people, nor no such inhumanities committed, thereby endeavouring to persuade people out of their senses. But this is only one instance of their abominable lying, &c. Bp. Burnett's son, who was lately either commoner or gent-commoner of Merton Coll. (and hath been always looked upon as a young, little, impudent brat), is said to be one of the principal of the *Mohocks*, and indeed all Whiggs are looked upon as such *Mohocks*, their principles and doctrines leading them to all manner of barbarity and inhumanity."

I hope Hearne was not correct about the bishop's son; if he was, it is only an instance of the questionable adage, "the nearer the church the further from grace."

The 3d of August 1714 is a day of unpleasant memory, to be marked with charcoal for Hearne:—

"On Sunday morning (August 1st) died Queen Anne, about seven o'clock. She had been taken ill on Friday immediately before. Her distemper an apoplexy, or, as some say, only convulsions. She was somewhat recovered, and then made Shrewsbury lord treasurer. On Sunday last, in the afternoon, George Lewis, elector of Brunswick, was proclaimed in London King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by virtue of an Act of Parliament, by which those that are much nearer to the crown by blood are excluded. Queen Anne died in the thirteenth year of her reign, and in the fiftieth year of her age, being born February 6th, 1664."

About this time the mayor of Oxford received a characteristic letter, cautioning him not to proclaim George I.

"MR MAYOR,

"If you are 'so honest a man as to prefer your duty and allegiance to your lawfull sovereign before the fear of danger, you will not need this caution, which comes from your friends to warn you, if you should receive an order to proclaim Hannover, not to comply with it. For the hand of God is now at work to set things upon a right foot, and in a few days you will find wonderfull changes, which if you are wise enough to foresee, you will obtain grace and favour from the hands of his sacred majestie King James, by proclaiming him voluntarily, which otherwise you will be forced to do with disgrace. If you have not the courage to do this, at least for your own safety delay proclaiming Hannover as long as you can, under pretense of sickness or some other reason. For you cannot do it without certain hazard of your life, be you ever so well guarded. I who am but secretary to the rest, having a particular friendship for you, and an opinion of your honesty and good inclinations to his majestie's service, have prevailed with them to let me give you this warning. If you would know who the rest are, our name is

"LEGION, and we are many.

"This note shall be your sufficient warrant in times to come for proclaiming his majestie King James; and if this does not satisfy you, upon your first publick notice we will do it in person.

"For Mr Broadwater, mayor of the city of Oxford, these."

The death of Dr Radcliffe occurred on November 1st, 1714.

"He died worth about a hundred and fourty thousand pounds. He hath given fourty thousand pounds to the university for building an additional library to the Bodleian Library, and to furnish it with books, and provide for the librarian. He hath left about five thousand pounds to University College, where he was entered as a member March 23d, 1665, being then fifteen years old. He was a Yorkshire man, and his father a plebeian. He had little or no learning, but had a strong sagacity, and was so wonderfully successfull in the practice of physick that he never had his equal, by which means he got such a vast sum of money."

In May 1715 there was a Jacobite riot in Oxford, about the same time, I suppose, as the landing of the Pretender in Scotland, which important event, strangely enough, is scarcely mentioned by Hearne in the published diary.

"The people run up and down crying 'King James the Third! The true King! No usurper! The Duke of Ormond!' &c.; and healths were everywhere drunk suitable to the occasion, and every one at the same time drank to a new restoration, which I heartily wish may speedily happen. In the evening they pulled a good part of the Quakers' and Anabaptists' meeting-houses down."

It is soon after added, under the date of July 24,—

"Last week we were alarmed with the news of King James's landing in Scotland. All good men, and such as are guided by principles of loyalty, were extremely well pleased at the news, tho' 'tis feared that 'tis false."

It seems that Hearne did not often allow himself a holiday, but when he did, it was generally upon the anniversary of the Pretender's birthday, on which occasions he would take a long walk, and drink the Chevalier's health in fresh air. On one of these occasions he went to Foxcomb Hill, on another he made a long excursion on foot through Woodstock to Ditchley, lionising Woodstock park, and then the old place at Ditchley, immortalised in Scott's *Woodstock* as the seat of Sir Henry Lee, and now belonging to Lord Dillon. This excursion is recorded in a series of notes, chiefly valuable in an antiquarian point of view, which are found near the end of the first

volume. It is interesting to be informed of the derivation of the name of Ditchley.

"After we had dined, we went into the park, and traced another part of Grymes's Ditch, on the north side of the house. This branch falls into the other at some distance from it in the park. By Wallingford there is a long ditch also called Grymes's Dyke, or Grymes's Ditch. The country people will tell you that this Grymes was a gyant, and that he made the ditches that go under his name; for my part, I take these ditches to have been some of the ancient *grumæ* or *gromæ* which were boundaries of provinces. The nature of the ditches or dykes about Ditchley confirms my notion; my opinion is likewise confirmed from the accounts given of the ancient *grumæ* or *gromæ* in the gromatical writers. Ditchley was, without doubt, so called from these old ditches or dykes."

Interesting to the Society of Jesus at Oxford (not the Jesuits), is the following note on one of their time-honoured customs, dated Dec. 3, 1719:—

"Tho. Morgan, gent., writ a little thing, printed in quarto, called 'The Welchmen's Jubilee,' to the honour of St David. Showing the manner of that solemn celebration which the Welchmen annually hold in honour of St David; describing likewise the true and reall cause why they wear that day a Leek in their Hats, with an excellent merry sonnet annexed into it. He thinks the true reason of wearing the leek is because St David always, when he went into the field in martial exercise, carried a leek with him; and being once almost faint to death, he immediately remembered himself of the leek, and by that means not only preserved his life, but also came off victorious. The author was some merry fellow, and writ it to get a penny."

Immediately after a note in which Hearne gives an account of a disgusting fellow who would eat all manner of carrion, which habit he got into by trying to keep a black fast all through Lent, he innocently jots down a sentiment worth pondering in these latter days:—

"Jan. 19.—Last night I heard Mr Samuel Parker say, that some years agoe Mr Ja. Colleur said to this effect, *that we must come as near the papists as we can, that they may not hurt us.*"

I suppose it is on a similar principle that foolhardy grooms will place themselves close to the hocks of a kicking horse, because, when they are so situated, he can only push them away. This is followed by a hint to head masters of public schools, with whom smoking is an eighth deadly sin:—

"January 21.—I have been told, that in the last great plague at London none that kept tobacconists' shops had the plague. It is certain that smoking it was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that children were obliged to smoak. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was that year, when the plague raged, a school boy at Eaton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smoak in the school every morning; and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoaking."

I subjoin a very spicy bit of Jacobite sentiment, expressed on the occasion of the birth of the son of the Prince of Wales:—

"One of the sheriffs for London and Middlesex waited on his (pretended) royal highness, with the City's compliment of congratulation on account of the birth of his son. And in the evening his (pretended) majesty (King George) visited her (pretended) royal highness, and the (pretended) young prince. The next day the House of Commons waited on the (pretended) king at St James's, with an humble address, to congratulate his (pretended) majesty on the birth of a grandson. As did also the lord mayor and court of aldermen. The House of Commons likewise sent a congratulatory letter to their (pretended) royal highnesses on this occasion."

Some of our modern university preachers get up in the pulpit, and, instead of a sermon, read a book through: it is, however, possible to go to the other extreme; and I have heard of a Doctor of Divinity, somewhere in the West, who used to preach sermons seven minutes long, including a peppermint-drop; but Hearne can beat this:—

"March 20.—Last Sunday, in the afternoon, preached at St Peter's in the East, Oxon, before the university, Mr Will. Peche, Fellow of St John's Col-

lege. It was remarkable that his sermon was not above *five minutes long*, or very little more, and that it was shorter than his prayer. This Mr Peche is a very good scholar, and was *formerly* a studious man."

This Mr Peche would have preached a dozen sermons while our modern select preachers are getting through one. There is moderation in all things, but it seems preposterous that, in these days of the electric telegraph, sermons should last as long as a journey of sixty miles, as they often do. Not less quaint is Hearne's account of an old custom at Kidlington, which occasioned a day to be called Lamb Day:—

"It seems, on Monday after Whitson week, there is a fat live lamb provided; and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tyed behind them, run after it; and she that with her mouth takes and holds this lamb, is declared *lady of the lamb*, which, being dressed with the skin hanging on, is carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the Green, attended with music and a morisco dance of men, and another of women, when the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth, and jollity. The next day, the lamb is part baked, part boyled and roasted, for the ladies' feast, where she sits majestically (and much respect is showed to her) at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with musick and other attendants, which ends the solemnity. Mr Blount does not tell us the reason of this custom, but I am told 'tis upon account of the inhabitants being toll-free in Oxford and other places. I was told yesterday that the same custom formerly belonged to Wightham (Wytham?) in Berks."

After this occurs a passage in which a theory is given for the solution of the difficult question, How any man can possibly be a Whig? One Dr Aldrich, rector of Henley-on-Thames, preaches a sermon which is—

"Poor canting stuff, altogether Whiggish and flattering against the poor king (James III.) and honest men, and as much in praise of the Duke of Brunswick and his government, and those that are for him. But poor Charles (the rector) hath a bad, vexatious, furious wife, that pushes him on to these things, being angry that he is not preferred."

I wonder the illustration of Ahab and Jezebel did not occur to Mr Hearne. The supposition that Whigs have bad wives, to account for their Whiggery, is less gallant than charitable to men of objectionable principles. The manly sports of the country were, as it appears, still kept up in Hearne's time, in a manner that would delight the heart of Mr Kingsley:—

"This year (1723), the 7th of July being a Sunday, the fair was kept last Monday, and 'twas a very great one; and yesterday it was held too, and there was a very great match of backsword or cudgell-playing between the hill-country and the vale-country, Berkshire men being famous for this sport or exercise. And 'tis remarkable that at Childrey, by Wantage, lives one old Vicars, a farmer, who hath been very excellent at it, and hath now five sons, that are so expert at it, that 'tis supposed they are a match for any five in England. They always come off victors, and carry off the hat, the reward of the conquest, so that they have not bought any hats since they have been celebrated for this exercise."

Soon after follows the account of another kind of contest, a choice morceau for those who are interested in the great tobacco controversy, now carried on in the pages of the *Lancet*:—

"Yesterday, at two o'clock in the forenoon, was a smoaking match over against the theatre in Oxford, a scaffold being put up for it just at Finmore's, an ale-house. The conditions were that any one (man or woman) that could smook out three ounces of tobacco first without drinking or going off the stage, should have twelve shillings. Many tried; and 'twas thought that a journeyman tailor, of St Peter's in the East, would have been victor, he smoaking faster than, and being many pipes before, the rest; but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have dyed; and an old man, that had been a souldier, and smoaked gently, came off conqueror, smoaking the three ounces quite out; and he told one (from whom I had it) that after it he smoaked four or five pipes the same evening."

The account Hearne gives of a well-known tree at the top of Headington Hill is not without its interest to members of the University.

This tree was a few years in imminent danger of losing its life, and the axe had been actually laid to its root, when it was saved by the remonstrances of the University, headed, I believe, by the Warden of Wadham, the then Vice-Chancellor.

"Upon the top of Heddington Hill, by Oxford, on the left hand as we go to Heddington, just at the brow of the branch of the Roman way that falls down upon Marston-lane, is an elm, that is commonly called and known by the name of Jo. Pullen's tree, it having been planted by the care of the late Mr Josiah Pullen, of Magdalen Hall, who used to walk to that place every day, sometimes twice a-day if tolerable weather, from Magdalen Hall and back again, in the space of half an hour. This gentleman was a great walker, and some walks he would call a *mug of twopenny*, and others a *mug of threepenny*, &c., according to the difference of the air of each place."

We must suppose, from Hearne having left it without mention, that the story of the said Mr Pullen having hung himself on the branches of this tree is mythological.

From J. Pullen, Esq., we pass to Fair Rosamond, who is associated with Godstow Priory near Oxford.

"Samuel Gale, Esq., writes me, and in a letter dated from London the 3d instant, that he hath lately and accidentally purchased an antient, but fine, picture of the beautiful Rosamond. 'Tis painted on a panel of wainscott, and represents her in a three-quarter proportion, dressed in the habit of the times, a straight bodied gown of changeable red velvet, with large square sleeves of black flowered damask facings, turned up above the bend of her arms, and close sleeves of pearl-coloured satin puffed out, but buttoned at the wrist, appearing from under the large ones. She has several rings set with pretious stones on her finger. The heart covered with a fine flowered linnen, gathered close at the neck, like a ruff. Her face is charmingly fair, with a fine blush in her cheeks; her hair, of a dark brown, parted with a seam from the middle of her forehead upwards under her coiffure, which is very plain; but a gold lace appears above it, and that covered with a small cap of black silk. She is looking very intently on the fatal cup, which she holds in one hand and the cover in the other, as going to drink it. Before her is a table

covered with black damask, on which there lies a prayer-book open, writt in the antient black character. The whole piece is extremely well preserved. Mr Gale takes it to have been done about Henry the Seventh's time."

Poor Mr Hearne would have been stigmatised by Shakespeare as a man fit for treason, stratagem, and wiles, from the way in which he speaks of Handel. What would he have said, asks Dr Bliss, if he had known that the Oxford Theatre would become one of the scenes of Madame Goldschmidt's vocal triumphs? But Handel comes from the land of Whigs, and this explains it all.

"One Handel, a foreigner (who, as they say, was born at Hannover), being desired to come to Oxford, to perform in musick this act, in which he hath great skill, is come down, the vice-chancellor (Dr Holmes) having requested him to do so, and, as an encouragement, to allow him the benefit of the theater both before the act begins and after it. Accordingly, he hath published papers for a performance to-day, at 5s. a ticket. This performance began a little after 5 o'clock in the evening. This is an innovation. The players might be as well permitted to come and act. The vice-chancellor is much blamed for it. In this, however, he is to be commended, for reviving our acts, which ought to be annual, which might easily be brought about, provided the statutes were strictly followed, and all such innovations (which exhaust gentlemen's pockets, and are incentives to lewdness) were hindered.

"*July 6.*—The players being denied coming to Oxford by the vice-chancellor, and that very rightly, though they might as well have been here as Handel and (his lowsy crew), a great number of foreign fiddlers, they went to Abbingdon, and yesterday began to act there, at which were present many Gownsmen from Oxford."

I have given you enough extracts from Dr Bliss's collection of Hearne's Memoirs, which, by the way, is enriched by most copious and valuable appendices, to give an idea of the man, and in some measure of the feelings of the time in which he lived.

Other such beings are probably to be found in libraries now; Dominie Sampson being the model of the class, studious, sensitive, gentle, and re-

tiring, innocent as maidens who have been brought up at home, but prejudiced to the backbone. The Jacobite warmth is not surprising, considering the severity with which the intrusive dynasty treated a conscientious adherence to the expelled one. And it is curious, in these days, to see how strongly people could feel for a cause which was of no mercantile value to the community, and by which, as individuals, they were not likely to enrich themselves. Because common sense, expediency, wealth, and talent, were enlisted on the side of the Revolution, chivalry, generosity, and political innocence, were naturally drawn to the other side, and as naturally went to the wall, which is the common fate of the harmlessness of the dove when unattended with the wisdom of the serpent,—

“*Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa Catoni.*”

It was a great struggle between Prose and Poetry with Great Britain for a battle-field; and Prose, being the best tactician, gained the honours of the day, and has kept them ever since. And the severity of the victorious party is perfectly consistent with human nature. Practical men are generally unmerciful towards those acted upon by principles which they cannot understand, even though not by nature cruel. But a little more wisdom would have shown them that the very disinterested loyalty of the Jacobites made them the best subjects in the world of a master who understood how to govern them, and that it was most inexpedient to visit their risings with the penalties enacted against rebellion. That it was unjust I do not say, for every government, once constituted, has a right to protect itself by extreme measures against revolution, and revolution is such a nuisance that, although it may be morally perfectly justifiable to effect it, those who make the attempt ought always to be required to put their heads in pawn, as a penalty to be paid in case of failure. Few will doubt now that the conduct of the Whigs towards the earlier Tories was a great political blunder, as those who represented them in after times have been found the stanchest sup-

porters of the Throne and the Church, and, indeed, the only true friends of the liberties of the people. For the Whigs, professing democratic principles which they have ever hated in their hearts, have sold the interests of the people to the aristocracy of wealth, degrading, at the same time, the value of rank, so that the highest nobility of blood has become almost a matter of ridicule, unless it rests on a broad basis of acres or funded property. The principle on which the Whigs have ever served the Crown, beginning with the supporters of William of Orange, is simply as an institution useful to their own aggrandisement. Loyalty in its divine essence, one of the most unselfish feelings that ever animated the heart of man, and connected with all the holiest and tenderest relationships—duty to God as a heavenly Father, duty to parents, duty to the magistrate, and duty to one's country—has ever been to them a mere word without meaning—a sound without a sense. That the Stuarts presumed too much on the loyalty of their followers, and cruelly abused it, is at the same time not to be denied. Charles I. took liberties with it, but, schooled by misfortune, would have acted better at the last had he succeeded in saving his crown; Charles II. played with it in cruel wantonness, as in the disgrace of Clarendon; James II. malignantly outraged it, and richly deserved his fate, as far as he personally was concerned; but it lived through his treachery, and it survived the undutiful elevation of Mary II., and the feelingless imbecility of Anne, to rally round the nearest of kin to them. The coarse natures of the first and second Georges had not the tact to perceive that conciliation was their policy; and it remained for George III., a monarch whose intellectual powers have of late years been unjustly disparaged, but whose practical shrewdness and straightforward manliness of character demand for his memory a better judgment, to heal the old wounds, and conciliate the Tories to himself. When George III. was advised by his own police that the young Pretender was in London, and informed his Minister of the fact, to the entreaties of the terrified func-

tionary he replied, that he intended to suffer the young man to depart in peace, as he felt strong enough to defy his machinations. Since that time the house of Brunswick has found its truest source of strength in the attachment of the Tory party—an attachment which has left nothing to be desired in its hearty acquiescence in the blameless rule of Victoria, who now feels her sacred person most secure and most at home in those mountain fastnesses which were once the very hotbeds of Jacobite rebellion. It may be said that, in the present reign, the old distinction of parties has virtually ceased. In the last it passed through a new phase, the Tory party representing, at the time of the Reform fever, the Conservative element, and the Whig the revolutionary or destructive. Still the same names were applied, though with a weaker application. They are even less properly applicable now, when the only true parties, if parties there be, are the party of the Towns, or elastic and graduated Wealth, and the party of the Country, still clinging to the remains of Feudality, or graduated and inelastic Rank—one commercial and cosmopolite, loving material comfort and abundance better than political honour or national security; and the other patriotic and national, deeming national greatness, preparedness for war, and ancestral freedom in subordination to law, connected with social happiness, of more account than the enrichment of a few millionaires at the expense of the industrious masses, or the increase of facilities for deluging the world with the tasteless abortions of the cotton-factories. The Ultra-radicals are still a party apart—some honest, some dishonest, some attaching themselves to the Town party, some to the party of the Country, or dividing on different questions, but generally consisting of

those conscious to themselves of merits unrecognised by the world at large, and only to be pacified by the loaves and fishes of office.

As for ourselves "here in Oxford," as they say in the "bidding" prayer, we are in a transition state, and I do not yet see my way clearly through the changes. Some day or other I shall have more to say about them. And now I wish you the full enjoyment of this lovely spring weather, such as seems to have been in the olden time in April, and such as I scarcely recollect during the long tenure of office by the Whigs, almost inducing me to hope that Whiggery and the east winds, and the spring-frosts which cut off the apple-blossoms and peach-blossoms, and stunted the cider, are all about to die a natural death together. Should such happy consummation come about, you and I will finish next Commemoration one of my best bottles of common-room port; and perhaps you shall have—for I cannot promise, not being yet Vice-Chancellor—an honorary Doctor's degree in the Theatre, amidst the plaudits of enthusiastic undergraduates.

"To see good corn upon the rigs,
And a gallows put up to hang the Whigs,
And the right restored where the right
should be!
Oh that is the thing that would wanton
me!"

as Caleb Balderston sings. But now that the right is restored or maintained in the person of our beloved Queen herself, the "de facto" as well as "de jure" representative of the old line of British monarchs, we will drink her health, with a bumper for each of the little ones, not forgetting "la petite dernière," for whose health France makes telegraphic inquiries twice a-day, in the warmth of her new alliance, and only wish all Whigs—a happy release.—Ever yours,

THEPOLEMUS.

THE SCULPTURED STONES OF SCOTLAND.

OUR modern system of rapid travelling is perhaps not so favourable to the casual observation of petty wayside objects of interest, as the easy deliberate movements of our grandfathers were. We are swept into a cathedral city or a picturesque mountain-district, and may there pursue our inquiries within a reasonable radius round the centre. But we have been whirled hopelessly away from this secluded Norman parish church, or that fossiliferous deposit, which it would have been so pleasant to have idled over for an hour in the way, though it would not recompense a special journey. Only a keen archæologist will go on a separate mission to a single stone, or a monoglyph, as he will probably term it, if he has deemed it important enough for such a feat. But our grandfathers, when they rode on horseback, or frequented the lazy stage-coach, which encouraged walking up-hill, and had no objection to it anywhere, were often excited to a mysterious and pleasant interest by passing, on some remote country-road, a grey stone of granite or gneiss, covered over with zigzag or knotted ornaments—with dragons and strange beasts—with fishes—with men engaged in fighting, or slaying each other, or hunting; sometimes unaccompanied by any vestige of Christianity, but at others subservient to the representation of the great Christian symbol of the cross. Few authors who have written topographically about Scotland, from Hector Boece downwards, have failed to notice these mysterious monuments. Pennant hunted after them zealously; and Gray the poet, falling on a nest of them near Glamis Castle, mused over them with such reverence for their mysterious character and hoar antiquity, as the author of the *Fatal Sisters*, and the *Descent of Odin*, could indulge in with relish.

But if these curious monuments be now less in the path of the casual traveller, the zeal of the antiquary has more than compensated for the change by an ardent search after them in their obscure hiding-places—

a search which has developed a mass of archæological material rich and varied beyond the most extravagant hopes of a Pennant or a Grose. After various collections of the “sculptured stones,” the climax has been achieved in a volume just issued by the Spalding Club, in which above a hundred of these ancient monuments are fac-similed with marvellous accuracy. The work does credit to the liberality of the Club, and the energetic zeal of its secretary, Mr Stuart. For the first time they have enabled the archæologist in his closet to carry out a systematic analysis of the new department, for such the magnitude of the collection makes it, in his science. No one can turn over the pages without astonishment. So profuse is the succession of grim and ghastly human figures, of mutilated limbs, of preternatural beasts, birds, and fishes, of dragons, centaurs, and intertwined snakes, of uncouth vehicles, and warlike instruments, and mystic symbols—of chains of interlaced knots and complex zigzags, all crowding on each other, that the tired eye feels as if it had run through a procession of temptations of St Anthony or Faust Sabbaths.

And what are we to make of this monumental wealth, which has lain quietly on our native fields while our investigators have been at search in Syria, Egypt, and Mexico? An Œdipus will probably some day appear to tell us. In the mean time, our object is to call some general attention to a topic surrounded with much interest, and wealthy in provocatives to suggestion and inquiry. To show that there may be a considerable latitude of view on the matter, and more than one way of describing the same object, we present successively two different descriptions of a stone, without thinking it necessary to state where we found them. We give the precedence to the more distinct and specific, if not the more scholarly and philosophic of the two.

“At the foot of the hill there is a standing stone, leaning to one side, all

covered over with curious representations carved upon it. One of these is clearly a pair of spectacles, and above them is a cocked hat, with two canes, beautifully ornamented at the handles, lying across the same. There is also the figure of an animal, which some learned persons have called an elephant, but which is more like to a stot of the north country or Highland breed. Farther down there is a coach of a very rude construction, in which a man in an old-fashioned costume is standing up, with a branch of fir in his hand. In the corner below is a comb and a looking-glass, and the whole is surrounded by a border worked in a very genteel pattern. The superstitious people have an idle story, how that a young maiden, very vain of her beauty, was combing her hair at a looking-glass, when Satan came to her in the guise of a well-favoured gentleman, and betted that, before she had done combing of her hair, he would make a road to the top of the hill, on which he could drive her in a chariot. She, not desiring to be beforehand, combed on, and contemplated her beauty, until Satan, having completed the said road, which is pointed out, laid with large whinstones, he drove her thereon in a fiery chariot, and flew away with her in a whirlwind. But this seems an incredible story, and quite useless to account for the figures of the looking-glass, the comb, and the coach, seeing that among the tombs of respectable artisans in the churchyard there are sculptured many articles of the same nature, as shears, axes, hammers, shoemakers' knives, toddy-ladles, and eight-day clocks."

The other description is as follows :—

"At the commencement of an ascent marking the superposition of the plutonic trap upon the sedimentary strata, there stands a hieroglyphed monolith, projecting from the perpendicular, with an orientation E.S.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. The Buddhist triad is conspicuously symbolised by what the peasantry call a pair of spectacles. It consists of two circles, of which the one, having its radius $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wider than the other, is evidently Buddha, the spiritual or divine intellectual essence of the world, or the efficient underived cause of all; the other is Dharma, the material essence of the world—the plastic underived cause. The ligamen connecting them together completes the sacred triad, with the Sangha derived from and composed of the two others. Here, therefore, is symbolised the collective energy of spirit and matter in the

state of action, or the embryotic creation, the type and sum of all specific forms, spontaneously evolved from the union of Buddha and Dharma. The crescent, likened by the vulgar-minded peasantry to a cocked hat, is the embodiment of the all-pervading celestial influence, and the decorated sceptres, or sacred wands of office laid across it, at the mystic angle of forty-five degrees, represent the comprehensive discipline and cosmopolite authority of the conquering Sarsawete. The figure of the elephant—undoubted evidence of the Oriental origin of this monoglyph—represents the embryo of organised matter, while in the chariot of the sun the never-dying Inis na Bhíodhlhadh (pronounced fudla), threads the sacred labyrinth, waving a branch of the Mimosa serisha, which has been dipped in a sacred river and dried beneath the influence of Osiris. The figures called a comb and a looking-glass are the lingal emblems of the sacred Phallic worship. The whole hierograph thus combines, in an extremely simple and instructive manner, the symbolisation of Apis, Osiris, Uphon, and Isis, Phallos, Pater Æther, and Mater Terra, Lingam and Yoni, Vishnu, Brama, and Sarsawete, with their Saktes, Yang and Yiri, Padwa-devi, Viltzli, Pultzli, Baal, Dhanandarab, Sulivahna and Mumbo Jumbo. The surrounding bordure or string-cord, with its intertwining geometric exemplifications of the objective quadrature and the subjective sphere, represent the unity and comprehensive affinity of the whole. We have here evidently typified the well-known invasion of Scotland, 643 years before the Christian era, by the reformers of the Sabaism and Brahminical fire-worship of the ancient Asiatic races, a circumstance touchingly commemorated in a local legend, which represents a damsel combing her hair—the representation of the unconscious spirit of simple Sabaism, who is whirled away in the chariot of Asoka the conqueror into the regions of eternal light and purity, where the all-pervading spirit of unity directs the influences of multiplicity."

We do not profess to adopt implicitly the views announced in either of these lucid descriptions. Perhaps, as sensible people are wont to say, we shall find the truth somewhere between them. At all events, the true spirit of historical inquiry can only rest on such accurate, unimpassioned, untheory-begotten representations as those contained in the lithographs of the Spalding Club.

They enable us to make acquaintance with the stones in the first instance, and to endeavour to solve their origin afterwards, instead of receiving them in a shape and amount adjusted to demonstrate some preadopted theory. One author pronounced them straightway to be Egyptian, and exemplified his theory by distorting alike the Scottish and the Theban instances, until he got them to meet each other at a sort of half-way house in wonderful harmony. A few such superabundant mysteries are cleared away by these honest transcripts of the reality. It was extremely perplexing to understand that the elephant was profusely represented upon memorials familiar to the eyes of the inhabitants of Scotland, at a period, if we might credit some theories, anterior to the time when Roman soldiers were appalled in the Punic war by the sudden apparition of unknown animals of monstrous size and preternatural strength. The whole flood of Oriental theory was let loose by this evidence of familiarity with the usages of Hindostan. But it is pretty evident, when we inspect him closely, that the animal, though a strange beast of some peculiar conventional type, is no elephant. That spiral winding-up of his snout, which passed for a trunk, is a characteristic refuge of embryo art, repeated upon other parts of the animal. It is necessitated by the difficulty which a primitive artist feels in bringing out the form of an extremity, whatever it may be—snout, horn, or hoof. He finds that the easiest termination he can make is a whirl, and he makes it accordingly. Thus the noses, the tails, the feet of the characteristic monster of the sculptured stones all end in a whirl, as the final letter of an accomplished and dashing penman ends in a flourish. The same difficulty is met in repeated instances on these stones by another ingenious resource. Animals are united or twined together by noses or tails, to enable the artist to escape the difficulty of executing the extremities of each separately.

There is a propensity to believe that whatever is old must have something holy and mysterious about it. It is difficult to believe, that in making an

ornament, men who would be so venerable, were they alive now, as our ancestors, can have been in the slightest degree affected by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Hence there is never a quaint Gothic decoration, floral or animal, but it must be symbolic, and the zealous ecclesiologist keeps his bestiary, wherein to note down the particulars of all the stone-carved animals with which he may fortunately have come in contact, and his symbolical deductions therefrom. In pursuance of the same propensity, the reticulated and geometrical tracery on the sculptured stones has been invested with mythic attributes, under such names as "the Runic Knot." It has been counted symbolical of that mysterious worship or creed, and has been associated with Druids and other respectable—but not very palpable—personages. What becomes at once apparent on the face of the present extensive collection, is, that the workers on the stones had become first-rate artists in the production of geometrical patterns, and largely indulged in the demonstration of their skill. The result is in many instances extremely beautiful; and as the decorations of classical, Saracenic, and Gothic architecture, have each in their turn been largely drawn upon by decorators of all classes, we have little doubt that original and "highly attractive" patterns might be borrowed for the decoration of the hall or the drawing-room from these grey stones dispersed over the northern wastes. Let some ambitious professor of the decorative arts put this suggestion to the test.

It would be unjust, however, to propagate the impression that these venerable monuments exhibit mere material representations of common objects or geometrical combinations. The universal Christian symbol is the prevailing object. The crucifix does not occur, but the cross is the most frequently-repeated form. Sometimes the general design of the ornamentation assumes a cruciform character; in others, there is the simple cross in outline, richly decorated on its surface. An Irish antiquary boldly maintains that the frequent occurrence of the cross on these monuments only proves that

symbol to have been in frequent use before the commencement of Christianity; and if any one is inclined to support this bold proposition, let him. We are content to believe that the cross, and the many other objects obviously connected with Christian worship appearing upon these stones, prove them to come within the period when our ancestors were Christians. Still there is no resisting the influence of the steady repetition on stones, found hundreds of miles distant from each other, of a peculiar combination of forms: a crescent, two circles, and something like a long sceptre or staff, zigzagged, or in fragments adjusted to each other in peculiar angles. Sometimes these symbols, if such they be, are highly decorated. On other occasions they are plain, and cut without any attempt at symmetry. The suggestion has been made, and it is curious and interesting—that these may be the symbols of the peculiar form of paganism prevalent in this island, and not entirely driven forth by the earliest exertions of the Christian missionaries. How long, indeed, pagan worship, or at least pagan observances, remained in this country, is itself a large and interesting subject, on which we do not propose to enter; nor shall we, in the mean time, profess to lay down the full theory of the sculptured stones. Having cast this hasty glance at an achievement, accomplished, let us look towards another field of exertion precisely similar in character, waiting for suitable labourers.

The Spalding Club volume does not record one-half of the sculptured stones possessed by Scotland. Within its own proper geographical limits, it is true, the Club has done its duty pretty effectually. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find there a stone un-turned to account by it. But the institution, having its headquarters at Aberdeen, considers the eastern portion of Scotland its peculiar province. It looks with suspicious eyes alike at the Celt inhabiting the mountains northward of the Clyde, and at those western lowland shires which were the cradle of the Covenant. But these districts have their own peculiar antiquarian

resources, and among them is a heap of sculptured stones. Their character and historical conditions are quite distinct from those of the east. Whether they are more or less interesting is possibly a matter open to discussion. Assuredly, they are more numerous, and beyond a doubt may be counted in hundreds. They are not endowed, to be sure, with the same dubious and mysterious historical conditions as their eastern neighbours. The dark shadow of departing Gnosticism is not traced on them, in dim uncommunicative features. On the contrary, it is their boast and glory that they proclaim an historical origin of enduring greatness and lustre,—that they are, indeed, no less than the types of the advance of Christianity over our country, the landmarks set down by the early missionaries to mark the progress of their spiritual conquest.

In the history of Christianity, not the least wonderful chapter contains the episode of the repose in the west, where a portion of the Church, having settled down, grew up in calm obscurity, protected by distance from the desolating contest which was breaking up the empire of the world, and raged more or less wherever the Roman sway had penetrated. Of the southern Britons it could no longer be said, as in the days of Augustus, that they were *penitus toto divisos orbe*. England was an integral part of the empire, where, if the proconsul or legionary commander had not the hot sun and the sky of Italy, there were partial compensations in the bracing air which renewed his wasted strength, the new and peculiar luxuries in the shape of shell-fish and wildfowl that enriched his table, and the facilities which his insular authority afforded him for strengthening his political position, and plotting for a fragment of the disintegrating empire. An admiral of the Roman fleet had at one time established his power in Britain, where he set up as Cæsar, and sought to create an imperial centre in the north. Here was a part of the true Roman empire waiting the coming of the wild hordes who were gathering for the general overthrow, and it

was no place either for the Christian Church, or for Italian civilisation, to find refuge. Though the Romans had their walls, their roads, their forts, and even a few villas in Scotland, yet one going northward at that time through the territories of the Gadeni and the Otadeni, would observe the Romanised character of the country gradually decreasing, until he found himself among those rough independent northern tribes who, under the name of Picts and Scots, drove the Romanised Britons into the sea, and did for the insular portion of the empire what the hordes who were called Goths, Franks, and Alemanni, were doing in the Roman provinces of the Continent.

Behind the scene of this destructive contest, Christianity, having been planted, flourished in peaceful poverty. It grew here and there over Ireland, and in a small portion of the remote part of Scotland; and the distance from the scene of warfare necessary for its safety is shown by the fate of St Ninian's little church in the Mull of Galloway. It was too near the scene of strife to live. The isolation in which the western Christians thus arose, was productive of ecclesiastical conditions very remarkable in themselves, but perfectly natural as the effects of their peculiar causes. The admirable organisation for carrying out the civil government of the Roman empire, was a ready-made hierarchy for carrying out the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. It was far from the object of those who seized on the power of the Cæsars to abolish that power. On the contrary, they desired to work it upon their own account, and the empire lived, exercising more or less vitality and power, down to the first French Revolution. No part of its civil organisation, however, retained the comprehensive vitality which the learning and subtlety of the priesthood enabled them to preserve, or rather restore, to its spiritual branch. Where the conquerors of Rome held sway, there the priests of Rome obtained a sway also. But the one little fragment of the primitive Church, which had been so curiously cut off during the great contest, was

beyond the sway of the conquerors of Rome, as it had been beyond the sway of the Emperors themselves. Hence, while the Church, as united to Rome, grew up in one great uniform hierarchy, the small, isolated Church in the west grew up with different usages and characteristics; and when afterwards those who followed them were charged with schism, they asserted that they had their canons and usages directly from the apostles, from whom they had obtained the Gospel and the regulations of the Church pure and undefiled. Thus arose the renowned contest between the early Scottish Church and the rest of Catholicism about the proper period of observing Easter. Hence, too, arose the debates about the peculiar discipline of the communities called Culdees, who, having to frame their own system of church government for themselves, humble, poor, and isolated as they were, constructed it after a different fashion from the potent hierarchy of Rome. The history of these corporations possesses extreme interest, even to those who follow it without a predetermined design to identify every feature of their arrangements with a modern English diocese, or with a modern Scottish presbytery; and not the least interesting portion of this history is its conclusion, in the final absorption, not without a struggle, of these isolated communities within the expanding hierarchy of the popes. In a few humble architectural remains, these primitive bodies have left vestiges of their peculiar character to the present day. Not deriving the form of their buildings, with their other observances, from Rome, they failed to enter with the rest of the Church in that course of construction which led towards Gothic architecture. The earliest Christian churches on the Continent were constructed on the plan of the Roman basilica, or courts of justice, and wherever the Church of Rome spread, that method of construction went with her. The oldest style of church-building—that which used to be called Saxon, and is now sometimes termed Norman, and sometimes Romanesque—degenerated directly from the architecture of

Rome. There are ecclesiastical buildings in France and Italy, of which it might fairly be debated, from their style, whether they were built by the latest of the classical, or the earliest of the Gothic architects. The little church in the west had not the benefit of such models. Places of worship, and cells, or oratories, were built of timber, turf, or osiers. The biographer of Columba describes his followers as collecting wattles for the construction of their first edifice. But they had also a few humble dwellings of stone, which, naturally enough, had no more resemblance to the proud fanes of the Romish hierarchy, than if they had been erected in the interior of Egypt or Mexico. They were first found in Ireland; more lately, they have been traced in the Western Isles. They are small rude domes of rough stone; and if it may seem strange that the form adapted to the grandest of all architectural achievements should be accomplished by those rude masons who could not make a Roman arch, it must be remembered, that while the arch cannot be constructed without artificial support or scaffolding, a dome on a small scale may, and is indeed the form to which rude artists, with rude stones, and no other materials, would naturally be driven. It is that in which boys build their snow-houses. We shall not easily forget, how once, accompanying a piscatorial friend on the Loch of Curraan, near Ballyskelligs, in Kerry, we touched at a small island to visit a Norman ruin there, and saw, besides the ruin and a stone cross, one of these small rough domes, testifying, by its venerable simplicity, that it had stood there centuries before the Norman church beside it. But the peculiar characteristics of the architecture of the west did not stop short with these simple types. It advanced, carrying in its advance its own significant character, until it became mingled with the architecture propagated from Rome, as the Christian community which worshipped within the buildings became absorbed in the hierarchy. The Oratory of Galerius, in Kerry, is a piece of solid well-conditioned masonry, built after a plan of no

mean symmetry and proportion, yet with scarcely a feature in common with the early Christian churches of the rest of Europe. But it is in these mysterious round towers, so numerous in Ireland, and of which two at least exist in Scotland, that the peculiar architecture of the western church has left its proudest memorial.

Lest we should wander into a discussion which has given room for the wildest and most revolting theories that ever rushed from the brain of antiquary or ethnologist, let us drop from this lofty elevation to contemplate the stones upon the ground—the proper object of our present thoughts. In many spots throughout Argyllshire and the Western Isles, crosses and other sculptured stones mark the spots occupied as religious houses by the primitive Scottish Church. As all the more adventurous portion of the tourists in Scotland know, there are several of them at Iona, the great centre of the mission, where they pave the great cemetery of Relig Oran—and here, before referring to the less illustrious spots in which many others are dispersed, let a word be said for the effectual preservation of a collection of buildings and monuments so infinitely valuable from their reference to the history of Christianity and the history of religion. If the custody of the keys of the Holy Places was a sufficient ostensible cause for a European war, it is not too much to say that all the works of art, humble though they be, which adorn the spot where Christianity was propagated through Scotland, should be protected, so that they may no longer be scraped down by the iron heels of well-shod tourists. The monumental stones may be those of very unworthy monks or Highland chiefs; but they lie around the spot where Columba built his wattled hut, and even if they were not—as they are—vestiges of ancient Scottish art, the palpable evidence of the veneration paid by Scotland to the spot, by the interment of her great men there, is something worth preserving.

The common tourist takes Iona and Staffa at a gulp, and is relanded at Tobermory or Fort-William, his head a confused conglomerate of tossing at sea, basaltic pillars, por-

poises, ham and eggs, Gothic crockets, crosses, and the effigy of the Prioress Anna, who, being a rather funny figure, makes sport to the Philistines with her fat face, comfortable pillows, and two lap-dogs. He has got through a rather disagreeable job, which every one travelling for honours must, however, go at, and henceforth he holds a degree in Tourdom, being "able to say that he has seen" Staffa and Iona, or in other words, that he has undergone the necessary cost, fatigue, and sea-sickness, but has conveyed away no impression of the scenes, and knows nothing of the place in the material and in the mental world, of the objects he has taken so much pains to behold.

But as Staffa alone will not content the geologist, neither will Iona be sufficient for the ecclesiologist—a new species of the hobby-hunter, by which we mean that class who endeavour to turn the hunting and working propensities of mankind into some intellectual channel. If he be in search of the small Norman and first pointed churches, which are pretty numerous in the district, he will find a good inventory of them and their pertinents, in a small book called "Notes and Remains of Ecclesiastical Architecture, and Sculptured Memorials in the southern division of Scotland, 1855," written by a member of the order, who goes straight to his work, and has no more call to speculate on the historical conditions of ecclesiastical remains than the compiler of the *Court Guide* has to speculate on politics. Whoever finds the churches, will generally find crosses and other sculptured stones around them. But there are multitudes of these stones in places where there are not, and probably never were, churches or religious houses built of stone. The few scattered rays of true historical light thrown upon the western mission by the *Lives of the Saints* show, that, like the feudal acquirer taking livery of the fief, the Christian missionary's first function was, to raise a stone cross, to attest that there his mission had taken a new step in advance into heathendom. The place for the assemblage of the converts might probably be a timber or wattled hut, such as we have already spoken

of, and perhaps after it had served its purpose for a few years, the little flock who assembled in it, by the consolidation of the Christian church throughout the district, might be assembled along with others in a central stone building, afterwards the nucleus round which a parish, in the civil as well as the ecclesiastical sense of the term, would resolve itself into shape. But the rude cross which marked the first planting of the Gospel would still remain the object of veneration, and perhaps of pilgrimage.

The hunter after these relics, though many of them are collected in considerable groups, must of course be content to find single specimens often at considerable distances from each other. Let us give an instance of the sort of chase. From information obtained, we are off on a fresh summer morning along the banks of the Crinan Canal until we reach the road which turns southward to Loch Swin and Taivalich. After ascending so far, we strike off by a scarcely discernible track, and climb upwards among the curiously broken mountains of South Knapdale. When we are high enough up we look on the other side of the first ridge, and see the brown heather dappled with tiny lakes, looking like molten silver dropped into their hollows; while far below, one of the countless branches of Loch Swin winds through a narrow inlet among rocks, cushioned to the water's edge with deep green foliage. We are not to descend to the region of lake and woodland, betrayed by this glimpse, but to keep the wilder upland; and at last, in a secluded hollow near the small tarn called Lochcolissor, we reach a deserted village—a collection of roofless stone houses, looking, if one judged from mere externals, as if they might in their day have given shelter to Columba or Oran. In the centre of this group of domestic ruins is an affluent fountain of the clearest water walled in, doubtless one of the consecrated founts for which the Highlanders have still a veneration. Standing over it is the object of research—a tall grey deeply-lichened stone. At first it seems amorphous, as geologists say; but a closer view

discloses on the one side a cross incised, on the other a network of floral decorations in relief. To trace these in their completeness, it would be necessary to accomplish the not easy task of removing the coating of lichen.

There is something very pleasant in dubious wanderings with small or even no definite results, through such scenery as Argyllshire affords; but if the investigator desires to economise time, he can hardly fail to raise his game if he go to any spot which has the word "Kil" prefixed to its name. Whether or not it be the Celtic equivalent of Cella or Cell, it expresses an ecclesiastical establishment of some kind or other, the vestiges of which are seldom totally obliterated. At the head of Lochfine, near Dunderar, the grim tower of the Macnaughtons, which, from some decorations on it, looks hugely like as if it had been built in the seventeenth century with the stones of an old church—we find a tuft of trees with a dyke round it, called Kilmorich. It is a graveyard evidently, though it may not have been recently opened; the surface is uneven, and several rough stones, which may have been placed there at any time, stick through the earth. These, after a deliberate inspection, are found to have nothing of a sculptural character. But a small piece of rounded stone appears above the grass, and a little grubbing discloses a font, faintly decorated with some primitive fluting, on which a stonemason would look with much scorn; and a scratching of a galley, the symbol of the Argyll family, or some other of the races descended from ancient sea-kings. This gives encouragement, and a sharper glance around betrays a singular-looking rounded headstone, with two crescent-shaped holes. There are corresponding holes on the portion under the sod, which thus completes the rounded head of an ancient Scoto-Irish cross. The next point is to find the shaft—it lies not far off, deep in the turf. And when we take the grass and moss from its face, it discloses some extremely curious quadrilateral decorations, quite peculiar, and not in conformity with any type of form

which would enable its date to be guessed at within a century or two of the reality.

Passing through the rich woods of Ardkinglas, in a few miles we reach the burying-ground, called of old Kilmaglas, but now the well-kept churchyard, in which stands the modern church of Strachur. The answer made to our inquiry about the mode of entrance to the churchyard would have gratified an etnologist in search of evidence of the Irish origin of the Highlanders. We were recommended to get over the wall, and remove the stone behind the gate. The interior well rewards the exertion made to reach it. Here are several fine specimens of sculpture. Some stones, not of the oldest type, have the crossed sword, symbolical alike of the warrior character of the dead, and the religion of peace in which he rests. One has a shears—emblematic that it is dedicated to a woman. There is one with a figure in full chain-armour, and others, again, of an older date, are ornamented with the geometric knottings and reticulations which some antiquaries are in the habit of calling runic or mystic knots—it is much the same which—and of associating, as we have seen, with the Druids. Descending a few miles farther, in the small fertile delta of the Lachlan, and overshadowed almost by the old square castle of the M'Lachlans, there is a bushy enclosure which may be identified as the old burial-place of Kilmory. A large block of hewn stone, with a square hole in it, sets one in search of the cross of which it was the socket. This is found in the grass, sadly mutilated, but can be recognised by the stumps of the branches which once exfoliated into its circular head. Beside it lies a flat stone, on which a sword is surrounded by graceful floral sculpture. Let us cross over again to the valley perforated by Loch Crinan. Northward of the canal there is a remarkable diluvial district, through which, although it seems crowded with steep mountain summits, we can travel over many a mile of flat turf. From this soil the hills and rocks rise with extreme abruptness, in ridges at the border of the plain, and in isolated peaks here and

there throughout its surface. These seem at one time to have been islands in the water; and some topographers say that the waters of Lochawe must have come by this direction, and so passed into the sea, instead of tumbling out, as they now do, through the chasm between the bold bluffs of the Brander. But it must have been long long since the waters subsided, at least from a great portion of the plain, since it bears on its surface ancient relics of man's hand. Here there is a great barrow like a pyramid, with a chamber roofed with long stones in its centre. Near it is one of those circles of rough stones called Druidical, and farther on there is another, and then another; some of them tall pillars, others merely peeping above ground. They literally people the plain. This must have been a busy neighbourhood, whatever sort of work it may have been that went on around these untoolled fragments of the living rock, which have so distracted our antiquaries in later centuries. If they were the means or the object of any kind of heathen worship, then the existence close beside them of the vestiges of early Christianity may be set down as an illustration of the well-known historical opinion, that the first Christian missionaries, instead of breaking the idols and reviling the superstitions of those whom they went to convert, professed to bring a new sanctity to their sacred places, and endeavoured to turn their impure faith, with the least possible violence, into the path of purity. At all events, these primeval relics may be counted evidence of early inhabitation, and of advance in civilisation, such as it was; and thus it was in the real life that frequented that fruitful valley, rather than in the barren mountains further inland, that the Christian missionary set himself down to do good.

Our first trial is at Kilmichael, about three miles from Lochgilp, and rather more than a mile from Carn Ban inn. The churchyard is extremely fruitful in sculptured stones of various kinds—some floral, others geometrical, with wild beasts, monsters, and human figures. One of them was pointed out as the tomb of

a member of the house of Campbell, who bore the name of Thomas, and was a great bard, and lived in London and other great cities—Thomas Campbell, in short. It seems to be true that his fathers were buried in Kilmichael churchyard, but our informant seemed to struggle with an idea that the stone covered with the sculpture of a far past century had been really raised to his honour. The next generation will probably speak with entire confidence on the subject, though his dust has been worthily deposited in Westminster Abbey. The genesis of such traditions is curious. The stone called Rob Roy's tomb, which lies beside an ancient font in the churchyard of Balquhidder, is a sculptured stone raised for some one who had probably died in wealth and honour hundreds of years before Rob stole cattle.

Kilbride, four or five miles further on, beckons us forward. We are led off the alluvial plain by the edge of a clattering burn up into a narrow secluded glen. Its lower level is rich in foliage, but it is on the bare brow of the higher range that we are taught to find the Kil. It has no sculptures, at least we could find none; but, standing on the lone mountain-side, what seemed at a distance a ruined house, turned out to be the almost complete walls of a small church, with a Norman door and two lancet windows.

Returning to the alluvial land about four miles further on, we reach Kilmartin, a village with a large modern church. Its graveyard is graced with many sculptured stones—twenty-five may be counted, conspicuous for their rich carving and excellent preservation. On one or two of the latest in date, there are knightly figures clad in chain-mail. A local antiquary could probably trace these home to some worshipful families in the neighbourhood, but there are others beyond the infancy of the oldest authentic pedigrees. While the stones in the eastern counties are all of extremely remote antiquity, offering no link of connection with later times, these Highland specimens seem to carry their peculiarities with modified variations through several centuries into times comparatively late. There are

among them stones bearing some types of extreme antiquity, and others which undoubtedly proclaim themselves as no older than the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. It may be held as a safe axiom that a modern work may contain ancient features, but an ancient work can never be legitimately possessed of modern features. It is sometimes a difficult task, in judging of antiquities, to make a sufficient allowance for the spirit of imitation. There is nothing certainly more natural than that a new tombstone should be made after the fashion of time-honoured monuments, the pride of the graveyard in which it is to be placed. In Kilmartin there are two decided imitations of the more ancient class of the western sculptured stones. Though the symbols and decorations which they bear are of ancient outline, the heavy, and at the same time, accurate and workmanlike way in which they are cut, would mark them indubitably as modern, even if the one did not bear the date of 1707, and the other of 1711.

There is a uniform legend over the Western Highlands, that all the crosses and sculptured stones scattered about, singly or in groups, have been removed from Iona. The way to find them, indeed, is to ask for "Iona stones," and it may save a useless journey, when hopes have been founded on any particular Kil, to ask whether there are any Iona stones there. Sometimes you will obtain a

very distinct legend how the robbers of Relig Oran had landed one cargo of stones in safety, but in their attempt to bring a second, they were pursued by the active police of Iona, and shipwrecked in the flight. A solemn confidential Highlander will even tell you that the vessel was wrecked *there*, where the stones are easily seen at low-water mark; and will enter, as a matter of business, into all the arrangements for rowing you over the spot at the proper time for seeing them, or even for having them raised. But when the proper time comes, he explains that he has not seen them himself, and somebody else must be got as a guide who has seen them, and that somebody else cannot be found anywhere, although there is no doubt that the stones are there, and can be seen *there* by anybody who looks for them. Although, with all the modern facilities for the removal of bulky articles by sea, it would be both a costly and precarious task to ship and unship some of the monuments said to have been thus surreptitiously carried off, the tradition has found supporters. They rely on the zeal with which the reformers removed from Iona such things as they counted monuments of idolatry. But surely we must produce also a far more vehement zeal in favour of these monuments to account for their being carefully conveyed, all of them across a stormy sea, and many of them several miles inland, to be set down in safety and honour.

LIFE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

AGAIN the course of events is directing the progress of British influence and empire towards the savage mountains and wild deserts of Central Asia, which, possibly enough, may never directly repay the cost of occupation, but constitute not the less on that account the citadel of the East, and would be most valuable to us in political and military points of view.

Our first occupation of Afghanistan promised well for a time; Kabul, Kandahar, and Khelat, willingly yielded to our troops; but incapacity and infatuation were so predominant in our councils, that the fierce mountaineers soon asserted their independence by those terrible massacres which, for a time, turned the eyes of Englishmen with such intense anxiety upon the distant East. We repassed the Kyber, in order to vindicate our power, but after reoccupying Kabul, retired from the then unprofitable conquest, and were content to leave the Belooches undisturbed, and the blood of Loveday and his soldiers unavenged. Shortly before, and during our occupation of Afghanistan, much was done by enterprising travellers to extend our knowledge of that and neighbouring parts of the world: Conolly passed from the Caspian to Herat, from Herat to Kabul, and thence through the north of Beloochistan into Sind; Wood discovered the sources of the Oxus; Moorcroft perished to the north of the Hindu Koosh; even Khiva, and Bokhara, and ancient Samarkand, beheld adventurous wanderers from England. But after the disastrous events just alluded to, Central Asia was tabooed, and remained for many years a subject of unmentionable horror to the Anglo-Indian official mind. A very strong reaction set in against any further attempts to advance the western boundaries of British India. All the passes which opened on British territory were closed except to a few Afghan and Hindu merchants. Intelligent officials were politely reprovved whenever they made representations on the subject

to the Supreme Government. Sir Charles Napier, indeed, backed by Lord Ellenborough, contrived to annex Sind, but his conquest was looked upon with no favourable eyes by the Court of Directors and by the Government of Bombay; it was submitted to as a necessary evil, rather than welcomed, which it might have been, as an inevitable and important measure. Even the conquest of the Punjab was avoided as far as possible, although that country is the crown of India, and though Hindostan, from the first invasion down to the establishment of the Delhi empire, has always been conquered from the North. In vain Sir Charles Napier desired to proceed against it while it was threatening us, and he was in Sind. And when at last we did conquer it, the East India Directors and their Governor-General were volunteers in the matter, only in the sense in which the word was used by the sepoy officer of a forlorn hope who, on being taunted for his backwardness, and being asked if he and his band were not volunteers, candidly replied, "*Ha, Sahib! hum Bobumteer hain, lekun kush se nahin jate*"—Yes, Master, we are volunteers, but we do not go of our own free will.

New circumstances, however, bring new views, and the feeling against interference with the affairs of Central Asia appears to have diminished in strength. In warfare against the wild tribes, our military operations would no more be dependent on the enmity or friendship of native rulers, their intrigues or precarious assistance; for any military force may now be concentrated to the west of the Indus, with a plentiful supply of food and military stores, and with the certainty of these being replenished regularly. It is beginning now to be seen that the key to the Punjab and Hindostan, to Balkh, Bokhara, Tartary, and the Russian possessions on the north, to Herat and Persia on the west, lies in Kabul among the mountains of Kabulistan. It is also

felt that a great nation cannot lay down any frontier, and resolve not to be tempted past that. There was as much wisdom in the Saxon king's attempt to stay the advancing waves, as there is in the policy of those statesmen who fancy that they can confine the advance of a nation within certain geographical limits. In fact, the very powers which we desire not to disturb often compel us to encroach, by beseeching us to interfere in their internal affairs, or attacking and annoying us if we refuse to do so. Thus, for instance, Dost Mohammed himself besought us, in 1855, to make a treaty of friendship with him; in 1857 we see, among other consequences, British troops not far from Kabul. Considerable sums of money have been paid to the Khan of Khelat and other chiefs. A large fleet of vessels has conveyed a strong land-force to the attack of Persia. Old books of travel in the East have been sought out and eagerly studied. The vast district of country which lies westwards of the Indus is no longer a forbidden land, but one in which the English name is again powerful for a very great distance, and one in many parts of which an Englishman will be made heartily welcome. And though it is neither right nor prudent to push an action in this matter, yet possibly enough the day may not be far distant when English stations will be established in the Bolan and Kyber passes; when the mystery and savagery of Central Asia will vanish under British enterprise and rule.

In these present circumstances, and under the first shadow of coming events, it may not be amiss for us to give some sketches of Central Asia, of its inhabitants and their singular life. Abundance of interesting material on this subject exists in works already published; but these works are in themselves so well worthy of perusal, that we prefer drawing on the stock of our own personal experience, not without the hope that even a few slight sketches may direct some readers to the writings of more enterprising and accomplished travellers. For, perhaps, there is no literature more peculiarly Brit-

ish, and almost none more worthy of careful perusal, than that which relates to explorative travel. The peculiar genius which enables a man both to undertake and describe such travel, involves many high qualities of mind and character. Instinctive it may be, even as that of the statesman, the warrior, or the poet; but it is a rare and noble instinct, wisely implanted by the hand of God in a few of our race. It is an instinct which was necessary to the progress of the world, which opened the path to the founders of our Indian empire, and tracked over the wild Atlantic the way to the wide-waving cornfields and sugar-brakes of America. Far be it from us to make any pretensions to such peculiar distinction. Indeed, it is rather difficult now to find an explorable new country, and the enterprising traveller will soon have to mourn, like Alexander, over a conquered world. In the loneliest dell of Cashmere, Alastor would meet, not the Spirit of Solitude, but some sporting officer or sallow Punjab civilian enjoying a few weeks' leave. The ascent of the "heaven-ascending" peaks of the Gavahir themselves would be embittered by the recollection of a book having been published with the impertinent title, "A Walk over the Himalayas," as if the walk was quite insignificant—a mere Saturday afternoon's exploit. From Baghdad to the Caspian, and from the Caspian to Herat, the Hindu Koosh, and farther Bokhara, we may tread in the footsteps of our countrymen who have gone before, and add our stones to the lonely cairns of those who have fallen by the way. But though Central Asia affords no field for geographical discovery, yet it presents vast districts almost unknown and peopled by singular savage nomads, and may readily afford more interesting material for description than any which can be gathered on the great highways of the world. More particularly, we hope to entertain the reader when he passes with us through the Hala mountains into Beloochistan, and encamps (in fancy as we in recollection) by the wells of ancient Gedrosia, from which not more than two or three Europeans have drank since the ground was trampled round

them by the hosts of the retiring army of Alexander.

There are many centres where the intelligent traveller may place himself in contact with numerous varieties of Eastern race and character. In Cairo we may see Arabia, Syria, and all the north-east of Africa. Aden is not a bad point, about the time of the Hadj, for meeting with Mohammedans; but no one feels inclined to stay longer than he can help in that fiery, dusty, extinct volcano. Bombay is the great port of the Arabian Gulf, and presents greater variety of nationality and costume, than any other town it has been our fortune to visit. When the cool evening breeze is sweeping over the pale blue of the sea, or still later, when the distant ghauts have been veiled by the night, so welcome to the wild beasts with which they abound, it is like enjoying a dream of the Arabian Nights to wander slowly through the crowded bazaars and the palm-groves of Bombay. In the open carriage which swiftly passes, we get a glimpse of the pale face of some English lady, languidly reclining beside her husband, the Secretary to Government, too tired with his day's labour to do more than passively enjoy the coolness of the night. The buggy which tears along behind has in it a couple of intoxicated English sailors, who make the *buggywallah* goad on his wretched horse, by punching and kicking him, he consoling himself with thinking of Jack's drunken generosity. In the neighbourhood of the *bunders*, all varieties of the African *homo* are to be seen; the lithe Somal, with nothing but a blanket round him; the stout, short, brown Abyssinian; and the huge coal-black Seedy, newly arrived from the Mozambique coast, with his incomprehensible alternations of savage sulkiness and maniacal good-humour. Short but brawny Mahratta coolies, from the Concan-Ghaut-Mahta, trudge sturdily along with palanquins, or bearing great loads upon their heads. They always prefer to carry loads in that way; and when a benevolent gentleman gave wheel-barrows to a number of them, the coolies whipt up the barrows upon their heads, whenever he was out of sight, and went off gratified and

triumphant. Hindus, old and young, bunyas and brahmins, with red turbans and white, pass in streams through the bazaars where the waving lights of the open shops make everything bright as day. Here a lemon-coloured Chinaman displays his ivory toys; there a row of Arab horse-dealers sit smoking and drinking coffee. The ancient fire-worshippers look far more fat and fair than the miserable Indo-Portuguese, who move, in dirty white jackets and trousers, as if all their stamina were gone. In side streets there are black Jews from Cochin, and golden-coloured ones from the banks of the Euphrates. An experienced eye will soon detect stranded Italians, Germans, and Poles, who have reached India in mysterious ways, with vague notions of making their fortune there, but who find themselves more wretched than ever. Hideous sounds, meant for music, with doleful howling, induce us to glance into the temples where the followers of Siva are worshipping ugly stones smeared with red paint and oil. Where the air is heavy with the fragrant perfume of tropical flowers, and the tall palms are rustling gently above, the lights and music of the wealthy native merchant's *nautch* invite us to enter his bungalow and behold how Paphian girls of various climes can sing and smile. Then it is not only the mere outside life, such as the streets of a European town present, which is disclosed. It is rather as if we walked the streets of a European town with the power of seeing through window-curtains and stone walls. Through the broad plantain leaves the English party is seen dining under the waving punkah. We hear the coolie asking his wife, while he beats her for not having made enough bread, if she wants him to die *starving*. Household matters are unconcealed. And the life of half a million of the human race—for such population has the town of which we speak—is laid open, so that he who walks or rides may read.

But for Central Asia, Kurrachee, the port of Sind, is the most convenient point of observation. Surely no one ever approached it with the intention of remaining there for some time, without feeling a little dismay and

sinking of the heart. The Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the upper part of the Arabian Gulf, are bounded by the waste places of the earth—hot sandy shores, spotted with dreary mangrove swamps, and rising up into red precipitous mountains which seem to flame even in the summer heat. The broken malaria-covered swamps, through which the waters of the Indus find their way into the sea, are succeeded, as we approach Kurrachee, by low sand-hills extending along the coast to Cape Monze, a huge promontory of red sandstone ending a vast range of sterile mountains, which stretch away to the north-east for hundreds of miles beyond eyesight till lost among the ranges of distant Affghanistan. Dreary enough looks the aspect of things after we cross the bar and prepare to land. A long bunder-road, with Arab budgerows loading and unloading on one side of it, and on the other a dark muddy swamp, full of dead fish and shell-fish, excrement of aquatic birds, and rotting plants, leads up to a barren sandy plain, on a slight elevation of which stands the cantonment. Clouds of sand and dust dash furiously at the astonished visitor. The dry heat, if the wind is from the land, cracks his skin. He is ready to curse the country as bearing nothing but sand, salt, and soldiers.

A very little acquaintance with it, however, will convince him that it has many compensating advantages. The dry, elastic, invigorating air of the desert is very exciting, so much so, indeed, that for some days the stranger feels his brain painfully active, and strongly suspects that the European residents in Sind are all insane. From October to March the weather is very pleasant, and though it may be very hot during the day, yet towards sunset, and on till morning, he finds a sharp cold, unknown in Hindostan, which enables him to enjoy once more the luxuries of a fire and of hot punch. Considering that Sind is in what is called a "rainless district," he is agreeably gratified by seeing magnificent ranges of heavy clouds lying along the hills of Beloochistan, which are only about twenty miles distant, and these coming down in rain on heavy blasts of

wind, until the country is changed from dust and sand into mud and water. Oh! the pleasant relief from those eternal blue skies, about which romantic young ladies in England, who have never experienced them, talk so enthusiastically! The European in Sind, who has escaped from the Indian eight months of eternal blue, will undoubtedly, when he rises on the first wet, cold, raw, misty morning of December, be inclined to use the language of the Madras Colonel, who came on deck the first misty morning in the English Channel, rubbing his hands and exclaiming—"Ah! that's the thing; none of your d—d eternal blue skies here!" No doubt the dry heat, and the great changes of temperature, are somewhat dangerous to human life, inducing fever and dysentery of the most inexorable kind; but then, until he becomes seriously ill, he finds himself healthy and active in an unusual degree. There being an average of 70 deaths annually at Kurrachee for every 780 Europeans, the ratio of deaths must be between 9 and 10 per cent annually, while in England it is only between 1 and 2 per cent. That fact, when he discovers it, may make him look upon the cold mornings as treacherous in their pleasantness—as pleasing, indeed, like "pegs"—glasses of *brandy-paunee*—so called from their supposed effect in closing the coffin-lid upon the son of Adam; but, like these, certain to be fatal in the long, or rather short run.

Perhaps this may have the effect of impressing upon him, if he be of a serious reflecting mind, the duty of taking example from the busy bee, and improving each shining hour, in a country where the hours are very shining indeed. What would most of us not give could we place ourselves for a few months in Perth, not in the year 185—, but in the days of the Fair Maid? And in the year 185—Sind borders on countries where the state of society is as wild, irregular, clannish, freebooting, hospitable, and murderous, as it ever was of old in the Scottish Highlands. Gone is the romance of the Highland clans. Still the stag may drink at "Monan's Rill," and make its lair

deep in "hazel shade," but no hunter's horn or chieftain's whistle shrill can people the lone hill-side with five hundred warriors keen. No more the hardy Cateran drives the Sassenach's fat cattle before him, on scanty paths, to his inaccessible retreat; he only drives down now to Falkirk Tryst, from "ta ponny land o' ta whiskey still." "Donald of the Smithy, the Son of the Hammer," puts large stones at the Inverness Games, instead of filling "the Banks of Lochawe with mourning and clamour." Only an Edinburgh professor roams disconsolate among the hills of Braemar, crying,

"Woes me, woe! what dole and sorrow,
From this lovely land I borrow!"

While an unfeeling public asks, "Why borrow?" and advises him to pay back his loan as soon as possible. But the primitive virtues still remain among the mountains of Central Asia, and Kurrachee is sufficiently close to these hills to allow an opportunity (even to respectable persons like professors) of making tolerably safe acquaintance with living "lords of the glen."

On the one side of the Hala (not, indeed, at their base, where the Belooch still rules, but nearer the banks of the royal Indus), we find the bungalows of Europeans open to receive us, active English magistrates superintending public works, or administering justice in their cutcheries, companies of European artillery and Sepoy regiments, with young beardless English officers, drilling in the cool of the morning. Everywhere our white faces command respect from the natives of the country, and our *impedimenta* are in no danger of being taxed or taken by roving chiefs. Very different is the behaviour of the Sindians to us, from what it was in 1613 to Sir Robert Shirley, a British ambassador to Persia, who was detained at the mouth of the Indus, saw Mr Ward, one of his companions, shot dead before his face, and experienced the greatest difficulty in escaping to Agra, where he was courteously received by Jehangir. Even in 1801 the English mission to the Ameers was subjected to many annoyances and insults. But

all that is changed now; for we are the *Sahib Log*—the ruling people, the masters of the hour, masters of the destinies of India and of Sind. Even the erewhile Belooch chief who fought against Sir Charles Napier on the fields of Meeanee and Hydrabad, humbly makes to us his salaam.

On the other hand, again, when we have approached the Hala, or passed through them into the country beyond, it is very necessary to wrap ourselves in the cloak of prudence. No white faces meet our eye, but only swarthy Belooches, brown Brahuis, and travelling Affghans. No forehead will be touched at our approach; and to our respectful *Salaam Aleikoom*, there will sometimes not even be vouchsafed a scowling *Aleikoom Salaam*. Instead of cantonments and bungalows, we find the mud-built and mud-walled town of some Jam or Khan, or other territorial chief, the black tents of some wandering Belooch tribe, or the loose branches which form the only shelter for the encampments of the Lumri and the Brahui. The journeys are from well to well, or from valley to valley. We require to travel with fire-locks in our hands, or near us, in the care of some trusty servant; when lying down to sleep, they must be at our side. The Affghan and Belooch are not inclined to regard us with either overwhelming admiration or very tender affection; and when they catch us in their own hills, it is just possible they may think us fair game, for robbery and warfare are familiar to them from childhood.

However, even without entering into the dangerous country, much may be seen of its inhabitants. The Sindees themselves are a timid fusionless people, much given to the use of opium and bhang (*Cannabi Indica*), but some amusement may be got from them as they appear in the gardens of the Fakeers, close to the native town of Kurrachee. These gardens contain some splendid trees, chiefly banyan, and during the day afford umbrageous protection to the debauched Fakeers, who require rest after the exertions of the night. In the evening these faithful few make great efforts, by trumpet and voice, to intimate that the time for evening

prayers has arrived, but the intimation also means that their gardens are about to be opened to the public. In one or two, portions of the Koran may be read; but the most usual amusements are gossip, story-telling, bhang and arrack drinking, opium and tobacco smoking, beating on the *dol* or kettle-drum, praying, howling, singing, and dancing. There the Eastern mind may be seen to perfection, with its union of romance and meanness, of mystery and grossness. Of course, as the night advances, matters do not improve. The holy men become more excited, less particular in regard to forbidden things, and howl more. The *dol* sounds more furiously; the dancers (among whom, by this time, are women) dance until they fall down from fatigue or intoxication; and the stories become quite frightful when they are not incomprehensible.

In the cold season large numbers of Affghans and Belooches come down to Kurrachee with horses for sale, and encamp on the *meidan* or plain, close to the Fairshed. Each *cafilah*, or small caravan, has its horses picketed in a circle, within which they sleep round a fire, and seldom with any other covering than a large *burnous*, or sheepskin coat. The Affghans, or Pathans, as they call themselves, are often large fair men, with strong bodies and fleshy limbs. Some of them have even light-coloured hair and eyes. They are all very bold and independent, without being insolent; treating Europeans as equals, but taking care not to break any of our regulations. They are also very conversible, and have many stories to tell about the dangers they escaped on the way down with their horses, from the Belooches, whom they both fear and abominate, calling them *Adam-khoor*, or men-eaters, an appellation which, in its literal meaning, is quite undeserved. These last mentioned are evidently quite out of their element on British territory, and do not show to advantage as commercial men. Like Catiline, the Belooch is *alieni appetens, sui profusus*; he likes to take violently, and he likes to give patronisingly, but this matter of exchanging horses and dogs for Company's rupees,

and these rupees again for cotton cloth, lead, and gunpowder, strikes him as rather beneath his dignity, and makes him think uneasily of his fierce forefathers. By way of being independent, he is savage and surly. His broad hairy chest, and long sinewy arms, are those of a man whose boast is, that in close combat he can strangle his foes, or tear out their windpipes. Even the boldest of us would shudder at the idea of being overpowered by that demon, and of looking up hopelessly for mercy into the wild-beast eyes which glare ferociously under his shaggy brows, and villanously low forehead. Even the Pathans, however, are rather savage men, though they dare not put their peculiar notions into practice when, as merchants, they are travelling or sojourning in a strange country. During our residence at Kurrachee, some fifteen or twenty of them were sepoy in the 8th Regiment of Native Infantry, the rule having been abrogated which, at one time, forbade their admission into the Anglo-Indian army. The consequence was that a number of singular outrages were perpetrated, which for some time quite baffled the police. Sindees and Cutchees were found lying dead—killed, apparently, by stones thrown with great force and dexterity. Officers' bungalows were entered at night, and robbed while the inmates were sleeping. The police *puggies* or trackers (in a desert country like Sind, footsteps are easily tracked, and some men specially devote themselves to the occupation) could find nothing more suspicious than what appeared to be marks of camels' feet. The boldness and unprecedented character of the outrages threw speculation quite at fault. Considerable alarm was excited in houses outside, or on the outskirts of the camp; and revolvers immediately rose to a premium. A quarrel among themselves, which led to the treachery of one, disclosed that these depredations were committed, and that very systematically, by the Affghans of the 8th Native Infantry, who managed to steal out at night, in small parties, from the lines of their regiment, and who baffled the *puggies* by binding up

their own feet in rags, a stone being placed under the instep, so as to leave no distinct impression of a foot upon the sand. It being thought expedient to capture some of these ruffians in the act, a trap was laid for them, the desperate resistance they were to offer not having been anticipated. The captain of police and his lieutenant, both English officers, concealed themselves, with a few friends and native police, in a bungalow which had been fixed upon for robbery. Two Pathans entered the garden about two o'clock in the morning; and a stone, skilfully thrown by one of them, killed the dog at once. At first they mistook the police for their comrades; but, on discovering their mistake, they fought so furiously with stones and with their long knives, that it was not until they were, literally speaking, *cut down* that they could be secured. Captain M., who at Meeanee had killed several Belooches in hand-to-hand conflict, had some of his teeth knocked down his throat by a stone which one of the robbers hurled.

The horsedealers and merchants encamped at the Fairshed perpetrated no such crimes; and though they must have been sorely tempted to rob each other, they wisely abstained. Perhaps it was difficult for them to do so; for each party had its watchful guardians, in the shape of those large, shaggy, dun-coloured, savage bear-dogs, which are to be found among all the mountains which sweep from Cape Monze up to the sources of the Indus, and round to Thibet. The appearance of these animals is usually something between that of a Newfoundland and a dog of the St Bernard breed; but in some of them a cross with the wolf or the hyena is quite apparent. One dog, which we picked up at Bela in Beloochistan, was marked exactly like a hyena; it had no bark, only a howl, carried its head like a wild beast, and was very intractable and treacherous. Several experiments with dogs purchased from Affghans were not very encouraging, for they refused to accommodate themselves to anything like civilised life. Only one could we attach to our own person, and there he stopped, resolutely refusing to

acknowledge such things as friends and acquaintances, and holding obstinately by the theory that his master's hand was against every man. When loose, he lay in wait for all visitors, and cunningly attacked them behind just as they were entering the bungalow; when chained, he barked and howled until he broke loose, or worried himself into temporary suffocation. To the *nowker log*, or domestics, he was an object of the utmost dread and veneration. In vain they attempted to propitiate his favour by giving him choice morsels; he took the meat, but growled at them all the time to show his incorruptibility. When they entered our sitting-room, he would steal behind, and playfully give their calves a gentle squeeze, just to remind them what they were about. Nothing could reconcile him to the *mehtur*, or sweeper, who, under protection, washed him occasionally; that unhappy individual applied for an advance of wages, and finally left our service, on the ground of his life being in danger. When we dined from home, that dog's face was certain to look in at the door, in order to see if we were safe; but an unconquerable aversion to society prevented him from entering farther. We cannot altogether ascribe to him the character which Byron gave to his dog—"strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices;" but not even the large hound who lies at our side, looking up with intelligent soft brown eyes, as if he knew what we are writing about, can altogether compensate for the loss of that rough savage Kootch—that

"Poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart was still his master's
OWN,
Who labour'd, fought, breath'd, lived for
him alone."

Besides the Asiatics we have alluded to, there is excellent opportunity in Sind for studying the Brahuis, who abound also in Beloochistan. They are supposed to belong to the aborigines of Asia, to the Vindhya race, which is to be found in the Deccan, and of which Burton supposes there

are traces even in Arabia. Considerable doubt may easily be thrown on this view ; but suffice it here to note, that the traveller may meet numbers of Brahuïs without venturing into or beyond the dangerous defiles of the Hala. The buglahs bring over Arabs from Muscat to Kurrachee, and Persians from the Gulf. Artisans from Kutch and Guzerat are to be found in considerable numbers ; as also merchants and contractors from the Punjaub. It is even recorded that a Frenchman once made his appearance in the cantonment, but found no one who could speak with him except Mr Frere, the able and accomplished commissioner in, or governor of, the province ; and in our day a veritable Tübingen Ph. D. was there, with whom we might presumptuously dispute on questions of philology, but with whom we could always become one again over longing recollection of the *Eberhardkarls-Universität*.

Living at Kurrachee, a sort of Central Asiatic fever is apt to seize upon the mind. Every evening we gazed on the line of savage, habitationless, precipitous mountains standing so distinct against the clear calm sky, until the desire to pass beyond them became a passion which compelled "the power to roam." Each morning the strong sunlight fell into every rugged pass and jagged cleft ; and even through the wavy heats of the day, between the circling sandstorms, there were seen, dimly looming, those great frontiers of the forbidden land. Singular feelings were aroused by the thought that it was possible to set off any day from our door, and walk or ride on to Tartary, or almost to the Pole, with scarcely any interruption from the dwellings of men. When the caffilahs began to start on their return journey northwards or westwards, it seemed easy to accompany, for a short distance, the gaunt camels, which moved slowly, and with almost spectral motion, across the sands, that gleamed like a golden sea under the great sunlight, like a silvery plain under the full moon. Even the indefinite danger of the attempt gave it enchantment. The vast circling pillars, which the wild Eastern imagination regards as

evil demons circling over the earth ; the black wall of the great sand-storm coming up before the wind and hiding the sun ; the red sandstone peaks, where

"Faint and sickly winds for ever howl around ;"

the flaming wilderness of rock, where no signs of life refresh the eye ; the sun-blackened Belooch haunching his ill-conditioned but trusty mare in a cloud of dust, as he half threatens with his braggart sword ; the pains of the scorching ride ; the annoyance of the noisy arrangements ; the dangers of the night encampment ;—might not such things be remembered with pleasure long after they had ceased to trouble, while many singular pictures would remain, from that of the green mountain-valley, or the short Brahui goat-herd drawing water from the deep-sunk well, or the comely Belooch woman handing to her lord the frugal draught his flocks afford, to the white domes of *musjid* and *minar*, where

"Mid far sands

The palmtree-cinctured city stands ?"

But even the most reckless is apt to hesitate about starting into a country from which, he is informed, travellers have very little chance of ever returning. No doubt a caffilah of Affghans may promise to protect him, but who is to vouch for the Affghans, and how is he to return when he leaves them ? No certain information could be obtained in regard to the safety, or even possibility, of travelling in Beloochistan, for though its frontier was within twenty miles' distance, that country was eschewed and ignored. The only satisfactory account of it was to be found in the travels of Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Henry) Pottinger, who in 1809, when the country was utterly unknown to Europeans, disguised himself as an Eastern horse-dealer, and, partly in company with Captain Christie, partly alone, penetrated from Sonmeanee on the coast to Khelat, and from thence passed into Persia by way of Noosky and Bunnipoor, travelling for some time in only his shirt and drawers, enduring other almost incredible hardships,

and making many narrow escapes. At a later period, Sir William Harris, the noted African traveller, failed even in an attempt to reach Hinglaj on the coast of Mekran, and had to make a very hasty retreat on a swift horse. Our interference with Khelat was supposed to have irritated the Belooches against us, while their unavenged success in massacring our soldiers there might reasonably be supposed to have made them presumptuous. One Englishman, we were informed, had recently contrived to travel a long way on the coast of Mekran, and another had passed through the Bolan; but both had died in consequence after their return to Sind, and nothing whatever seemed to be known of the state of the rest of the country.

These facts, which constituted our whole knowledge on the practicability of the attempt, were not very encouraging; but it was our fate to accomplish it, and with ease. "*Inshallah!*" we said, "we shall try; probably they will take us for mad, and receive us with veneration." Perhaps the southern Belooches are not so fierce as those of the north; perhaps, from the contiguity to British territory, the British traveller is covered by the broad shield of his country's reputation; perhaps percussion-cap firearms are more formidable than matchlocks; perhaps these savages are not very savage after all; or perhaps this contributor may be destined to an exit not usual in uncivilised countries;—some or all of these causes may have contributed to his safety during a few weeks' excursion through Las, and small portions of Jhalewan and Mekran.

The notion of travelling with a party of Affghans was given up, because, being ignorant of the Pooshtoo language, we could not hope to keep up pleasant friendly relations, or easily detect any treachery which they might meditate.

It was impossible to find any companion who could be persuaded that it was his destiny to "do" Beloochistan; and the more so, because no officer could obtain leave for any such outrageous purpose. Of course it was necessary to have

camel-men and servants, but the former of these were not easily obtained, and the latter, already in employ, objected strongly to crossing the frontier, after they consulted the bazaar upon the subject. These difficulties were at last got over, but the want of any one on whom we could rely in an emergency, was but ill compensated for by the number of attendants. A small hill-tent, grain for a horse, as well as provisions, &c., required to be carried, and so it was found necessary to take one riding and four baggage-camels, these being attended by three camel-men, two of them Sindees, and the other a Sind-Belooch. A horse-keeper, a cook, and a personal servant, together with a negro peon, made up a very respectable small *caffilah*; but in all probability these attendants, excepting the negro and horse-keeper, would have been worse than useless in any fighting other than with the tongue. The disastrous Somali expedition has shown well how little dependence can be placed on Eastern servants when a sudden attack has to be withstood. The smaller the number, the more likely are they to stand by their master when required, and the more unlikely to give notions of his wealth which may arouse cupidity. It is always best to have them as much as possible from different castes, for then their mutual dislike and jealousy act as a check on the evil practices in which they may be inclined to indulge. It was rather difficult to get these servants started on the journey, for at the last moment the most of them hung back and wished to escape. Also just after crossing the border they caused considerable trouble, but once well into Beloochistan, the "law of thumb" (no other law being recognised there) could be applied to them in a very decided way. Their terror was not much to be wondered at, for though the border was so close to the British cantonment, only a week before we started, a tribe of Belooches carried off four hundred head of cattle belonging to British subjects, which cattle were grazing on debatable ground, and the bazaar at Kur-rachee was full of very exaggerated accounts of the occurrence. Once

fairly in the strange country, they felt themselves so helpless, and so dependent for protection on their European head, that they became perfectly obedient, and gave little or no trouble. Indeed, at times they showed a disposition to presume upon our leadership, and once we detected them in an attempt to bully a goat-herd and his wife out of a kid, by threatening our indignation in case of refusal. Eastern servants, it is well known, are not much addicted to truth, and constantly glorify their masters with an eye to glorifying themselves. If you have three hundred rupees *per mensem*, your servants solemnly declare that you have got a thousand, and readily invent details of expenditure in order to give their statement verisimilitude. Of course they were cautioned against indulging in this kind of exaggeration in Beloochistan; and with considerable tact and wisdom they confined themselves to most fabulous statements regarding their master's ferocity, and skill in the use of arms and medicine. It is very doubtful whether there is such a miscreant in existence as they made us out to be. As to firearms, we could do little more than hit a barn-door within a reasonable distance, or rather a hyena close to our tent, for there are no barns there; but they seemed to have lied themselves into the notion that we could exterminate a whole tribe, and then, like Hotspur, cry "fye upon this quiet life." Such exaggeration, however, though absurd enough, was of the greatest possible use, and often procured us a dinner from men who refused either to sell or exchange. For poetic invention, our *ghorawallah*, or horse-fellow, was the king of the party; and on one occasion, with his aid alone, we actually terrified a hostile encampment of about fifty persons into giving us the breakfast which at first they refused in no very respectful way. On another occasion a small roving tribe commenced to plunder our camels, and had broken open one box; but as we rode slowly up, in ignorance of what was going on, the same discreet servant's account of us induced the depredators to make off hastily, and so prevented a collision which could not

have been agreeable, and which might have put an end to further progress. The danger of such incidents as this last mentioned, contributed, on the whole, rather to increase the tedium than the excitement of the journey. Of course, it is rather exciting to know that you are in danger of being stopped and robbed, or fired at by matchlockmen securely posted in rocks above; but then, when the danger rarely makes its appearance, it is not pleasant to have to keep beside the baggage-camels. Wherever the country was said to be very dangerous, we did not wander far from our servants and camels, and they only progressed at the rate of two miles an hour, taking almost an entire day, when there was little or no moonlight, to make a journey of twenty miles. Where the people of the district were found or represented to be tolerably quiet, and information could be obtained of any encampment, village, or well, which might serve as a place of rendezvous, our plan was to start off the camels and servants for that place at daybreak, either providing them a guide or leaving them to find their own way, as seemed best in the circumstances. We then set off on horseback, accompanied by our *ghorawallah*, who had a smattering of several of the languages spoken in Beloochistan, on the riding-camel, which we could mount whenever tired of horseback, and on which there was secured a small water-skin, perhaps some provisions, ammunition, and a few medicines. In some parts it was necessary to place a *bhoomia*, or guide, upon the camel, but most usually we two started alone on our adventures with hearts "prepared for any fate." The hours of the morning were usually spent in shooting, there being an abundance of hyena, antelope, black partridge, duck, geese, teal, flamingo, and, wherever there was a river with water, crocodiles. As the sun rose and its heat became intense, we sought some encampment—for we soon became adepts in discovering these—uttered a most friendly *Salaam Aleikoom* to the men composing it, who, generally speaking, had never seen a white man before, and with-

out giving them time to recover from their surprise, seated ourselves in the shadiest and most comfortable corner we could find—taking care, however, to keep our fowling-piece between our knees, and a smaller weapon of destruction in our belt, in case of any of those little accidents which are apt to happen in Belooch families. Once seated, most usually everything went on well, for curiosity, especially among the fairer sex, was the prevailing passion. Though most devout Mohammedans, the women wore no veils; they talked quite freely, and sometimes did not even hesitate to examine closely the hair and texture of the skin of the white stranger—a liberty which, we need scarcely say, was not indiscriminately accorded. When the questions came too thick and fast, our faithful attendant made a diversion by informing the savages of our skill in medicine, which was very small indeed, but superior to any other they could command, and immediately all the halt, the maimed, and the feverish demanded aid from the strange and wonderful *hakim*. This justified a call for refreshment, which usually consisted of goat's or buffalo's milk, and roast, or rather broiled, kid. That finished, and a pipe smoked, the medical cases were examined, and anything was done for their relief which could be effected in the circumstances. Then, perhaps, weapons were examined, a strange song was sung, or a dance gone through, and we departed to seek out new encampments, or to find the well to which our camels had gone. Not unfrequently night would find us bewildered in jungle, among perplexing rocks, or seeking for the well, and no well appearing. In such cases the fires of some encampment usually appeared after dark, and, making our way to it as well as we could, we supped there, and fell asleep beside a fire, watching the stars through the scanty covering of bushes, with our gun for bedfellow, but gratefully acknowledging that, after all, the Belooches were much better than they got credit for being,—that they, too, had human hearts beating under their dusky skins, and had been taught to keep faith with the stranger and sojourner in their wild land.

These were pleasant days; many strange sights were seen and curious adventures experienced, some of which we shall describe in a future Number. When compelled to keep beside the baggage-camels, the journey had far less interest. The slow wearisome swinging on the camel became almost intolerable during the great blinding and burning heat of the day. At the villages and towns, of course, a different course of life was pursued. Our tent there was pitched outside the walls, and under some convenient tree, for, owing to their great jealousy of strangers, the authorities invariably objected to our sleeping inside; but they allowed us to lounge about the bazaars during the day, and to have interviews with various parties. Perhaps even this might have been denied, had it not been for some letters of introduction (written in Persian) which we had contrived to obtain from merchants in Sind and from British authorities. These last we applied for just before starting, and had forwarded by a runner, being aware that an Order in Council of the Governor-General forbids all aid and encouragement to (if it did not even actually prohibit) any passage by Europeans beyond the western frontier of British India.

The peculiarities of travelling in Beloochistan cannot well be appreciated without some general idea of the character of the country, and that is not very easily conveyed. A desert country, a mountainous country, a fruitful country, a cold country, and a hot country, are designations which suggest tolerably distinct ideas; and we shall suppose, in order to give a notion of Beloochistan, large samples of all these countries well shaken together, thrown down at the head of the Arabian Gulf, allowed to settle into a land, covered with snow and ashes, and then broken up again in an irregular way. It is as nearly a primeval country, "without form and void," as it is possible to conceive any country to be. The Beloochees themselves account for its present condition by a very characteristic story. Above their country there are stony Khorassan and the great desert of Scistan, where the winds at a certain season are so hot

and dry that when, a man's body is exposed to them, the skin and veins will crack until the blood pours out, and in a very short time it becomes a mass of putrefaction. Now, they say that Allah made Beloochistan the most perfect land on the face of the earth,—a land where reigned eternal spring or autumn (for if the Belooch who speaks happens to be hungry, he says it was an eternal time of date-ripening, whereas if he be satisfied, he sets it vaguely down as an eternal time of tree-budding), and so lovely, that when the angels flew over it they were always in danger of forgetting His commands; but that Iblis, enraged at such a prospect of bliss for the favoured Belooches, tearing up great ranges of mountains to the north, cast these down upon the beautiful country, and, not content with that, like a dog scraped down upon it with his heels a good quarter of the desert of Seistan. Probably a philosophical German would find this story to be a myth, arising from the ancient and still continued bitter enmity between the Belooches and Persians. But it suits the state of matters so admirably that the wise man will feel inclined to believe it when he hears it related by an excited native, in some beautiful little valley green with grass, shaded by graceful tamarind trees, refreshed by a clear perennial stream, and lively with flocks of sheep and goats, but sunk deep in a great range of red, barren, rugged, flaming mountains. He may also do well to sympathise with the violent conclusion, quoted from the Koran, "O Iblis! but Allah has said, 'Thou shalt be driven away with stones.'"

Everything about the country is strange to the European, and requires a peculiar mode of life. For a distance of about sixteen miles from Kur-rachee, to the Hubb river, which forms the boundary between Sind and Beloochistan, there is a road marked out, though otherwise it cannot be said to be made, and close to the river there is, not a gallows, but a stone *durrhumsallah*, or open building, for travellers, the last sign of civilisation, and warning the traveller that he is about to enter on a region where stone houses are un-

known, and where the entire system of law and order,—for there is rule of a kind even in the most savage countries,—is totally different from any to which he has been accustomed. During the greater part of the year the Hubb consists only of detached pools of stagnant or half-stagnant water, in many of which crocodiles may be found; and in its bed there are many "sunny spots of greenery," which form a fruitful subject of dispute between the pastoral inhabitants of either side. On the Belooch side, low jungle and grass stretch up for three or four miles to the Hala—here called the Pubb mountains—which rise up in savage cliffs to about the height of two thousand feet. Not till the traveller passes these can he be said to have fully encountered Beloochistan. Darkness fell as we approached the pass which led through them towards the north. At their western extremity, where they dipped into the sea, the soft clear light of fading day, which still smiled upon the valley but left the hills in gloom, contrasted so strongly with the deep shadows of the mountains and their rugged sides dimly seen in the brown air, that no more fitting portal could have been conceived into grim solitudes peopled by wild nomads, savage beasts, or even by giant shades, as Dante's *antichi spiriti dolenti*. But then at the eastern extremity there slowly rose no modest maiden moon, but the full-orbed Queen of Night, which soon obscured even the brightness of the stars, flowed down the valley behind, silvered the jagged mountain-tops, and broke down here and there between the cliffs into the pass through which we rode.

That, however, was an easy *lukh*, or pass, compared with some which we passed through; and thankful were we to escape leaving a camel in any, with its fore-shoulder dislocated, to be devoured by vultures and hyenas. The ranges are often double, or even triple, and the track—for it cannot be called a path—winds up beds of streams, among splintered rocks, along chasms, and up small precipices, in a way which keeps the poor camels, who require to be specially trained for such work, in a state of grievous terror and groaning.

One pass took us no less than three days to accomplish, or rather nights, for the heat in these defiles is so great during the day, that whenever there is more than half-moon, it is best to travel by her light. Beloochistan is out of the tropics, but at certain seasons of the year it is hotter than any portion of Hindostan. Even in spring, the air seemed full of fire during the day, and in the shade the thermometer stood above 110 degrees. But what made the climate peculiarly trying was this great heat being followed in the evening, early morning, and during the night, by piercing cold winds, which came down from the snowy mountains of Sarewan and Jhalewan. With the deserts of Sind upon one side, and those of Seistan upon another, with a broad flat sandy line of coast, which soon vitiates the sea-breeze, with snowy mountains in the centre, few rivers and little vegetation, it is not surprising that the climate is, for the most part, of the very worst kind, and that the inhabitants have been able to preserve the independence of their country from before the days of Alexander until now.

Yet is it these mountains, with their valleys, which redeem the land from desolation. On these, clouds gather, supplying many of the valleys with small perennial streams, while, for a season, rivers proceed from the melting snow of the interior. The large valleys are sometimes sixty or a hundred miles broad at their base; they are quite flat, covered with low jungle, and bounded by mountain-ranges which seem, in the distance, to rise up at once high perpendicular rock-walls from the level plain. There are small towns in them, and round these towns there is a good deal of cultivation—greenlanes, with prickly hedges that have even an English look, and large clumps of trees, in which the date-palm is conspicuous. But the greater part of the wide plains may be called prairie-land. One of these, that of the great Poorally valley, reminded us most forcibly of the desolate miasmatic Roman Campagna. In the evening, the same grey poisonous mist rolled over it, which we had watched from the heights of Tivoli, experienced among

the Pontine Marshes, and in which it is almost death to sleep, unless the face be covered with a thin cloth. The dull-blue buffaloes, with their long retreating bent horns, which came over the gentle undulations among the burnt-up grass and low stunted trees, were the same as those which abound on the Campagna, and were brought into Italy by Lorenzo de' Medici; and the few herdsmen to be met with were scarcely stranger or wilder-looking than the "golden-skinned" *Massari*, who, with their sheepskin coats and long lances, are as picturesque as any Belooch or Pawnee. It was only near to the Poorally river that the scene became peculiarly Asiatic. Towards the mouth it was a large sluggish stream; the banks being here fringed with reeds, there opening out into large flat meadows, and again covered with small but graceful trees lively with parroquets and smaller birds of many brilliant hues. Grassy islets broke the glassy surface of the water, and on these, crocodiles were seen lazily sleeping in the sun, while some sudden splash or muddy gurgle indicated more of those sullen monsters. Thousands of ducks were floating in thickly-scattered flocks near the shore, and a dozen of them were hit at every shot, although it was rather difficult to secure the bodies, for a servant, who rushed in with great enthusiasm to secure some, nearly got his foot snapped off by a crocodile, and rushed back again all trembling, crying "*Mugger! Mugger!*" Flamingoes, geese, and other large birds were flying about, or wading in the water. The level prairie, with its blue buffaloes, the clumps of trees, the marsh and reeds, the crocodiles, the flamingoes, the flat wide valley, the dim mountains in the distance, with the absence of house, or hut, or human being—all went to form one of those striking scenes of which we have such longing day-dreams in the years of boyhood. It had a singular mystic influence, as the realisation of some "shadowy recollection," or as suggestive of some greater life; for we—

"Love all waste

And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be."

The valleys have but scanty population, but the mountains may be said to have none at all, and some are of very curious formation. We spent two days in attempting to ascend the Vehur range, which separates the province of Las from that of Mekran, and were foiled after all. Being composed of alternate pyramidal-shaped layers of sandstone and mud, tilted up not far from perpendicular to the height of four thousand feet, and the action of the elements having washed away most of the mud, there remained the curious phenomenon of a mountain range out of which there had been taken a series of cuts, isolating each remaining slice from every other. Consequently, it was possible to wander for miles through narrow clefts arched by the blue sky; but what with cross passages, sudden terminations, losing oneself in the labyrinth, and ascending delusory slices which turned out to be lower than many around, no real progress was made toward reaching the central elevation, which, after the trouble and danger of mounting some pasteboard-like pyramid a thousand feet high, always seemed as far off as ever. There are other mountains, as portions of the Hala, on which a broad backbone of black basalt has been tilted up through secondary rock; and the summits of these form small portions of table-land. No Belooch

or Brahui feeds his flock up there; but the wild mountain-sheep, with their magnificent horns, afford difficult and exciting sport. From the edge of one of the mountain plateaus which we managed to reach, there was a perpendicular fall of at least two thousand feet; and at mid-day the climate was cool and bracing compared with what it was below. It was in the evening that the mountain-views appeared most striking. The wild confusion of rock beneath spread away in the lurid glare like some primeval world destitute of life. The vast jungly valleys, falling westwards in the distance, seemed like dark but lurid rivers pouring down their molten floods into the glory of the sea. In the utter desolation, where the foot of man had never trod before, the silence was unbroken by any sound. Heaven's deepening blue, the only "thing of beauty there," was serene and passionless, unvexed by any cloud. Beyond our poor earth's rim, the great rosy light of other worlds was fading in the West. A dark shadow seemed to rise up from the earth, and a flood of darkness swept round the basalt cliff that raised its brow above the gloom into the light of stars. So removed were we from all familiar manifestations of earthly life, that we felt as if not upon the earth at all, but alone and newly alighted on some new-born star.

COLUMBUS.

[THE following Poem, which gained for its young author the Prize for the best composition of that form, in the Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres class in the University of Edinburgh, was handed to us by Professor Aytoun, without any comment. On perusing it, we arrived at the conviction that it exhibited more beauties, and was marred by fewer faults, than are discernible in the great majority of exercises of this description ; and we gladly, on account of its merit, give it a place in the columns of the Magazine, being assured that our readers will accept it as a sufficient proof of the care which is bestowed, in our Scottish metropolitan university, upon the practice of vernacular composition.—ED.]

Now through two weary moons, the restless keels
Had journey'd onward to the Gates of Eve ;
Still fortune shone not, and no hopeful sign
Gladden'd their toil with earnest of success.
Still Ocean hid within his circling arms
The land they sought, and on her thousand shores
Whisper'd unheard, unseen.

Each early Morn
With eager watching eyes they scann'd the verge
Of outmost ocean, and each weary Eve
In sadness turn'd to meditate and mourn.

Yet oft in fancy's vision seem'd to rise,
Far to the Westward, where the parting day
Lay throned in state, fair lands of emerald dyes,
Bright isles encircled by the purple sea ;
Here were cool valleys spread, that sweeter shone
Than all the myrtle groves of fair Castile,
And here brave mountains rear'd their haughty front
Flush'd with the closing sunset's rosy light :
Oh then were leaping hearts and straining eyes !
Till Night her envious curtains closed around,
And the grey Morn awoke, whose sober ray
O'ershone a weary waste of shoreless sea.

Thus day by day, a never-ending scroll,
The deep roll'd out before them, and the sky
Stood like a burnish'd wall on every side :
And, day by day, the sailors' hearts grew sad :
Hope's twilight faded, and Despair's chill night
Darken'd their breasts with rage, their brows with gloom ;
Therefore they spake, and crowded as they spake
Around the Master, with strange longing eyes
And mingled looks of fear and fierce resolve.

“ Our homes are white by Palos shore
In the light of th' Autumn day,
But we return, ah ! never more
To Palos by the bay.

Our bones shall roll in the restless sea
And matted weeds our shroud shall be !

“ Now twice the moon had wax'd and waned
Above our head to Westward sailing,
For land our eager eyes are strain'd,
O labour unavailing !

Our hope is fled, and our golden dream
Pass'd like a mist in morning's beam.

“ Tell us, shall we sail with thee
 Into the sunset's burning eye,
 Across the never-ending sea
 Still onward, till we die ?
 A weary sea with never a shore,
 That rolls behind and spreads before,
 Rides by the keel for evermore.

“ On to our ruin we rush open-eyed ;
 Ha ! to receive us the sea-grave is wide ;
 Dark grows the maddening thought !
 Home let us hie !
 Rush not on destiny !
 Tempt not the sky !
 Our loved ones are calling !
 They chide our delay !
 Sons of the ocean
 To Eastward away !—
 Tarry not, brothers,
 Be manful of mind ;
 Spread our sea pinions
 Abroad to the wind,
 To Spain of our love,
 To our homes by the bay ;
 Tarry not, brothers !
 To Eastward away !”

From words to acts, to rope and helm they sprang
 Like hounds unleash'd ; but as the huntsman's voice
 Recalls the erring curs, with drooping heads
 And eyes that beg for mercy to his heel,
 So in the fire-glance of the Master's eye
 Stay'd they their mid career, and cower'd abash'd.

Like some old alchemist, whose toilsome years
 Had stamp'd endurance on his iron brow,
 Within whose breast, high-hoping, thwarted off,
 Had calm'd to patient trust, resolved he stood
 A grand grey-headed man.

“ My men,” he said,
 “ To this emprise I gave my youthful years,
 My nights of study and my days of toil,
 Poor, save in hope, until the burning thought
 I moulded on the anvil of my brain
 Has cooled to iron purpose : shall I now
 Fail in the trial, like a faithless brand
 That sells its lord ? No, by yon heaven I serve !
 The cost is counted, and I bide my time
 Through thousand troubles hopeful. All my course
 A voice has whisper'd ever in my ear,
 ‘ Go on, go on, Columbus, it is thine
 To plant new jewels in the ancient crowns
 That rule in Europe, and to lift the Cross
 For healing of another Christendom.
 Go on, and prosper !’ Shall I fear to press
 Where points the guiding finger of my fate ?
 Or, having come to this our mighty quest,
 So nigh success, say, shall we turn us now,
 To be the jest and by-word of the time ?
 I cannot think ye cowards ! ye are men

Dauntless of heart and resolute of will
To win regard of Heaven, and carve your names
Enduring through the ages.

Hear me more :

I, by my science and by signs, do know
That one short day our enterprise shall crown,
And fortune's cup brim o'er.

Mark well my words :

But once yon sun shall lip the Western wave
Ere this fair land, which night and day I've sought
As one that searches for a long-lost love,
Shall rise from ocean like a smiling bride,
And toil be glorious gain."

Slowly they pass'd

As clouds when skies are wrathful, heavy-brow'd,
And big with silent thunder, till soft sleep
Upon her dreamy bosom laid each head,
And kiss'd each weary eyelid into rest,
That not the angry sea that groan'd around,
And smote the ship with weary buffetings,
Could break ; but still the memory of their woes
Waked, and with cruel fancies shook their souls.
One wept in sleep, and one did clap his hands
And murmur "Land !" Anon he shriek'd aloud,
" 'Tis false, I tell ye—false, and we are lost ;
The sea takes all." Sadly the Master heard,
And his big heart was bow'd with many griefs ;
He knelt him lowly on the midnight deck,
And his strong wish went heavenward, while the ship
Drove onward thro' the darkness of the night.

Again the dawn, again the king-eyed sun
Reign'd in the welkin, and the day was full ;
Again on either side the waters rode
And sparkled to the noon. But on the tide
Came sailing slowly flowers and golden fruits,
New launch'd from land, and birds whose procreant nest
Ne'er lay on barren cliff or sea-beat rock,
But in the leafy covert of the woods
Securely hung ; bright birds, of rainbow dyes,
Flashing their gleaming pinions in the sun,
Made sweetest music round the airy mast.
Auspicious signs ! and all their hearts were glad.
And while the Day still linger'd on his flight,
And Evening's eyes were peering in the East,
Fronting the solemn skies on deck they stood,
Their heads uncover'd all for reverence ;
With souls attuned with gratitude they sang,
And their big voices shook with o'er-fraught joy :—

"Mother of pity and fountain of love !
Who in yon azure sky reignest above,
Hope of the mariner ! Queen ever fair !
Look on our lowliness !
List to our prayer !

"In gladness our joy, and in sorrow our stay,
To whom but to thee may the mariner pray ?
Now by thy Holy One's passion and shame,
A doring, imploring,
We call on thy name !

"From lightning, and tempest, and path-hiding cloud,
 From dangers that wait when the breakers are loud,
 From powers of the air, and from powers of the wave,
 Salve Regina !
 Hear us, and save !

"Send forth the breeze blowing softly beside us,
 Light up the pilot stars nightly to guide us,
 Till furl'd are our sails in thy haven of peace,
 Where hush'd is complaining,
 And wanderings cease !"

A night of stars ; a night of holy calm,
 For musing meet and inward communing.
 The fiery day-flood through the Vast had roll'd,
 The glory and the hum, and left it now
 A temple set for pray'r, solemn and wide,
 Wherein ten thousand living tapers shone ;
 Shrine of the universe, the house of God
 Made not with hands. And all the deep lay still,
 And look'd in wonder on the shadowy blue :
 Softly the night-winds sigh'd, and, stooping low,
 Whisper'd strange secrets in the ocean's ear—
 A night so still, as though mute nature saw
 The dawning chance, and hush'd in reverent awe.

Praise now the Lord ! oh, Master, with thy soul !
 And all thy heart be gladness for His love !
 For all thy sorrow, here is sweetest joy ;
 For all thy labour, here is full reneed ;
 Be now the courtly scorn, the slander vile,
 The weary wandering, the hope delay'd,
 All, all forgot that erst did thee annoy ;
 Take now thy fill of ease, be large in joy.

Lo ! in the West a pale unsteady light
 Shines in the mirk, and darts its silver rays,
 A trembling gleam, now here, now pass'd away
 Behind the shadowy curtains of the night,
 Mocking the ken. Oh happy, blissful beam !
 Bearer of joy to sorrow-laden souls,
 Sweeter than word of comforting that falls,
 Like softest music in a stricken ear ;
 Welcome as ever pilot lamp that guides
 The sea-tost sailor home, shine out, fair ray !
 Kindle Hope's dying torch to ecstasy.
 It beacons *thee*, Columbus ; it is set,
 A guiding lamp upon the New World's front,
 To light thee to her shores ; a taper fair
 Within thy lady's casement burning bright,
 Telling of welcome glad.

But if it shine
 In monarch's lofty dome or peasant's cot,
 Whether it gleam o'er cities many-tower'd,
 Or o'er the desert wild keep lonely watch,
 Whether it shine o'er lands of weal or woe,
 Contented rest, the daylight all shall show.
 Distant and dim against the mellow sky
 Loom'd the new land, and on her dusky brow
 The mist of morning lay. Hueless her form,

As mid-day shadows on a sunlit wall ;
 For yet the day was not, but round the verge
 Glimpses of glory from the under sky
 Girdled the ocean with an amber zone.
 And broader grew the dawn. Star after star,
 Quenching her tiny lamp in the grey sky,
 Fled heavenward, and the deserted moon
 Hung like a faded lily in the west.
 Upward and onward spreading warily
 Blush'd the new morn, till from the glowing east,
 Ruddy and glorious as the golded gates
 That open on eternal summerland,
 Outleapt a living ray of saffron sun,
 Tripping to westward on in silent mirth,
 Waking the beauty of the slumb'ring earth,
 Till the wide vault o'erhead in sunshine bloom'd,
 And all the sea laugh'd upward to the sky.
 Fair lay the land ; all green and dewy-fresh,
 As if but yesterday the morning stars
 Had o'er its birth their hallelujahs sung,
 Creation's latest labour, and her best.
 A lovely land ; of hills and shady vales,
 And streams that by the roots of leafy trees
 Stole seaward ever with a silver chime.
 Far up the slope a sea of wavy boughs
 Shook merrily, from off their leafy locks
 Tossing the dewdrops to the sun.

Beneath

The mossy sward that clasp'd the gnarled stems
 Crept downward to a verge of sunny sands,
 Besprent with random flakes of creamy spray.
 All round the beach the ripple laughing ran,
 And by each jutting peak the sunlit wave
 Leapt on the rocks and clapt its briny hands ;
 Shouted and rose, and shouted evermore
 To see the strangers come. While the low wind,
 Heavy with breath of flowers and spiceries,
 Balmy as summer-breezes of Seville,
 Lifted the lazy canvass languidly.
 The greenwood's thousand singers wing'd around,
 Filling the air with tuneful welcomings ;
 And, sight most strange, from out the leafy shades
 Came mild-eyed men, like sylvan deities,
 Unclothed, with tawny brows, and gazed on them.

This was the land, and grief was turn'd to joy ;
 This was the land, and all their toil was o'er ;
 This was the land, and where the Master stood
 They turn'd in transport of delirious joy,
 And laugh'd, and sobb'd, and kneeling clasp'd his knees.

T. P. JOHNSTON.

LAYS OF THE ELECTIONS.

BY VARIOUS REJECTED CONTRIBUTORS.

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1. THE COCK OF THE HUSTINGS.
 2. IN MEMORIAM.
 2. A WAIL FROM COTTONOPOLIS.
 4. THE MAID OF HUDDERSFIELD.
-

THE COCK OF THE HUSTINGS.

EARLY in the morning wending
 Past the hustings tall and wide,
 Where but yesterday, contending
 Statesmen raved and speechified—
 Where the City magnates spouted,
 Till their faces fiery grew ;
 And the creedless Christian shouted
 For the unbelieving Jew—

There I saw a Chanticlero
 Strutting with intense delight,
 Spurr'd and plumaged like a hero,
 Victor in a desperate fight.
 Deftly rose the feather'd phantom ;
 To the hustings' top it flew—
 "Cock-a-doodle !" crow'd the bantam,
 "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo !"

And I tarried in my station ;
 For indeed 'twas most absurd
 To remark the exultation
 Of that self-conceited bird !
 Never warrior fresh from battles
 Waved his crest so high in air,
 As the creature shook its wattles,
 Perched upon the rafter there.

"Fowl !" said I, "in various fashions
 Mother Nature shapes her plan :
 Say, do poultry feel the passions
 That molest the heart of man ?
 Hath ambition stirr'd thee nearly ?
 Gallant bantam, tell me true !"
 "Cock-a-doodle !" crowed it clearly ;
 "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo !"

"Hath some rival tried to chase thee
 From thy walk amidst the pens ?
 Hath he striven to debase thee
 In the presence of thy hens ?
 Hast thou, all at venture setting,
 Fought thy way to glory, while
 Round the cockpit rose the betting ;—
 'Six to one on ginger-pile ?'

"Yesterday, with mien defiant,
 Stood the noble Russell there—
 David trampling on the giant,
 Did not look so fresh and fair—

And the throats of countless clo'-men
 Hail'd their ever-glorious John ;
 Jubilee of evil omen
 To the quaking Palmerston !

“ With Mosaic cheers unglutted,
 Stood he in this vast abode ;
 As thou struttest, so he strutted,
 As thou crowest, so he crow'd—
 He, the well-beloved of Hansard,
 Is he kin, sweet bird, to you ? ”
 But the valiant bantam answer'd—
 “ Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo ! ”

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

HATH not a Jew eyes, hands ?—When snipt or slit,
 Doth he not bleed ? Doth not the self-same food
 Feed Jew and Christian (save that pork's eschew'd) ?
 And, when elected, shall a Jew not sit ?

II.

O Father Abraham !—were there seats to sell,
 I could buy Lords and Commons, all the train,
 And sit alone within those Houses twain,
 The representative of Holywell.

III.

A plague o' both your Houses ! Woe betide
 The voices that the Jew elect proclaim !
 I'm like some maid a matron but in name,
 A widow in the hour she is a bride.

IV.

Oft in my dreams do crowds obsequious bring
 A throne, and motion me to sit thereon ;
 I trustfully comply—when lo ! 'tis gone,
 And on the floor I waken shivering.

V.

Jews to the rescue !—Shout !—cry, “ Shent per Shent ! ”
 “ Old clo' for ever ! ”—Soft, I did but dream ;
 Not in such threatening guise shall we, I deem,
 See Israel in the Gentile Parliament.

VI.

Upon the City's banners I'll inscribe
 My name again next time. Meanwhile I'll wait,
 And loans gigantic I'll negotiate,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

A WAIL FROM COTTONOPOLIS.

O mighty Wilson, Chairman of the League,—
 Thousand-speech'd Wilson, hawbuck-hating Wilson,—
 Ambi-dexter Wilson, hearken to my wail !
 Listen, ye chimneys, whose perpetual smoke
 Wreathes up like incense in the hungry air—
 Listen, ye walls, that whilome bore my name
 In all the glory of immense placards,—
 Listen, ye stones—dull stones ! that did not rise
 To make a noble mutiny for me,
 Forsaken by a herd of thankless men !

Hear me, for I will speak, despite of tears,
 And build the story of my wrongs as high
 As are yon idle churches, and their vanes,
 Those ever shifting servants of the wind,
 Meet emblems for a false democracy !
 It may be I shall somewhat ease my heart,
 And by the utterance of my bitter wrongs,
 Purge off the bile that almost chokes me now !

Dear chairman Wilson,—ever spouting Wilson,—
 League-sustaining Wilson,—hearken to my cry !
 I was about the most conspicuous man
 That walked in glory through Saint Stephen's Hall.
 I've sate for Manchester since forty-one,
 And never unto Cobden or to Bright
 Have given precedence ; but have always stood,
 Sole and aloof upon my pedestal.
 For Anacharsis Clootz my model was,
 And that distinguished Marquis, Saint Huruge,
 Both sans-culottes, yet perfect gentlemen.
 Therefore the common people loved me well,
 And, at election times, a dingy grove
 Of unwashed hands was lifted up for me !

I do beseech thee, Wilson, hear my plaint !
 Still in the van of progress did I march,
 Always ahead of dozing ministers.
 Did Russell venture to remove a tax ?
 I straightway told him ten should be removed.
 Did he propose to cut the army down ?
 My voice was for disbandment. Hotspur's lord
 Who met him on the field with pouncet-box,
 Did not abuse saltpetre worse than I.
 Taxes on knowledge most I did abhor,
 Because the press was too respectable,
 And power was lodged in educated hands.
 My doctrine was that industry should pay,
 And sloth, and vice, and drunkenness go free ;
 Therefore a gradual chasm began to yawn
 Between me and the ministerial souls
 Who looked on freedom through the Treasury panes,
 And were not jocund, save on quarter-day.
 Yet still the Whigs depended on my vote.
 Still were they courteous, till that evil hour,
 When, as Atrides with Achilles strove,
 The Palmerstonian toe ejected John !

Please, gentle Wilson ! listen to my tale !
 I found I could not deal with Palmerston.
 More close was he than wax ; and when I spoke,
 His answer was a quibble or a gibe,
 Which, aim'd at Walmsley, or such petty deer
 As Pellatt, Miall, Layard, or the rest,
 Might possibly have been appropriate,
 But were rank insults to a chief like me.
 Therefore, because I could not rise alone,
 I sought THE SCION, and to him I gave
 Adhesion, for the time that was to come.
 Dark Hayter watch'd me ; and against my name,
 Which heretofore was on the Liberal list,
 He set three crosses of ensanguined ink,
 Betokening that my latter end was nigh !

Nay, Wilson, I adjure thee, do not nod !
 I draw to the conclusion of my tale.
 I voted smack against Lord Palmerston,
 For divers reasons, which I need not state.
 And then I saw the angry grin of Peel,
 The long fix'd look of misery and woe
 With which poor Lewis laid his Cocker down ;
 I heard old Bethel grind his wolfish teeth,
 And Osborne mutter—what was not salaam !
 Then all the Whigs arose, and glared on me,
 And, in their ruthless eyes, I read the fate
 That, like a bloodhound, tracked me to my lair !

Wilson ! thou shouldst be waking at this hour !
 What ! dost thou sleep ? Nay, then, the case is hard,
 When Wilson cannot spare his friend an oath !
 I came for comfort—comfort find I none :
 I ask for sympathy, but none reply !
 Milner is less than Potter : Gibson's name
 Is faint beside the Turner's. Fare-thee-ill,
 Thou wretched, wavering Cottonopolis !
 I will go down to Huddersfield, and speak
 With valiant Cobden ; for he says, a light
 Dances before his eyes, and in his ears
 There ever is the tramp of armed men.
 What this portends I know not ; but I know
 That henceforth Manchester shall bear my curse,
 Nor would I give it tribute of a tear,
 Though it were wrapp'd in all-devouring fire !

THE MAID OF HUDDERSFIELD.

THERE'S a rose-tree in my garden ; but it hath not budded yet,
 April's tears are cold and frozen, and the cheek of spring is wet.

Bud not, blossom not, my rose-tree ; let thy boughs in June be bare,
 Since thou canst not give a bridal garland to bedeck my hair.

Scarce a single moon hath faded since my lover walked with me,
 All along the gloomy garden, and we paused beside the tree.

And I said, " Dear Billy Roller, thou hast pray'd me for a sign,
 For a token of our union, of the bliss that shall be thine.

As the maids of ancient Sparta sent their lovers to the field,
Bidding them return in triumph, or be borne upon the shield ;

So I set a task before thee, and I swear till it be done,
Never shall the surpliced vicar join our hands and make us one.

Lo ! the land around is ringing with the wild election cry,
Cobden calls thee to the rescue—Cobden, child of liberty !

Shall a vile and fawning Whig be sent as member for our city ?
Up and gird thee for the battle ! be the foremost on committee !

Canvass every voter, upwards, downwards through our streets and lanes,
Win the victory for Cobden, and this hand rewards thy pains !

Then, when summer sends its blossoms, William, shalt thou cull for me
Flowers to make a bridal garland, roses from my favourite tree.

And I'll meet thee at the altar ; come, my dearest, to thy side ;
And perhaps—O bliss of blisses—Cobden may bestow the bride !

But should fate decide against us, should the venal blanketeers
Choose a Whig instead of Cobden—chair him with triumphal cheers ;

Then, although my heart will quiver, and the blow be deadly sore,
William Roller, thou must never hope to see thy Sarah more !

Clad in widow's weeds I'll wander, widow-hearted, though a maid,
Uttering my lamentation in the sunshine and the shade.

Wailing ever, deeply wailing, till the light of life be dim,
And a tear for thee shall mingle with the floods I shed for him ! ”

All is over—William Roller, Richard Cobden, both are done !
Hie, ye clouds, across the welkin ! smother up that weary sun.

Let no glimpse of glory flicker over this degraded place,
Let the darkness brood above it, emblem of its dire disgrace.

Let the woollen-staplers shudder in their drear and dingy homes,
Let their marrow inly curdle as from damps of catacombs.

Let rheumatic twinges rack them, if their consciences be mute,
May lumbago smite the muscles, and the gout assail the foot !

May they groan in bitter torture, for their infamous intrigue,
Thus discarding Richard Cobden, foremost Champion of the League !

Dastards, cravens ! they have robbed me—robbed me in a single day,
Of my hero and my husband—let them perish in dismay !

Never bloom again, my rose-tree ! let thy boughs be always bare,
Henceforth do not yield a blossom to perfume this tainted air ;

Or, at most, let three white roses open with the waning year,
One for Richard, one for William, one to wither on my bier !

LETTERS FROM A LIGHTHOUSE.—NO. IV.

THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

MY DEAR EBONY,—The elections being now completed, it may be important, before the assembling of the new Parliament, to consider how far the returns may be likely to affect the future Ministerial policy. Blind as a bat must be the man who does not perceive that the character of the House of Commons is the main thing to which Lord Palmerston must look while preparing his political programme. This may not be in accordance with the old theories of government, nor with the letter and spirit of the constitution; nevertheless, it is of no use arguing upon illusory premises, as certainly would be the case were I, under existing circumstances, to assume the independence of the Premier. In saying this, I make no reflection whatever upon the courage, consistency, or statesmanship of Lord Palmerston. With all his faults, I hold him to be a man less apt than were some of his predecessors to surrender his own ideas to popular clamour, or to become the mere servant of the House of Commons. But he stands in a peculiar relation to the new Parliament. He is the Frankenstein who has created it, and by that very act he has placed himself greatly in its power. Should it prove an unruly monster, he will immediately be held responsible for its freaks; so that he must tame it gradually, and avoid thwarting it at the outset.

What Lord Palmerston requires is a working majority at his back—always the great desideratum of a Minister, but, of late years, a thing which it appeared impossible to secure. It now remains to be seen whether his Lordship is in possession of a talisman which shall once more give a strong government to the country, which undoubtedly is urgently required. Pitch-and-toss may be a pretty pastime for stable-boys, but a great State like ours should not be regulated on the principles of that enticing game; and, for my own part, although Palmerston is by no means the kind of person to command my

confidence, I would rather see him firmly settled in power, and enabled to carry out a consistent policy, than submit to the uncertainty caused by the minute sections of the late House of Commons. It is too early as yet to speculate upon the tendencies of the new House. This much only is clear, that Lord Palmerston has a considerable majority of professed adherents; but whether that general majority will resolve itself into the form of a decided working majority, is rather problematical. That seems to be the universal impression of all those who make political affairs their study. From the *Times* down to the humblest provincial print, there are decided tokens of uncertainty as to the future, and that is easily accounted for. When parties are well defined, disciplined, and led with intelligible watchwords, clear principles, and entire reliance on the prudence and sagacity of their chiefs, it may not be very difficult to foresee what amount of support or opposition is likely to be accorded to or arrayed against any measure or proposal of serious importance to the country. But when, as was lately notoriously the case, and still is in a certain degree, parties are disorganised, undisciplined, and impatient of control—when every man may assert the privilege of doing what seems good in his own eyes, without consulting others, and without listening to advice—when the strength of parties is frittered away by the formation of small cliques and guerilla companies which cannot be relied on to act in concert—then indeed it is peculiarly difficult for a Minister to form anything like a precise notion of the reception which may be given to the separate items of his policy. I am by no means an unqualified eulogist of party, because party feeling may sometimes be carried beyond the bounds of reason, and blind subserviency be substituted for generous devotion to leaders; but I do not see how the government of this country can be carried on with that vigour

and determination which its dignity and interests require, without a merging of individual opinions in the great currents of party. So long as there were only two recognised divisions in the Legislature, Whig and Tory, alternately Ministerialists or Opposition, it was comparatively plain sailing. An appeal to the country, in the shape of a dissolution of Parliament, promised a result at once intelligible and satisfactory. Ministers could then calculate, with something like precision, their strength or their weakness; the functions of government were not impeded, nor were they obliged to be ever on the alert against a *coup-de-main*, or an attack from an unexpected quarter. Even had there been three political divisions—had the Radicals leagued together under an accredited leader, and become a separate power, like Tories and Whigs, there would have been far less perplexity and confusion than has prevailed for the last few years. But the Whigs, though almost as much opposed through tradition, sentiment, and interest to the Radicals as were their hereditary opponents, used every possible means to impede the formation of a third independent party. They took special care to prevent any line of exact demarcation being drawn between themselves and their dubious allies; and they even went so far as to abandon their old peculiar party name, and endeavoured, by styling themselves Liberals instead of Whigs, to establish a common cause with the Radicals; or, at all events, to prevent such a separation as would have enabled the latter to mark out an evident boundary. In reality, antagonism to the Tories was the only point upon which the Whigs and Radicals cordially agreed; and that antagonism was useful and equivalent to a principle so long as the Tories were in power and the Liberals in opposition. But when, owing to the disruption of the Tory party, effected by the late Sir Robert Peel, the Liberals gained a majority in the House of Commons, and became entitled to assume the reins of government, the cheat or deception could not any longer be concealed, and it became evident to all the world that the two parties, blended in op-

position, were not to be amalgamated in power. For no sooner were the doors of Downing Street open for the admission of new-comers, than the porters and keepers of the gate assumed the ancient blue-and-yellow livery; and the Radical section of the Liberal confederacy, however useful they might have been in the struggle with the Conservatives, found themselves excluded from office, the whole emoluments, patronage, and dignities of which were ruthlessly monopolised by the Whigs, as a matter of course, on the plea of hereditary right, or, at all events, of political tradition. On his accession to power, Lord John Russell displayed a grasping spirit and exclusiveness which thoroughly disgusted the Radicals; and although, at a subsequent period, attempts were made to conciliate them by admitting an occasional Radical, always a malleable *doctrinaire*, into the Cabinet or to some inferior office, the Liberal party was in fact as much deprived of coherence as if it had been split into twain.

Still, however, the Whigs tried to propagate and maintain the delusion that Liberalism was a vital principle—an attempt at imposture which was in reality very damaging to their own interests, besides tending to increase the confusion which already was but too prevalent in the political world. It was especially imprudent and injudicious, because it left an opening for malcontents, plotters, and dissatisfied subordinates, to traffic and conspire with the justly-offended Radicals—a commerce which the Whig chiefs could not forbid or brand as treasonable, inasmuch as they affected to regard the latter as allies, or rather as integral parts of the same political army. And so, singularly enough, we find that the great Liberal alliance has ended in a disruption of the Whigs; a fact which, unless I err most grievously, will, before the expiry of the present year, become apparent to the meanest capacity. Most of the journalists, following the lead of the *Times*, state the result of the recent election as giving, in round numbers, a majority of eighty or an hundred votes in the House of Commons to the Liberals as against

the Conservatives. I see no reason to doubt the accuracy of this calculation. The term "Liberal," being capable alike of contraction and expansion, may be assumed by almost any man as a domino or opera cloak to cover his under garments; and it has been so used and paraded by many candidates on the hustings, who, if the more specific terms or party names were in use, would have hesitated before they proclaimed themselves either as Whigs or Radicals. I must say that I do not like this laxity; but since the old party names on both sides have been waived, or rather abandoned, how is it possible to blame those who avail themselves of the general license? No man, while appealing to the constituencies nowadays, calls himself Whig or Tory. They are all Liberals or Conservatives, or Conservative-Liberals, or Liberal-Conservatives—designations out of which I defy you to extract any real meaning. And the most singular feature of the whole election record is this, that, while the Conservatives have for the most part declared that they will offer no factious opposition to Lord Palmerston's Government, but, on the contrary, will support it in so far as they can do so without the violation of principle, the Liberals in several instances have announced that they have no confidence whatever in the man! Such a declaration would be of minor significance if made by politicians of inferior note; but when we find unequivocal language to that effect employed by Sir James Graham, and acquiesced in by others of considerable standing and notoriety; when we remember that a Ministerial candidate was put forward to contest London as against Lord John Russell, so recently the pride and cynosure of the Whigs, it must be admitted that the mere assumption of the name of Liberal cannot be taken as a sign of adhesion to Palmerston. Therefore we must be very cautious of forming rapid conclusions upon such unsatisfactory data, more especially when we keep in mind the fact that nearly two hundred members of the new House of Commons are untried men, without public political antecedents.

There is still a mass of confusion to be reduced before order and cohesion can be restored, and of that Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are perfectly aware. No pains will be spared to marshal and array a Ministerial phalanx, strong, compact, and obedient; and that never can be done so effectively and well as at the commencement of a fresh Parliament. Members are not then haunted by the dread of indignant and jealous constituencies, ever on the watch for political peccadilloes, or deviations from extorted pledges; and they are far more ready than at a later period to form a permanent party connection, and to enlist for the whole campaign. I think, moreover, that the general result of the elections has been such as to aid Lord Palmerston materially in his organisation of a peculiar force. With the exception of the Conservatives, there is now no distinct section or nucleus of party in the field which a waverer would be tempted to join; and therefore it seems probable that, by the mere force of attraction, stray atoms will be compelled to add their quota to the bulk of the Ministerial mass. It is now quite evident that the breach between Lord John Russell and the Whigs is irreparable. He has sinned against them too often and too deeply to be forgiven; and not only is he ostracised, but he has been marked out as a proper object for all kind of vituperation. Even the *Edinburgh Review*, which once paraded him as a demigod, thinks it safe to insult him by its sneers; not that he is likely to sustain any great injury therefrom, but the fact is significant as indicating the deadly nature of the quarrel.

The Whigs have accepted Palmerston in lieu of Russell, who, whatever other virtues he may possess, is not gifted with that of forgiveness; consequently he but lies in wait until some favourable opportunity shall occur, when he may take revenge upon his rival. And, in truth, at the commencement of the elections, there was fair ground for presuming that such an opportunity might very soon present itself. The Radical journals confidently predicted such an increase

to the number of their party as would enable them to drive Ministers to the adoption of a sweeping and organic reform in the Parliamentary representation, and they did not hesitate to name Russell and Graham as the leaders in the servile war. You will remember that in my last letter I hazarded a prediction, that the anticipations of the Radicals would in this respect be disappointed, and that in all probability Lord Palmerston would gain additional support on account of the Conservative element in his character. I stated as the result of my personal observation, that the middle classes now in possession of the franchise, and of the ancillary benefits arising from that privilege, were extremely unwilling to allow the power to depart out of their hands, or even to share it with a multitude of others who at present are excluded from the electorate; and I therefore believed that at the coming election the great bulk of the middle classes, especially in the urban constituencies, would declare themselves in favour of Palmerston as a safe man, and would be shy of returning to Parliament candidates of extreme opinions who were pledged to violent reform and a decided lowering of the franchise. But I will candidly confess that I did not expect to see this feeling operate so strongly as it has done during the course of the bygone months. I was not prepared to hear the sentence of condemnation pronounced from such places as Manchester, the Tower Hamlets, Southwark, Huddersfield, Oldham, Rochdale, Leicester, and many more, against the chiefs and foremost men of the Radical persuasion. I fully believed and expected that some of the rank and file would go down; but who could have anticipated the doom which has closed the doors of St Stephens on Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson, Sir W. Clay, Fox, Walmsley, Pellatt, Laing, Layard, and others, whose names are identified with what is called the cause of progress? It is amusing to observe the convulsive efforts of the Radical press to account for this amazing catastrophe on any other grounds but the real one, viz. that the middle classes are peculiarly

apprehensive of any change which might deprive them of political power. They want to persuade us, forsooth, that these men were ejected because they ran counter to the feeling of the country in the matter of the recent war. That is pure fudge. They were cut off, simply because their return to Parliament might have given a new impulse to the Revolutionary movement in a direction most unpalatable to the great majority of the urban electors, who know perfectly well that a sudden and serious lowering of the franchise would curtail their influence, and would wrest from them a virtual monopoly which is often extremely valuable. And I think, upon my conscience, that the middle classes deserve great credit for the shrewdness which they have displayed throughout these elections. They have acted upon Tarquin's hint of lopping the heads from the tallest poppies; so that when Lord John Russell (whose name, antecedents, and Jewish influence could only raise him to the third place on the poll for London) and Sir James Graham (who came in for Carlisle at the tail of a Conservative) walk down to Westminster in the month of May, they will find themselves in the disagreeable position of leaders without any adequate following.

That the result of the general election has been favourable to Lord Palmerston is an undoubted fact; but in order properly to understand his position, it is necessary to go beyond the newspaper returns, which, as I have said, divide the House of Commons into two sections, Liberal and Conservative, giving the former a majority of from eighty to an hundred members. The strength of Lord Palmerston, in so far as it is possible to form an opinion before the meeting of Parliament, seems to lie in this, that he has at his command a much larger body of pure Ministerialists than before—men upon whom he can depend, not only on ordinary but on extraordinary occasions, and who will not break away from him, unless the tenor of his domestic policy should undergo some violent alteration. This class is made up of the great body of the hereditary

Whigs, and of the leading commercial men sent by the larger urban constituencies throughout the country—men who do much affect the style of independence, but who are, nevertheless, quite aware of the advantages of a strong government, and in reality unfavourable to anything like organic change. That I believe to be the first and most important cause of his strength; but his position is also very much fortified by the exclusion from Parliament of the Radical leaders, from whom, unless his policy were to be altered altogether, he could have expected nothing but virulent opposition. It is quite true that the Radical section is by no means extinct in the House of Commons; but it is now comparatively powerless; for no party, however numerically strong, can act coherently or effectively without chiefs, and at present there is not a single man competent to array the ultra-democrats for battle. I say this in the full conviction that either Lord John Russell or Sir James Graham, or both, would be quite ready to volunteer their services and experience; and had it pleased the electoral body to return the Radical captains, I think it extremely probable that one or other of the above-named statesmen would have been promoted to the command. The Radical rank and file might have submitted to own Russell for their leader, provided Cobden had been there to discipline and keep them in order; but as matters stand now, they are thoroughly disorganised and disheartened, and will, in a very short time, subside quietly into Ministerialists; a course which, under the circumstances, is probably the most prudent, as well as the most patriotic, which they can be expected to pursue. Indeed, they must see, if they have any power of observation left, that the country is sick of Radicalism, averse to agitation, and opposed to organic changes. No Constitution can stand the tear and wear of having new machinery fitted up for it once in every quarter of a century; and in order to justify the introduction of a measure comprehensive enough to deserve the name of a reform bill, it must be

proved to demonstration that the existing system has been unsatisfactory in its results. Do the ultra-Liberals really mean to assert that proposition? Is it nothing that Britain remained tranquil and unmoved during the revolutionary storm of 1848? Why, the machinery which they now decry, was that which effected those fiscal changes and commercial alterations of which they are so very proud; and it seems extremely questionable whether any new arrangement would suit them better. I allude to these things as so many proofs that popular opinion does, in our times, and under the existing system, exercise such an influence over the conduct of public affairs, that no interest, however strong, can oppose an effective resistance, and no government can hope to maintain itself in opposition to the popular will. Now, mark the bearing and practical application of this. It was popular opinion which gave Cobden, Bright, and the other advocates of the League, their whole political power. It was popular opinion, locally exercised, which called them to the representation of such places as the West Riding, Manchester, and other great seats of manufacturing industry; for popular opinion was then, as now, in favour of free trade, and it was important to secure the services of the ablest and most earnest advocates of the cause, until the new commercial system was consolidated, and all attempt at disturbing it abandoned. And finally, it is popular opinion which has now excluded them from the Legislature. Nor is this to be wondered at. Their previous great success had made them insufferably arrogant, supercilious, and crotchety, and impressed them with the notion that they were immeasurably superior both in talent, prescience, and capacity to the ordinary run of statesmen, whose caution they despised, and whose experience they utterly disregarded. They owned no rules, they respected no forms, they set no store by principles. The British Constitution, in their view, was not a fabric to be maintained, but an unsightly encumbrance to be broken down and carted away; and they were prepared to go any

lengths towards effecting its demolition. In this country, however, revolution does not proceed by rapid, but by gradual steps. It seeks to preserve throughout the semblance of legality, so that it may neither startle nor repel; and in this respect our democrats act wisely, for nothing is more remarkable than the rooted abhorrence with which the English people regard anything approaching to internal turbulence or insurrection, although they do not hesitate, often without due inquiry, to lavish their sympathy upon foreign insurgents. The mere apprehension of a mob or rioting gives a fresh impulse to Conservatism throughout the land; for the power of property is enormously strong and widely distributed; and even the most ignorant of the working-classes are fully aware that the suspension of trade and business, which always follows tumult, is equivalent to ruin and starvation. Hence it is that Britain is safe from those revolutionary spasms which have overthrown so many governments abroad; but for all that, she is not secure against revolution in a different shape. It is by the lowering or rather degradation of the franchise that our democrats expect to attain their object, which even they might be puzzled accurately and distinctly to define. Many of them, though absolutely destitute of anything that can be called a feeling or even an instinct of loyalty, would indignantly repudiate the charge of hostility to the monarchical form of government. They probably would protest, and with perfect sincerity, that they are not republicans; inasmuch as a republic, however suitable for a new country, can hardly be adopted by an old one; and to do them justice, they have sense enough to see that the abolition of royalty would be the sure prelude to the more stringent rule of a dictator, and the establishment of military despotism. But they hate the House of Peers in its present hereditary form, not scrupling to denounce it as a remnant of barbarous feudalism, existing for no other end than to thwart the will of the people; and though they are in general ready enough to admit that an upper legislative chamber would be desirable, they

are, almost to a man, opposed to the system which allows a voice in the Legislature as a privilege and consequence of birthright. To the Established Churches they are decidedly opposed; both because they regard them as monopolies, and because the Church of England is represented in the Upper House by the Bishops. They would purge out what leaven of aristocracy remains in the House of Commons, probably by the exclusion of the sons of Peers, pending the abolition of the Peerage; in short, they would level upwards until everything that had a tinge or appearance of privilege was suppressed. I am not, I assure you, exaggerating their views, or assuming anything which advanced Radicals hesitate to profess. I have had the pleasure—and I do not use the word ironically—of conversing on many occasions with men of that way of thinking—men, too, whose intellects were by no means contemptible; who were possessed of a large stock of general information; who were kindly in disposition, not only easy but affluent in their circumstances, and by no means inclined to infidelity, though rather latitudinarian in their tenets. Nay, more—I have met with men, holding that persuasion, who have received as high an education as this country or any other can afford; and in such cases I have always found that the spring of their opinions might be traced to a classic ground. For, if you will persist in indoctrinating the youth of Britain with the democratic notions of Greece and Rome—if Harmodius, and Aristogeiton, and Brutus are to be held up as types for imitation, and prescribed as subjects for academical panegyric—how can you expect that loyalty, a thing unknown either to Greece or Rome, will take early root in the heart of the British student? Radicalism, therefore, I hold to be no mere phantom. The tares are largely sown among the wheat, and it becomes us all to watch with anxiety the average growth of the crops.

These things are not apparent to men in high places. I venture to say that, humble as I am, and perhaps because of that humility, I know more of the current of opinion

among the middle classes of Great Britain than any Minister in the Cabinet; and I am often marvellously surprised to see the false construction which they place on movements, apparently insignificant, but in reality as thoroughly calculated as Philidor's advances in a game of chess. The proposal to lower the franchise does not arise from a conviction that the present qualification is so high as to exclude intelligence from its share of representation in the national councils, or that it fosters and protects class interests to the detriment of the general good. So far, it is admitted, the present system works well, and the House of Commons is a fair reflex of the aggregate opinions of the educated classes of the community. But these opinions are not favourable to democracy. The educated classes have not only a respect for, but a pride in the time-honoured institutions of Britain, and they will not lend countenance or support to any scheme for destroying the noblest political fabric which the world has ever seen. They know that in no other country is property so secure, freedom so perfect, and justice so equitably administered as in ours; and certainly they are not prepared to assimilate, even partially, our institutions to those of America, where the bowie-knife, revolver, and cow-hide seem to have usurped the place of reason, and where Judge Lynch in person superintends the execution of his decrees. I am old enough to remember the excitement which prevailed after the passing of the Reform Acts in 1832, when the Radicals confidently expected such results as universal suffrage and annual parliaments, which again were to abolish the hereditary House of Peers, destroy the Established Church, and alter the whole existing framework of society. But no such results followed. The new electors showed themselves, almost from the very first, capable of discriminating between liberty and license, and of appreciating the real nature of the duties which they were called upon to perform. After the lapse of five-and-twenty years, in the course of which many changes and real social improvements have been made through the exercise of the

power then intrusted to the middle classes, it has become evident that, though liberal in practice, they are thoroughly conservative in principle. The desire for organic changes has long disappeared, or is confined only to the men who contemplate ulterior objects beyond practical reforms; and the signal defeat of the Radicals at the recent elections is surely a sufficient proof that the constituencies even of our large manufacturing towns are averse to innovation.

Those who wish to have the franchise materially lowered, entertain the confident hope that the effect of such a measure would be to give a fresh impulse to democracy, and it is possible that such might be the result. On the other hand, it is quite conceivable that the lowering of the property qualification in boroughs to £5, and that of tenancy in counties to £20, as proposed by Lord John Russell in 1852, might tend to strengthen the hands of capitalists, large employers, and extensive landowners, and defeat rather than forward the views of those who advocate the change. That, however, is a matter of speculation and of doubt. We are acquainted with the working of the system as it exists, and I have not heard any sound or sufficient reason advanced for altering it. I am willing enough to believe, though I have not evidence to that effect, that education is so widespread that the franchise might safely be extended; but my objection to a change is this, that if you depart from the leading features of the system presently in operation, you furnish an irresistible argument for change until you arrive at the *ne plus ultra* of universal suffrage. It is not pretended that the House of Commons, as at present elected, fails in the performance of its duties; nor is it alleged that it would work differently if the constituencies were greatly enlarged. If this be so, the alteration would be of a theoretical, not a practical nature; and I cannot think that it is incumbent on us to run any risk for the mere vindication of a theory. But where is the arithmetical declension to stop? On what principle are you to exclude the four-pounder, if the five-pounder is

admitted to the franchise? The mistake lies in supposing that there is any principle in a matter purely arbitrary. If, by its present constitution, the House of Commons represents public opinion, the legislative problem is sufficiently solved, because that representation is all that the Constitution requires. I do not by any means maintain that the Reform Bill of 1832 was faultless, or that it effected a fair distribution of power. I see no objection to a revision of it, provided the broad electoral basis then fixed is maintained, or lowered only so far as to include a class capable of forming an unbiased judgment, of whom there are many among the non-electors, but not enough to justify an indiscriminate admission. No reasonable man would object to see the constituencies enlarged by the addition to the roll of men of acknowledged intelligence, irrespective of a property qualification. How this can be done, without confounding ignorance and servility with intelligence and independence, is the concern of those who insist upon changes being made. Let them produce their measure, and I am quite certain that it will receive the most candid and favourable consideration. But to lower the franchise materially in respect of property qualification, without any assurance that the bulk of the new voters can be safely intrusted with such a power, appears to me to be a decided and irrevocable step towards universal suffrage; in other words, the swamping of intelligence and education by the force of numbers.

I am not, however, under serious apprehension that Lord Palmerston will press for organic changes so serious as to disturb the present allocation of electoral power, and I do not expect that Lord John Russell will command such a following in the House as to make his movement, whatever that may be, formidable, if in opposition to the Ministry. And now, with your permission, I shall say a word or two on the position and prospects of the Conservative party, a subject of much interest and importance at the present moment.

The attitude assumed by the Con-

servative party during the war with Russia, and the generous support which they accorded to Lord Palmerston after his accession to the Premiership, did not fail to make a most favourable impression upon the public mind. But when the war was concluded, and the previous restraints upon action removed, Ministerial measures were subjected to a more rigid scrutiny, and objections, which previously had been suppressed, were urged with considerable force, and with undoubted ability. This, as a matter of course, excited acerbity in the Ministerial ranks, and it very soon became apparent that the period of truce had expired. Now, it appeared to me at the time, and subsequent reflection has not altered the view, that there was no necessity for further opposition than could have been conveyed by a warning, and an authoritative intimation of dissent. Palmerston undoubtedly stood high in the general opinion of the country as the Minister who had terminated the war; he had done nothing, in so far as domestic policy was concerned, to call for serious censure; and by framing the Budget so as to admit of the immediate reduction of the income-tax, he had conferred a sensible boon upon an influential class of the community. I do not say that his programme as set forth in the Speech from the Throne was satisfactory, or that the Budget displayed by Sir G. Cornewall Lewis was such as to escape remark; but the negative nature of the one, barren as it was of prospects of social improvement, need not have excited any stronger feeling than disappointment; while the other was, almost avowedly, a make-shift, marking the transition from a war expenditure to the ordinary establishments of peace. That Radical members should have vented their spleen because no indication was given of the intention of the Ministry to introduce a bill for innovating on the Constitution, or that Mr Gladstone should fiercely have denounced the Budget as subversive of the prospective financial scheme which he had devised when Chancellor of the Exchequer, was not surprising; but certainly the great Conservative party had no reason to find fault with the

omission complained of by the Radicals ; nor was it incumbent upon them in any way to homologate the financial notions of Mr Gladstone, which were far too subtle and complicated to receive the hearty approbation of the people. I write simply as an individual well-wisher and adherent of the Conservative party, too far removed from the scene of action to feel those influences which operate upon practical politicians ; and therefore I may be wrong in my conclusions, or may have formed them upon imperfect data ; but I cannot help regretting that the Budget was not allowed to pass, under quiet protest, because the objections urged against it were not seriously met by the Ministerial organs, who by that time had received their cue, but were quoted as proofs of the existence of a heterogeneous and unprincipled coalition of all the oppositionists to effect the overthrow of Lord Palmerston's Administration. A more ridiculous and preposterous falsehood never yet was devised ; but an event which occurred immediately afterwards served to give it currency. I allude, of course, to the debate and division upon the China question, when it was impossible for the Conservatives to abstain from taking a decided part. I have in a former letter expressed my opinion fully upon that subject ; and, without blaming those who declined to register their votes in favour of Mr Cobden's motion, I most heartily acquiesce in the course pursued by the majority of Conservatives who, believing in their consciences that the conduct of Sir J. Bowring was unjustifiable and perilous to the national honour, did not hesitate to prove the sincerity of their conviction by a vote which necessarily brought them into the same lobby with men holding political and social opinions diametrically opposed to their own. Upon such an occasion as that, it was especially desirable, for the credit of the Conservative party, that the extent of the opposition should have been clearly defined, and a broad distinction drawn between a refusal on the part of the House of Commons

to sanction the proceedings of the officials at Hong-Kong, and a vote of censure against the Government, who were not implicated in those proceedings further than by undertaking the defence of their subordinates. Lord Palmerston was no sooner assured that the result of Mr Cobden's motion would be to place the Ministry in a minority, than, with that singular dexterity and knowledge of tactics for which he is so renowned, he conceived the plan of making political capital out of his defeat, and represented the Chinese question as being, in reality, a question of confidence in his Ministry. Nothing could have been more unfair, but nothing could be more dexterous. He knew full well that a challenge of this kind thrown out in the heat and excitement of debate was almost sure to be accepted ; and his anticipation was justified by the result.

The success of this Palmerstonian *ruse*, which his satellites interpret as a generous defence of subordinates of whose conduct he is really ashamed, was somewhat damaging to the Conservatives ; because, in the first place, it exhibited those members of the party who declined to record their votes against the Government in a false position, giving colour to the idea that they were deserting the standard by which they had stood so long with untiring fidelity ; and because, in the second place, it exposed the main body to the charge of faction, than which nothing can be more utterly untrue. That faction, of late years, has been rife in the body politic of Britain, is but too notorious. It is, however, the proud boast of the true Conservatives, and it will be their historical laudation hereafter, that they never have stooped to employ underhand or treacherous weapons against a fair and open antagonist. No man alive knows that better than Lord Palmerston ; and therefore I cannot but think that he acted unworthy of his position in maintaining, after the dissolution, that he had been forced to take that step in consequence of a deliberate combination of all the opponents of his government. Charges of this kind ought not to be made rashly, or

for the sake of producing a temporary effect ; for the authority of Parliament depends in a great measure upon the faith which the people repose in the honour of their representatives ; and I can conceive nothing more fatal to the cause of freedom than the promulgation of the idea that the deliberations of the House of Commons are not regulated by principle, but swayed by the influence of faction for ends irrespective of the public good.

The result of the election, however, shows that the Conservatives have not suffered in the estimation of the country, their losses being few in number, and these traceable, for the most part, to local influences. On the other hand, the Peelites have suffered quite as severely as the Radicals, and may now be considered as a section utterly extinct. This I cannot bring myself to regret. These political asteroids are extremely inconvenient, and do not perform any useful function in the State. They are too fragmentary to have any perceptible weight, and they are calculated to derange the motions of the larger bodies. What course Mr Gladstone, the remaining luminary of that section, may think proper to pursue, is a matter upon which I shall not speculate. His great abilities and singular powers of eloquence have raised him to a conspicuous place in the public view ; and his career will always be watched with curiosity and interest. But at present he can only be regarded as a unit ; and the tenor of his last speeches in the House of Commons upon financial questions, indicates a leaning towards narrow parsimony, of which I cannot bring myself to approve.

No one will dispute the position that the utmost economy should be observed in the national expenditure ; for to tax the people needlessly, or for the gratification of costly tastes, or for objects which, though desirable in themselves, are of little real moment, is to court disaffection and complaint. I cannot help thinking that, of late years, a vast deal of public money has been misapplied. The rage for public buildings in London has undoubtedly been gratified

far too liberally ; and though I do not grudge expenditure upon art, I see no utility or advantage in throwing away large sums in the purchase of ancient pictures and the like, believing that, if art is to be encouraged, the only effectual way of doing so is to patronise our native artists. No country can be made remarkable from the possession of a collection of foreign fragments. Indigenous production alone can give it an æsthetic fame. Again, the annual charges upon the head of education are increasing enormously without any apparent commensurate result. I say *apparent* ; because expenditure of this kind is not only defensible but laudable, provided that it is well laid out. But as to that we have no accurate or satisfactory information ; and, in the absence of that essential requisite, the subject certainly deserves the immediate attention of the new House of Commons. It is a startling fact that the item in the national balance-sheet for "Civil services, &c.," which is independent of the outlay for diplomatic service and the Courts of Justice, should have increased from £4,706,000 in 1852, to £7,092,000 in 1856. An augmented charge of two and a half millions in the short space of four years, is a matter far too serious to be disregarded, and demands a strict investigation. But, apart from that, there is no material rise of expenditure, except in the navy, army, and ordnance estimates ; and these, being quite intelligible to the meanest capacity, will of course be the first selected for reduction.

No doubt they must be reduced ; but I should be sorry indeed to see the Conservative party lending their influence, authority, and aid to such reductions as will impair the efficiency of these all-important branches of the public service. Experience is of no use whatever, if we have not by this time discovered that indiscriminate reductions of our military force during peace lead inevitably to an immensely augmented expenditure and taxation in the time of war ; and as we are now freed from the baleful influence of those false prophets who averred that the Millen-

nium had arrived, I do earnestly trust that neither Government nor Opposition will adopt the errors of the past, or place the country, in regard to its armaments, in a posture which is at once perilous and humiliating. But on that topic I shall not expatiate at present. While advocating economy as a principle, and insisting upon the propriety, nay, the obligation, which exists of controlling and reducing all expenditure which does not directly tend to the public benefit, or which is of a superfluous or luxurious nature, I protest against the notion which Mr Gladstone seems to have adopted, that the amount of past expenditure affords any sound criterion for our present guidance, or that it is fair or reasonable to assume extravagance, because, in the course of years, there has been a gradual increase of expenditure in various branches of the public service. I wholly deny the justice of any inferences of the kind. An augmented population, when that is accompanied by an augmentation in commerce and trade, necessitates, as a matter of course, a corresponding increase of expenditure. The analogy between a family and a nation is complete. As a family increases, new wants arise, the supply of which depends entirely upon the means within the reach of the administrator, or head. If his means are not commensurate with the increase, then, certainly, there is no other alternative but the increase of parsimony, which amounts to a kind of social degradation as contrasted with economy, which is an universal virtue. But if his means have increased, at the same or even a greater ratio than that of his wants, then is he a sorry hunk, a sordid wretch, and an unwise father, if he prefers the accumulation of capital to the expenditure required by his new position. I would, however, be very lenient in judgment on the case of a man who, after having lived for years upon an income of three hundred, found himself suddenly in the possession of four times that amount, and, nevertheless, refused to alter his mode of living. But, in my view, a gradual augmentation of means, when accompanied

with a gradual increase of wants, necessitates an increased expenditure; and that is precisely the position in which the British nation stands at the present moment. In the course of the last forty years, the population has risen, in round numbers, from eighteen to twenty-eight millions, the value of realised property has been trebled, and the returns from trade and commerce probably quadrupled—and with these facts before us, I cannot conceive how any man of common sense can expect that our expenditure should not be increased. It must increase; not only because in all departments an augmented staff is necessary, but because the general augmentation of incomes calls for a corresponding augmentation of the allowances of those who are engaged in the public service. At the same time, I am quite clear that augmented wealth should, for the most part, bear the augmented burdens; and therefore I cordially coincide with those who advocate the reduction, in so far as it can be safely done, of all duties upon articles which can be classed as necessities for the working population. If perchance you should be twitted for allowing such an opinion to be expressed in the Magazine, which made so determined and vigorous a stand for the interests of native industry, ask the man who challenges you to look over his house-accounts for the last few years, and calculate what saving he has made in consequence of the repeal of the duties upon corn. The object of that vast agitation was the cheapening of bread; but the free-trade loaf is not larger than that which was vended while protection remained. It is, however, of great importance that the duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, and the like, which contribute so much to the comfort of the poorer classes, should be kept down; and no wise statesman would try to augment the general revenue by the imposition of higher rates upon such articles, unless he were absolutely compelled to do so by the occurrence of some emergency greater than has yet arisen. The problem for politicians now is how to raise an adequate re-

venue to meet the necessary expenditure for public purposes, after providing for payment of the interest of the national debt. Indirect taxation cannot be relied on to furnish sufficient means. The income-tax is both unpopular and unjust, partial in its operation, and exceedingly oppressive upon industry. The only remaining alternative, as it appears to me, is to increase the taxes upon realised property of every kind, not annually, but by way of succession. I have already, in a former letter, alluded to that subject, and therefore I shall not here resume the discussion; but I notice the point incidentally, because I see a tendency among public men to shirk the difficulties of taxation by having recourse to a wholesale reduction of establishments without regard to their utility, and by a return to that cheese-paring system of parsimony, which, in the long-run, is the most expensive that a nation can adopt. I do trust that the Conservative party will not lend their countenance to such views, but will act upon the better and higher principle of ascertaining, in every case, and in each branch of the public service, what is requisite to insure efficiency—that they will show themselves equally opposed to useless and extravagant expenditure, and to narrow parsimony; and if they do this, they may rely upon it that they will secure the acquiescence of the country. As to that impatience of taxation which is said to be characteristic of the Englishman, I think that a good deal of misconception prevails. The impatience seems to me to arise much more from the form than from the absolute pressure of the burdens; and the great secret of taxation, which has not yet received proper attention from our statesmen, is to make it as easy and as little prominent as possible. Such an impost as the income-tax, which compelled every man above the rank of an artisan to pay annually to the State one shilling and twopence out of every twenty shillings earned by his industry, would be unendurable in time of peace; and even the reduced rate must be severely felt by persons

whose limited means force them at all times to exercise the most rigid economy. It is the perpetual and visible presence of the tax-collector, or otherwise his admonitory billets, which begets the impatience complained of—an impatience which is greatly aggravated by any suspicion of extravagance and waste in the expenditure of the national revenue. What we require is equitable taxation, and enlightened economy; and if these two requisites were combined, I am satisfied that there would be no grumbling about the maintenance of establishments which, though costly, are necessary for the safety and progress of the nation.

There is, however, one great duty from the performance of which the Conservatives must not shrink, and that is to watch narrowly, and even jealously, the foreign policy of the Government. If we hope to have important social reforms and improvements in our civil administration, it is absolutely necessary that the public attention should not be distracted by foreign intrigues or by petty wars, originating from causes which in no way affect the national honour or interest. If Lord Palmerston is entitled to that credit which his partisans claim for him as the finisher of the war with Russia, we cannot forget that, under his administration, hostilities have commenced both with Persia and with China. The gates of the Temple of Janus are not yet closed; and there is much in the aspect of political affairs on the Continent to excite apprehension. In the absence of any aggression, the true policy of Great Britain, as has been so lucidly and emphatically pointed out by the Earl of Derby, is that of peace, which also infers abstinence from the pernicious practice of intermeddling with the internal arrangements of other States, and an abatement of that dictatorial tone which Lord Palmerston has shown himself too apt to assume in his intercourse with inferior powers. We must concede to other States the liberty which we claim for ourselves of independent action in matters which are purely domestic, even in cases where the charge of oppression

seems to be substantiated against governments. That course is by no means incompatible with friendly and judicious remonstrance; but we cannot afford to push Quixotry to the extreme, and to stand forth as the armed champions of universal liberty. Enough if we can hold the balance between State and State, and so prevent the outbreak of another war, which might again involve us in its consequences. But time presses, and I must conclude. If my meditations, formed in this remote solitude, should seem to you unsatisfactory, as may well be the case, I pray you to observe that I am in no worse condition, than the journalists, who, for the last few weeks, have been dili-

gently engaged in the game of blind-man's-buff. I presume that among your staff of contributors you do not number any professional prophet; and, sooth to say, it might puzzle even Thomas the Rhymer, who was an adept in vaticination, to divine what is written on the next page of our political history. But the time for turning the page will soon arrive, and I trust that the *denouement* may prove more prosperous than has been indicated by the preface. Such at least is the sincere desire, if not the expectation, of your affectionate Contributor,

PHOSPHORUS.

*Pictarnie Lighthouse,
North Britain.*

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

[The Author reserves the right of Translation.]

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

In which the History opens with a description of the Social Manners, Habits, and Amusements of the English People, as exhibited in an immemorial National Festivity.—Characters to be commemorated in the History, introduced and graphically portrayed, with a nasological illustration.—Original suggestions as to the idiosyncrasies engendered by trades and callings, with other matters worthy of note, conveyed in artless dialogue after the manner of Herodotus, Father of History (Mother unknown).

It was a summer fair in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey. The main street was lined with booths, abounding in toys, gleaming crockery, gay ribbons, and gilded gingerbread. Farther on, where the street widened into the ample village-green, rose the more pretending fabrics which lodged the attractive forms of the Mermaid, the Norfolk Giant, the Pig-faced Lady, the Spotted Boy, and the Calf with Two Heads; while high over even these edifices, and occupying the most conspicuous vantage-ground, a lofty stage promised to rural play-goers the "Grand Melo-dramatic Performance of The Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." Music, lively if artless, resounded on every side;—drums, fifes, penny-whistles, cat-calls, and a hand-organ played by a dark foreigner, from the height of whose shoulder a cynical but observant monkey eyed the hubbub and cracked his nuts.

It was now sunset—the throng at
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the fullest—an animated joyous scene. The day had been sultry; no clouds were to be seen, except low on the western horizon, where they stretched, in lengthened ridges of gold and purple, like the border-land between earth and sky. The tall elms on the green were still, save, near the great stage, one or two, upon which young urchins had climbed; and their laughing faces peered forth, here and there, from the foliage trembling under their restless movements.

Amidst the crowd, as it streamed saunteringly along, were two spectators—strangers to the place, as was notably proved by the attention they excited, and the broad jokes their dress and appearance provoked from the rustic wits,—jokes which they took with amused good-humour, and sometimes retaliated with a zest which had already made them very popular personages; indeed, there was that about them which propitiated liking. They were young, and the

freshness of enjoyment was so visible in their faces, that it begot a sympathy, and wherever they went, other faces brightened round them.

One of the two whom we have thus individualised was of that enviable age, ranging from five-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty, in which, if a man cannot contrive to make life very pleasant,—pitiable, indeed, must be the state of his digestive organs. But you might see by this gentleman's countenance that if there were many like him, it would be a worse world for the doctors. His cheek, though not highly coloured, was yet ruddy and clear; his hazel eyes were lively and keen; his hair, which escaped in loose clusters from a jean shooting-cap set jauntily on a well-shaped head, was of that deep sunny auburn rarely seen but in persons of vigorous and hardy temperament. He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly that the most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air!

By the help of that nose this gentleman wore a black velveteen jacket of foreign cut; a mustache and imperial (then much rarer in England than they have been since the siege of Sebastopol); and yet left you perfectly convinced that he was an honest Englishman, who had not only no designs on your pocket, but would not be easily duped by any designs upon his own.

The companion of the personage thus sketched might be somewhere about seventeen; but his gait, his air, his lithe vigorous frame, showed a manliness at variance with the boyish bloom of his face. He struck the eye much more than his elder comrade. Not that he was regularly handsome

—far from it; yet it is no paradox to say that he was beautiful—at least, few indeed were the women who would not have called him so. His hair, long like his friend's, was of a dark chesnut, with gold gleaming through it where the sun fell, inclining to curl, and singularly soft and silken in its texture. His large, clear, dark-blue, happy eyes were fringed with long ebon lashes, and set under brows which already wore the expression of intellectual power, and, better still, of frank courage and open loyalty. His complexion was fair, and somewhat pale, and his lips in laughing showed teeth exquisitely white and even. But though his profile was clearly cut, it was far from the Greek ideal; and he wanted the height of stature which is usually considered essential to the personal pretensions of the male sex. Without being positively short, he was still under middle height, and from the compact development of his proportions, seemed already to have attained his full growth. His dress, though not foreign, like his comrade's, was peculiar;—a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with a wide blue ribbon; shirt-collar turned down, leaving the throat bare; a dark-green jacket of thinner material than cloth; white trousers and waistcoat completed his costume. He looked like a mother's darling—perhaps he was one.

Scratch across his back went one of those ingenious mechanical contrivances familiarly in vogue at fairs, which are designed to impress upon the victim to whom they are applied, the pleasing conviction that his garment is rent in twain.

The boy turned round so quickly that he caught the arm of the offender—a pretty village-girl, a year or two younger than himself. "Found in the act, sentenced, punished," cried he, snatching a kiss, and receiving a gentle slap. "And now, good for evil, here's a ribbon for you—choose."

The girl slunk back shyly, but her companions pushed her forward, and she ended by selecting a cherry-coloured ribbon, for which the boy paid carelessly, while his elder and wiser friend looked at him with grave compassionate rebuke, and grumbled out,

—"Dr Franklin tells us that once in his life he paid too dear for a whistle; but then he was only seven years old, and a whistle has its uses. But to pay such a price for a scratchback!—Prodigal! Come along."

As the friends strolled on, naturally enough all the young girls who wished for ribbons, and were possessed of scratchbacks, followed in their wake. Scratch went the instruments, but in vain.

"Lasses," said the elder, turning sharply upon them his nose in the air, "ribbons are plentiful—shillings scarce; and kisses, though pleasant in private, are insipid in public. What, still! Beware! know that, innocent as we seem, we are women-eaters; and if you follow us farther, you are devoured!" So saying, he expanded his jaws to a width so preternaturally large, and exhibited a row of grinders so formidable, that the girls fell back in consternation. The friends turned down a narrow alley between the booths, and though still pursued by some adventurous and mercenary spirits, were comparatively undisturbed as they threaded their way along the back of the booths, and arrived at last on the village-green, and in front of the Great Stage.

"Oho, Lionel!" quoth the elder friend; "Thespian and classical—worth seeing, no doubt." Then turning to a grave cobbler in leathern apron, who was regarding the *dramatis personæ* ranged in front of the curtain with saturnine interest, he said, "You seem attracted, sir; you have probably already witnessed the performance."

"Yes," returned the Cobbler; "this is the third day, and to-morrow's the last. I arn't missed once yet, and I shan't miss; but it arn't what it was awhile back."

"That is sad; but then the same thing is said of everything by everybody who has reached your respectable age, friend. Summers and suns, stupid old watering-places, and pretty young women, 'arn't what they were awhile back.' If men and things go on degenerating in this way, our grandchildren will have a dull time of it!"

The Cobbler eyed the young man,

and nodded approvingly. He had sense enough to comprehend the ironical philosophy of the reply—and our Cobbler loved talk out of the common way. "You speaks truly and cleverly, sir. But if old folks do always say that things are worse than they were, ben't there always summat in what is always said? I'm for the old times; my neighbour, Joe Spruce, is for the new, and says we are all a-progressing. But he's a pink—I'm a blue."

"You are a blue!" said the boy Lionel—"I don't understand."

"Young 'un, I'm a Tory—that's blue; and Spruce is a Rad—that's pink! And, what is more to the purpose, he is a tailor, and I'm a cobbler."

"Aha!" said the elder, with much interest; "more to the purpose, is it? How so?"

The Cobbler put the forefinger of the right hand on the forefinger of the left; it is the gesture of a man about to ratiocinate or demonstrate—as Quintilian, in his remarks on the oratory of fingers, probably observes; or if he has failed to do so, it is a blot on his essay.

"You see, sir," quoth the Cobbler, "that a man's business has a deal to do with his manner of thinking. Every trade, I take it, has ideas as belong to it. Butchers don't see life as bakers do; and if you talk to a dozen tallow-chandlers, then to a dozen blacksmiths, you will see tallow-chandlers are peculiar, and blacksmiths too."

"You are a keen observer," said he of the jean cap, admiringly; "your remark is new to me; I dare say it is true."

"Course it is; and the stars have summated to do with it, for if they order a man's calling, it stands to reason that they order a man's mind to fit it. Now, a tailor sits on his board with others, and is always a-talking with 'em, and a-reading the news; therefore he thinks, as his fellows do, smart and sharp, bang up to the day, but nothing 'riginal and all his own, like. But a cobbler," continued the man of leather, with a majestic air, "sits by hisself, and talks with hisself; and what he thinks gets into his head without being put there by another man's tongue."

"You enlighten me more and more," said our friend with the nose in the air, bowing respectfully—"a tailor is gregarious, a cobbler solitary. The gregarious go with the future, the solitary stick by the past. I understand why you are a Tory, and perhaps a poet."

"Well, a bit of one," said the Cobbler, with an iron smile. "And many's the cobbler who is a poet—or discovers marvellous things in a crystal—whereas a tailor, sir" (spoken with great contempt) "only sees the upper-leather of the world's sole in a newspaper."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a sudden pressure of the crowd towards the theatre: the two young friends looked up, and saw that the new object of attraction was a little girl, who seemed scarcely ten years old, though, in truth, she was about two years older. She had just emerged from behind the curtain, made her obeisance to the crowd, and was now walking in front of the stage with the prettiest possible air of infantine solemnity. "Poor little thing!" said Lionel. "Poor little thing!" said the Cobbler. And had you been there, my reader, ten to one but you would have said the same. And yet she was attired in white satin, with spangled flounce and a tinsel jacket; and she wore a wreath of flowers (to be sure, the flowers were not real) on her long fair curls, with gaudy bracelets (to be sure, the stones were mock) on her slender arms. Still there was something in her that all this finery could not vulgarise; and since it could not vulgarise, you pitied her for it. She had one of those charming faces that look straight into the hearts of us all, young and old. And though she seemed quite self-possessed, there was no effrontery in her air, but the ease of a little lady, with the simple unconsciousness of a child

that there was anything in her situation to induce you to sigh, "Poor thing!"

"You should see her act, young gents," said the Cobbler—"she plays uncommon. But if you had seen him as taught her—seen him a year ago."

"Who's that?"

"Waife, sir; mayhap you have heard speak of Waife?"

"I blush to say, no."

"Why, he might have made his fortune at Common Garden; but that's a long story. Poor fellow! he's broke down now, anyhow. But she takes care of him, little darling—God bless thee!" and the Cobbler here exchanged a smile and nod with the little girl, whose face brightened when she saw him amidst the crowd.

"By the brush and pallet of Raffaele," cried the elder of the young men, "before I am many hours older I must have that child's head!"

"Her head, man!" cried the Cobbler, aghast.

"In my sketch-book. You are a poet—I a painter. You know the little girl?"

"Don't I! She and her grandfather lodge with me—her grandfather—that's Waife—marvellous man! But they ill-uses him; and if it wasn't for her, he'd starve. He fed them all once; he can feed them no longer—he'd starve! That's the world; they use up a genus, and when it falls on the road, push on; that's what Joe Spruce calls a-progressing. But there's the drum! they're a-going to act; won't you look in, gents?"

"Of course," cried Lionel—"of course. And, hark ye, Vance, we'll toss up which shall be the first to take that little girl's head."

"Murderer in either sense of the word!" said Vance, with a smile that would have become Correggio if a tyro had offered to toss up which should be the first to paint a cherub.

CHAPTER II.

The Historian takes a view of the British Stage as represented by the Irregular Drama, the Regular having (ere the date of the events to which this narrative is restricted) disappeared from the Vestiges of Creation.

They entered the little theatre, and the Cobbler with them; but the last retired modestly to the threepenny

row. The young gentlemen were favoured with reserved seats, price one shilling. "Very dear," murmured

Vance, as he carefully buttoned the pocket to which he restored a purse woven from links of steel, after the fashion of chain mail. Ah, *Messieurs* and *Confrères*, the dramatic authors, do not flatter yourselves that we are about to give you a complacent triumph over the Grand Melodrame of "The Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." We grant it was horrible rubbish, regarded in an æsthetic point of view, but it was mightily effective in the theatrical. Nobody yawned; you did not even hear a cough, nor the cry of that omnipresent baby, who is always sure to set up a *Vagitus ingens*, or unappeasable wail, in the midmost interest of a classical five-act piece, represented for the first time on the metropolitan boards. Here the story rushed on *per fas aut nefas*, and the audience went with it. Certes, some man who understood the stage must have put the incidents together, and then left it to each illiterate histrio to find the words—words, my dear *confrères*, signify so little in an acting play. The movement is the thing. Grand secret! Analyse, practise it, and restore to grateful stars that lost Pleiad, the British Acting Drama.

Of course the Bandit was an ill-used and most estimable man. He had some mysterious rights to the Estate and Castle of the Remorseless Baron. That titled usurper, therefore, did all in his power to hunt the Bandit out in his fastnesses, and bring him to a bloody end. Here the interest centred itself in the Bandit's child, who, we need not say, was the little girl in the wreath and spangles, styled in the playbill "Miss Juliet Araminta Waife," and the incidents consisted in her various devices to foil the pursuit of the Baron and save her father. Some of these incidents were indebted to the Comic Muse, and kept the audience in a broad laugh. Her arch playfulness here was exquisite. With what vivacity she duped the High Sheriff, who had the commands of his king to take the Bandit alive or dead, into the belief that the very Lawyer employed by the Baron was the criminal in disguise, and what pearly teeth she showed when the lawyer was seized and gagged; how dexterously she ascertained the weak

point in the character of the "King's Lieutenant" (*jeune premier*), who was deputed by his royal master to aid the Remorseless Baron in trouncing the Bandit; how cunningly she learned that he was in love with the Baron's ward (*jeune amoureuse*), whom that unworthy noble intended to force into a marriage with himself on account of her fortune; how prettily she passed notes to and fro, the Lieutenant never suspecting that she was the Bandit's child, and at last got the king's soldier on her side, as the event proved. And oh how gaily, and with what mimic art she stole into the Baron's castle, disguised herself as a witch, startled his conscience with revelations and predictions, frightened all the vassals with blue lights and chemical illusions, and venturing even into the usurper's own private chamber while that tyrant was tossing restless on the couch, over which hung his terrible sword, abstracted from his coffer the deeds that proved the better rights of the persecuted Bandit. Then, when he woke before she could escape with her treasure, and pursued her with his sword, with what glee she apparently set herself on fire, and skipped out of the case-ment in an explosion of crackers. And when the drama approached its *dénouement*, when the Baron's men, and the royal officers of justice, had, despite all her arts, tracked the Bandit to the cave, in which, after various retreats, he lay hidden, wounded by shots, and bruised by a fall from a precipice,—with what admirable by-play she hovered around the spot, with what pathos she sought to decoy away the pursuers—it was the skylark playing round the nest. And when all was vain—when, no longer to be deceived, the enemies sought to seize her, how mockingly she eluded them, bounded up the rock, and shook her slight finger at them in scorn. Surely she will save that estimable Bandit still! Now, hitherto, though the Bandit was the nominal hero of the piece, though you were always hearing of him—his wrongs, virtues, hairbreadth escapes—he had never been seen. Not Mrs Harris, in the immortal narrative, was more quoted and more mythical. But in the last scene there *was* the Bandit, there in his cavern, helpless with

bruises and wounds, lying on a rock. In rushed the enemies, Baron, High Sheriff, and all, to seize him. Not a word spoke the Bandit, but his attitude was sublime—even Vance cried “bravo;” and just as he is seized, halter round his neck, and about to be hanged, down from the chasm above leaps his child, holding the title-deeds, filched from the Baron, and by her side the King’s Lieutenant, who proclaims the Bandit’s pardon, with due restoration to his honours and estates, and consigns, to the astounded Sheriff, the august person of the Remorseless Baron. Then the affecting scene, father and child in each other’s arms; and then an exclamation, which had been long hovering about the lips of many of the audience, broke out, “Waife, Waife!” Yes, the Bandit, who appeared but in the last scene, and even then uttered not a word, was the once great actor on that itinerant Thespian stage, known through many a fair for his exuberant humour, his impromptu jokes, his arch eye, his redundant life of drollery, and the strange pathos or dignity with which he could suddenly exalt a jester’s part, and call forth tears in the startled hush of laughter; he whom the Cobbler had rightly said, “might have made a fortune at Covent Garden.” There was the remnant of the old popular mime!—all his attributes of eloquence reduced to dumb show! Masterly touch of nature and of art in this representation of him—touch which

all, who had ever in former years seen and heard him on that stage, felt simultaneously. He came in for his personal portion of dramatic tears. “Waife, Waife!” cried many a village voice, as the little girl led him to the front of the stage. He hobbled; there was a bandage round his eyes. The plot, in describing the accident that had befallen the Bandit, idealised the genuine infirmities of the man—infirmities that had befallen him since last seen in that village. He was blind of one eye; he had become crippled; some malady of the trachea or larynx had seemingly broken up the once joyous key of the old pleasant voice. He did not trust himself to speak, even on that stage, but silently bent his head to the rustic audience; and Vance, who was an habitual playgoer, saw in that simple salutation that the man was an artistic actor. All was over, the audience streamed out, affected, and talking one to the other. It had not been at all like the ordinary stage-exhibitions at a village fair. Vance and Lionel stared at each other in surprise, and then, by a common impulse, moved towards the stage, pushed aside the curtain, which had fallen, and were in that strange world which has so many reduplications, fragments of one broken mirror, whether in the proudest theatre, or the lowliest barn—nay, whether in the palace of kings, the cabinet of statesmen, the home of domestic life—the world we call “Behind the Scenes.”

CHAPTER III.

Striking illustrations of lawless tyranny and infant avarice exemplified in the social conditions of Great Britain.—Superstitions of the Dark Ages still in force amongst the Trading Community, furnishing valuable hints to certain American journalists, and highly suggestive of reflections humiliating to the national vanity.

The Remorseless Baron, who was no other than the managerial proprietor of the stage, was leaning against a side-scene, with a pot of porter in his hand. The King’s Lieutenant might be seen on the background, toasting a piece of cheese on the point of his loyal sword. The Bandit had crept into a corner, and the little girl was clinging to him fondly, as his hand was stroking her fair hair. Vance looked round, and

approached the Bandit—“Sir, allow me to congratulate you; your bow was admirable. I have never seen John Kemble—before my time; but I shall fancy I have seen him now—seen him on the night of his retirement from the stage. As to your grandchild, Miss Juliet Araminta, she is a perfect chrysolite.”

Before Mr Waife could reply, the Remorseless Baron stepped up in a spirit worthy of his odious and arbi-

trary character. "What do you do here, sir? I allow no gents behind the scenes earwigging my people."

"I beg pardon respectfully: I am an artist—a pupil of the Royal Academy; I should like to make a sketch of Miss Juliet Araminta."

"Sketch! nonsense."

"Sir," said Lionel, with the seasonable extravagance of early youth, "my friend would, I am sure, pay for the sitting—handsomely!"

"Ha!" said the manager, softened, "you speak like a gentleman, sir; but, sir, Miss Juliet Araminta is under my protection—in fact, she is my property. Call and speak to me about it to-morrow, before the first performance begins, which is twelve o'clock. Happy to see any of your friends in the reserved seats. Busy now, and—and—in short—excuse me—servant, sir—servant, sir."

The Baron's manner left no room for further parley. Vance bowed, smiled, and retreated. But meanwhile his young friend had seized the opportunity to speak both to Waife and his grandchild; and when Vance took his arm and drew him away, there was a puzzled musing expression on Lionel's face, and he remained silent till they had got through the press of such stragglers as still loitered before the stage, and were in a quiet corner of the sward. Stars and moon were then up—a lovely summer-night.

"What on earth are you thinking of, Lionel? I have put to you three questions, and you have not answered one."

"Vance," answered Lionel slowly, "the oddest thing! I am so disappointed in that little girl—greedy and mercenary!"

"Precocious villain! how do you know that she is greedy and mercenary?"

"Listen: when that surly old manager came up to you, I said something—civil, of course—to Waife, who answered in a hoarse broken voice, but in very good language. Well, when I told the manager that you would pay for the sitting, the child caught hold of my arm hastily, pulled me down to her own height, and whispered, 'How much will he give?' Confused by a question so

point-blank, I answered at random, 'I don't know; ten shillings, perhaps.' You should have seen her face!"

"Seen her face! radiant—I should think so. Too much by half!" exclaimed Vance. "Ten shillings!—spendthrift!"

"Too much—she looked as you might look if one offered you ten shillings for your picture of 'Julius Cæsar considering whether he should cross the Rubicon.' But when the manager had declared her to be his property, and appointed you to call to-morrow—implying that *he* was to be paid for allowing her to sit—her countenance became overcast, and she muttered sullenly, 'I'll not sit—I'll not!' Then she turned to her grandfather, and something very quick and close was whispered between the two; and she pulled me by the sleeve, and said in my ear—oh, but so eagerly!—'I want three pounds; oh, three pounds!—if he would give three pounds;—And come to our lodgings—Mr Merle, Willow Lane. Three pounds—three!' And with those words hissing in my ear, and coming from that fairy mouth, which ought to drop pearls and diamonds, I left her," added Lionel, as gravely as if he were sixty, "and lost an illusion!"

"Three pounds!" cried Vance, raising his eyebrows to the highest arch of astonishment, and lifting his nose in the air towards the majestic moon—"three pounds!—a fabulous sum! Who has three pounds to throw away? Dukes, with a hundred thousand a-year in acres, have not three pounds to draw out of their pockets in that reckless profligate manner. Three pounds!—what could I not buy for three pounds! I could buy the Dramatic Library, bound in calf, for three pounds; I could buy a dress-coat for three pounds (silk lining not included); I could be lodged for a month for three pounds! And a jade in tinsel, just entering on her teens, to ask three pounds for what? for becoming immortal on the canvass of Francis Vance?—bother!"

Here Vance felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned round, quickly as a man out of temper does under similar circumstances, and beheld the swart face of the Cobbler.

"Well, master, did not she act fine?—how d'ye like her?"

"Not much in her natural character; but she sets a mighty high value on herself."

"Anan, I don't take you."

"She'll not catch me taking her! Three pounds!—three kingdoms."

"Stay," cried Lionel to the Cobbler; "did not you say she lodged with you? Are you Mr Merle?"

"Merle's my name, and she do lodge with me—Willow Lane."

"Come this way, then, a few yards down the road—more quiet. Tell me what the child means, if you can?" and Lionel related the offer of his friend, the reply of the manager, and the grasping avarice of Miss Juliet Araminta.

The Cobbler made no answer; and when the young friends, surprised at his silence, turned to look at him, they saw he was wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

"Poor little thing!" he said at last, and still more pathetically than he had uttered the same words at her appearance in front of the stage; "'tis all for her grandfather, I guess—I guess."

"Oh," cried Lionel joyfully, "I am so glad to think that. It alters the whole case, you see, Vance."

"It don't alter the case of the three pounds," grumbled Vance. "What's her grandfather to me, that I should give his grandchild three pounds, when any other child in the village would have leapt out of her skin to have her face upon my sketch-book and five shillings in her pocket. Hang her grandfather!"

They were now in the main road. The Cobbler seated himself on a lonely milestone, and looked first at one of the faces before him, then at the other; that of Lionel seemed to attract him the most, and in speaking it was Lionel whom he addressed.

"Young master," he said, "it is now just four years ago, when Mr Rugge, coming here, as he and his troop had done at fair-time ever sin' I can mind of, brought with him the man you have seen to-night, William Waife; I calls him Gentleman Waife. How ever that man fell into such straits—how he came to join such a carawan, would puzzle most heads.

It puzzles Joe Spruce uncommon; it don't puzzle me."

"Why?" asked Vance.

"Cos of Saturn!"

"Satan?"

"Saturn—dead agin his Second and Tenth House, I'll swear. Lord of ascendant, mayhap in combustion of the sun—who knows?"

"You're not an astrologer?" said Vance, suspiciously edging off.

"Bit of it—no offence."

"What does it signify?" said Lionel impatiently; "go on. So you called Mr Waife, 'Gentleman Waife;' and if you had not been an astrologer you would have been puzzled to see him in such a calling."

"Ay, that's it; for he warn't like any as we ever see on these boards hereabouts; and yet he warn't exactly like a Lunnon actor, as I've seen 'em in Lunnon, either, but more like a clever fellow who acted for the spree of the thing. He had such droll jests, and looked so comical, yet not commonlike, but always what I calls a gentleman—just as if one o' ye two were doing a bit of sport to please your friends. Well, he drew hugely, and so he did, every time he came, so that the great families in the neighbourhood would go to hear him; and he lodged in my house, and had pleasant ways with him, and was what I call a scollard. But still I don't want to deceive ye, and I should judge him to have been a wild dog in his day. Mercury ill-aspected—not a doubt of it. Last year it so happened that one of the great gents who belong to a Lunnon theatre was here at fair-time. Whether he had heard of Waife chanceways, and come express to judge for hisself, I can't say; like eno'. And when he had seen Gentleman Waife act, he sent for him to the inn—Red Lion—and offered him a power o' money to go to Lunnon—Common Garden. Well, sir, Waife did not take to it all at once, but hemmed and hawed, and was at last quite coaxed into it; and so he went. But bad luck came on it; and I knew there would, for I saw it all in my crystal."

"Oh," exclaimed Vance, "a crystal, too; really it is getting late, and if you had your crystal about you, you might see that we want to sup."

"What happened?" asked Lionel more blandly, for he saw the Cobbler, who had meant to make a great effect by the introduction of the crystal, was offended.

"What happened? why, just what I foreseed. There was an accident in the railway 'tween this and Lunnon, and poor Waife lost an eye, and was a cripple for life—so he could not go on the Lunnon stage at all; and what was worse, he was a long time atwixt life and death, and got summat bad on his chest wi' catching cold, and lost his voice, and became the sad object you have gazed on, young happy things that ye are."

"But he got some compensation from the railway, I suppose?" said Vance, with the unfeeling equanimity of a stoical demon.

"He did, and spent it. I suppose the gentleman broke out in him as soon as he had money, and ill though he was, the money went. Then it seems he had no help for it but to try and get back to Mr Rugge. But Mr Rugge was sore and spiteful at his leaving; for Rugge counted on him, and had even thought of taking the huge theatre at York, and bringing out Gentleman Waife as his trump card. But it warn't fated, and Rugge thought himself ill-used, and so at first he would have nothing more to say to Waife. And truth is, what could the poor man do for Rugge? But then Waife produces little Sophy."

"You mean Juliet Araminta?" said Vance.

"Same—in private life she be Sophy. And Waife taught her to act, and put together the plays for her. And Rugge caught at her; and she supports Waife with what she gets; for Rugge only gives him four shillings a-week, and that goes on 'bacey and suchlike."

"Suchlike—drink, I presume!" said Vance.

"No—he don't drink. But he do smoke; and he has little genteel ways with him, and four shillings goes on 'em. And they have been about the country this spring, and done well, and now they be here. But Rugge behaves shocking hard to both on 'em; and I don't believe he has any right to her in law, as he

pretends—only a sort of understanding which she and her grandfather could break if they pleased; and that's what they wish to do, and that's why little Sophy wants the three pounds."

"How!" cried Lionel eagerly. "If they had three pounds could they get away? and if they did, how could they live? Where could they go?"

"That's their secret. But I heard Waife say—the first night they came here—'that if he could get three pounds, he had hit on a plan to be independent like.' I tell you what put his back up: it was Rugge insisting on his coming on the stage again, for he did not like to be seen such a wreck. But he was forced to give in; and so he contrived to cut up that play-story, and appear himself at the last without speaking."

"My good friend," cried young Lionel, "we are greatly obliged to you for your story—and we should much like to see little Sophy and her grandfather at your house to-morrow—can we?"

"Certain sure you can—after the play's over; to-night, if you like."

"No, to-morrow; you see my friend is impatient to get back now—we will call to-morrow."

"Tis the last day of their stay," said the Cobbler. "But you can't be sure to see them safely at my house afore ten o'clock at night—and not a word to Rugge! mum!"

"Not a word to Rugge," returned Lionel; "good-night to you."

The young men left the Cobbler still seated on the milestone, gazing on the stars, and ruminating. They walked briskly down the road.

"It is I who have had the talk now," said Lionel in his softest tone. He was bent on coaxing three pounds out of his richer friend, and that might require some management. For amongst the wild youngsters in Mr Vance's profession, there ran many a joke at the skill with which he parried irregular assaults on his purse; and that gentleman, with his nose more than usually in the air, having once observed to such scoffers "that they were quite welcome to any joke at his expense"—a wag had exclaimed, "At your expense! Don't fear, if a joke

were worth a farthing, you would never give that permission."

So when Lionel made that innocent remark, the softness of his tone warned the artist of some snake in the grass—and he prudently remained silent. Lionel, in a voice still sweeter, repeated—"It is I who have all the talk now!"

"Naturally," then returned Vance—"naturally you have, for it is you, I suspect, who alone have the intention to pay for it, and three pounds appear to be the price. Dearish, eh?"

"Ah, Vance, if I had three pounds!"

"Tush! and say no more till we have supped. I have the hunger of a wolf."

Just in sight of the next milestone

the young travellers turned a few yards down a green lane, and reached a small inn on the banks of the Thames. Here they had sojourned for the last few days, sketching, boating, roaming about the country from sunrise, and returning to supper and bed at nightfall. It was the pleasantest little inn—an arbour, covered with honeysuckle, between the porch and the river—a couple of pleasure-boats moored to the bank; and now all the waves rippling under moonlight.

"Supper and lights in the arbour," cried Vance to the waiting-maid—"hey, presto—quick! while we turn in to wash our hands. And harkye, a quart jug of that capital whisky-toddy."

CHAPTER IV.

Being a chapter that links the Past to the Future by the gradual elucidation of Antecedents.

O wayside inns, and pedestrian rambles! O summer nights, under honeysuckle arbours, on the banks of starry waves! O Youth, Youth!

Vance ladled out the toddy and lighted his cigar, then, leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on the table, he looked with an artist's eye along the glancing river.

"After all," said he, "I am glad I am a painter; and I hope I may live to be a great one."

"No doubt, if you live, you will be a great one," cried Lionel with cordial sincerity. "And if I, who can only just paint well enough to please myself, find that it gives a new charm to nature—"

"Cut sentiment," quoth Vance, "and go on."

"What," continued Lionel, unchilled by the admonitory interruption, "must you feel who can fix a fading sunshine—a fleeting face—on a scrap of canvass, and say, 'Sunshine and Beauty, live *there* for ever!'"

VANCE—"For ever! no! Colours perish, canvass rots. What remains to us of Zeuxis? Still it is prettily said on behalf of the poetic side of the profession; there is a prosaic one—we'll blink it. Yes; I am glad to be a painter. But you must not catch the fever of my calling. Your poor mother

would never forgive me if she thought I had made you a dauber by my example."

LIONEL (gloomily).—"No. I shall not be a painter! But what can I be? How shall I ever build on the earth one of the castles I have built in the air? Fame looks so far—Fortune so impossible! But one thing I am bent upon" (speaking with knit brow and clenched teeth)—"I will gain an independence somehow, and support my mother."

VANCE—"Your mother is supported—she has the pension—"

LIONEL—"Of a captain's widow; and" (he added, with a flushed cheek) "a first floor that she lets to lodgers!"

VANCE—"No shame in that! Peerslethouses; and on the Continent, princes let not only first floors, but fifth and sixth floors, to say nothing of attics and cellars. In beginning the world, friend Lionel, if you don't wish to get chafed at every turn, fold up your pride carefully, put it under lock and key, and only let it out to air upon grand occasions. Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings don't wear the dalmaticum except at a coronation. Independence you desire; good. But are you dependent now? Your

mother has given you an excellent education, and you have already put it to profit. My dear boy," added Vance, with unusual warmth, "I honour you, at your age, on leaving school, to have shut yourself up, translated Greek and Latin per sheet for a bookseller, at less than a valet's wages, and all for the purpose of buying comforts for your mother; and having a few pounds in your own pockets, to rove your little holiday with me, and pay your share of the costs! Ah, there are energy and spirit and life in all that, Lionel, which will found upon rock some castle as fine as any you have built in air. Your hand, my boy."

This burst was so unlike the practical dryness, or even the more unctuous humour, of Frank Vance, that it took Lionel by surprise, and his voice faltered as he pressed the hand held out to him. He answered, "I don't deserve your praise, Vance, and I fear the pride you tell me to put under lock and key, has the larger share of the merit you ascribe to better motives. Independent? No! I have never been so."

VANCE—"Well, you depend on a parent,—who, at seventeen, does not?"

LIONEL—"I did not mean my mother; of course, I could not be too proud to take benefits from her. But the truth is simply this: my father had a relation, not very near, indeed—a cousin, at about as distant a remove, I fancy, as a cousin well can be. To this gentleman my mother wrote when my poor father died—and he was generous, for it is he who paid for my schooling. I did not know this till very lately. I had a vague impression, indeed, that I had a powerful and wealthy kinsman who took interest in me, but whom I had never seen."

VANCE—"Never seen?"

LIONEL—"No. And here comes the sting. On leaving school last Christmas, my mother, for the first time, told me the extent of my obligations to this benefactor, and informed me that he wished to know my own choice as to a profession—that if I preferred Church or Bar, he would maintain me at college."

VANCE—"Body o' me! where's the sting in that? Help yourself to

toddy, my boy, and take more genial views of life."

LIONEL—"You have not heard me out. I then asked to see my benefactor's letters; and my mother, unconscious of the pain she was about to inflict, showed me not only the last one, but all she had received from him. Oh, Vance, they were terrible, those letters! The first began by a dry acquiescence in the claims of kindred—a curt proposal to pay my schooling, but not one word of kindness, and a stern proviso that the writer was never to see nor hear from me. He wanted no gratitude—he disbelieved in all professions of it. His favours would cease if I molested him. 'Molested' was the word; it was bread thrown to a dog."

VANCE—"Tut! Only a rich man's eccentricity. A bachelor, I presume?"

LIONEL—"My mother says he has been married, and is a widower."

VANCE—"Any children?"

LIONEL—"My mother says none living; but I know little or nothing about his family."

Vance looked with keen scrutiny into the face of his boy-friend, and, after a pause, said, dryly—"Plain as a pikestaff. Your relation is one of those men who, having no children, suspect and dread the attention of an heir-presumptive; and what has made this sting, as you call it, keener to you, is—pardon me—is in some silly words of your mother, who, in showing you the letters, has hinted to you that that heir you might be, if you were sufficiently pliant and subservient. Am I not right?"

Lionel hung his head, without reply.

VANCE (cheerily).—"So, so; no great harm as yet. Enough of the first letter. What was the last?"

LIONEL—"Still more offensive. He, this kinsman, this patron, desired my mother to spare him those references to her son's ability and promise, which, though natural to herself, had slight interest to him—him, the condescending benefactor!—As to his opinion, what could I care for the opinion of one I had never seen? All that could sensibly affect

my—oh, but I cannot go on with those cutting phrases, which imply but this, ‘All I can care for is the money of a man who insults me while he gives it.’”

VANCE (emphatically).—“Without being a wizard, I should say your relative was rather a disagreeable person—not what is called urbane and amiable—in fact, a brute.”

LIONEL.—“You will not blame me, then, when I tell you that I resolved not to accept the offer to maintain me at college, with which the letter closed. Luckily Dr Wallis (the head-master of my school), who had always been very kind to me, had just undertaken to supervise a popular translation of the classics. He recommended me, at my request, to the publisher engaged in the undertaking, as not incapable of translating some of the less difficult Latin authors—subject to his corrections. When I had finished the first instalment of the work thus intrusted to me, my mother grew alarmed for my health, and insisted on my taking some recreation. You were about to set out on a pedestrian tour. I had, as you say, some pounds in my pocket; and thus I have passed with you the merriest days of my life.”

VANCE.—“What said your civil cousin when your refusal to go to college was conveyed to him?”

LIONEL.—“He did not answer my mother’s communication to that effect till just before I left home, and then—no, it was not his last letter from which I repeated that withering extract—no, the *last* was more galling still, for in it he said, that if, in spite of the ability and promise that had been so vaunted, the dulness of a college and the labour of learned professions were so distasteful to me, he had no desire to dictate to my choice, but that as he did not wish one who was, however remotely, of his blood, and bore the name of Haughton, to turn shoeblack or pickpocket—Vance—Vance!”

VANCE.—“Lock up your pride—the sackcloth frets you—and go on; and that therefore he—”

LIONEL.—“Would buy me a commission in the army, or get me an appointment in India.”

VANCE.—“Which did you take?”

LIONEL (passionately).—“Which! so offered—which?—of course neither! But distrusting the tone of my mother’s reply, I sat down, the evening before I left home, and wrote myself to this cruel man. I did not show my letter to my mother—did not tell her of it. I wrote shortly—that if he would not accept my gratitude, I would not accept his benefits; that shoeblack I might be—pickpocket, no! that he need not fear I should disgrace his blood or my name; and that I would not rest till, sooner or later, I had paid him back all that I had cost him, and felt relieved from the burthens of an obligation which—which—” The boy paused, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

Vance, though much moved, pretended to scold his friend, but finding that ineffectual, fairly rose, wound his arm brother-like round him, and drew him from the arbour to the shelving margin of the river. “Comfort,” then said the Artist, almost solemnly, as here, from the inner depths of his character, the true genius of the man came forth and spoke—“Comfort, and look round; see where the islet interrupts the tide, and how smilingly the stream flows on. See, just where we stand, how the slight pebbles are fretting the wave—would the wave, if not fretted, make that pleasant music? A few miles further on, and the river is spanned by a bridge, which busy feet now are crossing; by the side of that bridge now is rising a palace;—all the men who rule England have room in that palace. At the rear of the palace soars up the old Abbey where kings have their tombs in right of the names they inherit: men, lowly as we, have found tombs there, in right of the names which they made. Think, now, that you stand on that bridge with a boy’s lofty hope, with a man’s steadfast courage; then turn again to that stream, calm with starlight, flowing on towards the bridge—spite of islet and pebbles.”

Lionel made no audible answer, though his lips murmured, but he pressed closer and closer to his friend’s side; and the tears were already dried on his cheek—though their dew still glistened in his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

Speculations on the moral qualities of the Bandit.—Mr Vance, with mingled emotions, foresees that the acquisition of the Bandit's acquaintance may be attended with pecuniary loss.

Vance loosened the boat from its moorings, stepped in, and took up the oars. Lionel followed, and sat by the stern. The Artist rowed on slowly, whistling melodiously in time to the dash of the oars. They soon came to the bank of garden-ground surrounding with turf, on which fairies might have danced, one of those villas never seen out of England. From the windows of the villa the lights gleamed steadily; over the banks, dipping into the water, hung large willows breathlessly; the boat gently brushed aside their pendant boughs, and Vance rested in a grassy cove.

And "Faith," said the Artist gaily—"Faith," said he, lighting his third cigar, "it is time we should bestow a few words more on the Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child! What a cock-and-a-bull story the Cobbler told us! He must have thought us precious green."

LIONEL (roused).—"Nay, I see nothing so wonderful in the story, though much that is sad. You must allow that Waife may have been a good actor—you became quite excited merely at his attitude and bow. Natural, therefore, that he should have been invited to try his chance on the London stage—not improbable that he may have met with an accident by the train, and so lost his chance for ever—natural, then, that he should press into service his poor little grandchild—natural, also, that, hardly treated, and his pride hurt, he should wish to escape."

VANCE—"And more natural than all, that he should want to extract from our pockets three pounds—the Bandit! No, Lionel, I tell you what is not probable, that he should have disposed of that clever child to a vagabond like Rugge—she plays admirably. The manager who was to have engaged him, would have en-

gaged her if he had seen her. I am puzzled."

LIONEL—"True, she is an extraordinary child. I cannot say how she has interested me." He took out his purse and began counting its contents. "I have nearly three pounds left," he cried joyously. "£2, 18s. if I give up the thought of a longer excursion with you, and go quietly home."

VANCE—"And not pay your share of the bill yonder?"

LIONEL—"Ah, I forgot that! But come, I am not too proud to borrow from you, and it is not for a selfish purpose."

VANCE—"Borrow from me, Cato! That comes of falling in with bandits and their children. No, but let us look at the thing like men of sense. One story is good till another is told. I will call by myself on Rugge to-morrow, and hear what he says; and then, if we judge favourably to the Cobbler's version, we will go at night and talk with the Cobbler's lodgers; and I daresay," added Vance, kindly, but with a sigh—"I daresay the three pounds will be coaxed out of me! After all, her head is worth it. I want an idea for Titania."

LIONEL (joyously).—"My dear Vance, you are the best fellow in the world."

VANCE—"Small compliment to human-kind. Take the oars—it is your turn now."

Lionel obeyed; the boat once more danced along the tide—thoro' reeds, thoro' waves, skirting the grassy islet—out into pale moonlight. They talked but by fits and starts. What of?—a thousand things. Bright young hearts, eloquent young tongues! No sins in the past; hopes gleaming through the future. O summer nights, on the glass of starry waves! O Youth, Youth!

CHAPTER VI.

Wherein the Historian tracks the Public Characters that fret their hour on the stage, into the bosom of private life.—The reader is invited to arrive at a conclusion which may often, in periods of perplexity, restore ease to his mind; viz., that if man will reflect on all the hopes he has nourished, all the fears he has admitted, all the projects he has formed, the wisest thing he can do, nine times out of ten, with hope, fear, and project, is to let them end with the chapter—in smoke.

It was past nine o'clock in the evening of the following day. The exhibition at Mr Rugge's theatre had closed for the season in that village, for it was the conclusion of the fair. The final performance had been begun and ended somewhat earlier than on former nights. The theatre was to be cleared from the ground by day-break, and the whole company to proceed onward betimes in the morning. Another fair awaited them in an adjoining county, and they had a long journey before them.

Gentleman Waife and his Juliet Araminta had gone to their lodgings over the Cobbler's stall. The rooms were homely enough, but had an air not only of the comfortable, but the picturesque. The little sitting-room was very old-fashioned—panelled in wood that had once been painted blue—with a quaint chimney-piece that reached to the ceiling. That part of the house spoke of the time of Charles I. It might have been tenanted by a religious Roundhead; and framed-in over the low door there was a grim faded portrait of a pinched-faced saturnine man, with long lank hair, starched band, and a length of upper-lip that betokened relentless obstinacy of character, and might have curled in sullen glee at the monarch's scaffold, or preached an interminable sermon to the stout Protector. On a table, under the deep-sunk window, were neatly arrayed a few sober-looking old books; you would find amongst them *Colley's Astrology*, *Owen Feltham's Resolves*, *Glanville on Witches*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, an early edition of *Paradise Lost*, and an old Bible; also two flower-pots of clay brightly reddened, and containing stocks; also two small worsted rugs, on one of which rested a carved cocoa-nut, on the other an egg-shaped ball of crystal,—that last the pride and joy of the Cobbler's

visionary soul. A door left wide open communicated with an inner room (very low was its ceiling), in which the Bandit slept, if the severity of his persecutors permitted him to sleep. In the corner of the sitting-room, near that door, was a small horse-hair sofa, which, by the aid of sheets and a needlework coverlid, did duty for a bed, and was consigned to the Bandit's child. Here the tenderness of the Cobbler's heart was visible, for over the coverlid were strewed sprigs of lavender, and leaves of vervain—the last, be it said, to induce happy dreams, and scare away witchcraft and evil spirits. On another table, near the fireplace, the child was busied in setting out the tea-things for her grandfather. She had left in the property-room of the theatre her robe of spangles and tinsel, and appeared now in a simple frock. She had no longer the look of Titania, but that of a lively, active, affectionate human child; nothing theatrical about her now, yet still, in her graceful movements, so nimble but so noiseless, in her slight fair hands, in her transparent colouring, there was Nature's own lady—that *something* which strikes us all as well-born and high-bred; not that it necessarily is so—the semblances of aristocracy, in female childhood more especially, are often delusive. The *souvenance* flower wrought into the collars of princes, springs up wild on field and fell.

Gentleman Waife, wrapped negligently in a grey dressing-gown, and seated in an old leathern easy-chair, was evidently out of sorts. He did not seem to heed the little preparations for his comfort, but, resting his cheek on his right hand, his left drooped on his crossed knees—an attitude rarely seen in a man when his heart is light and his spirits high. His lips moved—he was talking to

himself. Though he had laid aside his theatrical bandage over both eyes, he wore a black patch over one, or rather where one had been ; the eye exposed was of singular beauty, dark and brilliant. For the rest, the man had a striking countenance, rugged, and rather ugly than otherwise, but by no means unprepossessing ; full of lines and wrinkles and strong muscle, with large lips of wondrous pliancy, and an aspect of wistful sagacity, that, no doubt, on occasion could become exquisitely comic—dry comedy—the comedy that makes others roar when the comedian himself is as grave as a judge.

You might see in his countenance, when quite in its natural repose, that Sorrow had passed by there ; yet the instant the countenance broke into play, you would think that Sorrow must have been sent about her business as soon as the respect due to that visitor, so accustomed to have her own way, would permit. Though the man was old, you could not call him aged. One-eyed and crippled, still, marking the muscular arm, the expansive chest, you would have scarcely called him broken or infirm. And hence there was a certain indescribable pathos in his whole appearance, as if Fate had branded, on face and form, characters in which might be read her agencies on career and mind,—plucked an eye from intelligence, shortened one limb for life's progress, yet left whim sparkling out in the eye she had spared, and a light heart's wild spring in the limb she had maimed not.

"Come, Grandy, come," said the little girl coaxingly ; "your tea will get quite cold ; your toast is ready, and here is such a nice egg—Mr Merle says you may be sure it is new laid. Come, don't let that hateful man fret you ; smile on your own Sophy,—come."

"If," said Mr Waife in a hollow under-tone,—“if I were alone in the world.”

"Oh ! Grandy."

"I know a spot on which a bed-post grows,
And do remember where a roper lives."

Delightful prospect, not to be indulged ; for if I were in peace at one end of the rope, what would chance

to my Sophy, left forlorn at the other ?"

"Don't talk so, or I shall think you are sorry to have taken care of me."

"Care of thee, O child ! and what care ? It is thou who takest care of me. Put thy hands from my mouth ; sit down, darling, there, opposite, and let us talk. Now, Sophy, thou hast often said that thou wouldst be glad to be out of this mode of life even for one humbler and harder : think well—is it so ?"

"Oh ! yes, indeed, grandfather."

"No more tinsel dresses and flowery wreaths ; no more applause ; no more of the dear divine stage-excitement ; the heroine and fairy vanished ; only a little commonplace child in dingy gingham, with a purblind cripple for thy sole charge and playmate ; Juliet Araminta evaporated evermore into little Sophy !"

"It would be so nice !" answered little Sophy, laughing merrily.

"What would make it nice ?" asked the comedian, turning on her his solitary piercing eye, with curious interest in his gaze.

Sophy left her seat, and placed herself on a stool at her grandfather's knee ; on that knee she clasped her tiny hands, and, shaking aside her curls, looked into his face with confident fondness. Evidently these two were much more than grandfather and grandchild—they were *friends*, they were *equals*, they were in the habit of consulting and prattling with each other. She got at his meaning, however covert his humour ; and he to the core of her heart, through its careless babble. Between you and me, Reader, I suspect that, in spite of the comedian's sagacious wrinkles, the one was as much a child as the other.

"Well," said Sophy, "I will tell you, Grandy, what would make it nice—no one would vex and affront you, we should be all by ourselves ; and then, instead of those nasty lamps, and those dreadful painted creatures, we could go out and play in the fields, and gather daisies ; and I could run after butterflies, and when I am tired I should come here, where I am now, any time of the day, and you would tell me stories and pretty verses, and teach me to

write a little better than I do now, and make such a wise little woman of me ; and if I wore gingham, but it need not be dingy, Grandy, it would be all mine, and you would be all mine too, and we'd keep a bird, and you'd teach it to sing ; and oh, would it not be nice !”

“But, still, Sophy, we should have to live, and we could not live upon daisies and butterflies. And I can't work now—for the matter of that, I never could work—more shame for me, but so it is. Merle says the fault is in the stars—with all my heart. But the stars will not go to the jail or the workhouse instead of me. And though they want nothing to eat, we do.”

“But Grandy, you have said every day since the first walk you took after coming here, that if you had three pounds, we could get away and live by ourselves, and make a fortune !”

“A fortune—that's a strong word ; let it stand. A fortune ! But still, Sophy, though we should be free of this thrice execrable Rugge, the scheme I have in my head lies remote from daisies and butterflies. We should have to dwell in towns, and exhibit !”

“On a stage, Grandy ?” said Sophy, resigned but sorrowful.

“No, not exactly—a room would do.”

“And I should not wear those horrid, horrid dresses, nor mix with those horrid, horrid painted people ?”

“No.”

“And we should be quite alone, you and I ?”

“Hum ! there would be a third.”

“Oh, Grandy, Grandy !” cried Sophy in a scream of shrill alarm. “I know—I know ; you are thinking of joining us with the Pig-faced Lady !”

MR WAIFE (not a muscle relaxed).—“A well-spoken and pleasing gentlewoman. But no such luck ; three pounds would not buy her.”

SOPHY.—“I am glad of that ; I don't care so much for the Mermaid—she's dead and stuffed. But, oh” (another scream), “perhaps 'tis the Spotted Boy !”

MR WAIFE.—“Calm your sanguine imagination ; you aspire too high ! But this I will tell you, that our

companion, whatsoever or whosoever that companion may be, will be one you will like.”

“I don't believe it,” said Sophy, shaking her head. “I only like you. But who is it ?”

“Alas !” said Mr Waife, “it is no use pampering ourselves with vain hopes ; the three pounds are not forthcoming. You heard what that brute Rugge said, that the gentleman who wanted to take your portrait had called on him this morning, and offered 10s. for a sitting—that is, 5s. for you, 5s. for Rugge ; and Rugge thought the terms reasonable.”

“But I said I would not sit.”

“And when you did say it, you heard Rugge's language to me—to you. And now we must think of packing up, and be off at dawn with the rest. And,” added the comedian, colouring high, “I must again parade, to boors and clowns, this mangled form ; again set myself out as a spectacle of bodily infirmity—man's last degradation. And this I have come to—I !”

“No, no, Grandy, it will not last long ! we will get the three pounds. We have always hoped on !—hope still ! And besides, I am sure those gentlemen will come here to-night. Mr Merle said they would, at ten o'clock. It is near ten now, and your tea cold as a stone.”

She hung on his neck caressingly, kissing his furrowed brow, and leaving a tear there, and thus coaxed him till he set to quietly at his meal ; and Sophy shared it, though she had no appetite in sorrowing for him—but to keep him company ; that done, she lighted his pipe with the best canaster—his sole luxury and expense ; but she always contrived that he should afford it.

Mr Waife drew a long whiff, and took a more serene view of affairs. He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. “What softer than woman ?” whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome ; when

we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that. Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and

weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed!

CHAPTER VII.

The Historian, in pursuance of his stern duties, reveals to the scorn of future ages some of the occult practices which discredit the March of Light in the Nineteenth Century.

"May I come in?" asked the Cobbler outside the door.

"Certainly come in," said Gentleman Waife. Sophy looked wistfully at the aperture, and sighed to see that Merle was alone. She crept up to him.

"Will they not come?" she whispered.

"I hope so, pretty one; it ben't ten yet."

"Take a pipe, Merle," said Gentleman Waife, with a grand Comedian air.

"No, thank you kindly; I just looked in to ask if I could do anything for ye, in case—in case ye must go to-morrow."

"Nothing; our luggage is small, and soon packed. Sophy has the money to discharge the meaner part of our debt to you."

"I don't value that," said the Cobbler, colouring.

"But we value your esteem," said Mr Waife, with a smile that would have become a field-marshal. "And so, Merle, you think, if I am a broken-down vagrant, it must be put to the long account of the celestial bodies!"

"Not a doubt of it," returned the Cobbler, solemnly. "I wish you would give me date and place of Sophy's birth—that's what I want—I'd take her horryscope. I'm sure she'd be lucky."

"I'd rather not, please," said Sophy, timidly.

"Rather not?—very odd. Why?"

"I don't want to know the future."

"That is odder and odder," quoth the Cobbler, staring; "I never heard a girl say that afore."

"Wait till she's older, Mr Merle," said Waife; "girls don't want to know the future till they want to be married."

"Summat in that," said the Cobbler. He took up the crystal. "Have

you looked into this ball, pretty one, as I bade ye?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"Ha! and what did you see?"

"My own face made very long," said Sophy—"as long as *that*"—stretching out her hands.

The Cobbler shook his head dolefully, and, screwing up one eye, applied the other to the mystic ball.

MR WAIFE—"Perhaps you will see if those two gentlemen are coming."

SOPHY—"Do, do! and if they will give us three pounds!"

The COBBLER (triumphantly).—"Then you do care to know the future, after all?"

SOPHY—"Yes, so far as that goes; but don't look any farther, pray."

The COBBLER (intent upon the ball, and speaking slowly, and in jerks).—"A mist now. Ha! an arm with a besom—sweeps all before it."

SOPHY (frightened).—"Send it away, please."

COBBLER.—"It is gone. Ha! there's Rugge—looks very angry—savage, indeed."

WAIFE—"Good sign that! proceed."

COBBLER.—"Shakes his fist; gone. Ha! a young man, boyish, dark hair."

SOPHY (clapping her hands).—"That is the young gentleman—the very young one, I mean—with the kind eyes; is he coming?—is he, is he?"

WAIFE—"Examine his pockets! do you see there three pounds?"

COBBLER (testily).—"Don't be a interrupting. Ha! he is talking with another gentleman, bearded."

SOPHY (whispering to her grandfather).—"The old young gentleman."

COBBLER (putting down the crystal, and with great decision).—"They are coming here; I see'd them at the

corner of the lane, by the public-house, two minutes' walk to this door." He took out a great silver-watch: "Look Sophy, when the minute-hand gets there (or before, if they walk briskly), you will hear them knock."

Sophy clasped her hands in mute suspense, half-credulous, half-doubting; then she went and opened the room-door, and stood on the landing-place to listen.

Merle approached the Comedian, and said in a low voice, "I wish for your sake she had the gift."

WAIFFE.—"The gift!—the three pounds!—so do I!"

COBBLER.—"Pooh! worth a hundred times three pounds; *the* gift—the spirituous gift."

WAIFFE.—"Spirituous! don't like the epithet,—smells of gin!"

COBBLER.—"Spirituous gift to see in the crystal: if she had that, she might make your fortune."

GENTLEMAN WAIFFE (with a sudden change of countenance).—"Ah! I never thought of that. But if she has not the gift, I could teach it her—eh?"

THE COBBLER (indignantly).—"I did not think to hear this from you, Mr Waife. Teach her—you! make her an impostor, and of the wickedest kind, inventing lies between earth and them as dwell in the seven spheres! Fie! No, if she hasn't the gift natural, let her alone; what here is not heaven-sent, is devil-taught."

WAIFFE (awed, but dubious).—"Then you really think you saw all that you described, in that glass egg?"

COBBLER.—"Think!—am I a liar? I spoke truth, and the proof is there!" —Rat-tat went the knocker at the door.

"The two minutes are just up," said the Cobbler; and Cornelius Agrippa could not have said it with more wizardly effect.

"They are come, indeed," said Sophy, re-entering the room softly; "I hear their voices at the threshold."

The Cobbler passed by in silence, descended the stairs, and conducted Vance and Lionel into the Comedian's chamber; there he left them, his brow overcast. Gentleman Waife had displeased him sorely.

CHAPTER VIII.

Showing the arts by which a man, however high in the air Nature may have formed his nose, may be led by that nose, and in directions perversely opposite to those which, in following his nose, he might be supposed to take; and therefore, that nations the most liberally endowed with practical good sense, and in conceit thereof, carrying their noses the most horizontally aloof, when they come into conference with nations more skilled in diplomacy, and more practised in "stage-play," end by the surrender of the precise object which it was intended they should surrender before they laid their noses together.

We all know that Demosthenes said, Everything in oratory was acting—stage-play. Is it in oratory alone that the saying holds good? Apply it to all circumstances of life,—*"stage-play, stage-play, stage-play!"*—only *ars est celare artem*, conceal the art. Gleesome in soul to behold his visitors, calculating already on the three pounds to be extracted from them, seeing in that hope the crisis in his own checkered existence, Mr Waife rose from his seat in superb *upocrisia* or stage-play, and asked, with mild dignity,—*"To what am I indebted, gentlemen, for the honour of your visit?"*

In spite of his nose, even Vance was taken aback. Pope says that

Lord Bolingbroke had "the nobleman air." A great comedian Lord Bolingbroke surely was. But, ah, had Pope seen Gentleman Waife! Taking advantage of the impression he had created, the actor added, with the finest imaginable breeding,—*"But pray be seated;"* and, once seeing them seated, resumed his easy-chair, and felt himself master of the situation.

"Hum!" said Vance, recovering his self-possession, after a pause—"hum!"

"Hem!" re-echoed Gentleman Waife; and the two men eyed each other much in the same way as Admiral Napier might have eyed the fort of Cronstadt, and the fort

of Cronstadt have eyed Admiral Napier.

Lionel struck in with that youthful boldness which plays the deuce with all dignified strategical science.

"You must be aware why we come, sir; Mr Merle will have explained. My friend, a distinguished artist, wished to make a sketch, if you do not object, of this young lady's very" — "Pretty little face," quoth Vance, taking up the discourse. "Mr Rugge, this morning, was willing, — I understand that your grandchild refused. We are come here to see if she will be more complaisant under your own roof, or under Mr Merle's, which, I take it, is the same thing for the present" — Sophy had sidled up to Lionel. He might not have been flattered if he knew why she preferred him to Vance. She looked on him as a boy—a fellow-child—and an instinct, moreover, told her, that more easily through him than his shrewd-looking bearded guest could she attain the object of her cupidity—"three pounds!"

"Three pounds!" whispered Sophy with the tones of an angel, into Lionel's thrilling ear.

MR WAIFE.—"Sir, I will be frank with you." At that ominous commencement, Mr Vance recoiled, and mechanically buttoned his trousers pocket. Mr Waife noted the gesture with his one eye, and proceeded cautiously, feeling his way, as it were, towards the interior of the recess thus protected. "My grandchild declined your flattering proposal with my full approbation. She did not consider—neither did I—that the managerial rights of Mr Rugge entitled him to the moiety of her face—off the stage." The Comedian paused, and with a voice, the mimic drollery of which no hoarseness could altogether mar, chanted the old line,

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said."

Vance smiled — Lionel laughed; Sophy nestled still nearer to the boy.

GENTLEMAN WAIFE (with pathos and dignity).—"You see before you an old man; one way of life is the same to me as another. But she—do you think Mr Rugge's stage the right place for her?"

VANCE.—"Certainly not. Why did you not introduce her to the London manager who would have engaged yourself?"

Waife could not conceal a slight change of countenance. "How do I know she would have succeeded? She had never then trod the boards. Besides, what strikes you as so good in a village show, may be poor enough in a metropolitan theatre. Gentlemen, I did my best for her—you cannot think otherwise, since she maintains me! I am no *Œdipus*, yet she is my *Antigone*."

VANCE.—"You know the classics, sir. Mr Merle said you were a scholar!—read *Sophocles* in his native Greek, I presume, sir?"

MR WAIFE.—"You jeer at the unfortunate; I am used to it."

VANCE (confused).—"I did not mean to wound you—I beg pardon. But your language and manner are not what—what one might expect to find in a—in a—Bandit persecuted by a remorseless Baron."

MR WAIFE.—"Sir, you say you are an artist. Have you heard no tales of your professional brethren—men of genius the highest, who won fame which I never did, and failed of fortune as I have done? Their own fault, perhaps,—improvidence, wild habits—ignorance of the way how to treat life and deal with their fellow-men; such fault may have been mine too. I suffer for it; no matter—I ask none to save me. You are a painter—you would place her features on your canvass—you would have her rank amongst your own creations. She may become a part of your immortality. Princes may gaze on the effigies of the innocent happy childhood, to which your colours lend imperishable glow. They may ask who and what was this fair creature? Will you answer, 'One whom I found in tinsel, and so left, sure that she would die in rags!'—Save her!"

Lionel drew forth his purse, and poured its contents on the table. Vance covered them with his broad hand, and swept them into his own pocket! At that sinister action Waife felt his heart sink into his shoes; but his face was calm as a Roman's, only he resumed his pipe with a prolonged and testy whiff.

"It is I who am to take the portrait, and it is I who will pay for it," said Vance. "I understand that you have a pressing occasion for"—"Three pounds!" muttered Sophy sturdily, through the tears which her grandfather's pathos had drawn forth from her downcast eyes—"Three pounds—three—three."

"You shall have them. But listen; I meant only to take a sketch—I must now have a finished portrait. I cannot take this by candlelight. You must let me come here to-morrow; and yet to-morrow, I understand, you meant to leave?"

WAIFE.—"If you will generously bestow on us the sum you say, we shall not leave the village till you have completed your picture. It is Mr Rugge and his company we will leave."

VANCE.—"And may I venture to ask what you propose to do, towards a new livelihood for yourself and your grandchild, by the help of a sum which is certainly much for me to pay—enormous, I might say, *quoad* me—but small for a capital whereon to set up a business?"

WAIFE.—"Excuse me if I do not answer that very natural question at present. Let me assure you that that precise sum is wanted for an investment which promises her and myself an easy existence. But to insure my scheme, I must keep it secret. Do you believe me?"

"I do!" cried Lionel; and Sophy, whom, by this time, he had drawn upon his lap, put her arm gratefully round his neck.

"There is your money, sir, beforehand," said Vance, declining downward his betrayed and resentful nose, and depositing three sovereigns on the table.

"And how do you know," said Waife, smiling, "that I may not be off to-night with your money and your model?"

"Well," said Vance curtly, "I think it is on the cards. Still, as John Kemble said when rebuked for too large an alms,

'It is not often that I do these things,
But when I do, I do them handsomely.'

"Well applied, and well delivered, sir," said the Comedian, "only you

should put a little more emphasis on the word *do*."

"Did I not put enough? I am sure I felt it strongly; no one can feel the *do* more!"

Waife's pliant face relaxed into genial brightness—the *équivoque* charmed him. However, not affecting to comprehend it, he thrust back the money, and said, "No, sir—not a shilling till the picture is completed. Nay, to relieve your mind, I will own that, had I no scruple more delicate, I would rather receive nothing till Mr Rugge is gone. True, he has no right to any share in it. But you see before you a man who, when it comes to arguing, could never take a wrangler's degree—never get over the Ass's Bridge, sir. Plucked at it scores of times clean as a feather. But do not go yet. You came to give us money—give us what, were I rich, I should value more highly, a little of your time. You, sir, are an artist; and you, young gentleman?" addressing Lionel.

LIONEL (colouring).—"I—am nothing as yet."

WAIFE.—"You are fond of the drama, I presume, both of you. Apropos of John Kemble, you, sir, said that you have never heard him. Allow me, so far as this cracked voice can do it, to give you a faint idea of him."

"I shall be delighted," said Vance, drawing nearer to the table, and feeling more at his ease. "But since I see you smoke, may I take the liberty to light my cigar?"

"Make yourself at home," said Gentleman Waife, with the good-humour of a fatherly host. And all the while Lionel and Sophy were babbling together, she still upon his lap.

Waife began his imitation of John Kemble. Despite the cracked voice, it was admirable. One imitation drew on another; then succeeded anecdotes of the Stage, of the Senate, of the Bar. Waife had heard great orators, whom every one still admires for the speeches which nobody, nowadays, ever reads; he gave a lively idea of each. And then came sayings of dry humour, and odd scraps of worldly observation; and time flew on pleasantly, till the clock struck

twelve, and the young guests tore themselves away.

"Merle, Merle!" cried the Comedian, when they were gone.

Merle appeared.

"We don't go to-morrow. When Rugge sends for us (as he will do at daybreak), say so. You shall lodge us a few days longer, and then—and then—my little Sophy, kiss me, kiss

me! You are saved at least from those horrid painted creatures!"

"Ah, ah," growled Merle from below, "he has got the money! Glad to hear it. But," he added, as he glanced at sundry weird and astrological symbols with which he had been diverting himself, "that's not it. The true horary question is, WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

NO. I. — THE SCILLY ISLES.

BETWEEN the lion that has once eaten a man—once tasted the glory and ambrosial delight of man-beef—and the lion remotely ignorant of the flavour, there lies a chasm. Only in zoological text-books can the two animals be considered as of the same species. In profounder characteristics, in the complexion of their souls, they differ as the Caucasian differs from the Hottentot. The lion who has once fed on man, carries with him an unforgettable experience; he has supped with the gods, and Homeric rhythms murmur in his ears. Visions of that ecstatic hour hover before him in his lair, accompany his moonlight marches through the mountain-gorge, thrill him with retrospective flavours as he laps the moonlit lake, and fill with a certain blissful torment all his leisure moments. These visions, like the after-glow of sunset on the Alps, tinge his mental horizon, and create a gustatory after-glow which warms his whole frame. Haunted by such recollections, tormented by the appetites they develop, his nature undergoes mysterious modifying influences; new and grander ferocities are awakened, which, in turn, develop fiercer daring, and render him ten times more formidable to man. Hitherto he has wanted something of the daring commensurate with his strength. He has always avoided personal combat with an European, when honourably the challenge could be ignored. But now the case is very different; now, the scent of human blood thrills along every fibre; and when sight reveals the proximity of his noble foe, then

flashes the tawny eye with sombre fire, the terrible talons tear up the earth, he dresses his mighty mane, and prepares for the fight in slow, solemn, concentrated wrath, clearly foreseeing that two issues, and only two, remain open for him—man-beef, or a tomb.

Not less profound, although not quite so terrible to his enemies, is the difference between the man who has once tasted of a noble sea-side passion, once lived with his microscope for a few months on the wealthy shores of some secluded spot, indulging in a new pursuit—and the common man, utterly remote from all such experience, walled out from it by blank negation, incapable of even conceiving the heights and depths of such a passion. Visions of those ecstatic hours for ever accompany the happy man. He may return to his home, and resume the labours of his profession, which secures him pudding, and, it may be, praise: he continues the daily round, but not as before. He is a changed man. The direction of his thoughts is constantly seawards. Murmurs of old ocean linger in his soul, as they murmur in a shell long since taken from the deep, and condemned to ornament the mantelpiece of some lodging-house, the daily witness of prosaisms and peculations. To the casual eye he may not seem changed; but read his soul, and you will find he is another man. At least it was thus with me. I had supped with the gods, and grew fastidious over my shilling ordinary. If work imperiously claimed my attention, if I

was forced to trouble myself with "proofs," commentators, old writers, dreary philosophies, and multiform affairs, the glass vases, perpetually reminding me of Ilfracombe and Tenby, aggravated the oppression. The iodine of the sea-breezes had entered me. I felt that I had "suffered a sea change" into something zoological and strange. Men came to look like molluscs; and their ways the ways of creatures in a larger rock-pool. When forced to endure the conversation of some friend of the family, with well-waxed whiskers and imperturbable shirt-front, I caught myself speculating as to what sort of figure *he* would make in the vivarium—not always to his glorification. In a word, it was painfully evident that London wearied me, and that I was troubled in my mind. I had tasted of a new delight; and the hungry soul of man leaps on a new passion to master, or be mastered by it.

"Chacun veut en sagesse ériger sa folie ;"

so says Boileau, and indeed I was willing enough to demonstrate to all recusants that my passion had a most rational basis. Meanwhile it was the torment of intellectual hunger; and I make it a rule always to satisfy hunger—on philosophical principles. If you don't content *it*, it will torment *you*; it obtrudes on work and duty, perplexing the one, and obstructing the other: it can't be starved into silence. Therefore give it "ample room and verge enough."

When pastry-cooks hire new boys, they wisely permit an unrestricted glut of tarts. The young gluttons fall on, tooth and nail, and in a week are surfeited; whereas a stealthy and restricted appetite would have lasted them for years, much to the damage of the pastry-cook. In this philosophic forethought I resolved to give myself a glut of zoology, to let loose the reins of desire, and afterwards, if the fates so willed it, settle once more into a student of books, and writer thereof. It was

really time. For seven long months I had been separated from the coast; and like the Cyclops of Euripides, I had grown weary of feeding on daily butcher's meat and game, just as stray mortals in the Strand; and smacked my lips at the prospect of man-beef.

"I am quite sick of the wild mountain-game;
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men."

March was already come, the equinoctial gales were near, and the Isles of Scilly beckoned like syrens from their dangerous shores. The weather was intensely unlike summer, the snow and hail freely falling; so that, on a first blush, there did seem a shadow of reason for the astonishment of friends, who looked upon departure at such a time, and for such a place, as indicating something like insanity. But great wits to madness nearly are allied, and this alliance with great wits will perhaps be granted to me. At any rate, there was method in the madness, for unless I reached the coast before the equinox, the passage would be more than usually perilous; and just after the equinox, as everybody knows, the spring-tides recede to greater depths, and offer the finest opportunities for rock-hunting: moreover, the gales at this period throw welcome treasures on the beach. The 15th of March, therefore, was the very latest date I could afford for departure; and on that day the journey began.

Why the Isles of Scilly were obstinately selected, may not be so easily explained. I had a fixed idea on this point; no argument could make me swerve from it. The main attraction was doubtless lurking in my profound geographical ignorance, which invested these Isles with a mysterious halo. In days when ladies take pleasure-trips to Algiers, and reach it in four days, or run up the Nile, as formerly they scampered through France, any real bit of untravelled country necessarily creates

* This is Shelley's translation. The reader who has not quite forgotten his Greek may like to have the original:—

Ὡς ἱππλῆος γε δαιτὸς εἴμ' ὀρεσκόνου

Ἄλλῃς λιόντων ἰστί μοι θοινωμένῃφ

Ἐλάφῳ τε, χρόνιος δ' εἴμ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων βορᾶς.

an interest; and for travellers, in the adventurous or pleasure-hunting sense, Scilly is as virgin ground as Timbuctoo. Vessels in abundance touch there; but who *goes* there? Indeed, on entering a shop to make a small purchase, the bland woman compassionately inquired whether I had been "driven by contrary winds" to this unfrequented spot; evidently never conceiving the possibility of a sane Englishman coming here. They are also difficult of access: "a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." Ten days, owing to contrary winds, were consumed in getting here; and under the most favourable conjuncture of trains, coaches, and winds, three days would be the very shortest time required. This difficulty secured the place from the nuisance of "visitors." Moreover, I had an idea of its being a good spot for zoological research; and with these two advantages, I could afford to listen unmoved to the sarcastic questions pelted at me, such as: Can you get anything to eat there? Are the Islands inhabited? Do the people speak English? Are they civilised?

Contrary winds, and what sailors call "dirty weather," detained me a week at Penzance, where I was stranded in a lodging-house, kept by a middle-aged Harpy, rearing a brood of young Harpies, and rendered all the more fierce in lodging-house instincts by her condition of widowhood, which, you may have observed, generally throws a woman on the naked ferocities of her nature. Were you ever in nautical lodgings? Do you remember their ornaments, "above all reach of art"—the cases of stuffed birds and fish, the shells on the mantelpiece, and the engravings irradiating the walls—a "Sailor's Departure," with whimpering wife and sentimental offspring; a "Sailor's Return," with joyous wife and capering juveniles? All these adorned my rooms, which were further adorned by a correct misrepresentation of the brig Triton, as she appeared entering an impossible harbour of Marseilles, flanked by a portrait of the defunct husband, master of the aforesaid brig, painted in the well-known style: a

resplendent shirt-front with a head attached, sternly inexpressive, on a mahogany background. The defunct mariner seemed blank with astonishment at my courage in coming to such a house—a ruin, not a lodging. Everything in it was afflicted with the rickets. The chair-backs creaked inharmonious threats, if you incautiously leaned against them. The fire-irons fell continually from their unstable rests. The bed-pole tumbled at my feet when I attempted to draw the curtain. The doors wouldn't shut. Even the tea-pot had a *wobbly* top, which resisted all closing. Nay—and this will surprise you—in the moral world I noticed a similar dilapidation. The discrepancies were painful. In the "bill," arrangements were made which showed great fiscal genius; and when a suggestion was offered that the remains of yesterday's fowl might serve for to-day's luncheon, a look of pained reproach passed over the widow's face, followed by a gulp, and a silence which was broken only by diversion of the dialogue into quite other directions—the look, the gulp, the silence expressed, as plainly as words, the mean opinion which the widow entertained of her victim. Low as her opinion had placed him before, it had not reached such depths as *that*; the request for a paltry remnant of fowl, indeed, was answerable only by profound silence. Thus it *was* answered. I never gazed upon that bird again.

Weather-bound in such a place—the equinoctial gales hurrying on—boxes corded, soul unquiet—you may imagine the alacrity with which I sprang out of bed the morning when a sailor came up from the packet to say that anchor was weighed, and we should start as soon as I could slip on my things. This was at six in the morning, and, by half-past, the *Ariadne*, formerly Lord Godolphin's yacht, but now the property of Captain Tregarthen, who runs it between Scilly and Penzance, as the mail and sole communication, left the harbour, and reached Scilly by one o'clock. This was on Thursday, 26th March 1857. A century ago, on the 25th May 1752, Borlase, the admirable antiquarian, whose *Observations on the Ancient and Present State of the*

Scilly Islands was among my books,* set sail in the sloop *Godolphin* at seven in the morning, and about nine in the evening drew near the islands—drew near, but dared not venture nearer; because, a “very thick fog ensuing, the sailors began to be apprehensive whether they should fall in with the proper passage into St Mary’s Island or not: sometimes they thought they could see the land, but were always uncertain what part of the island it was. This determined us to continue turning off and on (in sea-affairs give me leave to use sea expressions), and wait for the morning. During this interval we had a very uneasy time of it, and nothing to do but to expect the daylight, which, you may be assured, was with great impatience. The day came, but the fog continued so thick that we had no benefit from it.” In this fog they continued beating about, in terror of getting entangled among the narrow guts; but about six the fog cleared, and revealed to them St Mary’s Island close at hand. “We were such true sailors,” he says, “that we immediately lost sight of the danger we had escaped, delighted as we were with the thoughts of being soon in port, and the uncommon appearance of the land (if what is mostly rocks can be called so) on each side of us as we passed. It was Crow’s Sound; and I must own the sight of it gave me much pleasure, which you will, and justly may in some measure, attribute to our sudden transition from a state of uncertainty to that of safety, but not wholly; for these islets and rocks edge this Sound in an extremely pretty and very different manner from anything I had seen before. The sides of these little islands continue their greenness to the brim of the water, where they are either surrounded by rocks of different shapes, which start up here and there as you advance, like so many enchanted castles, or by a verge of sand of the brightest colour.” If this was the passage made during gentle May, surely we were very fortunate, in

blustering March, to have got over all our troubles in six hours. Shorter, our passage undeniably was; whether it was also sweeter, remains a problem, towards the solution of which I will say thus much,—that under no extension of euphuism could it be called *sweet*. In the first place, there had been no breakfast to begin the day, and the *Ariadne* offered nothing in the culinary way. Cheering Souchong, or aromatic Mocha, to warm the matutinal ventrals, were not to be thought of; we were even lucky to have a dry biscuit to munch in philosophic resignation. Deprived thus of our natural fortifications against the advancing enemy, we were further disabled by the rain, which forced us to descend into the cabin, and get into our berths. In these exiguous spaces we remained until the joyful tidings of arrival flooded us with sudden energy, and flung the past hours from us like a hideous dream. Except during the brief intervals of sleep and semi-delirium, the hours were not pleasant. The cold, not to be kept out by any amount of rugs, cloaks, and tarpaulin, seemed stealthily creeping into the very centres of life. The sensations which fly around sea-sickness need scarcely be alluded to. Constantly, when my intellect was sufficiently disentangled from these sensations to exercise itself, would the thought arise that pleasanter far was the pursuit of zoology in comfortable homes, (where Mr Lloyd of Portland Road, Mr Bohn of Essex Street, or Mr Damon of Weymouth, would supply tanks and vases with the desired animals in exchange for vulgar dross, thus bringing the forces of commerce and civilisation to minister to our pursuits), compared with this harum-scarum method of trusting oneself to “sea-traversing ships,” in order to become one’s own purveyor. This thought would occur. And then the fluctuating intellect passed into self-condemnation at thoughts so base, remorse so ill-timed, cowardice so unzoological. These passing pangs, however unattractive, would

* Thanks to that most convenient, and, to all students, most valuable of institutions, *The London Library*, which manifold experience causes me to urge every man of letters to join.

they not inevitably pass? And how the released spirit, in its reinstated vigour, would rejoice at having undergone such torments for such weeks of enjoyment!

As I said, the joyful tidings came at last. With alacrity I urged my staggering steps up the ladder, and emerged upon the deck, where the bright sunlight revealed a scene, which of itself was repayment and full discharge for any arrears of misery. We were in St Mary's Sound. The islands lay around us, ten times bigger than imagination had prefigured, and incomparably more beautiful. On their picturesque varieties I might turn a green countenance and glazed eye, but the heart within me bounded like a leopard on his prey. This was worth coming to! Those poor devils who sit at home at ease, and supply their tanks from commercial sources, were now the objects of pitiless sarcasms for their want of enterprise. In such a mood I hastily secured comfortable lodgings, clean as a Dutchman's, at the Post-office; swallowed some tea and toast, to appease the baser appetites, and hurried forth to satisfy the hunger of the soul, by a survey of the Bay, and its promises. The promontory on which stands Star Castle, offered a fine breezy walk over downs resplendent with golden furze,* and suffered the eye to take the widest sweep. How thoroughly I enjoyed that walk! The downs were so brilliant that one could sympathise with the enthusiasm of Linæus on his arrival in England, and his first sight of furze, as he flung himself on his knees, and thanked God for having made anything so beautiful. The downs were all aflame with their golden light. Ever and anon a rabbit started across the path, or the timid deer were seen emerging from the clumps of golden bush. A glance at the many reefs and creeks along the wavy shores raised expectation tiptoe, forcing hope into certainty of treasures abounding. Whatever drawbacks Scilly might possibly have in store, this at least was indubitable—the hunting would be good.

Not that any shadow of a drawback darkened the horizon; for what could the heart desire more? Here was a little archipelago, such as Greek heroes might have lived in—bold, rugged, picturesque,—secure from all the assaults of idle watering-place frequenters;—lovely to the eye, full of promise to the mind, and health in every breeze. Ithaca was visibly opposite. Homer's cadences were sweetly audible. Here one might write epics finer than the Odyssey, had one but genius packed up in one's carpet-bag; and if the genius had been forgotten, left behind (by some strange oversight), at any rate there was the microscope and scalpel, with which one might follow in the tracks of the "stout Stagyrte," whom the world is now beginning to recognise among the greatest of its naturalists. Homer, or Aristotle? The modest choice lay there; and as Montaigne says—"nous allons par là quester une friande gloire à piper le sot monde." (The *sot monde* being you, beloved reader.)

It is puzzling to determine the number of the Scilly Isles, because, where the largest, St Mary's, is on a scale of no greater magnitude than nine miles in circumference, it becomes a nice point to settle how *small* a patch of rock is to be reckoned as an island. There are some hundred, or hundred and twenty distinct islets; but of inhabited islands only six. The area in statute acres is 3560, and the population in 1851 was, according to the census, 2600 in 511 houses—the females predominating in the ratio of 1439 to 1162. The average of death is 16 in 1000; in other parts of England it is 23 in 1000, showing a decided hygienic superiority in favour of Scilly. Much arable land there is not, but an occasional upland smiles prosperity at you; and in the sheltered nooks of Holy Vale you are startled with the appearance of what almost looks like a tree. In the other parts of the island no tree is discoverable—without a lens. The lanes are formed of stone hedges, as in Devonshire and Cornwall; but these hedges are not, at

* The reader who has not seen the furze in Devonshire and Cornwall can form but a faint idea of its rich colour and profusion.

this early season, prodigal of ferns and wildflowers as they will be soon. Yet they have already abundant ornament. On the summit grows the furze, with its profuse bunches of gold; from the crevices peep the stone-crop, the leaves of the foxglove, pennywort, and a multitude of other wall-loving plants, dear to my eye, though unknown by name; already the dog-violet and celandine are gay with colour, and the lichens tint the stone with delicate pale greys or greens, deep orange, or bright gold.

The grouping of the islands is very picturesque, forming several good Sounds, where vessels of great tonnage find secure anchorage, and give a pleasant aspect to the scene. Standing on any of the eminences, we gaze down upon the deep blue of the bays, the white sweep of sands, and rugged reefs, and purple masses of the opposite shores; the plaint of the sea-gull, who is floating overhead, being almost the only sound audible, except the never-ending symphony of the waters. As we ramble round the coast, the successive scenes of the unfolding panorama make us long to have the artist's power of transferring them to our sketch-book. The rocks are entirely of granite; and the huge wave-worn boulders, sudden pillars, and piles of broad ledges into which they have been disrupted, give endless variety to their forms. Sometimes they have a castellated aspect, as at "Giant's Castle," on the southern coast—a noble edifice of nature's cunning architecture. Beautiful are the outlines of its topmost grey shelving ledges, softened with shaggy pale-green *Byssus*-lichen—beautiful its hugerectangular masses of light warm brown, blackened here and there with the mysterious beginnings of life, and darkening downwards to the shining deep-brown reefs that jut from the Atlantic waves, which lift their curling masses of crystal greenness into momentary splendour, and then dash, and break, and whirl in milky eddies among the ever-passive rocks. Passive are they? Yes; and yet passivity itself is only a slower action, which escapes our notice. The rocks, too, are mutinous with change, could our

eyes but follow it. They, too, grow, and change, and die, and give up their substances to the great All, returning whence they came. Changeless they seem, in contrast with the impatient waters; and yet with reluctant concession they give up their elements to the ambient air, and the confluent restlessness of water, gradually rounding off their angles, and softening their rugged asperities. Mysterious and beautiful law, which ordains that the stubborn skeleton shall take its moulding from the gentle pressure of the softer flesh, as the sterner asperities of life are moulded finally by tenderness and love.

The Giant's Castle—indeed, the whole of this southern shore—has a character of drear magnificence and massive grandeur, given to it by the disposition of its piled-up boulders and towering altitudes, not to be anticipated from the size of the islands. The truth is, we are always impressed by relative, not absolute size. Rocks, many thousands of feet in height, have a stupendous aspect only in isolation; among others, of kindred girth and altitude, they produce no such towering impression. The eye takes its standard from the forms around. The subtle influence of proportion rouses emotions of the sublime, even on these small islands; emotions of gentler swell are raised by every creek and valley. The rambles are delicious. They want, indeed, the charm of Devonshire, with its wondrous lanes—

"Such nooks of valleys, lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams." *

There are no rills and rivulets intersecting the land, no affluence of vegetation making it a miracle of beauty and of life; but the lanes have their charm, and to that charm I yielded myself.

After my first walk had satisfied the first cravings, and set the mind at ease respecting the wisdom of my choice in choosing Scilly, I returned to my lodgings, unpacked the book-box, arranged the working-table with its necessary jars, bottles, dissecting implements, and microscope; and, resting from these labours, opened

Borlase to gain from his ancient quarto some information about the place. I will not, as some learned pundits do, pitilessly burden you with all the knowledge recently obtained; because, although I suspect you to be hopelessly ignorant on all these matters, I also suspect you to be quite comfortable in that condition, and by no means hungering for information; and at any rate, you know where such hunger can be satisfied. But on the baptism of the islands a word may be worth hearing. Borlase pertinently asks, "How came all these islands to have their general name from so small and inconsiderable a spot as the isle of Scilly, whose cliffs hardly anything but birds can mount, and whose barrenness would never suffer anything but sea-birds to inhabit there? A due observation of the shores will answer this question very satisfactorily, and convince us, that what is now a bare rock, about a furlong over, and separated from the lands of Guel and Brehar about half a mile, was formerly joined to them by low necks of land, and that Treskaw, St Martin's, Brehar, Samson, and the rocks and islets adjoining, made formerly but one island." Thus it was by encroachments of the sea, according to Borlase, or by the dipping of the lands, that the one island was separated into several. Scilly was the highest and most conspicuous headland, and from it the whole group derived its name. That these isles were by the Greeks called *Cassiterides*, and by the Romans *Sigdeles*, *Sillinx*, and *Silures*, may be conceded to antiquarians and topographers; or denied; we shall trouble ourselves but slightly with the question. Certain it seems that Phœnicians and Romans came here for tin; still more certain that, in the tenth century, "when trade began to thrive, shipping to increase, and naval wars to be carried on in the western world, the commodious situation of these islands at the opening into both the channels, soon showed of what importance it was to possess them, and how dangerous they might be to the trade and safety of England if in an enemy's hand." The hungry may find in Borlase a succession of historical dates and facts from the tenth century downwards; we will pause

only at what is said of Queen Elizabeth, who saw the importance of these islands; "and having the Spaniards, then the most powerful nation by sea in the world, to deal with, ordered Francis Godolphin (knighted by her in 1580, and made Lord Lieutenant of the county of Cornwall) to improve this station. Star Castle was begun and finished in 1593. At the same time were built a curtain and some bastions on the same hill." The castle still remains; and the fortifications—not of a very formidable aspect—manned by five invalids, still keep up the fiction of awing the enemies of England. Not being a military man, and still less a politician, it does occur to me either that Scilly is strangely neglected in the matter of fortifications, or else that our enemies are very easily awed. What Borlase said of it a century ago remains true to-day: "In the time of war it is of the utmost importance to England to have Scilly in its possession: if it were in an enemy's hand the Channel trade from Ireland, Liverpool, and Bristol to London and the south of England could not subsist; for Scilly, lying at the point of England, and looking into both channels, no ship could pass, but a privateer might speak with it from one of these sounds. This the parliament ministry in the latter end of the civil wars of Charles I. quickly experienced as soon as Sir John Granville had garrisoned and fortified Scilly. White-lock tells us that continual complaints were made to the then managers of affairs at London, of the taking of ships by the privateers at Scilly, so that at last they were obliged to send Admiral Blake and Sir George Askue to dislodge the cavaliers from a post which gave them such opportunities of distressing their trade." Surely a post of this importance needs a stronger garrison than five invalids? Five may do for the "contingent" of a small German prince; nay, in one sublime instance, five is the sum total of the standing army, but in that case the principality itself is of commensurate importance.

What has been already hinted will suffice to show that these patches of rock, on which ribald Cockneys doubt-

ed whether English were spoken, and flounces worn, are islands dignified by historical and political associations. These Cockneys may be further assured that not only is English spoken here, but spoken with a purity of accent, and intelligent discrimination of diction, which I remember in no other part of the English dominion. The Scillians are a remarkably healthy, good-looking race—the black eyes and long eyelashes of the children making one's parental fibres tingle with mysterious pleasure as the ruddy rascals pause in their sport to look at the stranger. The manners are gentle and dignified; civil, not servile. Not an approach to rudeness or coarseness have I seen anywhere. In the highest sense of the word civilisation, therefore, the notion of the place being "half-civilised" is altogether wrong. It is only on making inquiries in the direction of commerce that the mind gets familiarised with the consequences of the remoteness of these islands. Then it is seen that, as far as civilisation is represented by shopkeeping, Scilly is at present in an embryonic condition. To speak zoologically, there is but slight *differentiation* of function in the Scillian commercial tissue. Just as in the simpler organisms we see one part of the body undertaking several functions which in more complex organisms devolve upon separate parts, so here we perceive the same smiling individual weighing out butter, and measuring yards of muslin, proposing the new cut of a cheese to your discriminating taste, or the new style of bonnet to your instincts of fashion; sarsenet ribbons are flanked by mixed pickles, and the pickles thrown into relief by loaves. If you are troubled with a raging tooth, you must apply to the postmaster for his gentle services; whether he punches it out with the letter-stamp, or employs more elaborate instruments, I know not. This want of differentiation is, however, but a slight obstacle, especially to me, who am not likely to array myself in sarsenet, and don't buy bonnets. Far otherwise is the imperfection there where it could least have been expected, least endured—in the meat and market departments. It is proba-

ble, on zoological grounds, that the Scillians, being carnivorously organised, would eat meat with gusto could they get it. Nay, as there are several well-to-do people residing here, some shipowners and shipbuilders, and as there are no poor, it would, on *a priori* grounds, be assumed that meat was freely assimilated by the Scillians, they not having fallen into the fallacy of "vegetarianism." But *a priori* conclusions force no pathway through facts; and the stern and startling fact early obtruded itself on me, that of all things meat is one of the most unattainable in these parts. Do not imagine that by "meat" I euphuistically indicate prime parts and quick varieties; no, I mean meat of any kind, without epicurean distinctions. Beef is obtainable—by forethought and stratagem; but mutton is a myth. A vision of veal floats with aerial indistinctness through the Scillian mind. Poultry, too, may be had—at Penzance; and fish—when the weather is calm, which it never is at this season; and when the one solitary fisherman adventurously takes out his line—which he seldom does. But market there is none. Twice a-week a vegetable cart from "the country" (which means a mile and half distance) slowly traverses the town, and if you like to gather round it, as the cats and dogs do round the London cats'-meat-man, you may stock yourself with vegetables for three days. The inhabitants, of course, know how to arrange matters for themselves, although it was evident that my landlady regarded the wish of dining daily, and if possible on meat, as rather a metropolitan weakness, which was to be politely allowed for. The other day I should have gone meatless, but for a certain astuteness of forethought, met by a yielding benevolence on the part of the captain's wife. Meat was not to be had for love or money, especially love. The "country" had been scoured for a fowl—

"But no such animal the meadows cropp'd."

I saw myself midway in the dilemma of going *impransus*, or of cooking my *Actinæ* with what appetite I could—an extremity which, in a zoologist, would have been only a milder form

of cannibalism. Standing thus at the point of intersection of two such paths, the pangs of prospective hunger developed in me new resources and new impudences. I went boldly to Mrs Tregarthen (observe she is not a *widow*), and to her pathetically unfolded the case, on the supposition that she might not be utterly meatless, in which circumstance the loan of a chop or steak might gracefully be accorded. Meatless the gentle and generous woman was not. A piece of beef, killed eight days ago, and now kept fresh in salt against emergencies, would furnish me with a steak sufficient for two days, and there was a rumour that on the third day beef would be killed, when I could stock myself till next killing-time. Beef, at sevenpence a pound, as I said, is the only meat you can reckon on, even with forethought. In the time of Borlase it was just the contrary, mutton being then the meat, and beef a rarity. "About twenty years since," he says, "the inhabitants generally lived on salt victuals, which they had from England or Ireland; and if they killed a bullock here, it was so seldom, that in one of the best houses in the islands they have kept part of a bullock killed in September to roast for their Christmas dinner." He adds, that in his time mutton was abundant enough, but beef unattainable.

Spiritual-minded persons, indifferent to mutton, may disregard this carnal inconvenience, and take refuge in the more ideal elements of picturesque, solitude, and simplicity. I cannot say that the inconvenience weighed heavily in the scale against the charms of Scilly; the more so, as an enlarged experience proved the case not to be *quite* so bad as it seemed at first. After all, I came not here for sumptuous larders, but for zoological delights; and *those* were not wanting. Was not the mere aspect of the sea a banquet? Xenophon tells us that when the Ten Thousand saw the sea again, they shouted. No wonder. After their weary eyes had wandered forlorn over weary parasangs of flat earth, and that earth an enemy's, wistfully yearning for the gleams of the old familiar blue, they came upon it at last, and the heart-shaking sight

was saluted by a shout still more heart-shaking. At the first flash of it there must have been a general hush, an universal catching of the breath, and the next moment, like thunder leaping from hill to hill, the loosened burst of gladness ran along the ranks, reverberating from company to company, swelling into a mighty symphony of rejoicing. What a sight, and what a sound! There was more than safety in that blue expanse, there was more than loosened fear in their joy at once again seeing the dear familiar face. The sea was a passion to the Greeks; they took naturally to the water, like ducks, or Englishmen, who are, if we truly consider it, fonder of water than the ducks. We are sea-dogs from our birth. It is in our race—bred in the blood. Even the most inland and bucolic youth takes spontaneously to the water, as an element he is born to rule. The winds carry ocean murmurs far into the inland valleys, and awaken the old pirate instincts of the Norsemen. Boys hear them, and although they never saw a ship in their lives, these murmurs make their hearts unquiet; and to run away from home, "to go to sea," is the inevitable result. Place a Londoner in a turnip field, and the chances are that he will not know it from a field of mangold-wurzel. Place him, unfamiliar with pigskin, on a "fresh" horse, and he will *not* make a majestic figure. But take this same youth, and fling him into a boat, how readily he learns to feather an oar! Nay, even when he is sea-sick—as unhappily even the Briton will sometimes be—he goes through it with a certain careless grace, a manly haughtiness, or at the lowest, a certain "official reserve," not observable in the foreigner. What can be a more abject picture than a Frenchman suffering from sea-sickness—unless it be a German under the same hideous circumstances? Before getting out of harbour he was radiant, arrogant, self-centred; only half an hour has passed, and he is green, cadaverous, dank, prostrate, the manhood seemingly spunged out of him. N.B.—In this respect I am a Frenchman.

At the sight of the sea the Ten

Thousand shouted. At that sight I too should have shouted, had not the glorious vision come upon me through the windows of a railway carriage ; where my fellow-travellers, not comprehending such ecstasy, might have seized me as an escaped lunatic. But if my lungs were quiescent, my heart shouted tumultuously. *There* gleamed once more the laughing lines of light, *there* heaved and broke upon the sands the many-sounding waves ; and at the sight arose the thought, obvious enough, yet carrying a sort of surprise, that even thus had the sea been glancing, dancing, laughing, breaking in uninterrupted music, ever since I had left it. While I was bustling through crowded streets, amid the "fever and the stir unprofitable," harassed by printers, bored by politicians, and by

"The weary, weary A, and the barren, barren B,"

bending over old books, engaged in serious work and daily frivolous talk, through all these hurrying hours, the tides had continued rising and receding, the pools had been filled and refilled, the zoophytes had quietly dedicated their beauty to the sun, the molluscs had crawled among the weeds, the currents of life had ebbed and flowed in the great systole and diastole of nature.

By a mysterious law, every Thirst blindly, yet unerringly, finds its way to the fountain. My thirst had led me here, to the shores of that ocean which Homer, "the paragon of philosophers," as Rabelais calls him, very unphilosophically styles "unfruitful," ἀρπύγερος. Barren, it may have been to him, poor fellow, unable to use the microscope ; (he was blind, you know !) yet even he had intellectual vision enough to see that it was μεγαλήτης "abounding in marvels ;" and he was not a man to pause open-mouthed at a slight deviation from ordinary appearances, as may be gathered from this single example : When Helen passes through the gates of Troy, under the eyes of Ucalegon and Antenor, those venerable and inspired men are by Homer seen to be "like cicadæ chirping on the trees" —surely a very strange phenomenon ? —and as if this were not enough, their

chirp is said to have a *lily-like* sound —*ἡνα λειριόεσσαν*—surely a strange intonation ? If, therefore, to Homer, familiar with sight and sounds so unusual, the sea could nevertheless be held as abounding in marvels, judge what it abounds in for our more easily astonished minds.

Come with me to the rocks, on my first visit after arrival. The tide is not a very good one, but in a few minutes we discover that we are in the land of marvels. Here are the snaky-armed *Antheas* in abundance : green with ravishing pink tips ; brown with silver-grey tentacles ; and a few of quaker drab. Presently a noble *Crassicornis* reveals himself in a cleft—impossible to get at, unfortunately. But in a few minutes another, then another, then a group, at last such quantities of them make their appearance, that the heart palpitates at such wealth. Was not *this* worth a few hours' discomfort on board the packet ? Nay (now that it is past), what *was* that discomfort ? A hurricane of blows upon the chisel answers with contemptuous emphasis.

It is laborious work this chiselling away of Anemones from the granite. The grey-slate of Ilfracombe was troublesome ; the limestone of Tenby worse ; but this granite opposes us with quite another stubbornness, and needs energetic patience to overcome it. In spite of March winds I am forced to take off my coat after a little of this hammering ; and during summer heats the exercise would create a vapour bath, giving unpleasant extension to the faculty of perspiring, which is exerted by the twenty-eight miles of tubing (such is the calculation) possessed by our skins. After filling our baskets with as many of these Anemones as satisfy present desires, we begin turning over the stones. Presently we descry two specimens of marine spiders, or daddy-long-legs (*Nymphon gracile*), very curious to behold. They have no body to speak of ; a mere line, not thicker than one of their legs, representing the torso. Tie a piece of silk thread, about one-fourth of an inch long, into four equidistant knots, and that will represent the body ; from each of these knots let much longer pieces of

the same thread dangle, and you have the legs; split the tip of the thread into three filaments, and you have the head; gum bits of dirty wool, about as large as a pin's head, on the second legs, and you have the egg-sacs: and with this the animal is complete. The microscope reveals fresh wonders, the head being furnished with crablike nippers; the alimentary tube, instead of occupying an isolated and dignified position in the body, meanders out into each of the legs, so that the leg repeats the body in its internal structure, as well as in aspect. This ramified alimentary canal is covered with brownish-yellow globules or cells, called "hepatic cells," upon no very convincing evidence, and supposed to represent a rudimentary liver. Mr Gosse, in his pleasant book on *Tenby*, mistakes this intestine for the circulating system; but the animal has no circulating system whatever. "Each of the long and many-jointed limbs is perforated by a central vessel," he says, "the walls of which contract periodically with a pulsation exactly resembling that of a heart, by which granules or pellucid corpuscles of some sort or other are forced forward." It was food which Mr Gosse saw thus moved; the blood-circulation, such as it is, he correctly saw in what he describes as the *extra*-vascular circulation; only we should add, that *vascular* circulation there is none. The blood, if blood it can be called, is *outside* the intestine, bathing the walls of the body, and moved to and fro by the peristaltic action of the intestine. Curious as this *Nymphon gracile* is, I had reason to be the more pleased at finding one, because while the latest authorities declare nothing to be known of the development of the *Pycnogonidae*, I had been fortunate enough, at Ilfracombe, to discover some of the embryonic phases, of which I made drawings, and awaited further opportunity for pursuing the subject.

Here, in a pool, we find three curious fish, one a ribbon-fish, the other two unknown to me; and on raising the stone, behold, a queer eel-like

fish, with a miniature grey-hound's head; it is the pipe-fish, *Syngnathus anguineus*. Pop him in; also this bit of red weed, on which I observe some *Polyzoa* clustering. What is this? a tiny Daisy on a frond of weed? the beauty! No, now it is in the bottle, it turns out to be an *Eolis*, *Eolis alba*, lovely among the loveliest. Stay! here are two *cowries*, and alive! The shells every one has seen, but few of us have seen the animals; so the capture is very welcome. My back is aching with all this stooping and groping, and I really must get home now, content with my day's work. One farewell glance in at that pool, and I have done. Lying on my face, and dangling my feet in water, I peer scrutinisingly for some minutes, and bear off a lovely green *Actæon*, as a reward. Now I will turn homewards.

Another day, in idler mood, we ramble along the shore in receipt of windfalls. A bottle is always ready in the pocket, and something is certain to turn up. The stem and root of that oar-weed, for example, is worth an investigating glance, certain as it is of being a colony of life. The tiny annelids, white, green, and red, wriggle in and out among the sheltering shadows of these roots; the sponges and polyzoa cluster on them; and see! what pink-and-white feathery creature is this, clasping the weed with a circle of pale pink roots? By heavens! it is a *Comatula* "the romance of the sea;" and now that it feels the grateful sea-water again, how it expands its feathers, and reveals itself as an animal fern, marvellous to look upon. Sudden joy leaps in our hearts at the sight of this creature, hitherto known only from hazy descriptions and inadequate engravings. There is interest in reading about *Crinoidea*, fossil and recent, and in learning that the *Comatula* is one of these, having kindred with star-fishes; but how that interest is intensified by direct inspection of the living animal! I could not satiate myself with looking at my prize.* All the way home the bottle was constantly being raised to

* I have since had several, but utterly inferior in colour and grace to this the first I ever saw.

my loving regard, that I might feast myself upon the waving grace of those pink and white feathers; and I thought of the poetical passage in which Edward Forbes expresses his emotions about these *Crinoidea* which "raise up a vision of an early world, a world the potentates of which were not men, but animals — of seas on whose tranquil surfaces myriads of convoluted Nautili sported, and in whose depths millions of Lily-stars waved wilfully on their slender stems. Now, the Lily-stars and Nautili are almost gone; a few lovely stragglers of those once abounding tribes remain to evidence the wondrous forms and structures of their comrades. Other beings, not less wonderful, and scarcely less graceful, have replaced them; while the seas in which they flourished have become lands whereon man in his columned cathedrals and mazy palaces emulates the beauty and symmetry of their fluted stems and chambered cells."*

The delight of getting new animals is like the delight of childhood in any novelty, an impulse that moves the soul through the intricate paths of knowledge, — knowledge, which is but broken wonder; and this delight the naturalist has constantly awaiting him. Satiety is not possible, for Nature is inexhaustible. Knowledge unfolds vista after vista, for ever stretching illimitably distant, the horizon moving as we move. New facts connect themselves with new forms; the most casual observation often becomes a spark of inextinguishable thought running along trains of inflammable suggestion. To this intent the naturalist should always have pencil and note-book on his working-table, in which to record every new fact, no matter how trifling it may seem at the moment; the time will come when that and other facts will be the keys to unlock many a casket. Not that Observation alone is, as many imagine, the potent instrument of Zoology. Lists of details crowd books and journals, yet these are in themselves no better than the observations of Chaldean shepherds,

which produced no Astronomy in centuries of watching. They find their place in science, only as the architectural mind disposes them in due co-ordination. What should we think of a chemist who, on mere inspection of substances, unaided by re-agents, and his balance, hoped to further Chemistry? What would lists of such observation avail? And in the far more complex science of Biology, how shall cursory inspection, superficial observation, avail? We must follow the Methods which have led to certainty in the exact sciences. We must render the complex facts of Life as simple as we can, by processes of elimination. Experiment must go hand in hand with Observation, controlling it, and assuring us that we have correctly observed. Much has been done, and is daily done, in this way, yet still men too easily content themselves with observation, or, what is equally fallacious, with anatomical deduction, declaring an organ to have such or such a function, merely because it resembles an organ known to have the function;† when in most of these cases, direct experiment would show the error of the conclusion. In former papers I have illustrated this point, and have again to do so apropos of the digestive power of the Sea Anemones.

In my note-book is pencilled this brief query, "Do the *Actinie* digest at all?" a doubt which, in its naked simplicity, might rouse contempt in the mind of any zoologist accidentally reading it. What! here is an animal notoriously carnivorous, and you ask whether it can digest? Have not you yourself repeatedly *fed* these animals with limpets and cooked beef? are they not greedy of such food? It is perfectly true. Nevertheless a doubt occurred to me whether they did really digest, in any proper sense of the term; and I made a note of the doubt, as of a point to be investigated immediately on my arrival at the coast. Experiment should settle the doubt. Before narrating the experiments, it will be

* *History of British Star-fishes*, p. 2.

† On this point, see the luminous *Leçons de Physiologie Expérimentale* of Claude Bernard, vol. ii.

needful to settle with the reader a few generalities on the subject of digestion ; since, in point of fact, the interest of the question falls mainly on the general subject, and only with a secondary importance on the digestive powers of the Anemones.

What are we to understand by Digestion ? At first the question seems so easy ; yet the closer it is investigated, the remoter seems the possibility of answering it. Let us make a clearance by first discriminating Digestion—as a *special function* of the intestinal canal—from Assimilation, which is the *general property* possessed by all living tissues. For an animal to grow, and to repair the waste which the action of life incessantly produces, it must assimilate, which, as the word implies, means to separate from the external medium such substances as are *like* to its own substance, or can be converted into them by the vital chemistry, rejecting all such as are unlike, or not convertible. Very simple organisms find assimilable food in the element they live in, and the process of separation is easy : they have no stomach, not even a mouth, much less glands secreting solvent fluids. Very complex organisms, on the contrary, do not, in the air they breathe, or on the earth they tread, find the variety of substances necessary to build up their bodies ; the substances have to be sought, captured, and when found, are not found in an assimilable condition, but in a condition requiring great changes, mechanical and chemical, before they are able to enter into the construction of the tissues.

An example will make this plain : Let us first consider the process in the *Actinophrys*, a microscopic animal carefully studied by Kölliker.* It is a mere mass of jelly-like substance, very contractile, without the slightest trace of organs, without even a distinct envelope separable from the mass. The outer layer is formed into long tentacular filaments, which, like the tentacles of a polype, seize hold of young animalcules, or even minute crustaceans. The resemblance to the

polype is carried further : no sooner does one of the filaments seize a prey than it retracts ; all the others round it bend their points over the captive, and gradually enclose it ; they then retract, and bring the food in contact with the body of the animal. The point of contact is next seen to yield inwards, retracting as the filaments had retracted, and, as it deepens, the food sinks into the substance of the body, the edges of the cavity closing over it. In the centre of the body the soluble parts are dissolved, the body having resumed its original appearance. This done, the insoluble parts make their way out, much as they made their way in ; and thus the whole process of ingestion and egestion is accomplished.

We need not pause to trace the episodes of the complex story of digestion in the higher animals, episodes of mastication, insalivation, chymification, chemical transformations aiding mechanical actions ; every one is familiar with the general facts. Let us only note that even milk, which contains all the substances needed for the nourishment of the child, contains them in a condition perfectly useless, as far as the direct and immediate nourishment of the child is concerned : until the milk has undergone the digestive process, namely, a succession of chemical decompositions and recompositions, it is no more competent to nourish the muscles, bones, and nerves of the child, than so much chalk and water, which is delusively sold as milk in virtuous cities. The mutton chop, too, which we justly reckon such excellent food, is only “food potential ;” it must undergo a very curious series of changes before it can be converted into blood. Nor is the business finished there. We are erroneously accustomed to consider blood as the final stage of food, previous to its assimilation. Physiologists trace the story of digestion up to this point, and there leave it ; as story-writers leave their heroes married, thereby indicating that nothing more remains to be said. But just as marriage is the beginning of a new act in the

* Siebold & Kölliker's *Zeitschrift für Wissenschaftliche Zoologie*, i. 198.

drama, and the act in which all life culminates, so is this blood-formation but the commencement of a new series of changes, and these the most important. I think it can be shown that the blood itself is not more immediately and directly assimilable than the mutton chop from which it was formed. In its passage through the walls of its vessels, it undergoes specific changes, fitting it for assimilation; without such changes it is not assimilable; blood, *as* blood, nourishes no tissue, but lies on it like any other foreign substance which must be got rid of by reabsorption into the veins—as we see when a vessel is ruptured, and the blood gets deposited in the parenchyma. Blood is, in fact, as Bergmann and Leuckart well express it, “a depôt of assimilable and secretory substances; and its purpose in the economy is that of a regulating apparatus, which is necessitated by the fluctuations in the procuring of food.”*

Remember also, that before Assimilation can take place, the food must be rendered soluble. Solubility is a primary condition, but not the only one. Many soluble substances have to undergo chemical changes, both of decomposition and allotropism, before they form parts of the living body. If albumen or sugar be injected into the veins, they will not be assimilated, but cast out unaltered in the excretions; whereas, if injected into the alimentary canal, or into the portal vein, which would carry them through the laboratory of the liver, they are entirely assimilated.

Thus we see that solubility and transformation are the two digestive effects, to produce which, two agencies are needful, the mechanical and chemical. From these two points all other questions expansively radiate, to them they all converge. A single fact strikingly impresses the mind with a sense of the extent to which chemical agency reaches, namely, that in the course of four-and-twenty hours a sixth part of the whole weight of the body is poured into the alimentary canal, under the form of various secretions. Much

more fluid is secreted from the blood and poured into this canal during a single day, than would make up the whole mass of fluid circulating in the blood-vessels at any given period.†

The reader's attention has been so fully directed to this twofold agency of Digestion, and especially to its chemical agency, that a clear view may be taken of the question which must arise as to what, in the abstract, is the purpose of Digestion. In the abstract we may declare it to be the *preparation* of the food, rendering it fitted for Assimilation. But if we descend from heights of abstraction, and approach concrete questions, we soon find this answer including several processes—such as the prehension and mastication of food, its absorption and circulation, its aeration in the blood, and finally, its transudation through the walls of the capillaries—none of which can, without great impropriety, be called *digestive*. We must be more specific. No man would confound mastication with digestion, or circulation with digestion; and we must therefore limit the term digestion to some specific meaning; mastication is the special function of the jaws, circulation of the vessels, respiration of the lungs, and digestion of the alimentary canal. But even this is too vague for our purpose; we must affix a still more specific character to Digestion; and this may be expressed in the following formula: That, and that only, is a specifically digestive act which takes place in an alimentary canal, by means of secretions capable of *chemically* modifying the food, so as to prepare it for Assimilation.

The preparation of food we have seen to be both mechanical and chemical, but I select the latter as the *specific* characteristic of the digestive process, in order to prevent confusion. Claude Bernard says: “We can conceive an animal without any digestive apparatus, mechanical or chemical, because living in an element which furnishes nutritive material *directly*; we can also conceive

* *Vergleichende, Anatomie und Physiologie*, p. 164.

† *Lehmann: Lehrbuch der Physiol. Chemie.* iii. 226, 2d edit.

the digestive act reduced to a simple mechanical apparatus which has to press out certain alimentary juices capable of nourishing the tissues *without undergoing chemical modifications*; but usually the digestive act is composed of two orders of phenomena, physical and chemical.* This is a brief and luminous classification as regards the whole animal series, and it well expresses the ascending complexity of that series; but inasmuch as special functions only make their appearance at certain stages of that ascending series, inasmuch as the simpler animals have not the special functions of more complex animals, we must deny to the two first classes of M. Bernard's series, any such special function as Digestion, and confine it to the third class. We do not, except in loose latitude of phrase, speak of the *legs* of an animalcule, meaning its organs of progression; because a leg is a specific organ of progression, uniform in its elements throughout the series of animals possessing legs; nor should we, otherwise than in easy speech, talk of the digestion of a polype, meaning thereby its nutrition. The *purpose* of a leg, progression, is fulfilled by the cilia which move the animalcule; the *purpose* of digestion, preparation of food, is performed by the cavity of the polype; but the specific organs, named legs and alimentary canal, and the specific functions of those organs, walking and digestion, are in both cases absent.

If the reader has followed me thus far, he will have understood that, when I doubted whether the *Actinia* digested, there was no doubt entertained of their power of preparing food, but only of their power of *chemically* digesting it. I doubted, in short, whether they should not be separated from the more complex animals which digest, and whether they should not rank in M. Bernard's second class. We do not call a hut or group of cottages a city. We do not speak of its commerce, its government, its literature; these are social functions developed in a com-

plex city, not possible in a group of cottages. In the same way we should not expect to find digestion, respiration, sensation, or any other complex result, in animals so simple as a Sea Anemone. Nor could the notion ever have gained currency, had there been the proper precision in our zoological language, and had not the "fallacy of observation" misled us.

Now to the experiments. The first point to be settled was this: Have the polypes anything of the nature of a solvent fluid secreted by their stomachs? "It is obvious," says Dr Carpenter, the latest writer on this subject, "that a powerfully solvent fluid is secreted from the walls of the gastric cavity; for the soft parts of the food which is drawn into it are gradually dissolved, and this without the assistance of any mechanical trituration." Obvious, indeed, the fact seems, until it is interrogated a little more closely, and then we find, 1st, that *no* solvent fluid is secreted; 2d, that the food is not dissolved; but only the juices pressed out. My first experiment was to test the presence or absence of a secretion, which was accomplished thus: Tying a narrow strip of litmus-paper round a small piece of recently caught fish, and fastening it to a thread, I gave it to an *Anthea cereus* who greedily swallowed it; another thin slice of the same fish was folded longitudinally over a similar bit of litmus-paper, and given to a *Crassicornis*. If any acid secretion were present, the paper would redden; if not, the blue colour would remain. On the following morning the ejected morsels were examined, but not a trace of acid reaction was visible. Repeating the experiment several times under varying conditions, I came to the conclusion that no acid fluid was present in the digestive process of the *Actinia*. There still remained a doubt. Solvent secretions are either acid or alkaline. It was necessary to make similar experiments with an alkaline reagent. This was done, and with similar results. It is worth noting that M. Hollard equally failed in detecting

* *Leçons de Physiol. Expérimentale*, ii. 490.

an acid or alkaline reaction,* which is a confirmation of my experiments.

The *Actiniæ* do not effect their preparation of nutriment by *chemical* means; and in our strict sense of the term, they cannot be said to digest. I was anxious to see how far *mechanical* means were employed, and for this, Reaumur's admirable experiment was a guide. In his day it was supposed that digestion was a purely mechanical operation, the food being ground into a pulp in the stomach. He took hollow silver balls, perforated with holes, and filling them with meat, caused them to be swallowed by a dog. When they had remained a suitable period in the animal's stomach, they were withdrawn by the thread attached to them. If the digestive process were mechanical, the meat would be protected from all grinding action, by the silver covering; if chemical, the meat would be digested; and digested (or rather chymified) it proved to be; showing that a solvent fluid had penetrated the holes, and dissolved the meat. I took a piece of quill, of about half an inch in length, open at both ends, and having six good openings cut in the sides, thus affording ample means for any solvent fluid to exert its action on the roast-beef enclosed in the quill. On examination of the ejected quills, I found no appreciable difference between the contained meat, and similar pieces of meat left in the water during the same period; in one of them which had the meat protruding somewhat from each end of the quill, there was a maceration of the protruded ends, which looked like a digestive effect, but on submitting it to the microscope, I found the muscle-fibres not at all disintegrated, the striæ being as perfect as in any other

part, and the maceration obviously of a purely mechanical nature. A similar appearance is presented by meat, after its ejection by the *Actiniæ*: it is pulpy, colourless, but the muscles are not disintegrated.

I dare not pause now to touch upon the many topics which are suggested by the conclusion to which these investigations led me. It will be enough just to note here the progressive complication of the digestive function in the progressive complexity of the animal series. Starting from the simple cell, which draws its nutriment from the plasma surrounding it, by a simple process of endosmosis, we first arrive at the mouthless *Actinophrys*, or *Amœba*, which, folding its own substance over the food, presses out such nutriment as it can; we then reach the *Infusory* with a mouth, but without stomach of any kind;† and the *Polype*, which has a portion of its integument folded in, serving both for mouth and stomach, but not anatomically differing from the external integument, nor physiologically differing in its action from that of the *Amœba's* gelatinous substance;‡ we then ascend to the *Annelids* having a real intestine, lying free in the general cavity, but only moderately, when at all, furnished with secretory apparatus; and so on till at length we reach the *Mammalia*, with their marvellously complex digestive apparatus. Corresponding with this increasing complexity of the organs is the increasing complexity of the food which the animals digest, from simple gases up to meat.

If all were not so marvellous in Nature, would not the marvellous fact that food at all exists, arrest us? Food is what the organism can separate from the world around it, con-

* "Il est remarquable, et je m'en suis souvent assuré, que les papiers réactifs plongés dans cet organe, et dans la cavité inférieure, soit au moment de la digestion, soit chez l'animal à jeun, ne donnent aucun indice d'acidité, ni d'alcalinité."—"Études Zoologiques sur le genre *Actinia*."—*Revue et Magazine de Zoologie*, No. 4. 1854.

† Nobody now believes in Ehrenberg's *Polygastrica*, or many-stomached animalcules.

‡ Trembley turned a *Hydra* inside out, and found the outside perform the function of a stomach. This has been held as proof that a mucus membrane is only a reflection of the skin. But from what has been advanced in this paper, the reader may suspect that, inasmuch as the polype has no mucus membrane whatever, the so-called stomach not being anatomically distinguishable from the external skin, and the process of digestion being wholly mechanical, the current opinion is not proved by Trembley's experiment.

verting what it separates into its own life. May we not consider Life itself as an ever-increasing identification with Nature? The simple cell, from which the plant or animal arises, must draw light and heat from the sun, nutriment from the surrounding world, or else it will remain quiescent, not alive, although latent with life, as the grains in Egyptian tombs, which, after lying thousands of years quiescent in those sepulchres, are placed in the earth, and then smile forth as golden wheat. What we call growth, is it not a perpetual absorption of Nature, the identification of the individual with the universal? And may we not in speculative moods consider Death as the grand impatience of the soul to free itself from the circle of

individual activity,—the yearning of the creature to be united with the Creator?

As with life, so also with knowledge, which is intellectual life. In the early days of man's history, Nature and her marvellous ongoings were regarded with but a casual and careless eye, or else with the merest wonder. It was late before profound and reverent study of her laws could wean men from impatient speculations; and now, what is our intellectual activity based on, except on the more thorough mental absorption of Nature? When that absorption is completed, the mystic drama will be sunny clear, and all Nature's processes will be visible to man, as a divine effluence and life.

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. II.

MR GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XIV.

"Yes, Maynard," said Sir Christopher, chatting with Mr Gilfil in the library, "it really is a remarkable thing that I never in my life laid a plan, and failed to carry it out. I lay my plans well, and I never swerve from them—that's it. A strong will is the only magic. And next to striking out one's plans, the pleasantest thing in the world is to see them well accomplished. This year, now, will be the happiest of my life, all but the year '53, when I came into possession of the Manor, and married Henrietta. The last touch is given to the old house; Anthony's marriage—the thing I had nearest my heart—is settled to my entire satisfaction; and by-and-by you will be buying a little wedding-ring for Tina's finger. Don't shake your head in that forlorn way;—when I make prophecies, they generally come to pass. But there's a quarter after twelve striking. I must be riding to the High Ash to meet Markham about felling some timber. My old oaks will have to groan for this wedding, but"—

The door burst open, and Caterina, ghastly and panting, her eyes

distended with terror, rushed in, threw her arms round Sir Christopher's neck, and gasping out—"Anthony . . . the Rookery . . . dead . . . in the Rookery," fell fainting on the floor.

In a moment Sir Christopher was out of the room, and Mr Gilfil was bending to raise Caterina in his arms. As he lifted her from the ground he felt something hard and heavy in her pocket. What could it be? The weight of it would be enough to hurt her as she lay. He carried her to the sofa, put his hand in her pocket, and drew forth the dagger.

Maynard shuddered. Did she mean to kill herself, then, or . . . or . . . a horrible suspicion forced itself upon him. "Dead—in the Rookery." He hated himself for the thought that prompted him to draw the dagger from its sheath. No! there was no trace of blood, and he was ready to kiss the good steel for its innocence. He thrust the weapon into his own pocket; he would restore it as soon as possible to its well-known place in the gallery. Yet why had Caterina taken this dagger? What was it that had happened in the

Rookery? Was it only a delirious vision of hers?

He was afraid to ring—afraid to summon any one to Caterina's assistance. What might she not say when she awoke from this fainting fit? She might be raving. He could not leave her, and yet he felt as if he were guilty for not following Sir Christopher to see what was the truth. It took but a moment to think and feel all this, but that moment seemed such a long agony to him, that he began to reproach himself for letting it pass without seeking some means of reviving Caterina. Happily the decanter of water on Sir Christopher's table was untouched. He would at least try the effect of throwing that water over her. She might revive without his needing to call any one else.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher was hurrying at his utmost speed towards the Rookery; his face, so lately bright and confident, now agitated by a vague dread. The deep alarmed bark of Rupert, who ran by his side, had struck the ear of Mr Bates, then on his way homeward, as something unwonted, and, hastening in the direction of the sound, he met the baronet just as he was approaching the entrance of the Rookery. Sir Christopher's look was enough. Mr Bates said nothing, but hurried along by his side, while Rupert dashed forward among the dead leaves with his nose to the ground. They had scarcely lost sight of him a minute, when a change in the tone of his bark told them that he had found something, and in another instant he was leaping back over one of the large planted mounds. They turned aside to ascend the mound, Rupert leading them; the tumultuous cawing of the rooks, the very rustling of the leaves, as their feet plunged among them, falling like an evil omen on the baronet's ear.

They have reached the summit of

the mound, and have begun to descend. Sir Christopher sees something purple down on the path below among the yellow leaves. Rupert is already beside it, but Sir Christopher cannot move faster. A tremor has taken hold of the firm limbs. Rupert comes back and licks the trembling hand, as if to say "Courage!" and then is down again snuffing the body. Yes, it is a body . . . Anthony's body. There is the white hand with its diamond ring clutching the dark leaves. His eyes are half open, but do not heed the gleam of sunlight that darts itself directly on them from between the boughs.

Still he might only have fainted; it might only be a fit. Sir Christopher knelt down, unfastened the cravat, unfastened the waistcoat, and laid his hand on the heart. It might be syncope; it might not—it could not be death. No! that thought must be kept far off.

"Go, Bates, get help; we'll carry him to your cottage. Send some one to the house to tell Mr Gilfil and Warren. Bid them send off for Doctor Hart, and break it to my lady and Miss Assher that Anthony is ill."

Mr Bates hastened away, and the baronet was left alone kneeling beside the body. The young and supple limbs, the rounded cheeks, the delicate ripe lips, the smooth white hands, were lying cold and rigid; and the aged face was bending over them in silent anguish; the aged deep-veined hands were seeking with tremulous inquiring touches for some symptom that life was not irrevocably gone.

Rupert was there too, waiting and watching; licking first the dead and then the living hands; then running off on Mr Bates's track as if he would follow and hasten his return, but in a moment turning back again, unable to quit the scene of his master's sorrow.

CHAPTER XV.

It is a wonderful moment, the first time we stand by one who has fainted, and witness the fresh birth of consciousness spreading itself

over the blank features, like the rising sunlight on the alpine summits that lay ghastly and dead under the leaden twilight. A slight shudder,

and the frost-bound eyes recover their liquid light; for an instant they show the inward semi-consciousness of an infant's; then, with a little start, they open wider and begin to *look*; the present is visible, but only as a strange writing, and the interpreter Memory is not yet there.

Mr Gilfil felt a trembling joy as this change passed over Caterina's face. He bent over her, rubbing her chill hands, and looking at her with tender pity as her dark eyes opened on him wonderingly. He thought there might be some wine in the dining-room close by. He left the room, and Caterina's eyes turned towards the window—towards Sir Christopher's chair. *There* was the link at which the chain of consciousness had snapped, and the events of the morning were beginning to recur dimly like a half-remembered dream, when Maynard returned with some wine. He raised her, and she drank it; but still she was silent, seeming lost in the attempt to recover the past, when the door opened, and Mr Warren appeared with looks that announced terrible tidings. Mr Gilfil, dreading lest he should tell them in Caterina's presence, hurried towards him with his finger on his lips, and drew him away into the dining-room on the opposite side of the passage.

Caterina, revived by the stimulant, was now recovering the full consciousness of the scene in the Rookery. Anthony was lying there dead; she had left him to tell Sir Christopher; she must go and see what they were doing with him; perhaps he was not really dead—only in a trance; people did fall into trances sometimes. While Mr Gilfil was telling Warren how it would be best to break the news to Lady Cheverel and Miss Assher, anxious himself to return to Caterina, the poor child had made her way feebly to the great entrance-door, which stood open. Her strength increased as she moved and breathed the

fresh air, and with every increase of strength came increased vividness of emotion, increased yearning to be where her thought was—in the Rookery with Anthony. She walked more and more swiftly, and at last, gathering the artificial strength of passionate excitement, began to run.

But soon she hears the tread of heavy steps, and under the yellow shade near the wooden bridge, she sees men slowly carrying something. Now she is face to face with them. Anthony is no longer in the Rookery; they are carrying him stretched on a door, and there behind him is Sir Christopher, with the firmly-set mouth, the deathly paleness, and the concentrated expression of suffering in the eye, which mark the suppressed grief of the strong man. The sight of this face, on which Caterina had never before beheld the signs of anguish, caused a rush of new feeling which for the moment submerged all the rest. She went gently up to him, put her little hand in his, and walked in silence by his side. Sir Christopher could not tell her to leave him, and so she went on with that sad procession to Mr Bates's cottage in the Mosslands, and sat there in silence, waiting and watching to know if Anthony were really dead.

She had not yet missed the dagger from her pocket; she had not yet even thought of it. At the sight of Anthony lying dead, her nature had rebounded from its new bias of resentment and hatred to the old sweet habit of love. The earliest and the longest has still the mastery over us; and the only past that linked itself with those glazed unconscious eyes, was the past when they beamed on her with tenderness. She forgot the interval of wrong and jealousy and hatred—all his cruelty, and all her thoughts of revenge—as the exile forgets the stormy passage that lay between home and happiness, and the dreary land in which he finds himself desolate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Before night all hope was gone. Dr Hart had said it was death; Anthony's body had been carried to

the house, and every one there knew the calamity that had fallen on them.

Caterina had been questioned by Dr Hart, and had answered briefly that she found Anthony lying in the Rookery. That she should have been walking there just at that time was not a coincidence to raise conjectures in any one besides Mr Gilfil. Except in answering this question, she had not broken her silence. She sat mute in a corner of the gardener's kitchen, shaking her head when Maynard entreated her to return with him, and apparently unable to think of anything but the possibility that Anthony might revive, until she saw them carrying away the body to the house. Then she followed by Sir Christopher's side again, so quietly, that even Dr Hart did not object to her presence.

It was decided to lay the body in the library until after the coroner's inquest to-morrow, and when Caterina saw the door finally closed, she turned up the gallery stairs on her way to her own room, the place where she felt at home with her sorrows. It was the first time she had been in the gallery since that terrible moment in the morning, and now the spot and the objects around began to reawaken her half-stunned memory. The armour was no longer glittering in the sunlight, but there it hung dead and sombre above the cabinet from which she had taken the dagger. Yes! now it all came back to her—all the wretchedness and all the sin. But where was the dagger now? She felt in her pocket; it was not there. Could it have been her fancy—all that about the dagger? She looked in the cabinet; it was not there. Alas! no; it could not have been her fancy, and she *was* guilty of that wickedness. But where could the dagger be now? Could it have fallen out of her pocket? She heard steps ascending the stairs, and hurried on to her room, where, kneeling by the bed, and burying her face to shut out the hateful light, she tried to recall every feeling and incident of the morning.

It all came back; everything Anthony had done, and everything she had felt for the last month—for many months—ever since that June evening when he had last spoken to her in the gallery. She looked back on

her storms of passion, her jealousy and hatred of Miss Assher, her thoughts of revenge on Anthony. O how wicked she had been! It was she who had been sinning; it was she who had driven him to do and say those things that had made her so angry. And if he had wronged her, what had she been on the verge of doing to him? She was too wicked ever to be pardoned. She would like to confess how wicked she had been, that they might punish her; she would like to humble herself to the dust before every one—before Miss Assher even. Sir Christopher would send her away—would never see her again, if he knew all; and she would be happier to be punished and frowned on, than to be treated tenderly while she had that guilty secret in her breast. But then, if Sir Christopher were to know all, it would add to his sorrow, and make him more wretched than ever. No! she could not confess it—she should have to tell about Anthony. But she could not stay at the Manor; she must go away; she could not bear Sir Christopher's eye, could not bear the sight of all these things that reminded her of Anthony and of her sin. Perhaps she should die soon; she felt very feeble; there could not be much life in her. She would go away and live humbly, and pray to God to pardon her, and let her die.

The poor child never thought of suicide. No sooner was the storm of anger passed than the tenderness and timidity of her nature returned, and she could do nothing but love and mourn. Her inexperience prevented her from imagining the consequences of her disappearance from the Manor; she foresaw none of the terrible details of alarm and distress and search that must ensue. "They will think I am dead," she said to herself, "and by-and-by they will forget me, and Maynard will get happy again, and love some one else."

She was roused from her absorption by a knock at the door. Mrs Bellamy was there. She had come by Mr Gilfil's request to see how Miss Sarti was, and to bring her some food and wine.

"You look sadly, my dear," said

the old housekeeper, "an' you're all of a quake wi' cold. Get you to bed, now do. Martha shall come an' warm it, an' light your fire. See now, here's some nice arrowroot, wi' a drop o' wine in it. Tek that, an' it'll warm you. I must go down again, for I can't awhile to stay. There's so many things to see to; an' Miss Assher's in hysterics constant, an' her maid's ill i' bed—a poor creachy thing—an' Mrs Sharp's wanted ivery minute. But I'll send Martha up, an' do you get ready to go to bed, there's a dear child, an' tek care o' yourself."

"Thank you, dear mammy," said Tina, kissing the little old woman's wrinkled cheek; "I shall eat the arrowroot, and don't trouble about me any more to-night. I shall do very well when Martha has lighted my fire. Tell Mr Gilfil I'm better. I shall go to bed by-and-by, so don't you come up again, because you may only disturb me."

"Well, well, tek care o' yourself, there's a good child, an' God send you may sleep."

Caterina took the arrowroot quite eagerly while Martha was lighting her fire. She wanted to get strength for her journey, and she kept the plate of biscuits by her that she might put some in her pocket. Her whole mind was now bent on going away from the Manor, and she was thinking of all the ways and means her little life's experience could suggest.

It was dusk now; she must wait till early dawn, for she was too timid to go away in the dark, but she must make her escape before any one was up in the house. There would

be people watching Anthony in the library, but she could make her way out of a small door leading into the garden, against the drawing-room on the other side of the house.

She laid her cloak, bonnet, and veil ready; then she lighted a candle, opened her desk, and took out the broken portrait wrapped in paper. She folded it again in two little notes of Anthony's, written in pencil, and placed it in her bosom. There was the little china box, too—Dorcas's present, the pearl earrings, and a silk purse, with fifteen seven-shilling pieces in it, the presents Sir Christopher had made her on her birthday, ever since she had been at the Manor. Should she take the earrings and the seven-shilling pieces? She could not bear to part with them; it seemed as if they had some of Sir Christopher's love in them. She would like them to be buried with her. She fastened the little round earrings in her ears, and put the purse with Dorcas's box in her pocket. She had another purse there, and she took it out to count her money, for she would never spend her seven-shilling pieces. She had a guinea and eight shillings; that would be plenty.

So now she sat down to wait for the morning, afraid to lay herself on the bed lest she should sleep too long. If she could but see Anthony once more, and kiss his cold forehead! But that could not be. She did not deserve it. She must go away from him, away from Sir Christopher, and Lady Cheverel, and Maynard, and everybody who had been kind to her, and thought her good while she was so wicked.

CHAPTER XVII.

Some of Mrs Sharp's earliest thoughts, the next morning, were given to Caterina, whom she had not been able to visit the evening before, and whom, from a nearly equal mixture of affection and self-importance, she did not at all like resigning to Mrs Bellamy's care. At half-past eight o'clock she went up to Tina's room, bent on benevolent dictation as to doses and diet and lying in bed.

But on opening the door she found the bed smooth and empty. Evidently it had not been slept in. What could this mean? Had she sat up all night, and was she gone out to walk? The poor thing's head might be touched by what had happened yesterday; it was such a shock—finding Captain Wybrow in that way; she was perhaps gone out of her mind. Mrs Sharp looked anxiously in the

place where Tina kept her hat and cloak; they were not there, so that she had had at least the presence of mind to put them on. Still the good woman felt greatly alarmed, and hastened away to tell Mr Gilfil, who, she knew, was in his study.

"Mr Gilfil," she said, as soon as she had closed the door behind her, "my mind misgives me dreadful about Miss Sarti."

"What is it?" said poor Maynard, with a horrible fear that Caterina had betrayed something about the dagger.

"She's not in her room, an' her bed's not been slept in this night, an' her hat an' cloak's gone."

For a minute or two Mr Gilfil was unable to speak. He felt sure the worst had come: Caterina had destroyed herself. The strong man suddenly looked so ill and helpless that Mrs Sharp began to be frightened at the effect of her abruptness.

"O, sir, I'm grieved to my heart to shock you so; but I didn't know who else to go to."

"No, no, you were quite right."

He gathered some strength from his very despair. It was all over, and he had nothing now to do but to suffer, and to help the suffering. He went on in a firmer voice:

"Be sure not to breathe a word about it to any one. We must not alarm Lady Cheverel and Sir Christopher. Miss Sarti may be only walking in the garden. She was terribly excited by what she saw yesterday, and perhaps was unable to lie down from restlessness. Just go quietly through the empty rooms, and see whether she is in the house. I will go and look for her in the grounds."

He went down, and, to avoid giving any alarm in the house, walked at once towards the Mosslands in search of Mr Bates, whom he met returning from his breakfast. To the gardener he confided his fear about Caterina, assigning as a reason for this fear the probability that the shock she had undergone yesterday had unhinged her mind, and begging him to send men in search of her through the gardens and park, and inquire if she had been seen at the lodges; and if she were not found or heard of in this way, to lose no time

in dragging the waters round the Manor.

"God forbid it should be so, Bates, but we shall be the easier for having searched everywhere."

"Troost to mae, troost to mae, Mr Gilfil. Eh! but I'd ha' worked for day wage all the rest o' my life, rether than anythin' should ha' happened to her."

The good gardener, in deep distress, strode away to the stables that he might send the grooms on horseback through the park.

Mr Gilfil's next thought was to search the Rookery: she might be haunting the scene of Captain Wybrow's death. He went hastily over every mound, looked round every large tree, and followed every winding of the walks. In reality he had little hope of finding her there; but the bare possibility fenced off for a time the fatal conviction that Caterina's body would be found in the water. When the Rookery had been searched in vain, he walked fast to the border of the little stream that bounded one side of the grounds. The stream was almost everywhere hidden among trees, and there was one place where it was broader and deeper than elsewhere—she would be more likely to come to that spot than to the pool. He hurried along with strained eyes, his imagination continually creating what he dreaded to see.

There is something white behind that overhanging bough. His knees tremble under him. He seems to see part of her dress caught on a branch, and her dear dead face upturned. O God, give strength to thy creature, on whom thou hast laid this great agony! He is nearly up to the bough, and the white object is moving. It is a waterfowl, that spreads its wings and flies away screaming. He hardly knows whether it is a relief or a disappointment that she is not there. The conviction that she is dead presses its cold weight upon him none the less heavily.

As he reached the great pool in front of the Manor, he saw Mr Bates, with a group of men already there, preparing for the dreadful search which could only displace his vague despair by a definite horror; for the gardener, in his restless anxiety, had

been unable to defer this until other means of search had proved vain. The pool was not now laughing with sparkles among the water-lilies. It looked black and cruel under the sombre sky, as if its cold depths held relentlessly all the murdered hope and joy of Maynard Gilfil's life.

Thoughts of the sad consequences for others as well as himself were crowding on his mind. The blinds

and shutters were all closed in front of the Manor, and it was not likely that Sir Christopher would be aware of anything that was passing outside; but Mr Gilfil felt that Caterina's disappearance could not long be concealed from him. The coroner's inquest would be held shortly; she would be inquired for, and then it would be inevitable that the baronet should know all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At twelve o'clock, when all search and inquiry had been in vain, and the coroner was expected every moment, Mr Gilfil could no longer defer the hard duty of revealing this fresh calamity to Sir Christopher, who must otherwise have it discovered to him abruptly.

The baronet was seated in his dressing-room, where the dark window-curtains were drawn so as to admit only a sombre light. It was the first time Mr Gilfil had had an interview with him this morning, and he was struck to see how a single day and night of grief had aged the fine old man. The lines in his brow and about his mouth were deepened; his complexion looked dull and withered; there was a swollen ridge under his eyes; and the eyes themselves, which used to cast so keen a glance on the present, had the vacant expression which tells that vision is no longer a sense, but a memory.

He held out his hand to Maynard, who pressed it, and sat down beside him in silence. Sir Christopher's heart began to swell at this unspoken sympathy; the tears *would* rise, *would* roll in great drops down his cheeks. The first tears he had shed since boyhood were for Anthony.

Maynard felt as if his tongue were glued to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak first: he must wait until Sir Christopher said something which might lead on to the cruel words that must be spoken.

At last the baronet mastered himself enough to say, "I'm very weak, Maynard—God help me! I didn't think anything would unman me in this way; but I'd built everything on that lad. Perhaps I've been wrong

in not forgiving my sister. She lost one of *her* sons a little while ago. I've been too proud and obstinate."

"We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering," said Maynard; "and God sees we are in need of suffering, for it is falling more and more heavily on us. We have a new trouble this morning."

"Tina?" said Sir Christopher, looking up anxiously—"is Tina ill?"

"I am in dreadful uncertainty about her. She was very much agitated yesterday—and with her delicate health—I am afraid to think what turn the agitation may have taken."

"Is she delirious, poor dear little one?"

"God only knows how she is. We are unable to find her. When Mrs Sharp went up to her room this morning, it was empty. She had not been in bed. Her hat and cloak were gone. I have had search made for her everywhere—in the house and garden, in the park, and—and in the water. No one has seen her since Martha went up to light her fire at seven o'clock in the evening."

While Mr Gilfil was speaking, Sir Christopher's eyes, which were eagerly turned on him, recovered some of their old keenness, and some sudden painful emotion, as at a new thought, flitted rapidly across his already agitated face, like the shadow of a dark cloud over the waves. When the pause came, he laid his hand on Mr Gilfil's arm, and said in a lower voice,—

"Maynard, did that poor thing love Anthony?"

"She did."

Maynard hesitated after these words

struggling between his reluctance to inflict a yet deeper wound on Sir Christopher, and his determination that no injustice should be done to Caterina. Sir Christopher's eyes were still fixed on him in solemn inquiry, and his own sunk towards the ground, while he tried to find the words that would tell the truth least cruelly.

"You must not have any wrong thoughts about Tina," he said at length. "I must tell you now, for her sake, what nothing but this should ever have caused to pass my lips. Captain Wybrow won her affections by attentions which, in his position, he was bound not to show her. Before his marriage was talked of, he had behaved to her like a lover."

Sir Christopher relaxed his hold of Maynard's arm, and looked away from him. He was silent for some minutes, evidently attempting to master himself, so as to be able to speak calmly.

"I must see Henrietta immediately," he said at last, with something of his old sharp decision; "she must know all; but we must keep it from every one else as far as possible. My dear boy," he continued in a kinder tone, "the heaviest burden has fallen on you. But we may find her yet; we must not despair: there has not been time enough for us to be certain. Poor dear little one! God help me! I thought I saw everything, and was stone-blind all the while."

CHAPTER XIX.

The sad slow week was gone by at last. At the coroner's inquest a verdict of sudden death had been pronounced. Dr Hart, acquainted with Captain Wybrow's previous state of health, had given his opinion that death had been imminent from long-established disease of the heart, though it had probably been accelerated by some unusual emotion. Miss Assher was the only person who positively knew the motive that had led Captain Wybrow to the Rookery; but she had not mentioned Caterina's name, and all painful details or inquiries were studiously kept from her. Mr Gilfil and Sir Christopher, however, knew enough to conjecture that the fatal agitation was due to an appointed meeting with Caterina.

All search and inquiry after her had been fruitless, and were the more likely to be so because they were carried on under the prepossession that she had committed suicide. No one noticed the absence of the trifles she had taken from her desk; no one knew of the likeness, or that she had hoarded her seven-shilling pieces, and it was not remarkable that she should have happened to be wearing the pearl earrings. She had left the house, they thought, taking nothing with her; it seemed impossible she could have gone far; and

she must have been in a state of mental excitement, that made it too probable she had only gone to seek relief in death. The same places within three or four miles of the Manor were searched again and again—every pond, every ditch in the neighbourhood was examined.

Sometimes Maynard thought that death might have come on unsought, from cold and exhaustion; and not a day passed but he wandered through the neighbouring woods, turning up the heaps of dead leaves, as if it were possible her dear body could be hidden there. Then another horrible thought recurred, and before each night came he had been again through all the uninhabited rooms of the house, to satisfy himself once more that she was not hidden behind some cabinet, or door, or curtain—that he should not find her there with madness in her eyes, looking and looking, and yet not seeing him.

But at last those five long days and nights were at an end, the funeral was over, and the carriages were returning through the park. When they had set out, a heavy rain was falling; but now the clouds were breaking up, and a gleam of sunshine was sparkling among the dripping boughs under which they were passing. This gleam fell upon a man

on horseback who was jogging slowly along, and whom Mr Gilfil recognised, in spite of diminished rotundity, as Daniel Knott, the coachman who had married the rosy-cheeked Dorcas ten years before.

Every new incident suggested the same thought to Mr Gilfil; and his eye no sooner fell on Knott than he said to himself, "Can he be come to tell us anything about Caterina?" Then he remembered that Caterina had been very fond of Dorcas, and that she always had some present ready to send her when Knott paid an occasional visit to the Manor. Could Tina have gone to Dorcas? But his heart sank again as he thought, very likely Knott had only come because he had heard of Captain Wybrow's death, and wanted to know how his old master had borne the blow.

As soon as the carriage reached the house, he went up to his study and walked about nervously, longing, but afraid, to go down and speak to Knott, lest his faint hope should be dissipated. Any one looking at that face, usually so full of calm goodwill, would have seen that the last week's suffering had left deep traces. By day he had been riding or wandering incessantly, either searching for Caterina himself, or directing inquiries to be made by others. By night he had not known sleep—only intermittent dozing, in which he seemed to be finding Caterina dead, and woke up with a start from this unreal agony to the real anguish of believing that he should see her no more. The clear grey eyes looked sunken and restless, the full careless lips had a strange tension about them, and the brow, formerly so smooth and open, was contracted as if with pain. He had not lost the object of a few months' passion; he had lost the being who was bound up with his power of loving, as the brook we played by or the flowers we gathered in childhood are bound up with our sense of beauty. Love meant nothing for him but to love Caterina. For years, the thought of her had been present in everything, like the air and the light; and now she was gone, it seemed as if all pleasure had lost its vehicle: the sky, the earth, the daily ride, the

daily talk might be there, but the loveliness and the joy that were in them had gone for ever.

Presently, as he still paced backwards and forwards, he heard steps along the corridor, and there was a knock at his door. His voice trembled as he said, "Come in," and the rush of renewed hope was hardly distinguishable from pain when he saw Warren enter with Daniel Knott behind him.

"Knott is come, sir, with news of Miss Sarti. I thought it best to bring him to you first."

Mr Gilfil could not help going up to the old coachman and wringing his hand; but he was unable to speak, and only motioned to him to take a chair, while Warren left the room. He hung upon Daniel's moon-face, and listened to his small piping voice, with the same solemn yearning expectation with which he would have given ear to the most awful messenger from the land of shades.

"It war Dorkis, sir, would hev me come; but we knowed nothin' o' what's happened at the Manor. She's frightened out on her wits about Miss Sarti, an' she would hev me saddle Blackbird this mornin', an' leave the ploughin', to come an' let Sir Christifer an' my lady know. P'raps you've heard, sir, we don't keep the Cross Keys at Sloppeter now; a uncle o' mine died three 'ear ago, an' left me a leggicy. He was bailiff to Squire Ramble, as hed them there big farms on his hans; an' so we took a little farm o' forty acres or thereabouts, becos Dorkis didn't like the public when she got moithered wi' children. As pritty a place as iver you see, sir, wi' water at the back convenient for the cattle."

"For God's sake," said Maynard, "tell me what it is about Miss Sarti. Don't stay to tell me anything else now."

"Well, sir," said Knott, rather frightened by the parson's vehemence, "she come t' our house i' the carrier's cart o' Wednesday, when it was welly nine o'clock at night; and Dorkis run out, for she heard the cart stop, an' Miss Sarti throwed her arms roun' Dorkis's neck an' says, 'Tek me in, Dorkis, tek me in,' an' went off into a swoond, like. An' Dorkis

calls out to me,—‘Dannel,’ she calls—an’ I run out and carried the young miss in, an’ she come roun’ arter a bit, an’ opened her eyes, and Dorkis got her to drink a spoonful o’ rum-an’-water—we’ve got some capital rum as we brought from the Cross Keys, an’ Dorkis won’t let nobody drink it. She says she keeps it for sickness; but for my part, I think it’s a pity to drink good rum when your mouth’s out o’ taste; you may just as well hev doctor’s stuff. Howiver, Dorkis got her to bed, an’ there she’s lay iver sin’, stoopid like, an’ niver speaks, an’ on’y teks little bits an’ sups when Dorkis coaxes her. An’ we begun to be frightened, and couldn’t think what had made her come away from the Manor, and Dorkis was afeard there was summat wrong. So this mornin’ she could hold no longer, an’ would hev no nay but I must come an’ see; an’ so I’ve rode twenty mile upo’ Blackbird, as thinks all the while he’s a ploughin’, an’ turns sharp roun’ ivery thirty yards, as if he was at the end of a furrow. I’ve hed a sore time wi’ him, I can tell you, sir.”

“God bless you, Knott, for coming!” said Mr Gilfil, wringing the old coachman’s hand again. “Now go down and have something and rest yourself. You will stay here to-night, and by-and-by I shall come to you to learn the nearest way to your house. I shall get ready to ride there immediately, when I have spoken to Sir Christopher.”

In an hour from that time Mr Gilfil was galloping on a stout mare towards the little muddy village of Callam, five miles beyond Sloppeter. Once more he saw some gladness in the afternoon sunlight; once more it was a pleasure to see the hedgerow trees flying past him, and to be conscious of a “good seat” while his black Kitty bounded beneath him, and the air whistled to the rhythm of her pace. Caterina was not dead; he had found her; his love and tenderness and long-suffering seemed so strong, they must recall her to life and happiness. After that week of despair, the rebound was so violent that it carried his hopes at once as far as the utmost mark they had ever reached. Caterina would come to

love him at last; she would be his. They had been carried through all that dark and weary way that she might know the depth of his love. How he would cherish her—his little bird with the timid bright eye, and the sweet throat that trembled with love and music! She would nestle against him, and the poor little breast which had been so ruffled and bruised should be safe for evermore. In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother’s knee.

It was twilight as he entered the village of Callam, and, asking a home-bound labourer the way to Daniel Knott’s, learned that it was by the church, which showed its stumpy ivy-clad spire on a slight elevation of ground; a useful addition to the means of identifying that desirable homestead afforded by Daniel’s description—“the prittiest place iver you see”—though a small cow-yard full of excellent manure, and leading right up to the door, without any frivolous interruption from garden or railing, might perhaps have been enough to make that description unmistakably specific.

Mr Gilfil had no sooner reached the gate leading into the cow-yard, than he was descried by a flaxen-haired lad of nine, prematurely invested with the *toga virilis*, or smock-frock, who ran forward to let in the unusual visitor. In a moment Dorcas was at the door, the roses on her cheeks apparently all the redder for the three pair of cheeks which formed a group round her, and for the very fat baby who stared in her arms, and sucked a long crust with calm relish.

“Is it Mr Gilfil, sir?” said Dorcas, curtsying low as he made his way through the damp straw, after tying up his horse.

“Yes, Dorcas; I’m grown out of your knowledge. How is Miss Sarti?”

“Just for all the world the same, sir, as I suppose Dannel’s told you; for I reckon you’ve come from the Manor, though you’re come uncommon quick, to be sure.”

“Yes, he got to the Manor about

one o'clock, and I set off as soon as I could. She's not worse, is she?"

"No change, sir, for better or wuss. Will you please to walk in, sir? She lies there teking no notice o' nothin', no more nor a baby as is on'y a wick old, an' looks at me as blank as if she didn't know me. O what can it be, Mr Gilfil? How come she to leave the Manor? How's his honour an' my lady?"

"In great trouble, Dorcas. Captain Wybrow, Sir Christopher's nephew, you know, has died suddenly. Miss Sarti found him lying dead, and I think the shock has affected her mind."

"Eh, dear! that fine young gentleman as was to be th' heir, as Dannel told me about. I remember seein' him when he was a little un, a visitin' at the Manor. Well-a-day, what a grief to his honour an' my lady. But that poor Miss Tina—an' she found him a-lyin' dead? O dear, O dear!"

Dorcas had led the way into the best kitchen, as charming a room as best kitchens used to be in farm-houses which had no parlours—the fire reflected in a bright row of pewter plates and dishes; the sand-scoured deal tables so clean you longed to stroke them; the salt-coffer in one chimney-corner, and a three-cornered chair in the other, the walls behind handsomely tapestried with fitches of bacon, and the ceiling ornamented with pendent hams.

"Sit ye down, sir—do," said Dorcas, moving the three-cornered chair, "an' let me get you somethin' after your long journey. Here, Becky, come an' tek the baby."

Betty, a red-armed damsel, emerged from the adjoining back-kitchen, and possessed herself of baby, whose feelings or fat made him conveniently apathetic under the transference.

"What'll you please to tek, sir, as I can give you? I'll get you a rasher o' bacon i' no time, an' I've got some tea, or belike you'd tek a glass o' rum-an'-water. I know we've got nothin' as you're used t' eat and drink, but such as I hev, sir, I shall be proud to give you."

"Thank you, Dorcas; I can't eat or drink anything. I'm not hungry or tired. Let us talk about Tina. Has she spoken at all?"

"Niver since the fust words. 'Dear Dorkis,' says she, 'tek me in,' an' then went off into a faint, an' not a word has she spoke since. I get her t' eat little bits an' sups o' things, but she teks no notice o' nothin'. I've took up Bessie wi' me now an' then"—here Dorcas lifted to her lap a curly-headed little girl of three, who was twisting a corner of her mother's apron, and opening round eyes at the gentleman—"folks 'll tek notice o' children sometimes when they won't o' nothin' else. An' we gethered th' autumn crocuses out o' th' orchard, an' Bessie carried 'em up in her hand, an' put 'em on the bed. I knowed how fond Miss Tina was o' flowers an' them things, when she was a little un. But she looked at Bessie an' the flowers just the same as if she didn't see 'em. It cuts me to th' heart to look at them eyes o' hers: I think they're bigger nor iver, an' they look like my poor baby's as died, when it got so thin—O dear, its little hands, you could see thro' 'em. But I've great hopes if she was to see you, sir, as come from the Manor, it might bring back her mind, like."

Maynard had that hope too, but he felt cold mists of fear gathering round him after the few bright warm hours of joyful confidence which had passed since he first heard that Caterina was alive. The thought would urge itself upon him that her mind and body might never recover the strain that had been put upon them—that her delicate thread of life had already nearly spun itself out.

"Go now, Dorcas, and see how she is, but don't say anything about my being here. Perhaps it would be better for me to wait till daylight before I see her, and yet it would be very hard to pass another night in this way."

Dorcas set down little Bessie, and went away. The three other children, including young Daniel in his smock-frock, were standing opposite to Mr Gilfil, watching him still more shyly now they were without their mother's countenance. He drew little Bessie towards him, and set her on his knee. She shook her yellow curls out of her eyes, and looked up at him as she said,—

"Zoo tome to tee ze yady? Zoo mek her peak? What zoo do to her? Tiss her?"

"Do you like to be kissed, Bessie?"

"Det," said Bessie, immediately ducking down her head very low, in resistance to the expected rejoinder.

"We've got two pups," said young Daniel, emboldened by observing the gentleman's amenities towards Bessie. "Shall I show 'em yer? One's got white spots."

"Yes, let me see them."

Daniel ran out, and presently reappeared with two blind puppies, eagerly followed by the mother, affectionate though mongrel, and an exciting scene was beginning when Dorcas returned and said,—

"There's niver any difference in her hardly. I think you needn't wait, sir. She lies very still, as she al'ys does. I've put two candles i' the room, so as she may see you well. You'll please t' excuse the room, sir, an' the cap as she hes on, its one o' mine."

Mr Gilfil nodded silently, and rose to follow her up-stairs. They turned in at the first door, their footsteps making little noise on the plaster floor. The red-checkered linen curtains were drawn at the head of the bed, and Dorcas had placed the candles on this side of the room, so that the light might not fall oppressively on Caterina's eyes. When she had opened the door, Dorcas whispered, "I'd better leave you, sir, I think?"

Mr Gilfil motioned assent, and advanced beyond the curtain. Caterina lay with her eyes turned the other way, and seemed unconscious that any one had entered. Her eyes, as Dorcas had said, looked larger than ever, perhaps because her face was thinner and paler, and her hair quite gathered away under one of Dorcas's thick caps. The small hands, too, that lay listlessly on the outside of the bedclothes, were thinner than ever. She looked younger than she really was, and any one seeing the tiny face and hands for the first time might have thought they belonged to a little girl of twelve, who was being taken away from coming instead of past sorrow.

When Mr Gilfil advanced and stood opposite to her, the light fell full upon his face. A slight startled expression came over Caterina's eyes; she looked at him earnestly for a few moments, then lifted up her hand as if to beckon him to stoop down towards her, and whispered, "Maynard!"

He seated himself on the bed, and stooped down towards her. She whispered again—

"Maynard, did you see the dagger?"

He followed his first impulse in answering her, and it was a wise one.

"Yes," he whispered, "I found it in your pocket, and put it back again in the cabinet."

He took her hand in his and held it gently, waiting what she would say next. His heart swelled so with thankfulness that she had recognised him, he could hardly repress a sob. Gradually her eyes became softer and less intense in their gaze. The tears were slowly gathering, and presently some large hot drops rolled down her cheek. Then the flood-gates were opened, and the heart-easing stream gushed forth; deep sobs came; and for nearly an hour she lay without speaking, while the heavy icy pressure that withheld her misery from utterance was thus melting away. How precious these tears were to Maynard, who day after day had been shuddering at the continually recurring image of Tina with the dry scorching stare of insanity!

By degrees the sobs subsided, she began to breathe calmly, and lay quiet with her eyes shut. Patiently Maynard sat, not heeding the flight of the hours, not heeding the old clock that ticked loudly on the landing. But when it was nearly ten, Dorcas, impatiently anxious to know the result of Mr Gilfil's appearance, could not help stepping in on tip-toe. Without moving, he whispered in her ear to supply him with candles, see that the cow-boy had shaken down his mare, and go to bed—he would watch with Caterina—a great change had come over her.

Before long, Tina's lips began to move. "Maynard," she whispered again. He leaned towards her, and she went on.

"You know how wicked I am, then? You know what I meant to do with the dagger?"

"Did you mean to kill yourself, Tina?"

She shook her head slowly, and then was silent for a long while. At last, looking at him with solemn eyes, she whispered, "To kill *him*."

"Tina, my loved one, you would never have done it. God saw your whole heart; He knows you would never harm a living thing. He watches over His children, and will not let them do things they would pray with their whole hearts not to do. It was the angry thought of a moment, and He forgives you."

She sank into silence again till it was nearly midnight. The weary enfeebled spirit seemed to be making its slow way with difficulty through the windings of thought; and when she began to whisper again, it was in reply to Maynard's words.

"But I had had such wicked feelings for a long while. I was so angry, and I hated Miss Assher so, and I didn't care what came to anybody, because I was so miserable myself. I was full of bad passions. No one else was ever so wicked."

"Yes, Tina, many are just as wicked. I often have very wicked feelings, and am tempted to do wrong things; but then my body is stronger than yours, and I can hide my feelings, and resist them better. They do not master me so. You have seen the little birds when they are very young and just begin to fly, how all their feathers are ruffled when they are frightened or angry; they have no power over themselves left, and might fall into a pit from mere fright. You were like one of those little birds. Your sorrow and suffering had taken such hold of you, you hardly knew what you did."

He would not speak long, lest he should tire her, and oppress her with too many thoughts. Long pauses seemed needful for her before she could concentrate her feelings in short words.

"But when I meant to do it," was the next thing she whispered, "it was as bad as if I had done it."

"No, my Tina," answered Maynard slowly, waiting a little between

each sentence; "we mean to do wicked things that we never could do, just as we mean to do good or clever things that we never could do. Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature. But God sees that you could not have committed that crime."

Caterina shook her head slowly, and was silent. After a while,

"I don't know," she said; "I seemed to see him coming towards me, just as he would really have looked, and I meant—I meant to do it."

"But when you saw him—tell me how it was, Tina?"

"I saw him lying on the ground, and thought he was ill. I don't know how it was then; I forgot everything. I knelt down and spoke to him, and—and he took no notice of me, and his eyes were fixed, and I began to think he was dead."

"And you have never felt angry since?"

"O no, no; it is I who have been more wicked than any one; it is I who have been wrong all through."

"No, my Tina; the fault has not all been yours; *he* was wrong; he gave you provocation. And wrong makes wrong. When people use us ill, we can hardly help having ill feeling towards them. But that second wrong is more excusable. I am more sinful than you, Tina; I have often had very bad feelings towards Captain Wybrow; and if he had provoked me as he did you, I should perhaps have done something more wicked."

"O, it was not so wrong in him; he didn't know how he hurt me. How was it likely he could love me as I loved him? And how could he marry a poor little thing like me?"

Maynard made no reply to this, and there was again silence, till Tina said,

"Then I was so deceitful; they

didn't know how wicked I was. Padroncello didn't know; his good little monkey, he used to call me; and if he had known, O how naughty he would have thought me!"

"My Tina, we have all our secret sins; and if we knew ourselves, we should not judge each other harshly. Sir Christopher himself has felt, since this trouble came upon him, that he has been too severe and obstinate."

In this way—in these broken confessions and answering words of comfort—the hours wore on, from the deep black night to the chill early twilight, and from early twilight to the first yellow streak of morning parting the purple cloud. Mr Gilfil felt as if in the long hours of that night the bond that united his love for ever and alone to Caterina had acquired fresh strength and sanctity. It is so with the human relations that rest on the deep emotional sympathy of affection: every new day and night of joy or sorrow is a new ground, a new consecration for the love that is nourished by memories as well as hopes—the love to which perpetual repetition is not a weariness but a want, and to which a separate joy is the beginning of pain.

The cocks began to crow; the gate swung; there was a tramp of footsteps in the yard, and Mr Gilfil heard Dorcas stirring. These sounds seemed to affect Caterina, for she looked anxiously at him and said, "Maynard, are you going away?"

"No, I shall stay here at Callam until you are better, and then you will go away too."

"Never to the Manor again, O no! I shall live poorly, and get my own bread."

"Well, dearest, you shall do what you would like best. But I wish you could go to sleep now. Try to rest quietly, and by-and-by you will perhaps sit up a little. God has

kept you in life in spite of all this sorrow; it will be sinful not to try and make the best of His gift. Dear Tina, you *will* try;—and little Bessie brought you some crocuses once; you didn't notice the poor little thing; but you will notice her when she comes again, will you not?"

"I will try," whispered Tina humbly, and then closed her eyes.

By the time the sun was above the horizon, scattering the clouds, and shining with pleasant morning warmth through the little leaded window, Caterina was asleep. Maynard gently loosed the tiny hand, cheered Dorcas with the good news, and made his way to the village inn with a thankful heart that Tina had been so far herself again. Evidently the sight of him had blended naturally with the memories in which her mind was absorbed, and she had been led on to an unburthening of herself that might be the beginning of a complete restoration. But her body was so enfeebled—her soul so bruised—that the utmost tenderness and care would be necessary. The next thing to be done was to send tidings to Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel; then to write and summon his sister, under whose care he had determined to place Caterina. The Manor, even if she had been wishing to return thither, would, he knew, be the most undesirable home for her at present: every scene, every object there, was associated with still unallayed anguish. If she were domesticated for a time with his mild gentle sister, who had a peaceful home and a prattling little boy, Tina might attach herself anew to life, and recover, partly at least, the shock that had been given to her constitution. When he had written his letters and taken a hasty breakfast, he was soon in his saddle again, on his way to Sloppeter, where he would post them, and seek out a medical man, to whom he might confide the moral causes of Caterina's enfeebled condition.

CHAPTER XX.

In less than a week from that time, Caterina was persuaded to travel in a comfortable carriage, under the

care of Mr Gilfil and his sister, Mrs Heron, whose soft blue eyes and mild manners were very soothing to the

poor bruised child—the more so as they had an air of sisterly equality, which was quite new to her. Under Lady Cheverel's uncaressing authoritative good-will, Tina had always retained a certain constraint and awe; and there was a sweetness before unknown in having a young and gentle woman, like an elder sister, bending over her caressingly, and speaking in low loving tones.

Maynard was almost angry with himself for feeling happy while Tina's mind and body were still trembling on the verge of irrecoverable decline; but the new delight of acting as her guardian angel, of being with her every hour of the day, of devising everything for her comfort, of watching for a ray of returning interest in her eyes, was too absorbing to leave room for alarm or regret.

On the third day the carriage drove up to the door of Foxholm Parsonage, where the Rev. Arthur Heron presented himself on the doorstep, eager to greet his returning Lucy, and holding by the hand a broad-chested tawny-haired boy of five, who was smacking a miniature hunting-whip with great vigour.

Nowhere was there a lawn more smooth-shaven, walks better swept, or a porch more prettily festooned with creepers, than at Foxholm Parsonage, standing snugly sheltered by beeches and chestnuts half-way down the pretty green hill which was surmounted by the church, and overlooking a village that straggled at its ease among pastures and meadows, surrounded by wild hedgerows and broad shadowing trees, as yet unthreatened by improved methods of farming.

Brightly the fire shone in the great parlour, and brightly in the little pink bedroom, which was to be Caterina's, because it looked away from the churchyard, and on to a farm homestead, with its little cluster of beehive ricks, and placid groups of cows, and cheerful matin sounds of healthy labour. Mrs Heron, with the instinct of an impressionable woman, had written to her husband to have this room prepared for Caterina. Contented speckled hens, industriously scratching for the rarely-found corn, may sometimes do more

for a sick heart than a grove of nightingales; there is something irresistibly calming in the unsentimental cheeriness of top-knotted pullets, unpettied sheep-dogs, and patient cart-horses enjoying a drink of muddy water.

In such a home as this parsonage, a nest of comfort, without any of the stateliness that would carry a suggestion of Cheverel Manor, Mr Gilfil was not unreasonable in hoping that Caterina might gradually shake off the haunting vision of the past, and recover from the languor and feebleness which were the physical sign of that vision's blighting presence. The next thing to be done was to arrange an exchange of duties with Mr Heron's curate, that Maynard might be constantly near Caterina, and watch over her progress. She seemed to like him to be with her, to look uneasily for his return; and though she seldom spoke to him, she was most contented when he sat by her, and held her tiny hand in his large protecting grasp. But Oswald, *alias* Ozzy, the broad-chested boy, was perhaps her most beneficial companion. With something of his uncle's person, he had inherited also his uncle's early taste for a domestic menagerie, and was very imperative in demanding Tina's sympathy in the welfare of his guinea-pigs, squirrels, and dormice. With him she seemed now and then to have gleams of her childhood coming athwart the leaden clouds, and many hours of winter went by the more easily for being spent in Ozzy's nursery.

Mrs Heron was not musical, and had no instrument; but one of Mr Gilfil's cares was to procure a harpsichord, and have it placed in the drawing-room, always open, in the hope that some day the spirit of music would be reawakened in Caterina, and she would be attracted towards the instrument. But the winter was almost gone by, and he had waited in vain. The utmost improvement in Tina had not gone beyond passiveness and acquiescence—a quiet grateful smile, compliance with Oswald's whims, and an increasing consciousness of what was being said and done around her. Sometimes she would take up a bit of

woman's work, but she seemed too languid to persevere in it ; her fingers soon dropped, and she relapsed into motionless reverie.

At last—it was one of those bright days in the end of February, when the sun is shining with a promise of approaching spring. Maynard had been walking with her and Oswald round the garden to look at the snow-drops, and she was resting on the sofa after the walk. Ozzy, roaming about the room in quest of a forbidden pleasure, came to the harpsichord, and struck the handle of his whip on a deep bass note.

The vibration rushed through Caterina like an electric shock ; it seemed as if at that instant a new soul were entering into her, and filling her with a deeper, more significant life. She looked round, rose from the sofa, and walked to the harpsichord. In a moment her fingers were wandering with their old sweet method among the keys, and her soul was floating in its true familiar element of delicious sound, as the water-plant that lies withered and shrunken on the ground expands into freedom and beauty when once more bathed in its native flood.

Maynard thanked God. An active power was reawakened, and must make a new epoch in Caterina's recovery.

Presently there were low liquid notes blending themselves with the harder tones of the instrument, and

gradually the pure voice swelled into predominance. Little Ozzy stood in the middle of the room, with his mouth open and his legs very wide apart, struck with something like awe at this new power in "Tin-Tin," as he called her, whom he had been accustomed to think of as a playfellow not at all clever, and very much in need of his instruction on many subjects. A genii soaring with broad wings out of his milk-jug would not have been more astonishing.

Caterina was singing the very air from the *Orfeo* which we heard her singing so many months ago at the beginning of her sorrows. It was *Ho perduto*, Sir Christopher's favourite, and its notes seemed to carry on their wings all the tenderest memories of her life, when Cheverel Manor was still an untroubled home. The long happy days of childhood and girlhood recovered all their rightful predominance over the short interval of sin and sorrow.

She paused, and burst into tears—the first tears she had shed since she had been at Foxholm. Maynard could not help hurrying towards her, putting his arm round her, and leaning down to kiss her hair. She nestled to him, and put up her little mouth to be kissed.

The delicate-tendrilled plant must have something to cling to. The soul that was born anew to music was born anew to love.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the 10th of May 1790, a very pretty sight was seen by the villagers assembled near the door of Foxholm church. The sun was bright upon the dewy grass, the air was alive with the murmur of bees and the trilling of birds, the bushy blossoming chestnuts and the foamy flowering hedges seemed to be crowding round to learn why the church-bells were ringing so merrily, as Maynard Gilfil, his face bright with happiness, walked out of the old Gothic doorway with Tina on his arm. The little face was still pale, and there was a subdued melancholy in it, as of one who sups with friends for the last

time, and has his ear open for the signal that will call him away. But the tiny hand rested with the pressure of contented affection on Maynard's arm, and the dark eyes met his downward glance with timid answering love.

There was no train of bridesmaids, only pretty Mrs Heron leaning on the arm of a dark-haired young man hitherto unknown in Foxholm, and holding by the other hand little Ozzy, who exulted less in his new velvet cap and tunic, than in the notion that he was bridesman to Tin-Tin.

Last of all came a couple whom the villagers eyed yet more eagerly

than the bride and bridegroom ; a fine old gentleman, who looked round with keen glances that cowed the conscious scapegraces among them, and a stately lady in blue-and-white silk robes, who must surely be like Queen Charlotte.

"Well, that theer's whut I coall a pictur," said old "Mester" Ford, a true Staffordshire patriarch, who leaned on a stick and held his head very much on one side, with the air of a man who had little hope of the present generation, but would at all events give it the benefit of his criticism. "Th' yoong men now-a-days the'r poor squashy things—the' looke well anoof, but the' woon't wear, the' woon't wear. Theer's ne'er un 'll carry his 'ears like that Sir Cris'fer Chuvrell."

"'Ull bet yer two pots," said another of the seniors, "as that yoongster a-walkin' wi' th' parson's wife 'll be Sir Cris'fer's son—he favours him."

"Nay, yae'll bet that wi' as big a fule as yersen ; hae's noo son at oall. As I oonderstan', hae's the nevey as is t' heir th' estate. The coochman as puts oop at th' White Hoss tellt me as theer war another nevey, a dell finer chap t' looke at nor this un, as died in a fit oall on a soodden, an' soo this here yoong un's got upo' th' perch istid."

At the church gate Mr Bates was standing in a new suit, ready to speak words of good omen as the bride and bridegroom approached. He had come all the way from Cheverel Manor on purpose to see Miss Tina happy once more, and would have been in a state of unmixed joy but for the inferiority of the wedding nosegays to what he could have furnished from the garden at the Manor.

"God A'maighy bless ye both, an' send ye long laife an' happiness," were the good gardener's rather tremulous words.

"Thank you, uncle Bates ; always remember Tina," said the sweet low voice, which fell on Mr Bates's ear for the last time.

The wedding journey was to be a circuitous route to Shepperton, where Mr Gilfil had been for several months inducted as vicar. This small living had been given him through the interest of an old friend who had some claim on the gratitude of the Oldinport family ; and it was a satisfaction both to Maynard and Sir Christopher that a home to which he might take Caterina had thus readily presented itself at a distance from Cheverel Manor. For it had never yet been thought safe that she should revisit the scene of her sufferings, her health continuing too delicate to encourage the slightest risk of painful excitement. In a year or two, perhaps, by the time old Mr Crichley, the rector of Cumbermoor, should have left a world of gout, and when Caterina would very likely be a happy mother, Maynard might safely take up his abode at Cumbermoor, and Tina would feel nothing but content at seeing a new "little black-eyed monkey" running up and down the gallery and gardens of the Manor. A mother dreads no memories—those shadows have all melted away in the dawn of baby's smile.

In these hopes, and in the enjoyment of Tina's nestling affection, Mr Gilfil tasted a few months of perfect happiness. She had come to lean entirely on his love, and to find life sweet for his sake. Her continual languor and want of active interest was a natural consequence of bodily feebleness, and the prospect of her becoming a mother was a new ground for hoping the best.

But the delicate plant had been too deeply bruised, and in the struggle to put forth a blossom it died.

Tina died, and Maynard Gilfil's love went with her into deep silence for evermore.

EPilogue.

This was Mr Gilfil's love-story, which lay far back from the time when he sat, worn and grey by his lonely fireside in Shepperton Vicarage.

Rich brown locks, passionate love, and deep early sorrow, strangely different as they seem from the scanty white hairs, the apathetic content, and the

unexpected acquiescence of old age, are but part of the same life's journey; as the bright Italian plains, with the sweet *Addio* of their beckoning maidens, are part of the same day's travel that brings us to the other side of the mountain, between the sombre rocky walls and among the guttural voices of the Valais.

To those who were familiar only with the grey-haired Vicar, jogging leisurely along on his old chestnut cob, it would perhaps have been hard to believe that he had ever been the Maynard Gilfil who, with a heart full of passion and tenderness, had urged his black Kitty to her swiftest gallop on the way to Callam, or that the old gentleman of caustic tongue, and bucolic tastes, and sparing habits, had known all the deep secrets of devoted love, had struggled through its days and nights of anguish, and trembled under its unspeakable joys. And indeed the Mr Gilfil of those late Shepperton days had more of the knots and ruggednesses of poor human nature than there lay any clear hint of in the open-eyed loving Maynard. But it is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed

over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame, may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered.

And so the dear old Vicar, though he had something of the knotted whimsical character of the poor lopped oak, had yet been sketched out by nature as a noble tree. The heart of him was sound, the grain was of the finest, and in the grey-haired man who filled his pocket with sugar-plums for the little children, whose most biting words were directed against the evil-doing of the rich man, and who, with all his social pipes and slipshod talk, never sank below the highest level of his parishioners' respect, there was the main trunk of the same brave, faithful, tender nature that had poured out the finest, freshest forces of its life-current in a first and only love—the love of Tina.

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS.—CHINA AND JAPAN.

WE know not how it is, but few modern books of voyage appear to us to possess that richness, raciness, and variety, which were so characteristic in the narratives of the early navigators. We cannot admit that this decay of interest is mainly to be attributed to the increase of our years, which are many, or to a vitiated taste engendered by long indulgence in highly-spiced literary viands. We do not of course mean to assert that we can now devour a book with the terrible avidity of a youngster, dream of it all night, and awake on the morrow with undiminished appetite for the banquet. That stage has long gone by, and we are glad of it; for, as our idiosyncrasy inclines us to the

reperusal of especial favourites, we could not by this time have got beyond "Jack the Giantkiller," "Sandford and Merton," the "Fool of Quality," the "Arabian Nights," and the "Pilgrim's Progress,"—books which, for a long period, were our prime and almost exclusive favourites. But even now such works as the "Voyages of Cook," or the "History of the Buccaneers," have to us an inexpressible charm. We never weary of the descriptions of the Eden isle of Otaheite, with its bread-fruit and its palms—of New Holland, with its wondrous *fauna*, first disclosed to the European eye—or of the wild adventures of the reckless band who plundered the Spanish galleons, and

overawed the garrisons of Panama. But when we turn to modern books of voyage, we find them for the most part dull, frigid, and overloaded with circumstantial detail. They want picturesqueness, they want poetry, and they are intolerably scientific. In them we are constantly aggravated by dreary calculations about the dip of the needle, magnetic-poles, barometrical pressure, and other topics of the sort, which possibly might interest a small minority of the members of a Royal Society, but which, on men in general, have merely the effect of forcing the jaws to expand for the utterance of a protracted yawn. Let the very grandest volcano in the world be belching forth its antarctic fires at an unknown elevation, the accomplished navigator does not try to give a picture of that sublime spectacle by word-painting, but bestows all his energy upon a description of the strata and the scoræ, until the reader feels as if he had eaten for dessert half-a-dozen pippins, grown on the shores of the Dead Sea. Beasts, birds, fishes molluscs, trees, shrubs, flowers, and lichens, are not sketched as they appear to the outward eye, but are catalogued in preposterous Latin, which conveys as vivid an idea of their aspect, as if the narrator had taken the pains to transcribe a few pages of "Ainsworth's Dictionary." In short, the curse of the age—pedantry, and an affectation of superior knowledge—has lighted even on our navigators, a class of men whom we might reasonably have expected to be free from such a baneful influence.

Yes—were it our last word—we should protest against the egregious foppery of science, which tends so strongly towards symbolism, and cold unidea'd nomenclature! Botany, and chemistry, and geology, and mineralogy, and zoology, and ichthyology, with twenty, fifty, nay an hundred other ologies at their back, are rapidly corrupting our language, barbarising us in expression, and annihilating descriptive power. Those who in reality know nothing of these sciences, or, at best, only possess a smattering of them, think it their duty to accommodate themselves to

the prevalent jargon; hence they write like dissectors, and, instead of giving us books of vivid travel, put forth polyglot manuals which can profit none. Even the more sensible, who despise the affectation of appearing more versed in science than they actually are, feel a kind of awe for the learned bodies who infallibly will pronounce judgment on their researches, and refrain studiously from an expression of feeling or enthusiasm, which they rightly consider to be a style extremely distasteful to the ologists. So they confine themselves to meteorological observations, jottings of soundings, memoranda of the quantity of coal consumed by their engines, *et cetera*, which results in their narratives possessing, in the eyes of the general public, little more interest than would be felt in the recorded voyages of the captain of a steamer, plying regularly twice in the week between the ports of Rotterdam and London.

We do not expect, and we do not wish, to receive from our explorers or navigators fine writing, as the term is generally understood. We do not want them to moralise, or wax maudlin, or intersperse their narrative with pathetic and philanthropic reflections. We want them to tell us what they saw and what they heard, not with pre-Raphaelite minuteness, but even as these things are impressed on their memories—for the memory of man is, for all purposes of reproduction, a thousand times superior to note-books and journals, which invariably contain superfluities of no actual interest, and terribly wearisome when repeated. We want them to write freshly, freely, and forcibly, conveying to us readers, as closely as may be, the sensations which they experienced; for which purpose, and as a guide in composition, we earnestly recommend all future explorers to study the works of the late Thomas Cringle. An attentive perusal of these will at once reveal the enormous difference between scientific symbolism and masterly delineation of nature—between diagram and landscape—between the catalogue and the subjects of exhibition.

It is absurd to suppose that the

charm of novelty is gone, because we are better acquainted, through books, than we were fifty years ago, with the aspect of antipodean regions, and the manners of their inhabitants. Nature never palls. We, whose destiny it is to tarry at home rather than wander over the face of the habitable globe, feel and acknowledge the truth of that axiom. A visit, however protracted, to the beautiful lakes of England, or to Scotland's more romantic Highland scenery, so far from satiating or fatiguing, inspires us with a longing to return. Still in our dreams we see the placid sheet of Windermere, or hear the cataracts calling to one another as they thunder down the gorges of Cruachan. And what lies utterly beyond our ken, belongs to the realm of fancy. The polar seas, with their awful icebergs and floes, dimly descried amidst the darkness, or lighted up by the shimmering of the crimson aurora—the dense American forest closing its colossal growth over the ruins of an ancient city, founded, it may be, and peopled, when Britain was a thicket and a swamp—the wide open prairie, dotted over with countless buffalo, herds of the Sun, more noble than those which tempted the famished Ithacans to their ruin—the Indian jungle, wherein the tiger prowls, and the serpent sleeps and swells—the grand peaks of the Himalayas, which seem to pierce the azure, highest pinnacles of the visible creation of God—the isles of the Pacific, oases of the ocean desert, with their feathered tufts of palms, deep lagoons, and coral reefs, where the pelicans have their home,—all these we must be and are content to see through the eyes of others, provided they use their own natural vision, and dispense with the abomination of scientific spectacles! Think of this, ye explorers, navigators, travellers, pioneers, or by whatever other name you may be called—think of this! and, for the future, instead of cramping your intellects by compiling dreary papers, more sickening than statistics, for the exclusive gratification of foggery, tell us what you saw and what you did, where you went and how you felt, in language which men can appreciate, and

children understand—and, whereas at present you are but ranked as heavers of heavy lumber, we guarantee you quadrupled sales for your works, augmented reputation, and speedy promotion, besides the chance of posthumous renown.

Now here is an American—stand forth, Lieutenant Habersham of the United States navy!—who may serve as a pattern to most of you. He is thoroughly national, a quality which we always admire, even though, as in this instance, it assumes the shape of a certain prejudice against the British people. And why not? Love will not be coerced, and liking is as free as air. No nation, we say it deliberately, is more obstinate in prejudice than the English. They have an inveterate habit of measuring everything by their own standard, and despising or contemning all that does not tally with it; hence they are not universal favourites, even among the nations with which they have the closest intercourse. Mr Habersham, so far as we can see, has formed his impressions of the English character upon very slight grounds, and without much opportunity of observation; but in that he is by no means singular. We have known sturdy beef-eating and beer-consuming Britons who considered it their duty to hate the French, although they never had set eyes upon a living specimen of humanity from the Gallic coast. Others, with a similarly limited stock of information, consign the Russians to an extremely hot locality, as a race of nasty beasts, who subsist principally upon whale-blubber and train-oil. Others regard our beloved brother Jonathan as a sanguinary savage, and swindler, who can find no relish in a mint-julep unless he has previously gouged or bowie-knifed a foeman, or imposed upon a friend in a bargain of spiceries, by passing off as genuine a parcel of wooden nutmegs. Even within the boundaries of our own happy island prejudice is rife. Sturdy John Bull has his sneer for supple Sandy, while Sandy repays the gibe by denouncing the purse-proud bearing and gluttonous propensities of the pock-pudding. Nay, does it not often happen that we

find town arrayed against town in jealousy and dislike—one parish in hostility with another—nay, one pious congregation malignantly disposed towards a brotherhood of the self-same profession and creed? Therefore we think none the worse of Mr Habersham because he grinds his teeth slightly at the apparition of the Union Jack—we rather honour him on account of the candid admission of his antipathy. He is a thorough sailor, bold, active, and energetic, with a certain spice of the dare-devil in his composition which renders him excellent company. So far as we can perceive, the etiquette and strict subordination which prevail in the British service, are not so rigidly enforced by the Americans; hence there is more scope for the development of individual humour, and there is a closer fellowship among the different members of the crew than would be considered by us altogether conducive to the efficiency of the public service. However, every nation has its own ways; and we are bound to say, in so far as the testimony of this narrative goes, that no practical evil results from the American system. During the long and toilsome voyage of which Mr Habersham is the chronicler, the men appear to have done their work (and it was often of a most harassing kind) cheerfully and without grumbling, except against the Admiralty authorities, who do not seem to be much more competent for the discharge of their important duties than our own.

Being an American, we need hardly state that Mr Habersham is wide awake. He possesses the enviable faculty of being always on the alert, with a keen eye and a rapid judgment; and consequently he was able to pick up more valuable information in the course of a single day, than a stolid dozy fellow would have acquired after a month's listless contemplation. Above all, he is free from humbug. The jargon of science is, to use a Transatlantic phrase, "a huckleberry above his persimmon;" and he sees no degradation in using the terms whale and racoon in preference to *Physeter macrocephalus*, and *Procyon lotor*. About geology

he does not care a farthing; and his mineralogical researches are limited to the discovery of coal to supply the exhausted bunkers. Hence, though he does not write like a savant, he writes intelligibly, and like a man of sense; and you do not require to have a lexicon or encyclopedia at your elbow in order to make out his meaning. He describes well, because he does not strain after effect, but keeps rigidly to what is before him; and his humour, though racy, is free from the slightest touch of coarseness. Having thus bestowed our benediction and panegyric upon Mr Habersham, we shall now draw the reader's attention to his book, which possesses considerable interest at the present time, as it relates to China, its dependencies, and the countries immediately adjacent.

The expedition in which Lieutenant Habersham was engaged was one of survey and exploration in the North Pacific, fitted out by the Government of the United States, and the squadron of which it was composed sailed from the port of Norfolk about the middle of the year 1853. It is unnecessary to refer to anything which occurred previous to the arrival of our author at Singapore, where he fell in with the representative of a class which, so far as we know, has not been previously sketched. This personage was the captain of an opium smuggling vessel—an illegitimate free-trader—such as used in the days long gone by to haunt the British shores, and supply our forefathers with tea and brandy to the detriment of the Custom-house. These things, in so far as we are concerned, have become matters of tradition. We now entertain a holy horror of smuggling in our own waters; but we have not yet, as regards our dependencies, given full effect to the divine law, of doing unto our neighbours as we would they should do unto us. In fact, and to use plain language, there is still a great deal of rascality practised in the affairs of commerce. The smuggling of opium is as illicit as the slave-trade, and is, if not equally, at least highly objectionable on the score of morals and humanity. It is the importation of a prohibited poison which is more destructive

than the pestilence; and yet men who have made large fortunes by encouraging and participating in this nefarious traffic are regarded, on their return home, as persons of probity and honour, and their wealth secures them ready admission to the higher circles of society. Indeed—we say it with shame—several recent speeches delivered upon the hustings by candidates recommending a forcible extension of the trade with China, betrayed a degree of ruffianism which might have been in keeping with such characters as Cleveland or Captain Goffe, but which was hardly reconcilable with Christian principle, or even with the dictates of humanity. To force a trade by means of fire and sword upon a repugnant people—for it is in vain to attempt to draw a distinction between a people and their governing power—is little better than rapine and piracy covered by a most flimsy garb. Let sophists say what they will, such attempts are contrary to the law of nations; and the demonstration is very simple. We have only to imagine a similar case with regard to ourselves. Suppose that France, taking umbrage at our tariff, were to insist upon our adopting her peculiar views, dictated of course by her own peculiar interest, and were to require us, under the penalty of war, to alter our Custom-house regulations and admit her produce duty-free. Would that be considered as in accordance with international law, or justifiable upon any grounds which the subtlety of economists could discover? And yet that is precisely the course which more than one candidate of exceedingly advanced views, and personally connected with manufactures, has recommended for our adoption in the case of China! But here is Mr Habersham's sketch of a man engaged in the desperate opium-smuggling trade.

"Taking dinner one day with Dr Little, we were associated with a Captain and Mrs Francis, the former of whom I could not but admire as a bold seaman and successful trader, while the latter challenged the admiration of every one by her extreme beauty and elegance of manner. They were the last of their

band,—this opium-smuggler and his beautiful wife.

"'Why don't you give up the trade, Francis?' asked the Doctor. 'Don't you see that your brig is the only one left out of twenty-two sail? and don't you know that all are beggars who have gone before you?'"

"'No; I don't know anything of the sort,' replied Francis. 'There is —, and —, who are comfortable yet; and I have got some thousands of pounds *myself* to fall back upon when I break down. As long as the brig lasts, I'm bound to hang by her.'

"I looked at his wife, and I thought I saw a brightening of the eye and a swelling of the breast as he thus spoke of the future. I looked at him, and saw the last of a resolute and desperate band who for years had defied the Chinese authorities, and held the slow poison to the lips of the opium-smoker. I looked, and knew not whether most to admire or condemn this the last of those resolute adventurers, half merchant-captains, half pirates, who had for years devoted themselves to the perilous service of the Calcutta and Bombay merchants. Here is what that service was:—

"The demand for opium in China caused great quantities of it to be shipped from Calcutta and Bombay. The Chinese authorities, seeing the injury it was effecting on the whole nation, stationed war-junks along their coasts to prevent its being landed. Reckless men, with armed followers and fast vessels, stepped forward, and engaged to land the poison under the very bows of the war-junks, and to bring back silver in return. Their vessels were armed as well as their followers; they received high wages, and threw away their money in riot and dissipation. If necessary, they went through blood: *the opium must be landed at every risk*; the lives of a few dozen Imperial sailors were nothing. While at sea, they kept clear heads, and devoted their entire attention to the one great thing of making a quick passage. Masts and sails were nothing to them: time was all they looked to. They gloried in heavy weather when it urged them ahead, and became fretful and desperate when it threw them back. It wanted reckless men to lead such a reckless life. 'Prudence is the better part of valour' wouldn't have applied to them."

We next find our author at Hong-Kong, of which place he gives a very slight description; but his observations regarding Canton are more interesting. Their ship was anchored

above the Factories, and on pulling towards the gardens, through a dense swarm of boats, they received ocular evidence of the value set upon human life in the Celestial Empire.

"While thus elbowing our way through the boats, we passed a junk, upon the bow of which several Chinamen were standing with long bamboo poles in their hands: they seemed to be bearing something clear of their cables,—something which the tide had swept afloat of them. This something proved to be the dead bodies of three Chinamen, bodies without heads, —bodies of men who had been decapitated by either mandarins or rebels, tied together by the feet, and then cast into the river to save the trouble of burial. They were shoved clear of the cable, and then went drifting on, borne upon the changing flow of the muddy stream, to be returned again by the rising flood, like any useless barrel or waterlogged piece of driftwood. Such is life in China. I once heard from good authority that it was no uncommon thing for a person to take the place of the condemned unfortunate, provided said condemned would pay a stipulated amount to the friends of the self-offered victim."

We read these things with amazement; and cannot help wondering that they should occur in a country which, however superciliously we may regard it, has attained a high point of excellence in agriculture and some of the mechanical arts, and which has a civilisation of its own, though widely differing from that which is acknowledged in Europe. Our wonder is the more increased when we reflect that the Chinese, though averse to intercourse with strangers and prone to duplicity, besides being tainted with many degrading vices, are not by nature a bloodthirsty and savage race. In California and other places to which they have emigrated, they have hitherto shown themselves orderly and well-behaved. Governments, however despotic, do not resort to wholesale massacre of the people without a reason, though that reason may be a very bad one indeed; and therefore we shall find that this disregard for human life, which, to avoid circumlocution, we may term butchery, is by no means a part or consequent of the institutions of China, but arose from the convulsed and distracted state of the empire

at the time when Mr Habersham visited Hong-Kong. We think it right to elucidate this point as clearly as possible; because the reprisals made by the Chinese, in consequence of Admiral Seymour's bombardment, have been so dastardly, that many of us are prepared to believe that there are no limits to the atrocity of that race, and that crime is the element in which they live, move, and have their being. This is hardly just. In Europe, warfare is conducted upon certain principles, and under the observance of certain rules, universally understood if not articulately expressed, which tend to mitigate to a certain degree the horrors of a contest. Wherever the armies of powerful nations are opposed to one another, these rules, which had their origin in the days of chivalry, are adhered to with almost strict punctilio; and it is well that it should be so, for the violation of them by an invading army is sure to meet with fearful retribution in the event of their sustaining a reverse. Of this the French had lamentable experience in Spain and Portugal, countries which they did not so much occupy as plunder; and, in consequence, all the worst passions of the inhabitants were aroused, and assassination of the foemen was popularly considered as a virtue and not a crime. Now, in China, no such rules for the conduct of warfare are acknowledged. They are not a fighting nation—at least in so far as our limited knowledge of the interior entitles us to assume—and they have not honourable traditions. Courtesy to an enemy is something that they do not, and probably never will, understand. They hold, with Shylock, that if their house is troubled with a rat, they are entitled to get rid of the nuisance by any means in their power; and as they cannot succeed by open force, they use stratagem and treachery. This is what we must expect when we enter into a contest with such a people; but it would be wrong, on that account alone, to suppose that the Chinese have an exorbitant appetite for human blood, or are of peculiar homicidal tendencies. Nay, we must, in common fairness, draw a distinction between what are the acts

of the Chinese government, and what are the unauthorised proceedings of the populace, or of a few wretched malefactors. It has been assumed in very high quarters, that the diabolical attempt to poison the British residents at Hong-Kong was made at the instigation of the Chinese authorities; and if that were proved, language does not supply terms strong enough to characterise the villany. But no such proof has been given. There is not even a scrap of evidence tending to show the complicity of the Chinese authorities; and Yeh, in a document addressed to the representatives of France and America, already laid before Parliament, thus expresses himself: "To poison people in this underhand manner, is an act worthy of detestation; still, as it occurred in Hong-Kong, it is impossible for me to examine into all the facts. The act is owing to the unnumbered evils which have been inflicted on the Chinese by the English; and the natives of the surrounding districts have taken this way of revenging their private wrongs." Without implicitly adopting Yeh's explanation, we are bound to register his disclaimer, and even to believe it, in the absence of any facts tending to implicate the authorities. With regard to the more general charge of wanton cruelty preferred against the Chinese, it is proper to state, that the appalling spectacles witnessed by Mr Habersham on the river, and the still more dreadful scenes then daily enacted in the "slaughter-yard" of Canton, were the results of that civil war or rebellion, of which all of us have heard something, without being able clearly to comprehend its object. The following is the explanation of Mr Habersham, upon authority worthy of credit; and the story, if true, is calculated to furnish an important additional chapter to the History of Popular Delusions. Surprising as it may appear, it is even less so, to our apprehension, than the spread of Mormonism in Christian countries—a fact most humiliating to the intellect of the present century, since, of all impostures, it is the clumsiest and most repugnant to common sense, putting higher motives out of view, which ever was attempt-

ed. After a horrible description of the scenes enacted in the slaughter-yard of Canton, Mr Habersham says:—

"These executions are generally the result of a desire to retaliate upon the rebels for some similar act. When, therefore, it becomes known to the mandarins that the rebels have cut off so many Imperial heads, they at once march out an equal number of prisoners and restore the equilibrium. If they have not enough prisoners, they send a company of troops and seize and bind the first poor dozen or twenty countrymen whom fate throws in their way, bring them into the city, and the next day they are kneeling in the slaughter-yard with bowed heads and fettered limbs. It makes little difference *which side* they are on; they may protest themselves to be the best servants of the emperor, and the only answer is,—

"Why were you outside of the wall while the rebels have possession of the surrounding country?"

"The stained sword drips again, and a Government notice is pasted up to the effect that 'such and such a great victory has been obtained over the rebels, and that so many prisoners have had their heads cut off.' This notice soon reaches the rebels, and results in similar scenes at their hands. It is hard to say which is the worst, the mandarin or rebel party."

"Much sympathy was excited in Europe and America some three years since (in 1853, I think) in favour of these rebels of whom I have been writing. It was asserted that Tha-ping-wang, their leader, was a Christian, a convert of the missionaries, and that his followers were all converted Chinamen, and that their object was to spread the light of the gospel over that heathen land. Now see the true state of the case.

"Tha-ping-wang, when a boy, attended the schools of the mission at Shanghai, learned to speak, read, and write English tolerably well, and got a very fair idea of the life and religion of our Saviour. As is often the case, this knowledge did him more harm than good: he cursed and swore, felt himself above other Chinamen of his class, and finally left the school-room for a life of starvation, work, or rascality. The first of these not agreeing with him, he was forced to the second. He engaged as a horse-boy in the employ of some European at Shanghai, but finding work too troublesome, set his brains to work in the line of rascality. The next time that we hear of him he is the commander-in-chief of the rebels, calling

himself the elder brother of our Saviour, and, as such, claiming the respect and veneration due to a god. He says that Christ and Mahomet were both divine spirits, and that their religions did well enough until *he* came: now, however, he is commissioned to modify their teachings, and none but his is the true doctrine. What his modifications consist of I do not know; I only know the above, which I learned from Bishop Boone, the head of the Episcopal mission in China."

Now, it is proper to remember that, even in the most civilised countries of Europe, rebellion is considered to imply a suspension of the ordinary usages and courtesies of war. A terrible penalty, indeed, to be endured by those who, led astray by enthusiasm, or heroically devoted to a cause which they believe to be just, have recourse to the last fearful alternative of raising the standard of insurrection! But they provoke their own fate, and they do so with a full knowledge of the consequences. No moral guilt can be attributed to those who, in 1745, took up arms to assert the rights of him whom they believed to be the legitimate heir of the British throne; and yet, after Culloden, the scaffolds ran red with their blood, and the ghastly heads of the chiefs of the rebellion were set up to moulder on the gates of London, York, and Carlisle. Nor, whatever pity, compassion, or sympathy we may feel for those men who suffered thus, is it possible to blame the Government of the day for having dealt with them as rebels. It would be as unfair to brand the English people of last century with the stigma of cruelty, atrocity, and bloodthirstiness, as it is now to fix upon the dealings of Yeh or any other governor of the empire with regard to the rebels, as proofs of the savage and tiger-like character of the Chinese. Bad as they may be in many respects, we see no good purpose to be served by making them appear worse than they are; nor is it just that the inevitable consequences of rebellion in such a country as that, where generosity has really no existence, should be represented in the light of unprovoked and wanton massacre.

At a time when we are sending

out troops and armaments to China, to prosecute a quarrel which, we venture to maintain, might have been avoided without in the slightest degree compromising the dignity or honour of Great Britain, any information touching that extraordinary country, of which we really know so little, must possess unusual interest. We take it for granted that our present Cabinet must have determined upon some definite object, beyond the mere vague one of obtaining satisfaction, when they sent out this expedition; and we think it exceedingly improbable that their views are limited to enforcing the stipulations of the existing treaty with regard to the right of entry to Canton. That, even if conceded, would practically be of little importance; because all communication with the Celestial Court would still be conducted through the viceroy; and looking to the dogmatic character of the Chinese, their obstinate antipathy to strangers, and their settled and inflexible adherence to traditionary policy, it would seem extremely improbable that the assertion and use of that privilege could operate to the advantage of our commercial relations. It appears to have been originally demanded under the impression that more intimate communication between foreigners and the Chinese would gradually wear away the prejudices entertained by the latter, and that increased commerce, with the many direct advantages which it brings, would teach the people of Canton so far to amalgamate with strangers as to tolerate their residence. That expectation has not been fulfilled. The Cantonese have relaxed nothing of their ancient aversion, and therefore this portion of the treaty has remained a dead letter. Pacific intercourse being thus out of the question, the effect of a forcible occupation of Canton remains to be considered. That would necessitate the permanent maintenance of a protecting force larger than this country could prudentially or would willingly afford; and when it is remembered that, under the restrictions imposed by the Chinese, we have been able to carry on a flourishing and profitable trade, there

seems to be just ground for apprehension that, by demanding more privileges, we may possibly endanger those which we presently possess. Therefore—although we speak of such matters with extreme deference—we are unable to see how the trade or commerce of Britain could be benefited, if it were announced to-morrow that Sir John Bowring had been enabled to parade himself in Canton in any known variety of costume—military, civic, or ecclesiastic.

But it is possible that a design of more magnitude and importance is entertained; and that the ultimate object of this expedition, and of the mission of Lord Elgin, may be to establish direct diplomatic relations with the Court of Peking. That such a scheme should recommend itself to the ambition of statesmen, we can readily understand; nor can there be any doubt that, if capable of realisation, the future interests of Britain might thereby be advanced; but we frankly confess that we see no probable grounds for anticipating any such result. In the first place, it is quite evident that the Chinese government has no desire for, but, on the contrary, a decided antipathy to, relations more intimate than exist at present with foreigners; and that they have no idea of abandoning their ancient isolation for the sake of allowing China to be included in that heterogeneous union, which modern philosophers style "the family of nations." They are not altogether ignorant of what is going on beyond their frontiers. Their proximity to India has given them many opportunities of ascertaining the real state of that country, and of gaining information regarding the occupation, or rather subjugation, of that enormous district, comprising many kingdoms, by a mere handful of barbarians issuing from a paltry island situated somewhere on the confines of the Arctic Ocean. They have seen, or have heard the story of the gradual increase of that power, of conquests artfully and progressively achieved, of native authority undermined and finally annihilated; and, not unnaturally, they apprehend nothing but evil to themselves,

should that race, so bold, subtle, and persevering, gain a permanent footing in their empire. These ideas, based upon common sense, and perfectly just, have doubtless, of late years, been strengthened and confirmed by the representations of Russia, the only European power which can be said to have anything like close intercourse with China; and it is undoubtedly the interest of Russia (and she never neglects her interests) to prevent Britain from gaining any kind of influence at the Court of Peking. In the second place, our commerce is not so important to China, as to impress the people with a vehement desire for augmenting it. If we were to believe the sentiments of some manufacturers, who, in direct defiance of the tenets of the peace party, are ready to back Lord Palmerston to any extent in the prosecution of hostilities against China, there prevails throughout the whole of the Celestial Empire an exorbitant craving for cotton nightcaps, shirtings, and calico, more intense than the pangs of hunger, or the longings of a husbandman for rain after a prolonged period of drought. Such statements are of a piece with the celebrated prophecy of the Birmingham manufacturer, who foresaw the decay of the prosperity of Britain in the lessened demand for brass buttons. In speaking of China, we are apt to forget that its territory is nearly as large as that of the whole of Europe, that it embraces every variety of climate, and that it is copiously supplied with all the valuable minerals. Its population, amounting, as it is said, to upwards of three hundred millions of souls—not very much short of a third of the whole human race—is so far from being in a savage state, that most kinds of known industry are actively and sedulously pursued. So far from being ignorant of textile manufacture, the Chinese, at a period when the inhabitants of Lancashire hardly knew how to dress a sheepskin, were exporting silks; it is within our own recollection that such of our papas as affected outward adornment were not easy in summer unless they could case their limbs in nankeen; and even now China

handkerchiefs are in considerable request amongst us. Agriculture, and internal communication by means of canals, were long ago brought in China to a point of perfection, which we in Britain have yet hardly reached; and in so far as regards natural production, we have absolutely nothing to give them. Viewed in this light, the long-continued isolation of China from the rest of the world loses somewhat of its marvel; for nowhere else can we find a country so completely self-supplied, and therefore so independent of foreign trade. In short, China is a microcosm, or world in miniature. Its immense extent of area, its variety of climate and production, its large population, the multiplied and diversified character of their industrial pursuits, and the superb, complete, and perfectly unrivalled arrangements for internal communication, place it above the necessity of dependence upon so precarious a thing as commerce. These advantages China has long possessed—so long that its civilisation, which it is folly to sneer at or deny, is far more ancient than that of Europe, and may possibly be more permanent. Nations which depend in a great measure for their prosperity upon the access to foreign markets, can have no absolute assurance that such prosperity will continue. A glutted market, a financial crisis or panic affecting our customers, reacts, not only upon the merchants, but upon the manufacturers and operatives of Britain, with a celerity and paralysing effect, which demonstrate the instability of mere commercial greatness. Phœnicia, Venice, and Genoa, communities which rose to distinction solely through commerce, had each their turn of brilliant success and languishing decay; and England, although possessed of advantages greatly superior to those of any other State, ancient or modern, in her manufacturing skill and decided maritime supremacy, is threatened with formidable competition, and can only hope to maintain her place by dint of unremitting exertion.

If, therefore, it should so happen that the central Chinese government, both from traditionary policy and

from warrantable fear of the consequences, is not disposed to concede to Britain any further commercial privileges, or to allow the establishment of direct diplomatic intercourse with Peking—by which, of course, is meant the residence of an accredited Minister there—what kind of argument can be used powerful enough to effect persuasion? We cannot cut off the supplies of an empire so vast as to produce within itself every requisite for life and luxury—we cannot even formally prohibit trade, for by doing so we destroy our own. Nay, it is within the power of the Chinese, by one single resolute measure, to compel us to desist from hostilities, and effectually to abate our pride. They have only to stop the export of tea, so that the stock may become scarce, and the price exorbitant in this country, and all their difficulties are at an end. The Chinese labourer will experience no deprivation for want of Manchester calicoes, but the working classes of Britain cannot do without their tea; so that an absolute rupture with China, which should compel the closing of the ports, would be fatal at least to the Ministry by whom that rupture was occasioned. Of this Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are fully aware; and, therefore, they have not ventured, in her Majesty's name, to declare war with China, although they maintain both in Parliament and to the country that a grave *casus belli* has occurred. That which, if the ground which they have taken is just and defensible, should have been a war, is characterised in her Majesty's Speech as "differences which have arisen between the High Commissioner at Canton and her Majesty's civil and naval officers in China!"—which is much the same thing as if a French squadron were to bombard Dundee on account of certain "differences" between the commanding officer and the provost of that venerable burgh! Also we are told that the "differences" still remain "unadjusted;" that is, that fighting is going on on both sides—on the side of the Chinese, by direction of Commissioner Yeh, with the sanction of the Emperor; on the side of the British, by direction of the sagacious Bowring, whose acts are ap-

proved of and bucklered by Viscount Palmerston, who is the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria. If this is not war, we shall be thankful to any one who will afford us an explanation of what war really is ; for in the midst of this confusion of terms, we feel inclined to exclaim with Falconbridge—

“I am amazed, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this
world.”

It is in vain to pretend that war cannot be formally proclaimed because we have not a representative at the Court of Peking. No such obstacle was suggested to our making a treaty ; and a treaty once made carries with it by implication the right of declaring war in consequence of its violation. Let us, at all hazards, get rid of pretence, and view this unfortunate business in its true aspect. We maintain that the great constitutional formality of declaring war, understood and practised by every civilised nation, as a safeguard against the abominations of piracy and murder, has in this case been dispensed with, solely because such a declaration would necessitate the stoppage of trade at the other Chinese ports to which, by treaty, we have access. Thus our Government have introduced, and are acting upon, a new principle, which would have made the hair of Grotius stand on end—namely, that it is lawful to prosecute hostilities with a province, division, or county of a kingdom, without reference to its other portions. Well, then, let us accept that anomaly, and go a little further—for this is a matter so serious, that it requires strict investigation, and must be viewed in relation to possible, nay probable, consequences. Let us suppose that when the Plenipotentiary arrives in China, supported, as her Majesty's Speech bears, “by an adequate naval and military force,” he finds it impossible to adjust the “differences” between Yeh and Bowring, who are at present supposed to be fighting a kind of unlawful battle—how is Lord Elgin to proceed ? He cannot declare war with China, for that is a prerogative of the Queen which may not be constitutionally delegated to any kind of ambassador ; and yet, if he should direct an attack to be made without

sufficient provocation, or otherwise than in defence, or should advance one yard upon Chinese ground beyond what is stipulated by existing treaties, which cannot be abrogated without formal declaration of war, he will commit a heinous violation of international law, and of the rights and comity of nations.

Certainly we do not go the length of maintaining that in all cases, without the possibility of an exception, the formalities of declaring war must be observed before entering into a contest. Thus, in 1807, Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, then a neutral power, was bombarded by a British force with the object of taking possession of the Danish ships, not as a prize, but as a pledge ; and that act was regarded throughout Europe as almost equivalent to piracy. Nor would it have been justifiable, but for the knowledge possessed by the British Ministry of the secret articles of Tilsit between Russia and France, by which it was resolved that the Danish fleet should be seized and used as an instrument against Britain. That case, therefore, was exceptional, and can afford no precedent, and there is nothing parallel to it in our present position with regard to China. Indeed, the justifying plea of Britain, in the case of Denmark, resolved itself into one of urgent self-defence, not applicable in the instance immediately before us ; and the most fantastic and incongruous part of the whole business is, that our Ministers deliberately exclude China from the quarrel, confining their alleged grievances alone to the province of Canton ! Nay, if we analyse her Majesty's Speech strictly, we shall find that Canton also is absolved, and that the sole offender is Yeh ! But if Yeh is acting by the Imperial authority, and if his doings receive that high sanction, then through his mouth speaks the voice of CHINA, and we must either go to war at once as civilised people do, or submit to the degrading stigma of setting international law at defiance.

Plain, open speech, when the conviction is strong, becomes a duty, and cannot, by possibility, do harm. We have all along regarded this Chinese affair as a most hideous blunder ; but

we have not charged it to Lord Palmerston or his colleagues, or to any previous Ministry. We regard the rupture as the act of a conceited, vainglorious official, placed in a situation which his talents did not qualify him to occupy; and even yet we do not believe that his conduct has received the secret approbation of his superiors. We make every allowance for the difficulty in which Ministers have been placed, but we deprecate, as senseless and degrading, the attempt which has been made to represent their subsequent behaviour as a chivalrous instance of support given to an absent official. Wherein lies the chivalry? Bowring is a paid servant of the British nation. If he acts right and wisely, let him by all means be supported; if he acts wrong and foolishly, why should the Government interfere to throw a shield over him? For the question does not simply concern Bowring—it concerns our commercial and other relations with the great empire of China, which are of more value than a whole wilderness of Bowrings. It concerns our national honour and our national credit; and if chivalry is to be allowed to step in on such an occasion, it must appear in dwarfed dimensions, just as if a painter were to represent Sir Thomas Thumb covering his favourite war-mouse with his shield, in the midst of a battle of the Titans.

We hardly think it possible that an attempt will be made to reach Peking without the consent of the Emperor. That would immediately lead to an entire suspension of trade; and, even irrespective of such consequences, the success of such an expedition seems more than doubtful. We lay aside altogether the vague reports which have been circulated of the construction of dams to block up the passage of the Pi-ho river, or the preparations for inundating the country. Recent experience ought to teach us how very little reliance can be placed in such rumours; for it must be in the memory of all, that about the commencement of the Russian war we were assured that the cannon-balls of the enemy were made of wood, their batteries unworkable, and their navy a perfect figment. But Mr Habersham really knows

something of the difficulties which beset an expedition to Peking, inasmuch as he had the honour of escorting no less a personage than Sir John Bowring in his attempt to reach that capital in 1854. Let us hear what he can say on the matter.

"There was a great talk in Hong-Kong about this time as to the possibility of a commissioner going to Peking in person and obtaining an interview with the brother of the sun and moon,—the celestial Heifung,—the Emperor of all the Chinas. The object of this desired interview was to put into the Imperial ear certain proposals, &c., which could never reach it in writing, or which, reaching, would never be acted upon, from the fact that the mandarins or rebels would stop the despatches, or that the former would influence the Celestial mind against the proposals of the encroaching 'Fanqui,' or barbarians, as all foreigners are contemptuously called in China.

"Many were the schemes projected and abandoned to attain this important interview, until it was finally determined to try and reach Peking by water. Peking was situated near the Pi-ho river, and the Pi-ho river emptied into the Gulf of Pichili, and the Gulf of Pichili in turn emptied into the Yellow Sea: why might not vessels-of-war go to the mouth of the Pi-ho, and from there despatch boats, or even smaller vessels, upon a visit to the great capital? and why might not the commissioner go in those boats?

"No one could object to this arrangement, because no one had ever been to the mouth of the Pi-ho; and so Mr Robert M'Lean, of the United States, and Sir John Bowring, of England, gave it out as their intention to attempt to 'reach Peking by water.'

"The next thing to be done now was to find the vessels; and Commodore Perry, Commander Rodgers, and Admiral Sterling were each called upon to assist the cause. The former placed the steam-frigate Powhatan at the disposal of Mr M'Lean, the second gave the 'old John' and the little Cooper, while the latter furnished Sir John Bowring with the screw-steamer Rattler and a hired lorch, —a vessel about the size of the Cooper, but drawing much less water. It was hoped that the two latter might be able to ascend the river with boats in tow, and thus give an air of greater force than could have been attained with boats only. These arrangements having been made, we were ordered to prepare for sea with all despatch. We were to go to Shang-hai, *via* the river Min, and await the

arrival of Mr McLean in the Powhatan, and to take advantage of all opportunities for making surveys."

Arriving at Shanghai, after a fearfully stormy passage, they found the "Pekin party" anxiously awaiting their arrival; and on they went over the Yellow Sea, round the Shantung promontory, and into the Gulf of Pichili, until they sighted the low land at the mouth of the Pi-ho river. Mr Habersham shall tell the rest.

"The 'old John' now began to feel herself of vast importance: we only drew twelve feet of water, and could consequently go much nearer the river than the other steamers; so we took the lorcha and Cooper in tow and stood in for the land. We ran into thirteen-foot water, and then cast off the vessels, which continued on before a light breeze, the lorcha getting safely into the river, and the schooner, which drew a foot more water, grounding on a bank near its mouth. We were a week getting her in after that,—some of the hardest work I ever engaged in. Then, after both she and the lorcha were safely anchored inside of the mud forts, the secretaries of the commissioners took up their residence on board, and communications commenced.

"The Chinese seemed very averse to have anything to say to us at all, and humbugged us to such an extent that some of us advocated the idea of forcing our way up to Pekin and demanding an interview in person. As we were not the confidential advisers of the ministers, however, our opinion had little weight,—none at all, I fear.

"Thus passed several weeks; and, while the diplomatists were making themselves hoarse with talking, we made a beautiful survey of the locality,—the schooner attending to everything inside of the river, and our ship the bar and adjoining coasts. The schooner had Carnes—our sailing-master—and his boat to assist her; and upon one occasion, when they were trying to ascend the river as high as possible, they came to a barrier of junks, with only a passage-way of some twenty feet wide between the two tiers, and, upon their attempting to go through it, they were assailed by crowds of Chinese armed with spears and matchlocks, and found themselves under the necessity of retreating quietly or shedding blood. They chose the former, as the latter might have put a stop to all communication. Besides, the officers had no orders, and did not feel themselves empowered to 'declare war.'

"We found the Chinese of that region

a powerful and athletic set of men, very different from those of more southern latitudes: the women we did not see. Lieutenant Raper, R.N., locates the mouth of this river in lat. 38° 58' N. and long. 117° 47' E., and we found ten feet of water on its bar at high-tide, and twelve or fourteen fathoms inside. From all that we could see, there was no reason why an ordinary river-steamer might not ascend it to within a few miles of Pekin, this city being situated some distance from the bank.

"Our commissioners had one or two grand 'powwows' on the beach inside of the river, which we all attended in full uniform, after which they steamed away in disgust, leaving the 'old John' and the Cooper to continue the survey toward the Great Wall of China, now only some hundred miles to the northward and eastward of us. As far as I have been able to learn, our 'attempt to reach Pekin by water' was followed by no results; but this failure must not be placed at the door of Mr McLean and Sir John Bowring: it was entirely owing to the determination of the Chinese to keep all foreigners out of the centre of their empire."

Pekin is situated upon the Yu-ho, a tributary of the Pi-ho river, and cannot be reached by vessels of a large size. It is, in fact, safe from attack by an external enemy; and even were it otherwise, we cannot believe that Ministers would go so far as to sanction a hostile demonstration against the Chinese capital. What, then, are our troops to do? If they attack Canton, with the avowed object of enforcing the right of entry, they have, no doubt, a shadow of legality on their side; but surely it is not proposed that Canton should be permanently occupied? The population of Canton is upwards of a million, and the people are notoriously animated by a hatred to foreigners, and would not tolerate their residence among them. It would, of course, require no small garrison to keep such a swarm in order; but, from all we can learn, no real advantage could result from such a settlement; and, upon the whole, we think it probable that the real object of this expedition will prove to be the occupation of Formosa.

Formosa is a very pretty island—just the sort of territory which a private gentleman would like to erect into a kingdom for himself. It

is upwards of two hundred miles long by about sixty broad ; is very fertile, producing abundance of corn, rice, all the Indian fruits, and some of those grown in southern Europe, peaches, apricots, grapes, pomegranates, &c. Large herds of cattle pasture on its plains ; and tobacco, sugar, pepper, camphor and cinnamon are to be had in abundance. Nominally it belongs to China, but in reality it is occupied by two races. The first, who are Chinese, live in the north and west side of the island, and do not differ from their countrymen elsewhere, save that they appear to be more gentle and less opinionative than the Chinamen who dwell in towns. The second are red men, savages of exceeding ferocity, who are more than suspected of cannibalistic tendencies ; and they occupy the south and east portion of the island, owning no lord, paying no tribute, but taking tithes from the Chinamen whenever an opportunity occurs. As this wild race has never been subjugated, the title of the Celestial Emperor to their district seems very much like that which the King of Prussia claims over Neufchatel ; and were it not for the deficiency of harbourage on the east coast of the island, that portion of Formosa might be made a thriving settlement or depot.

It is not, however, our intention to recommend anything of the kind ; for, upon the whole, looking both to what has taken place already, and to the probable contingencies, we see much reason to regret that the relations which we previously had with China should have been violently disturbed. We are quite aware that the position of the British residents in China is, and has been for a long time, most uncomfortable and even harassing. The benefits which commerce has, beyond question, conferred upon the ports, have not been recognised or understood by the population, whose instinctive aversion to foreigners does not seem to be mitigated in the slightest degree by personal contact or experience. The local authorities are supercilious, deceitful, and jealous, very troublesome in business, and exceedingly tardy in giving redress even where there is just ground

of complaint. But these are evils for which it seems impossible to find a cure. It is not to be expected that the temper, feelings, and nature of the Chinese can be altered to suit our convenience ; and it is impossible to deny that the nefarious and illicit traffic in opium has greatly compromised our character for fair-dealing, and exposed us to some of those grievances of which the residents most loudly complain. The question is, how we can be bettered ; and to that question no satisfactory reply has yet been given. Simple remonstrances are in vain. If addressed to the local authorities, they are disregarded ; if accidentally forwarded to the Imperial Court, they are misconstrued. So that, after exhausting reason, force alone remains. But what is it that we are to gain by force ? Surely a settlement in China Proper is not a desirable object, seeing that the population are against us ; and supposing that we were to wring a settlement from a reluctant government, how can it be maintained ? If we have not been able practically to enforce the conditions of existing treaties, and to have safe entrance into Canton, is it likely that any new treaty, arising out of hostilities, will better our position ? No man has ventured to assert that ; so that a definite object is still wanting to justify the zeal which certain politicians have exhibited in advocating hostilities with China. A war with such a country as that, if it is to be prosecuted with becoming vigour, and to have any real effect, is indeed a most serious undertaking ; and we cannot help fearing that even in that remote portion of the globe we may have to encounter Russian influence, if not Russian arms. However, we have said enough, or perhaps even more than was necessary, on the subject of the "differences" with China.

Before passing away altogether from China, we shall, for the benefit of sportsmen and naturalists, transcribe the account of a mode of fishing pursued on the river Min. It has long been known that the Chinese were in the habit of training cormorants for that purpose ; but we do not remember having met elsewhere with so lively and interesting a de-

scription of the piscatory process as that given by Mr Habersham.

"As we passed under the massive blocks of grey granite upon the foaming breast of the rising tide, and shot out into the expanding river beyond, we saw a long low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of the heavy pier to our right, on which were a Chinese fisherman, a basket, a paddle, and five duck-like birds, which we at once imagined to be some of the celebrated 'fishing-cormorants' of the East. We also imagined that this might be our only opportunity for witnessing their singular mode of fishing, and consequently stopped in the hope that the Chinaman would gratify our curiosity. We were not disappointed.

"Scarcely had we 'rounded to,' when he reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of whom at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm. He now smoothed his feathers with the right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him upon the edge of the raft. There the bird dipped his bill in the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side, shook his tail several flirts, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid water that washed his feet.

"In the mean time, the four remaining cormorants were huddled together on the far end of the raft, drying their feathers, switching their tails, and looking altogether quite cool and comfortable. After being down from ten to fifteen seconds, the absent explorer hopped suddenly out of the water with quite a good-sized fish in his mouth, swam to his master, gave up the half-swallowed prize, and hopped upon his knee, where he shook himself while the fish was being put in the basket. His master then stroked him down as before,—much to his apparent delight,—whispered again in his ear, and placed him once more upon the edge of the raft.

"Again he dived, and again he came up with a fish. He then underwent a similar process of caressing, and was once more placed on the water's edge. Now, however, fortune seemed to have left him. He had no fish when he arose after a protracted absence, and seemed at a loss what to do. He turned himself around in the water several times, keeping his dark eyes fixed on his master's, as if asking permission to try it again. Suddenly the latter made a motion with his hand, and down he went. When he came up he brought quite a large fish,—eight inches long, say,—which struggled violently, as though surprised at the

unusual situation in which he found himself. He too was put in the basket, the proud cormorant once more caressed, and then placed gently in the centre of the raft instead of upon its edge as formerly.

"This seemed to tell him that his services were no longer required, and that he had acquitted himself with considerable credit; for he moved off to the other end of the raft with the stately step of a conqueror, while the next in turn advanced to supply his place. They seemed to regulate their movements by a nod or motion of the hand from their master. Cormorant No. 2 was not as sprightly a looking bird as his predecessor; nevertheless, he brought up a fish after the first dive, gave a flirt with his expanded tail, and swam to his master to give up the prize. He was taken out as before, relieved of his mouthful, and subsequently placed gently on the edge of the raft. There he sat a few moments perfectly motionless, but, seeming suddenly to see a fish, dropped off like a piece of lead, and nothing more was seen of him for at least fifteen seconds. Then he came to the surface with a spring that took him almost out of the water, but having no fish. His actions now expressed his disappointment almost as plainly as words could have done. He did not swim toward his master as formerly, but kept sculling about in a small circle with his bright, unsteady glance fixed on him, at the imminent risk of twisting off his neck.

"The master pointed down with his finger, and down went the unsuccessful fisherman. Still no fish. Once more, and still no success. Finally, he was taken back upon the raft, slapped soundly on the head, and thrown angrily down. He immediately made tracks for the other end, stumbling heels over head, and looking very much ashamed of himself. The next in turn now waddled forward; but, having seen enough, we continued on our way."

Our author's account of Japan is exceedingly interesting, and withal very amusing. By virtue of a treaty made by Commodore Perry, the Americans had the right of landing and moving about on shore under certain restrictions, which latter, however, they set at nought on discovering that the disposition of the people was extremely friendly, and that the officials who kept watch upon their motions were a set of cowardly sneaks and braggarts. A few kicks, delivered with goodwill and empha-

sis, relieved them from the persecution of these gentlemen, each of whom, like young Norval, carried two swords; and they appear to have made good use of their liberty. But they were not long in discovering that the notions of the Japanese with regard to money matters and traffic were singularly acute—in fact, Mr Habersham is compelled to admit that they showed themselves more than a match for the Americans. By the treaty with Commodore Perry it was provided that the Americans should have the right of purchase, but only *through the officers of the government*; after which, says our author, vendors of all ranks and classes were given to understand that they were not to sell to any American except through an officer, upon pain of losing their heads. Probably it appeared to Commodore Perry that this arrangement was made for the purpose of collecting a tax from the merchants in the shape of a per-centage on their sales; but in reality it was a much deeper dodge. It seems that an American dollar is worth in China from fourteen to sixteen hundred cash, and a Japanese itzabu is worth in Japan sixteen hundred cash also. But there was more silver in one American dollar than in three itzabu. The Japanese, therefore, having first settled that the dollar represented sixteen hundred cash, opened their market; but every evening the dollars paid by the American purchasers were collected by government officers, who took them to the mint, and next morning returned to the merchants an itzabu for each dollar. The dollar of course was melted, and transmuted into three itzabu. Thus the unfortunate Americans, who had been pluming themselves on the success of their recent treaty, were mulcted by the Japanese government to the extent of *two hundred per cent* on each dollar; and in order to prevent the possibility of their escape from that dilemma, as they might have done by exchanging through merchants their dollars at a less usurious rate for the currency of Japan, that currency was declared contraband, and the merchants were prohibited from giving it, under penalty of death! Surely

Japan must have been originally peopled from the lost tribes of Israel, for no other race could have devised a scheme so eminently subtle and successful. In vain did the plundered Columbians storm and remonstrate. They were thoroughly and completely done. And the worst of it was that the Japanese entered into the spirit of the joke with amazing gusto, and chuckled at the Yankee discomfiture as heartily as did Caleb Balderstone when he succeeded in outwitting the notable writer from Aberdeen.

Besides this, the Japanese merchants, who derived no profit from the above speculation, which pertained alone to the government, had a sharp eye to their own interest, and managed matters with a dexterity “beyond all Grecian fame.” Mr Habersham, as became a gallant sailor, was desirous of presenting his lady friends in America with some of the choicest specimens of the manufacture of Japan. The Japanese seemed to be aware of that by intuition, and took measures accordingly, with as much *sang froid*, and confidence in the weakness of human nature, as is displayed by veteran professors of the noble art of thimble-rig.

“They were cunning enough too, as far as disposing of inferior goods was concerned, for they only brought out these at first, reserving the others for the last few days of our stay. We did not see any of their ‘number one’ specimens during our first or second visit, and, when we asked in regard to them, they would insist that ‘we saw all; they knew of nothing else,’ &c. They were evidently anxious to dispose of the inferior lot first, after which they knew that we would not fail to be disgusted with our purchases as soon as the higher priced ones should be exposed, and then we would be certain to lay out more money. And they were right; for although the most of us returned on board the first day without making any purchases, still we ‘caved in’ on the second day, and bought quite freely. Then, on the third day, they commenced bringing in the high-priced articles, and we began falling into the trap.

“Day after day, therefore, as we returned and lounged through the crowded show-rooms, new articles of unexpected beauty and rare excellence of work-

manship would rise before us at every turn, cast a shade over everything of the kind previously bought, and cause us to long for heavier pockets or more reasonable charges.

"Oh! they were a cunning, a most dishonest set of fellows, those very Japanese merchants, holding up their wares before us, and tempting us to board the shrinking purser for various sums until we finally found ourselves heels over head in debt! They would watch us with 'crickets' eyes' while we examined their various articles, judge with astonishing accuracy as to those with which we seemed most struck, and the next day all similar articles would be advanced in price, sometimes as much as a hundred per cent. They would take the tallies off at night, and put on others with higher marks on them, and then insist, with their usual barefaced disregard for truth, that 'all the same as yesterday.' This was all very provoking, truly; and yet what could we do? We had either to consent, in the first place, to be swindled by the treaty, and, in the second place, by the merchants themselves, or we must leave Japan without purchasing presents of their rare and beautiful workmanship for our absent friends. We chose the former of the two, and, with the unenviable feelings of men who are aware of the fleecing they are being subjected to without the most remote hope of being able to protect themselves, we continued our daily selections."

As for what further befell our author on the coast of Kamtschatka, Siberia, and on his homeward voyage to San Francisco, we must refer our readers to the volume, from which we have not extracted the passages which may be of the most general interest. In it, the lover of adventure will find graphic descriptions of hairbreadth-escapes by sea, of humorous adventures on land, of bear-hunts, whaling, and the like, all animated and life-like, but without that Munchausen colouring in which isolated sportsmen are exceedingly prone to indulge. In fact, we make it a regular rule never to believe more than one-fourth of the narrative of any individual who recounts feats which he has performed beyond the ken of credible witnesses. This habit of ours is not engendered by a disposition naturally

suspicious. It arises from a conviction that it is quite impossible for a man, so situated, to adhere to the truth; and we feel that in our own instance, because on every occasion when we go out sporting on our own account, without spies to control us, we find that imagination supercedes reality; and on our return home, in spite of that high principle which has always characterised us, we are sometimes led to suppose that we do exaggerate a little. We never yet knew the man who shot so well in a *battue* as when he was alone, or attended only by a gillie who could not speak a word of English, or otherwise was a pure idiot, whom it was impossible to cross-examine. If you are fishing by yourself, you invariably raise, hook, play, and lose trouts of twice or it may be thrice the weight of those that will condescend to look at your hackles when a friend is within hail. And as for flying leaps, if separated by accident from the field, you think nothing of taking a fence as high as the bastion of the Malakoff. But we acquit Mr Habershaw of all such exaggerations; not because we suppose him to be exempt from the common weaknesses of humanity—indeed, he has so good an eye for colour and effect, that he could not, any more than the rest of us, be trusted for accuracy when alone—but because he was surrounded with a cloud of witnesses; and when that is the case, there can be no pulling of the long-bow, as we ourselves can testify. For never yet did we perform a feat in presence of a brother sportsman which he would corroborate by his evidence, unless we were prepared to back him up in some awful bouncer touching his own achievements, from which crime, as a matter of course, our conscience instinctively rebelled.

With hearty commendations, therefore, we bid our author adieu. He is a pleasant fellow; and we are quite sure that if better acquainted with the English people, some of the prejudices which we have noted at the commencement of this article would disappear.

THE ATHELINGS ; OR, THE THREE GIFTS.

PART THE LAST.

CHAPTER XXX.—AN ADVENTURE.

It was September—the time when all Englishmen of a certain “rank in life” burn with unconquerable longings to get as far away from home as possible—and there was nothing remarkable in the appearance of this solitary traveller pacing along Calais pier—nothing remarkable, except his own personal appearance, which was of a kind not easily overlooked. There was nothing to be read in his embrowned but refined face, nor in his high thoughtful forehead. It was a face of thought, of speculation, of a great and vigorous intellectual activity ; but the haughty eyes looked at no one—the lips never moved even to address a child—there was no response to any passing glance of interest or inquiry. His head was turned towards England, over the long sinuous weltering waves of that stormy Channel which to-day pretended to be calm ; but if he saw anything, it was something which appeared only in his own imagination—it was neither the far-away gleam, like a floating mist, of the white cliffs, nor the sunbeam coming down out of the heart of a cloud into the dark mid-current of that treacherous sea.

He had no plan of travel—no settled intentions indeed of any kind—but had been roaming about these three months in the restlessness of suspense, waiting for definite intelligence before he decided on his further course. An often-recurring fancy of returning home for a time had brought him to-day to this common highway of all nations from a secluded village among the Pyrenees ; but he had not made up his mind to go home—he only lingered within sight of it, chafing his own disturbed spirit, and ready to be swayed by any momentary impulse. Though he had been disturbed for a time out of his study of the deepest secrets of human life, his mind was too eager not to have returned to it. He had come to

feel that it would be sacrilege to proclaim again his own labouring and disordered thoughts in a place where he was set to speak of One, the very imagination of whom, if it was an imagination, was so immeasurably exalted above his highest elevation. A strange poetic justice had come upon Lionel Rivers—prosecuted for his extreme views at the time when he ceased to make any show of holding them—separating himself from his profession, and from the very name of a believer, at the moment when it began to dawn upon him that he believed—and thrust asunder with a violent wrench and convulsion from the first and sole human creature who had come into his heart, at the very hour in which he discovered that his heart was no longer in his own power. He saw it all, the strange story of contradictory and perverse chances, and knew himself the greatest and strangest contradiction of the whole.

He gave no attention whatever to what passed round him, yet he heard the foreign voices—the English voices—for there was no lack of his countrymen. It was growing dark rapidly, and the shadowy evening lights and mists were stealing far away to sea. He turned to go back to his hotel, turning his face away from his own country, when at the moment a voice fell upon his ear, speaking his own tongue—“You will abet an impostor—you who know nothing of English law, and are already a marked man.” These were the words spoken in a very low, clear, hissing tone, which Lionel heard distinctly only because it was well known to him. The speaker was wrapt in a great cloak, with a travelling-cap over his eyes ; and the person he addressed was a little vivacious Italian, with a long olive face, smooth-shaven cheeks, and sparkling lively eyes, who seemed much disconcerted and doubtful what to do. The expression of Lionel’s

face changed in an instant—he woke out of his moody dream to alert and determined action; he drew back a step to let them pass, and then followed. The discussion was animated and eager between them, sometimes in English, sometimes in Italian, apparently as caprice guided the one or the other. Lionel did not listen to what they said, but he followed them home.

The old Italian parted with his companion at the door of the hotel where Lionel himself was lodged; there the Englishman in the cloak and cap lingered to make an appointment. "At eleven to-morrow," said again that sharp hissing voice. Lionel stepped aside into the shadow as the stranger turned reluctantly away; he did not care for making further investigations to ascertain *his* identity—it was Lord Winterbourne.

He took the necessary steps immediately. It was easy to find out where the Italian was, in a little room at the top of the house, the key of which he paused to take down before he went up-stairs. Lionel waited again till the old man had made his way to his lofty lodging. He was very well acquainted with all the details of Louis's case; he had, in fact, seen Charlie Atheling a few days before he left London, and satisfied himself of the nature of his young kinsman's claim—it was too important to himself to be forgotten. He remembered perfectly the Italian doctor Serrano who had been present, and could testify to the marriage of the late Lord Winterbourne. Lionel scaled the great staircase half-a-dozen steps at a time, and reached the door immediately after the old man had entered, and before he had struck his light. The Rector knocked softly. With visible perturbation, and in a sharp tone of self-defence, the Italian called out in very good French to know who was there. Dr Serrano was a patriot and a plotter, and used to domiciliary visitations. Lionel answered him in English, asked if he were Dr Serrano, and announced himself as a friend of Charles Atheling. Then the door opened slowly, and with some jealousy. Lionel passed into the room without waiting for an invitation. "You are going to Eng-

land on a matter of the greatest importance," said the Rector, with excitement—"to restore the son of your friend to his inheritance; yet I find you, with the serpent at your ear, listening to Lord Winterbourne."

The Italian started back in amaze. "Are you the devil?" said Doctor Serrano, with a comical perturbation.

"No; instead of that, you have just left him," said Lionel; "but I am a friend, and know all. This man persuades you not to go on—by accident I caught the sound of his voice saying so. He has the most direct personal interest in the case; it is ruin and disgrace to him. Your testimony may be of the greatest importance—why do you linger? why do you listen to him?"

"Really, you are hot-headed; it is so with youth," said Dr Serrano, "when we will move heaven and earth for one friend. He tells me the child is dead—that this is another. I know not—it may be true."

"It is not true," said Lionel. "I will tell you who I am—the next heir if Lord Winterbourne is the true holder of the title—there is my card. I have the strongest interest in resisting this claim if I did not know it to be true. It can be proved that this is the same boy who was brought from Italy an infant. I can prove it myself; it is known to a whole village. If you choose it, confront me with Lord Winterbourne."

"No; I believe you—you are a gentleman," said Doctor Serrano, turning over the card in his hand—and the old man added with enthusiasm, "and a hero for a friend!"

"You believe me?" said Lionel, who could not restrain the painful smile which crossed his face at the idea of his heroism in the cause of Louis. "Will you stay then another hour within reach of Lord Winterbourne?"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders. "I will break with him; he is ever false," said the old man. "What besides can I do?"

"I will tell you," said Lionel. "The boat sails in an hour—come with me at once, let me see you safe in England. I shall attend to your comfort with all my power. There is time for a good English bed at Dover,

and an undisturbed rest. Doctor Serrano, for the sake of the oppressed, and because you are a philosopher, and understand the weakness of human nature, will you come with me?"

The Italian glanced lovingly at the couch which invited him—at the slippers and the pipe which waited to make him comfortable—then he glanced up at the dark and resolute countenance of Lionel, who, high in his chivalric honour, was determined rather to sleep at Serrano's door all night than to let him out of his hands. "Excellent young man! you are not a philosopher!" said the rueful doctor; but he had a quick eye, and was accustomed to judge men. "I will go with you," he added seriously, "and some time, for liberty and Italy, you will do as much for me."

It was a bargain, concluded on the spot. An hour after, almost within

sight of Lord Winterbourne, who was pacing the gloomy pier by night in his own gloom of guilty thought, the old man and the young man embarked for England. A few hours later the little Italian slept under an English roof, and the young Englishman looked up at the dizzy cliff, and down at the foaming sea, too much excited to think of rest. The next morning Lionel carried off his prize to London, and left him in the hands of Charlie Atheling. Then, seeing no one, speaking to no one, without lingering an hour in his native country, he turned back and went away. He had made up his mind now to remain at Calais till the matter was entirely decided—then to resign his benefice—and then, with *things* and not *thoughts* around him in the actual press and contact of common life, to read, if he could, the grand secret of a true existence, and decide his fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE TRIAL.

Lord Winterbourne had been in Italy, going over the ground which Charlie Atheling had already examined so carefully. Miss Anastasia's proverb was coming true. He who all his life had been so wary, began to calculate madly, with an insane disregard of all the damning facts against him, on overturning, by one bold stroke, the careful fabric of the young lawyer. He sought out and found the courier Monte, whom he himself had established in his little mountain-inn. Monte was a faithful servant enough to his employer of the time, but he was not scrupulous, and had no great conscience. He undertook, without much objection, for the hire which Lord Winterbourne gave him, to say anything Lord Winterbourne pleased. He had been present at the marriage; and if the old doctor could have been delayed, or turned back, or even kidnapped—which was in the foiled plotter's scheme, if nothing better would serve—Monte, being the sole witness of the ceremony present, might have made it out a mock marriage, or at least delayed the case, and thrown discredit upon the

union. It was enough to show what mad shifts even a wise intriguer might be driven to trust in. He believed it actually possible that judge and jury would ignore all the other testimony, and trust to the unsupported word of his lying witness. He did not pause to think, tampering with truth as he had been all his life, and trusting no man, what an extreme amount of credulity he expected for himself.

But even when Dr Serrano escaped him—when the trial drew nearer day by day—when Louis's agents came in person, respectful and urgent, to make their statement to him—and when he became aware that his case was naught, and that he had no evidence whatever to depend on save that of Monte, his wild confidence did not yield. He refused with disdain every offer of a compromise; he commanded out of his presence the bearers of that message of forbearance and forgiveness; he looked forward with a blind defiance of his fate miserable to see. He gave orders that preparations should be made at Winterbourne for the celebration of his approaching

triumph. That autumn he had invited to his house a larger party than usual; and though few came, and those the least reputable, there was no want of sportsmen in the covers, nor merry-makers at the Hall: he himself was restless, and did not continue there, even for the sake of his guests, but made incessant journeys to London, and kept in constant personal attendance on himself the courier Monte. He was the object of incessant observation, and the gossip of half the county: he had many enemies; and many of those who were disposed to take his part, had heard and been convinced by the story of Louis. Almost every one, indeed, who did hear of it, and remembered the boy in his neglected but noble youth, felt the strange probability and *vraisemblance* of the tale; and as the time drew nearer, the interest grew. It was known that the new claimant of the title lived in Miss Anastasia's house, and that she was the warmest supporter of his claim. The people of Banburyshire were proud of Miss Anastasia; but she was Lord Winterbourne's enemy. Why? That old tragedy began to be spoken of once more in whispers; other tales crept into circulation; he was a bad man: everybody knew something of him—enough ground to judge him on; and if he was capable of all these, was he not capable of this?

As the public voice grew thus, like the voice of doom, the doomed man went on in his reckless and unreasoning confidence; the warnings of his opponents and of his friends seemed to be alike fruitless. No extent of self-delusion could have justified him at any time in thinking himself popular, yet he seemed to have a certain insane conviction now, that he had but to show himself in the court to produce an immediate reaction in his favour. He even said so, shaken out of all his old self-restrained habits, boasting with a vain braggadocio to his guests at the Hall; and people began, with a new impulse of pity, to wonder if his reason was touched, and to hint vaguely to each other that the shock had unsettled his mind.

The trial came on at the next

assize; it was long, elaborate, and painful. On the very eve of this momentous day, Louis himself had addressed an appeal to his uncle, begging him, at the last moment when he could withdraw with honour, to accept the compromise so often and so anxiously proposed to him. Lord Winterbourne tore the letter in two, and put it in his pocket-book. "I shall use it," he said to the messenger, "when this business is over, to light the bonfire on Badgeley Hill."

The trial came on accordingly, without favour or private arrangement—a fair struggle of force against force. The evidence on the side of the prosecutor was laid down clearly, particular by particular; the marriage of the late Lord Winterbourne to the young Italian—the entry in his pocket-book, sworn to by Miss Anastasia—the birth of the children—their journey from Italy to London, from London to Winterbourne—and the identity of the boy Louis with the present claimant of the title—clearly, calmly, deliberately, everything was proved. It took two days to go over the evidence; then came the defence. Without an overwhelming array of witnesses on the other side—without proving perjury on the part of these—what could Lord Winterbourne answer to such a charge as this?

He commenced, through his lawyer, by a vain attempt to brand Louis over again with illegitimacy, to sully the name of his dead brother, and represent him a villainous deceiver. It was allowed, without controversy, that Louis was the son of the old lord; and then Monte was placed in the witness-box to prove that the marriage was a mock marriage, so skilfully performed as to cheat herself, her family, the old quick-witted Serrano, whose testimony had pleased every one—all the people present, in short, except his own acute and philosophical self.

The fellow was bold, clever, and scrupulous, but he was not prepared for such an ordeal. His attention distracted by the furious contradictory gestures of Dr Serrano, whose cane could scarcely be kept out of action—by the stern,

steady glance of Miss Anastasia, whom he recognised—he was no match for the skilful cross-examiners who had him in hand. He hesitated, prevaricated, altered his testimony. He held, with a grim obstinacy, to unimportant trifles, and made admissions at the same moment which struck at the very root of his own credibility as a witness. He was finally ordered to sit down by the voice of the judge himself, which rung in the fellow's ears like thunder. That was all the case for the defence! Even Lord Winterbourne's counsel coloured for shame as he made the miserable admission. The jury scarcely left the court; there was no doubt remaining on the mind of the audience. The verdict was pronounced solemnly, like a passionless voice of justice, as it was, for the plaintiff. There was no applause—no exultation—a universal human horror and disgust at the strange depravity they had just witnessed, put down every demonstration of feeling. People drew away from the neighbourhood of Lord Winterbourne as from a man in a pestilence. He left the court almost immediately, with his hat over his eyes—his witness following as he best could; then came a sudden revulsion of feeling. The best men in the county hurried towards Louis, who sat, pale and excited, by the side of his elder and his younger sister. Congratulatory good wishes

poured upon him on every side. As they left the court slowly, a guard of honour surrounded this heir and hero of romance; and as he emerged into the street the air rang with a cheer for the new Lord Winterbourne. They called him "My lord," as he stood on the step of Miss Anastasia's carriage, which she herself entered as if it had been a car of triumph. *She* called him "My lord," making a proud obeisance to him, as a mother might have done to her son, a new-made king; and they drove off slowly, with riders in their train, amid the eager observation of all the passengers—the new Lord Winterbourne!

The old one hastened home on foot, no one observing him—followed far off, like a shadow, by his attendant villain—unobserved, and almost unheeded, entered the Hall; thrust with his own hand some necessaries into his travelling-bag, gathered his cloak around him, and was gone. Winterbourne Hall that night was left in the custody of the strangers who had been his guests, an uneasy and troubled company, all occupied with projects of departure to-morrow. Once more the broad chill moonlight fell on the noble park, as when Louis and his sister, desolate and friendless, passed out from its lordly gates into midnight and the vacant world. Scarcely a year! but what a change upon all the actors and all the passions of that moonlight October night!

CHAPTER XXXII.—ESPOUSALS.

It was winter, but the heavens were bright—a halcyon day among the December glooms. All the winds lay still among the withered ferns, making a sighing chorus in the underground of Badgeley Wood; but the white clouds, thinner than the clouds of summer, lay becalmed upon the chill blue sky, and the sun shone warm under the hedgerows, and deluded birds were perching out upon the hawthorn boughs; the green grass brightened under the morning light; the wan waters shone; the trees which had no leaves clustered their branches together, with a certain pathos in their nakedness, and

made a trellised shadow here and there over the wintry stream; and, noble as in the broadest summer, in the sheen of the December sunshine lay Oxford, jewelled like a bride, gleaming out upon the tower of Maudlin, flashing abroad into the firmament from fair St Mary, twinkling with innumerable gem-points from all the lesser cupolas and spires. In the midst of all, this sunshine retreated in pure defeat and failure, from that sombre old heathen, with his heavy dome—but only brightened all the more upon those responsive and human inhabitants dwelling there from the olden ages, and native to

the soil. There was a fresh breath from the broad country, a hum of life in the air, a twitter of hardy birds among the trees. It was one of those days which belong to no season, but come, like single blessings, one by one, throwing a gleam across the darker half of the year. Though it was in December instead of May, it was as fair "a bridal of the earth and sky" as poet could have wished to see; but the season yielded no flowers to strew upon the grassy footpath between the Old Wood Lodge and the little church of Winterbourne: they did not need them who trode that road to-day.

Hush, they are coming home—seeing nothing but an indefinite splendour in the earth and in the sky—sweet in the dews of their youth—touched to the heart—to that very depth and centre where lie all ecstasies and tears. Walking together arm in arm, in their young humility—scarcely aware of the bridal train behind them—in an enchantment of their own; now coming back to that old little room, with its pensive old memories of hermit life and solitude—this quiet old place, which never before was lighted up with such a gleam of splendid fortune and happy hope.

You would say it was Marian Atheling, "with the smile on her lip, and the tear in her eye"—the very same lovely vision whom the lad Louis saw some eighteen months ago at the garden-gate. But you would be mistaken; for it is not Marian—it is the young Lady Winterbourne. This one is quite as beautiful for a consolation—almost more so in her bridal blush, and sunshine, and tears—and for a whole hour by the village clock has been a peeress of the realm.

This is what it has come to after all—what they must all come to, those innocent young people—even Rachel, who is as wild as a child, in her first genuine and unalarmed outburst of youthful jubilation—even Agnes, who through all this joy carries a certain thoughtful remembrance in her dark eyes—possibly even Charlie, who fears no man, but is a little shy of every womankind younger than Miss Anastasia. There are only one or two strangers; but the party almost overflows Miss

Bridget's parlour, where the old walls smile with flowers, and the old apartment, like an ancient handmaid, receives them with a prim and antique grace—a little doubtful, yet half hysterical with joy.

But it does not last very long, this crowning festival. By-and-by the hero and the heroine go away; then the guests one by one; then the family, a little languid, a little moved with the first inroad among them, disperse to their own apartments, or to a meditative ramble out of doors; and when the twilight falls, you could almost suppose Miss Bridget, musing too over the story of another generation, sitting before the fire in her great old chair, with no companion but the flowers.

This new event seemed somehow to consolidate and make certain that wonderful fortune of Louis, which until then had looked almost too much like a romance to be realised. His uncle had made various efforts to question and set aside the verdict which transferred to the true heir his name and inheritance—efforts in which even the lawyers whom he had employed at the trial, and who were not over-scrupulous, had refused any share. The attempt was entirely fruitless—an insane resistance to the law, which was irresistible; and the Honourable Reginald Rivers, whom some old sycophants who came in his way still flattered with his old title, was now at Baden, a great man enough in his own circle, rich in the allowance from his nephew, which he was no longer too proud to accept. He alone of all men expressed any disapprobation of Louis's marriage—he whose high sense of family honour revolted from the idea of a *mesalliance*—and one other individual, who had something of a more reasonable argument. We hasten to extract, according to a former promise, the following pathetic paragraph from the pages of the *Mississippi Gazette* :—

"I have just heard of the marriage of the young Lord W— with the beautiful M— A—. Well!—is that so wonderful? Oh, visionary dream! That thou shouldst pause to comment upon a common British bargain—the most ordinary arrange-

ment of this conventional and rotten life? What is a heart in comparison with a title?—true love in the balance of a coronet? Oh, my country, *thou* hast not come to this! But for these mercenary and heartless parents—but for the young mind dazzled with the splendid cheat of rank—oh heaven, what true felicity—what poetic rapture—what a home

thou mightst have seen! For she was beautiful as the day when it breaks upon the rivers and the mountains of my native land! It is enough—a poet's fate would have been all incomplete without this fiery trial. Farewell, M——! Farewell, lovely deluded victim of a false society! Some time out of your hollow splendour you will think of a true heart and weep!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AN OLD FRIEND.

"The Winterbournes" had been for some time at home—they were now in London, and Marian had appeared at court in the full splendour of that young beauty of hers, which never had dazzled any one at home as it dazzled every one now. She and her handsome young husband were the lions of the season, eagerly sought after in "the best society." Their story had got abroad, as stories which are at all remarkable have such a wonderful faculty of getting; and strangers whom Marian had never seen before, were delighted to make her acquaintance—charmed to know her sister, who had so much genius, and wrote such delightful books, and, most extraordinary of all, extremely curious and interested about Charlie, the wonderful young brother who had found out the mystery. At one of the fashionable assemblies, where Louis and Marian, Rachel and Agnes, were pointed out eagerly on all sides, and commented upon as "such fresh unsophisticated young creatures—such a group! so picturesque, so interesting!"—they became aware, all of them, with different degrees of embarrassment and pain, that Mrs Edgerley was in the company. Louis found her out last of all. She could not possibly fail to notice them; and the young man, anxious to save her pain, made up his mind at once to be the first to address her. He went forward gravely, with more than usual deference in his manner. She recognised him in a moment, started with a little surprise and a momentary shock, but immediately rushed forward with her most charming air of enthusiasm, caught his hand, and overwhelmed him with congratulations. "Oh, I should be so shocked if

you supposed that I entertained any prejudice because of poor dear papa!" cried Mrs Edgerley. "Of course he meant no harm; of course he did not know any better. I am so charmed to see you! I am sure we shall make most capital cousins and firm allies. Positively you look quite grave at me. Oh, I assure you, family feuds are entirely out of fashion, and no one ever quarrels with *me*! I am dying to see those sweet girls!"

And very much amazed, and filled with great perturbation, those sweet girls were, when Mrs Edgerley came up to them, leaning upon Louis's arm, bestowed upon them all a shower of those light perfumy kisses which Marian and Agnes remembered so well, and, declaring Lady Winterbourne far too young for a chaperone, took her place among them. Amazed as they were at this sudden renewal of old friendship, none of them desired to resist it; and before they were well aware, they found themselves engaged, the whole party, to Mrs Edgerley's next "reception," when "every one would be so charmed to see them!" "Positively, my love, you are looking quite lovely," whispered the fine lady into the shrinking ear of Marian. "I always said so. I constantly told every one you were the most perfect little beauty in the world; and then that charming book of Miss Athelings's, which every one was wild about! and your brother—now, do you know, I wish so very much to know your brother. Oh, I am sure you could persuade him to come to my Thursday. Tell him every one comes; no one ever refuses *me*! I shall send him a card to-morrow. Now, may I leave my cause in your hands?"

"We will try," said Marian, who, though she bore her new dignities with extraordinary self-possession on the whole, was undeniably shy of Agnes's first fashionable patroness. The invitation was taken up as very good fun indeed, by all the others. They resolved to make a general assault upon Charlie, and went home in great glee with their undertaking. Nor was Charlie, after all, so hard to be moved as they expected. He twisted the pretty note in his big fingers with somewhat grim amusement, and said he did not mind. With this result Mrs Atheling showed the greatest delight, for the good mother began to speculate upon a wife for Charlie, and to be rather afraid of some humble beauty catching her boy's eye before he had "seen the world."

With almost the feeling of people in a dream, Agnes and Marian entered once more those well-remembered rooms of Mrs Edgerley, in which they had gained their first glimpse of the world; and Charlie, less demonstrative of his feelings, but not without a remembrance of the past, entered these same portals where he had exchanged that first glance of instinctive enmity with the former Lord Winterbourne. The change was almost too extraordinary to be realised even by the persons principally concerned. Marian, who had been but Agnes Atheling's pretty and shy sister, came in now first of the party, the wife of the head of her former patroness's family. Agnes, a diffident young genius then, full of visionary ideas of fame, had now her own known and acknowledged place, but had gone far beyond it, in the heart which did not palpitate any longer with the glorious young fancies of a visionary ambition; and Charlie, last of all—Charlie, who had tumbled out of the Islington fly to take charge of his sisters—a big boy, clumsy and manful, whom Lord Winterbourne smiled at, as he passed, with his ungenial smile—Charlie, almost single-handed, had thrust the usurper from his seat, and placed the true heir in his room. No wonder that the Athelings were somewhat dizzy with recollections when they came among all the fashionable people

who were charmed to see them, and found their way at last to the boudoir where Agnes and Marian had looked at the faces and the diamonds, on that old Thursday of Mrs Edgerley's, which sparkled still in their recollection, the beginning of their fate.

But though Louis and Marian, and Agnes and Rachel, were all extremely attractive, had more or less share in the romance, and were all more or less handsome, Charlie was without dispute the lion of the night. Mrs Edgerley fluttered about with him, holding his great arm with her pretty hand, and introducing him to every one; and with a smile, rueful, comical, half embarrassed, half ludicrous, Charlie, who continued to be very shy of ladies, suffered himself to be dragged about by the fashionable enchantress. He had very little to say—he was such a big fellow, so unmanageable in a delicate crowd of fine ladies, with draperies like gossamer, and, to do him justice, very much afraid of the dangerous steering; but Charlie's "manners," though they would have overwhelmed with distress his anxious mother, rather added to his "success." "It was he who conducted the whole case." "I do not wonder! Look, what a noble head! What a self-absorbed expression! What a power of concentration!" were the sweet and audible whispers which rang around him; and the more sensible observers of the scene, who saw the secret humour in Charlie's upper-lip, slightly curved with amusement, acute, but not unkindly, and caught now and then a gleam of his keen eye, which, when it met with a response, always made a momentary brightening of the smile—were disposed to give him full credit for all the power imputed to him. Mrs Edgerley was in the highest delight—he was a perfect success for a lion. Lions, as this patroness of the fine arts knew by experience, were sadly apt to betray themselves, to be thrown off their balance, to talk nonsense. But Charlie, who was not given to talking, who was still so delightfully clumsy, and made such a wonderful bow, was perfectly charming; Mrs Edgerley declared she was quite in love with him. After all, natural feeling put out of the question,

she had no extraordinary occasion to identify herself with the resentments or enmities of that ruined plotter at Baden; and he must have been a worthy father, indeed, who had moved Mrs Edgerley to shut her heart or her house to the handsome young couple, whom everybody delighted to honour, or to the hero of a fashionable romance, which was spoken of everywhere. She had no thought of any such sacrifice; she established the most friendly relations instantly with her charming young cousins. She extended the kindly title, with the most fascinating amiability, to Agnes and Charlie. She overwhelmed the young lawyer with compliments and invitations. He had a much stronger hold upon her fickle fancy than the author of *Hope Hazlewood*. Mrs

Edgerley was delighted to speak to all her acquaintances of Mr Atheling, "who conducted all the case against poor dear papa—did everything himself, I assure you—and such a charming modesty of genius, such a wonderful force and character! Oh, any one may be jealous who pleases; I cannot help it. I quite adore that clever young man."

Charlie took it at all very quietly; he concerned himself as little about the adoration of Mrs Edgerley, as he did about the secret scrutiny of his mother concerning every young woman who chanced to cross the path of her son. Young women were the only created things whom Charlie was afraid of, and what his own secret thoughts might be upon this important question, nobody could tell.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SETTLING DOWN.

Many lesser changes had been involved in the great revolution which made the nameless Louis head of the family, and conferred upon him the estates and title of Lord Winterbourne: scarcely any one, indeed, in the immediate circle of the two families of Rivers and Atheling, the great people and the small, remained uninfluenced by the change of sovereignty, except Miss Anastasia, whose heart and household charities were manifestly widened, but to whom no other change except the last, and grand one, was like to come. The Rector kept his word; as soon as he heard of the definite settlement of that great question of Louis's claim, he himself resigned his benefice; and one of the first acts of the new Lord Winterbourne was to answer the only request of Lionel, by conferring it upon Mr Mead. After that, Lionel made a settlement upon his sister of all the property which belonged to them, enough to make a modest maidenly income for the gentle invalid, and keep her in possession of all the little luxuries which seemed essential to her life. For himself, he retained a legacy of a thousand pounds which had been left to him several years before. This was the last that was known of the Rector—he disappeared into entire gloom and

obscurity after he had made this final arrangement. It was sometimes possible to hear of him, for English travellers, journeying through unfamiliar routes, did not fail to note the wandering English gentleman who seemed to travel for something else than pleasure, and whose motives and objects no one knew; but where to look for him next, or what his occupations were, neither Louis nor his friends, in spite of all their anxious inquiries, could ever ascertain.

And Mr Mead was now the rector, and reigned in Lionel's stead. A new rectory, all gabled and pinnaced, more "correct" than the model it followed, and truer to its period than the truest original in Christendom, rose rapidly between the village and the Hall; and Mr Mead, whose altar had been made bare by the iconoclastic hands of authority, began to exhibit some little alteration in his opinions as he grew older, held modified views as to the priesthood, and cast an eye of visible kindness upon the Honourable Rachel Rivers. The sentiment, however, was not at all reciprocal; no one believed that Rachel was really as old as Louis—older than the pretty matron Marian, older even than Agnes. She had never been a girl until now—and Rachel cared a great deal more for

the invalid Lucy in her noiseless shadowy chamber in the Old Wood House, than for all the rectors and all the curates in the world. *She* was fancy free, and promised to remain so; and Marian had already begun with a little horror to entertain the idea that Rachel possibly might never marry at all.

The parent Athelings themselves were not unmoved by the changes of their children. Charlie was to be received as a partner into the firm which Mr Foggo, by dint of habit, still clung to, as soon as he had attained his one-and-twentieth year. Agnes, as these quiet days went on, grew both in reputation and in riches, girl though she still was; and the youngest of them was Lady Winterbourne! All these great considerations somewhat dazzled the eyes of the confidential clerk of Messrs Cash, Ledger, & Co., as he turned over his books upon that desk where he had once placed Agnes's fifty-pound notes, the beginning of the family fortune. Bellevue came to be mightily out of the way when Louis and Marian were in town living in so different a quarter; and Mr Atheling wearied of the City, and Mamma concluded that the country air would be a great deal better for Bell and Beau. So Mr Atheling accepted a retiring allowance, the half of his previous income, from the employers whom he had served so long. The whole little household, even including Susan, removed to the country, where Marian had been delighting herself in the superintendence of the two or three additional rooms built to the Old Wood Lodge, which were so great a surprise to Mamma when she found them, risen as at the touch of a fairy's wand. The family settled there at once in unpretending comfort, taking farewell affectionately of Miss Willsie and Mr Foggo, but not forgetting Bellevue.

And here Agnes pursued her vocation, making very little demonstration of it, the main pillar for the mean time, and crowning glory of her father's house. Her own mind and imagination had been profoundly impressed, almost in spite of herself, by that last known act of Lionel's—his hasty journey to London with Dr

Serrano. It was the kind of act beyond all others to win upon a temperament so generous and sensitive, which a more ostentatious generosity might have disgusted and repelled; and perhaps the very uncertainty in which they remained concerning him kept up the lurking "interest" in Agnes Atheling's heart. It was possible that he might appear any day at their very doors; it was possible that he never might be seen again. It was not easy to avoid speculating upon him—what he was thinking, where he was?—and when, in that spontaneous delight of her young genius, which yet had suffered no diminution, Agnes's thoughts glided into impersonation, and fairy figures gathered round her, and one by one her fables grew, in the midst of the thread of story—in the midst of what people called, to the young author's amusement, "an elaborate development of character, the result of great study and observation"—thoughts came to her mind, and words to her lip, which she supposed no one could thoroughly understand save *one*. Almost unconsciously she shadowed his circumstances and his story in many a bright imagination of her own; and contrasted with the real one half-a-dozen imaginary Lionels, yet always ending in finding him the noblest type of action in that great crisis of his career. It blended somehow strangely with all that was most serious in her work; for when Agnes had to speak of faith, she spoke of it with the fervour with which one addresses an individual, opening her heart to show the One great Name enshrined in it to another, who, woe for him, in his wanderings so sadly friendless, knew not that Lord.

So the voice of the woman who dwelt at home went out over the world; it charmed multitudes who thought of nothing but the story it told, delighted some more who recognised that sweet faulty grace of youth, that generous young directness and simplicity which made the fable truth. If it ever reached to one who felt himself addressed in it, who knew the words, the allusions, that noble craft of genius, which, addressing all, had still a private voice for one—if there was such a man somewhere, in

the desert or among the mountains far away, wandering where he seldom heard the tongue of his country, and never saw a face he recognised, Agnes never knew.

But after this fashion time went on with them all. Then there came a second heir, another Louis, to the Hall at Winterbourne—and it was very hard to say whether this young gentleman's old aunt or his young aunt, the Honourable Rachel, or the Honourable Anastasia, was most completely out of her wits at this glorious epoch in the history of the House. Another event of the most startling and extraordinary description took place very shortly after the christening of Marian's miraculous baby. Charlie was one-and-twenty; he was admitted into the firm, and the young man, who was one of the most "rising young men" in his profession,

took to himself a holiday, and went abroad without any one knowing much about it. No harm in that; but when Charlie returned, he brought with him a certain Signora Giulia, a very amazing companion indeed for this taciturn hero, who was afraid of young ladies. He took her down at once to Winterbourne, to present her to his mother and sisters. He had the grace to blush, but really was not half so much ashamed of himself as he ought to have been. For the pretty young Italian turned out to be cousin to Louis and Rachel—a delicate little beauty, extremely proud of the big young lover, who had carried her off from her mother's house six weeks ago: and we are grieved to acknowledge that Charlie henceforth showed no fear whatever, scarcely even the proper awe of a dutiful husband in the presence of Mrs Charles Atheling.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE END.

Agnes Atheling was alone in old Miss Bridget's parlour; it was a fervent day of July, and all the country lay in a hush and stillness of exceeding sunshine, which reduced all the common sounds of life, far and near, to a drowsy and languid hum—the midsummer's luxurious voice. The little house was perfectly still. Mrs Atheling was at the Hall, Papa in Oxford, and Hannah, whose sole beatific duty it was to take care of the children, and who envied no one in the world save the new nurse to the new baby, had taken out Bell and Beau. The door was open in the fearless fashion and license of the country. Perhaps Susan was dozing in the kitchen, or on the sunny outside bench by the kitchen door. There was not a sound about the house save the deep dreamy hum of the bees among the roses—those roses which clustered thick round the old porch and on the wall. Agnes sat by the open window, in a very familiar old occupation, making a frock for little Bell, who was six years old now, and appreciated pretty things. Agnes was not quite so young as she used to be—four years, with a great many events in them, had enlarged the maiden mind, which

still was as fresh as a child's. She was changed otherwise: the ease which those only have who are used to the company of people of refinement, had added another charm to her natural grace. As she sat with her work on her knee, in her feminine attitude and occupation, making a meditative pause, bowing her head upon her hand, thinking of something, with those quiet walls of home around her—the open door, the open window, and no one else visible in the serene and peaceful house, she made, in her fair and thoughtful young womanhood, as sweet a type as one could desire of the serene and happy confidence of a quiet English home.

She did not observe any one passing; she was not thinking, perhaps, of any one hereabout who was like to pass—but she heard a step entering at the door. She scarcely looked up, thinking it some member of the family—scarcely moved even when the door of the parlour opened wider, and the step came in. Then she looked up—started up—let her work drop out of her hands, and, gazing with eagerness in the bronzed face of the stranger, uttered a wondering exclamation. He hastened to her, holding out his hand. "Mr Rivers?"

cried Agnes, in extreme surprise and agitation—"is it *you*?"

What he said was some hasty faltering expressions of delight in seeing her, and they gazed at each other with their mutual "interest," glad, yet constrained. "We have tried often to find out where you were," said Agnes—"I mean Louis; he has been very anxious. Have you seen him? When did you come home?"

"I have seen no one save you."

"But Louis has been very anxious," said Agnes, with a little confusion. "We have all tried to discover where you were. Is it wrong to ask where you have been?"

But Lionel did not at all attend to her questions. He was less self-possessed than she was; he seemed to have only one idea at the present moment, so far as was visible, and that he simply expressed over again—"I am very glad—happy—to see you here, and alone."

"Oh!" said Agnes with a nervous tremor—"I—I was asking, Mr Rivers, where you had been?"

This time he began to attend to her. "I have been everywhere," he said, "except where pleasure was. I have been on fields of battles—in places of wretchedness. I have come to tell you something—you only. Do you remember our conversation once by Badgeley Wood?"

"Yes."

"You gave me a talisman, Agnes," said the speaker, growing more excited; "I have carried it all over the world."

"Well," said Agnes as he paused. She looked at him very earnestly, without even a blush at the sound of her own name.

"Well—better than well!" cried Lionel; "wonderful—invincible—divine! I went to try your spell—I who trusted nothing—at the moment when everything had failed me—even

you. I put yonder sublime Friend of yours to the experiment—I dared to do it! I took His name to the sorrowful, as you bade me. I cast out devils with his name, as the sorcerers tried to do. I put all the hope I could have in life upon the trial. Now I come to tell you the issue; it is fit that you should know."

Agnes leaned forward towards him, listening eagerly; she could not quite tell what she expected—a confession of faith.

"I am a man of ambition," said Lionel, turning in a moment from the high and solemn excitement of his former speech, with a sudden smile like a gleam of sunshine. "You remember my projects when I was heir of Winterbourne. You knew them, though I did not tell you; now I have found a cave in a wild mining district among a race of giants. I am Vicar of Botallach, among the Cornish men—have been for four-and-twenty hours—that is the end."

Agnes had put out her hand to him in the first impulse of joy and congratulation; a second thought, more subtle, made her pause, and blush, and draw back. Lionel was not so foolish as to wait the end of this self-controversy. He left his seat, came to her side, took the hand firmly into his own, which she half gave, and half withdrew—did not blush, but grew pale, with the quiet concern of a man who was about deciding the happiness of his life. "The end, but the beginning too," said Lionel, with a tremor in his voice. "Agnes, hear me still—I have something more to say."

She did not answer a word; she lifted her eyes to his face with one hurried, agitated, momentary glance. Something more! but the whole tale was in the look. *They* did not know very well what words followed, and neither do we.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE AND HIS BOOKS.

THERE is, perhaps, no living writer of the English tongue to whom history is so solidly indebted as to Sir Francis Palgrave. Lest this proposition should create too great an access of astonishment, it may be necessary to state at the beginning—though it will come out with sufficient clearness in the end—that we do not include historical literature on this occasion under the term History. We speak of Sir Francis, in his own department, as we would of some geologist or chemist—a Murchison, Buckland, or Owen—whose name lives in every one's memory among the architects of science, although his voice is unknown in the exposition of his discoveries, and his books are not found on drawing-room tables or in circulating libraries. The achievements which entitle Palgrave to a similar niche in the temple of Fame may be thus briefly characterised: He has carried the torch into the darkest recesses of the dark ages, and cleared up things which the world believed to be buried for ever. He has not only shown them to us, but he has found out how they came to be where they were, and what connection they have with each other. As the geologist has found in Perm, in Australia, in Wales, and in Peeblesshire, the vestiges of the same sedimentary stratum, showing that it formed a continuous lair in the crust of the earth; so has this accomplished inquirer brought together the faint deposits of bygone human systems from the seat of Byzantine empire, from the steppes of Tartary, from our own Hebrides, and shown with convincing simplicity that they were fragments of the same organisation, and that they afford us instruction in the policy which bore rule over the civilised world. Thus his books are rich in historical classifications and adjustments; in the simplifying and combining of matters which before

seemed fragmentary and isolated; nor is his hand less firm in breaking up artificial and conventional groupings which have no foundation in the reality of things.

Every critic would predicate of the books in which such services are performed, that they would achieve a wide fame, and appear in the hands of every educated reader. And yet, on the contrary, could we obtain a parliamentary return of every man, woman, or child who has read through those two wondrous quarto volumes on the Saxon commonwealth, published rather more than a quarter of a century ago, we believe the humiliating fact would be found that the schedules would be returned very nearly blank; and that the number who had gone through the course of voluntary education—for there is a sort of education involved in the perusal of that book—would turn out to be small indeed. Let each person who glances over this page realise the matter to himself, by recalling to memory all of his acquaintance who have performed the feat.

Such a practical antithesis is a literary peculiarity of the age which deserves notice. Palgrave is among the most remarkable of a class of writers who have to endure the *sic vos non vobis*; and his fate is the more conspicuous, that, far from being content with the function of completing his discoveries, and communicating them to the learned, he has all his life been making desperate and untiring efforts to force his way into the ranks of popular authorship. Hence his books have become a sort of waifs and strays which any man may pick up and use as he will. When historical matter is issued to the world in the shape of a record or a chronicle, edited by some competent archæologist, even although, in his introduction and notes, he may exhaust all that is novel and remark-

able in the collection—still, the historian who makes use of this new and valuable matter tells where he got it, and perhaps mentions the obligations he is under to the learned editor,—for such a reference carries with it a character of research. The author who thus opens a book of records, or an ancient chronicle, and there finds matter to his purpose, cannot be called a compiler or plagiarist. But if the archæologist thinks fit to attempt the popular exposition of his own discoveries, appealing in vain to an audience who close his books in despair after the first half-dozen pages, his works become the prey of every writer who can offer a more clear and lively exposition of their valuable contents. Nor is such an appropriation readily detected, if the appropriator should decline to acknowledge the source of his inspiration, for the world is not ready to believe in a robbery on the person of one to whom it has denied the possession of wealth.

It would be difficult to tell how many reputations these books will feed. For long time to come, whoever writes history concerning the ninth and tenth centuries in any part of Europe, Germany, France, Holland, Italy, England, or Scotland, will owe his broad and comprehensive views, his clear and emphatic distinctions, to the quaint hints, the obscure allusions, the eccentric and often inextricable narratives found somewhere among Sir Francis Palgrave's writings. And when the charmed reader peruses the full, flowing, sparkling narrative of the accomplished popular historian, it will be useless to attempt to drag his attention away to the misty and marshy source whence it was derived. Nor will the adaptation of Palgrave's fertile hints be all pure fraud and intentional misappropriation. The thinker cannot always tell who it was that dropped the seeds of his thoughts into his mind. It is not easy to remember precisely what one has read in Palgrave's pages—it would be difficult often to put them into intelligible shape at the moment when they are perused. The influence they convey is that of a general stirring-up of old received doctrines and beliefs on the things of past ages.

Whoever will read fifty or a hundred pages of Palgrave, carrying the meaning with him as he reads—a difficult task, we admit—cannot fail to imbibe new impressions, and to see stale old historical conventionalities in a fresh light.

These qualities appear to us to arise from the completeness with which he has been able to throw himself into the conditions of the past. Intellectually he has lived more in the ninth and tenth centuries than any other Englishman of the nineteenth. Most of us feel our way to the past through the present and its immediate antecedents, so that we can only get a certain distance back. We have difficulty and uncertainty in dealing with the Europe in which there is no Germany or France—no Switzerland, Holland, England, or Scotland. About Greece, the Alexandrian empire, and Rome, republican or imperial, we know from a separate and artificial centre of view—that of the classic writers, and our own early training in them. But of the history of the world, between the downfall of Rome and the construction of modern nationalities, few of us have notions that are not shaped and coloured from the world we live in, and the late distinct chapters in its history with which we are familiar. It is owing to this natural difficulty in realising obscure times, that, in the romances about Arthur and his Round Table, we read, not the manners of the sixth century, but those of the age of chivalry in which the romancers lived; and that in the Scriptural paintings of Paolo Veronese we see, not the inhabitants of Jerusalem or Athens at the dawn of Christianity, but the motley and picturesque frequenters of Venice in the sixteenth century. It is not that our other historians are blind to the necessity of studying the age about which they write, and that they deliberately paint after the age in which they live; but they generally go back with difficulty and uncertainty, and are sometimes compelled to stop short in the darkness. They find their way, for instance, through the recasting of Europe by the Reformation—the revolution

caused by the revival of letters and art, and the formation of standing armies, into feudality, chivalry and troubadours—the crusades, trials by ordeal, and papal supremacy. But behind these they generally find nothing but mist, in which some of them see the refracted images of the later and distincter age, while others, more clear-headed and firm of purpose, draw the curtain like Robertson, who begins his History of Scotland in the words, “The first ages of the Scottish history are dark and fabulous. Nations, as well as men, arrive at maturity by degrees, and the events which happened during their infancy or early youth, cannot be recollected, and deserve not to be remembered.”

Instead of groping his way from the present to the past, Palgrave is like one who had lived in the past, and is disagreeably reminded of later times. Instead of going back from modern nationalities, the governments and institutions constructed out of the feudal system, and the hierarchies derived from the Papacy, he enters on his work as one who lived before these institutions were in their germ. He sees scattered around him the fragments of the old Roman empire—fragments still vital, and often tending to coalesce, and again rule the world from one point. If feudal institutions and modern kingships are beginning faintly to appear, he remembers that there are still Consuls and Patricians—that there is still a Cæsar, real or nominal, who professes to rule the world, and that the Tribune of the people is more than a tradition. Taking up his mental existence, as it were, in the period of the long-protracted dissolution of the Roman empire, he has fondly cherished the history of every relic of that mighty system, and watched with a conservative jealousy the origin and progress of those innovations in which the present European system grew.

Hence in these works we find—what is so often overlooked by writers on the Middle Ages—an attestation of the vitality and strength of the old Roman institutions, and their powerful influence in the reconstruction of modern Europe. In

this reconstruction feudalism was certainly a great element, but whether the relics of the Roman empire were not a still greater, might be a fair question for an intelligent debating society. The gratitude of literature is due to Palgrave for the pious zeal with which he has brought them into view. He shows us our municipal institutions—those burgher systems which we have been accustomed to consider so absolutely peculiar to feudal Europe—as the direct descendants of the *municipia* of Rome. There are cities whose municipal corporations date from the supremacy of Rome. They are living testimonies against the old inveterate legend, that the Roman law was revived in the twelfth century, when a copy of the Pandects was found at the taking of Amalfi. The Roman law never died away in Europe. It had always a vital existence at least in the municipal corporations, and in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. From these strongholds it fought throughout Europe a battle with the feudal system—a battle which had its fiercest passages of arms in England, where the common lawyers indulged in a hatred almost personal towards the civilians. Yet even in England the principles of the Code and the Pandects made silent conquests. The spirit of the Justinian laws was that of a despotism. But while they counted the emperor sacred and all-powerful, they treated all other men—that is, all other freemen—as equal. If we overlook, then, the source from which they spring—the supereminent power of the emperor—we find in the civil laws a system of equal justice between man and man as perfect as human nature seems capable of concocting. Brought in conflict with feudality and its many grades of power and rank—its sovereigns, higher and lower nobility, chief vassals and sub-vassals, passing down many steps to serfdom—the traditional existence and practical enforcement of laws constructed on the principle that all men between the sovereign and the slave are equal, exercised an obvious influence on the form and progress of modern society.

We require but to remember such

an element to understand, as a general fact, that it must have exercised such an influence. But we are apt in particulars to lose sight of it, and therefore Sir Francis Palgrave's readers are indebted to him for always reminding them of it in his practical details. And he not only remembers the Roman law, and its influence in modifying feudality, but the whole influence of Roman social life and habits spread over the countries included within the Empire, and ever in conflict with the ways of those hardy warriors and depredators, who, from beyond the boundary of the empire of Julian, and subsequently beyond the boundaries of the empire of Charlemagne, rushed in upon the Latinised territories. In one of his studied passages—which are not, to our taste, his best—Sir Francis says :—

“The Romans had been gradually approximating to the barbarians: the barbarians, with even more alacrity and power, were wresting the dominion from the empire. Were not the majority of the emperors barbarians by name, by race, by lineage, by language, by character? These purple-clad barbarians swayed the fortunes of the world. Long had this political commixture of races existed. The Romans taught their vassals to become their lords. They educated Goth and Celt, and Teuton and Iberian, for the imperial throne, when they, the *gens togata*, rejoiced in the submission voluntarily rendered by barbarian sovereigns, who sought to increase their own magnificence by accepting the regal name and the regal insignia from the Roman power. The first real king in Germany, Ariovistus, became king by the gratitude or favour of the first of the Cæsars.

“We have all read how the Gaulish warriors were stayed in silent awe before the senate assembled in that forum which they were about to destroy. The columns rose in glory again to fall; but the same veneration hovered amongst the ruins, continuing to hallow the cruelties, the depravities, the feebleness, the decrepitude of Rome. When the barbarian sovereigns established themselves within the sacred boundaries of the empire—when the Ostrogoth held his court at Verona, and the Frank encamped in Gaul—they honoured the very sovereigns over whom they had usurped. Flushed with victory, the barbarians scarcely dared to own, even to them-

selves, that they were rebels against the ancient mistress of the world. Her fear was yet upon them.”—(I. 9-10.)

This passage we select, as on the whole a good specimen of what Sir Francis produces when he sets his face doggedly to it, as Dr Johnson says, and insists on writing history. The passage has merit, and it would require very little insincerity to pronounce it a grand truth finely expressed. But we infinitely prefer finding him at his ease, and giving forth his strange and deep knowledge in fragments, as the humour strikes him. It is then that he is emphatic and suggestive, realising to the reader's mind, by a minute and distinct practical application, the impression of truths which before had been vaguely floating in the mind. We are all, for instance, well instructed in the arrogant assertion of supremacy over the Christian world by the Bishop of Rome, and few educated people can fail to be aware that the imperial system of civil government created the organisation, spreading from a common centre, which enabled the hierarchy to establish its supremacy. But this, one of the greatest facts in the history of the world, derives a new distinctness from such passages as the following;—he is speaking of the quick extinction in France of the temporary empire of Charlemagne:

“When the third dynasty ascended the French throne, not a vestige of the earlier jurisprudence remained. The Salic judges, Arbogast, Widogast, Bodogast, and Salogast, were utterly forgotten: legists would have been scared by their very names. The dooms of the Salic and Riparian Franks, and of the Burgundian and Gothic kings, had all completely passed away. The ancient laws were neither upheld by practice nor honoured by tradition; and hence the Carolingian system of legislation has, in the main, become a guess and a mystery. . . . During this dark and dismal period, Carolingian France, almost a sacerdotal commonwealth, was sustained by the hierarchy. The French bishops, more than any other north of the Alps, conformed to the civil, political, and ethnographical repartitions of the country. The *Gallia Christiana* furnishes the best topographical commentary upon Cæsar's Commentaries. It is

there that you find the principal data for the map of *Gallia Romana*, or *Gallia Antiqua*. Sanson and D'Anville, in making out the Ædui, or the Bituriges, or the Carnutes, or the Cenomani, have had no sure guides except the episcopal circumscriptions. When these fail, as they sometimes do, topographer and geographer are at fault, and fight the fierce battle of archæological controversy. The Romans—wise people—avoided disturbing the Gaulish populations more than was absolutely necessary. The Gaulish civitates—their boundaries unchanged—became the Roman governments; and the Christian dioceses of the earlier periods were always coterminous with the civil governments.”—(I. 400-402.)

There is nothing in which our historians more need the aid of a severe inquiring spirit than the feudal system. In our usual sources of history, it appears in one generation to be utterly unknown, and in the next it is full grown, as if it had at once been organised by a Sièyes. No one feels that any of the comprehensive accounts of its origin and progress are satisfactory. Sir Francis fortunately offers no comprehensive account of it; but he affords glimpses into the recesses of the social conditions connected with its rise, which are infinitely valuable. Normandy, indeed, is the place where, for many reasons, this department of general European history may be most hopefully studied. It was thence that the feudal usages spread to Britain—a few of them may have come over before the battle of Hastings, but William of Normandy gave us all the rest, whether he imported or made them. It is another remarkable thing, that when France proper was becoming feudalised, Normandy, a colony of Danish pirates, stood apart, following the heathenish customs of the Northmen. And yet that was the province which, all at once, became the model of symmetrical feudality to all France and to all Europe—just as her knights, by a like magical revolution, from barbarians became models of courtesy. The following statement, if it does not carry us far, has a distinctness eminently satisfactory.

“Rollo is said to have introduced an harmonious and perfect system of *feudality*, methodising the laws and usages of tenure as they prevailed elsewhere, and

profiting by all the improvements which experience had suggested. His legislative talent (it is thus supposed) gave one origin to all rights of property, imparting to feudality a regularity hitherto unknown; and this province, the most modern in Gaul, became a model for all others.

“Such are the observations entitled to respect on account of the authority whence they proceed; and the theory this enounced is incorporated, so to speak, in the *textus receptus* of Norman history; but however recommended by simplicity, and conformable to our general prepossessions, the support of any evidence whatever is absolutely wanting. Not a single Norman deed or muniment, grant or charter, signed or unsigned, sealed or unsealed, can be found until the reign of Richard Sans-peur, and then very rarely—a dearth contrasting singularly with the diplomatic opulence of Anglo-Saxon England. The lieger-books of the Norman monasteries, anterior to the reign of William the Bastard, scarcely contain a document of importance; and whilst we possess full information concerning the Anglo-Saxon tenures of land previous to Duke William's conquest of our country, we know absolutely nothing concerning the parallel circumstances of his own Normandy. The legitimate boundaries of historical doubt are therefore not overstepped, if we consider the invention of the full '*feudal system*,' by Rollo exercising the plenitude of his power, as a legal fiction in the most extensive sense of the term. Nay, it remains to be proved whether any system of Norman tenure had been matured into consistency by fiscal talent, until after the seventh Duke of Normandy won the Anglo-Saxon crown.”—(I. 693-695.)

The total absence of feudalism is the more remarkable—the establishment of the negative fact is the more valuable an acquisition, that the author, instructed in the ordinary lore on the subject, expected to find the roots of the system in early Normandy, and was ambitious of the function of analysing them. “Years ago,” he says, “did I commence these inquiries, entertaining the firm belief that the germs of our English constitution could assuredly be recovered in ancient Normandy.” But he could find no trace of them. Nor, on the other hand—and this is extremely curious too—does it seem that the pirate community carried with them the customs of their Scandinavian ancestors. They seem, in the inter-

val between their establishment and their reception into the feudal organisation of France, to have lived, like the crew of a great vessel, under the military authority of their chief.

"No code, no doom-book existed, whose precepts bridled his caprice or regulated his discretion. 'Ancient customs,' 'paternal customs,' are vaguely noticed in the earliest chapters of Norman history, but the Danes in Neustria never endured under Danish chieftainship as a settled and unmixed population, sufficiently compact, and sufficiently permanent to maintain their national jurisprudence, which therefore universally melted away. No form of procedure, no technical term, bearing any tangible stamp of Scandinavian origin, can be discovered in any of the extant or subsisting muniments. A few traditional usages may have lingered during the first three generations, though none are recollected; and if, by possibility, any of the ancient Scandinavian popular courts or tribunals were introduced—a fact of which, however, we have not the slightest evidence—it is certain that none survived."—(II. 257).

It has been the fashion of the greatest houses in the English aristocracy to trace their descent from some one who "came in with the Conqueror," and to stop there, as if the conquest were the beginning of the world—making no effort to penetrate even a generation farther back. This has always seemed an unaccountable deficiency of genealogical ambition, since it is certain that among these adventurers there were men of great mark as soldiers or leaders. That wonderful race, when they found themselves on the sunny shores of France, seem indeed to have felt an impulse to cut away the past, and live only for the future. Perhaps it may have been because they were not so much a colony from any one nation, as a set of adventurers from all the northern shores, Scotland included, in whose mixed ranks traditions could not live. But whether this be the cause or not, the total rejection of all traditionary influences, explains, if it does not account for, the entire oblivion which overcomes the genealogies traced back to their keeping. Thus the Norman founders of our aristocracy were thoroughly "new

men." On this point we take another short but instructive passage.

"The Normans dismissed all practical recollection in their families of their original Scandinavian ancestry. Not one of their nobles ever thought of deducing his lineage from the Hersers, or Jarls, or Vikings, who occupy so conspicuous a place in Norwegian history,—not even through the medium of any traditional fable. Roger de Montgomery designated himself as 'Northmannus Northmannorum,' but for all practical purposes Roger was a Frenchman of the Frenchmen, though he might not like to own it. This ancestral reminiscence must have resulted from some peculiar fancy; no Montgomery possessed or transmitted any memorial of his Norman progenitors. The very name of Rollo's father, *Senex quidam in partibus Daciae*, was unknown to Rollo's grandchildren, and if not known, worse than unknown—neglected."—(I. 703-704.)

Perhaps even in these passages the reader may trace those superficial defects which have hidden the substantial merits of their author from the reading public. A judicious adviser would have recommended him to keep close to his subject, to stand clear of vague philosophy, and to say what he had to say in the fewest possible words. Unfortunately, it has been the passion of Sir Francis to become a fine writer. Having seen that Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Macaulay, and Alison, have each fascinated a body of admirers by their style, he seems to have inwardly resolved that he too should have a style. The consequence of this unlucky determination has been the succession of efforts, bold to desperation, continuous and varied, of which the array of great volumes following the name of Palgrave in library catalogues is a wondrous testimony. There is something curious, striking, and almost grand, in the contemplation of this long-sustained effort, by a rugged and powerful mind, to create by sheer strength that *curiosa felicitas*, which grows, like a flower, in its proper soil.

In his earlier works he was under the spell of Gibbon. There are many elements, both of grandeur and of viciousness, in that great author's style, but it has always seemed to us that the term most applicable to

it, as a general characteristic, is—the scornful. He scarcely ever condescends to tell a distinct narrative, unless it be for the purpose of contradicting the general opinion of mankind. He speaks to scholars who are supposed to be far on in the learning of ancient history and literature, but yet not nearly so far as himself. He criticises and adorns; gives his view of events, and discourses on the high philosophy taught by them; but he does not condescend to tell them, except by inference: if the reader is not already acquainted with the general outline of the events of the Decline and Fall, the historian cannot stop in his long resounding march to tell them. Like the styles of all great writers, that of Gibbon was grand and beautiful in the hands of its inventor, but when such poor imitators as Whitaker, George Chalmers, and Pinkerton adopted it, they were driven into sad flounderings. Palgrave was not so completely at its mercy, for he had more important things to say, and such specimens as the following may be considered a rather happy application of Gibbonism:—

“Byzantium was defended, not by her lofty ramparts, but by the memory of Constantine. Unworthy as the Greek emperors had been of their pre-eminence, their real insignificance was veiled by the uninterrupted homage rendered to their supremacy. And even the jealousy with which the imperial court watched its ancient titles, and retained its gorgeous pageantry, had contributed to sustain the tottering throne. The female reign of Irene afforded a plausible pretext for declaring that the imperial succession had wholly failed—an interregnum had occurred. Rome asserted her rights; and her senate, her prelates, and her nobles, acting as the virtual representatives of the Catholic Church, and of the whole Christian world, placed the imperial diadem upon the brow of the Frankish sovereign. Charlemagne’s wisdom, or perhaps his vanity, rejected the ornaments of Grecian pride. He who listened with delight to those strains which are now faintly echoed in the book of Heroes, and the *Nieblungen-leid*, disdained to array himself in the effeminate garments of the East, and rarely did he even consent to assume the patrician robe. But in his titles, and still more in his acts, the ‘glorious emperor’ vindicated his royal station. His suc-

cessors took the insignia of the Byzantine court; yet in one very important point of ceremonial they respected the prejudices, or acknowledged the ‘sacred majesty’ of new Rome; and the proud title of ‘Basileus’ was never expressly assumed by the Emperor of the West.”

We must now suppose a century and a half to have passed over European history. What is more to the point, we are to keep in view that a quarter of a century has passed over the head of the author since the foregoing passage was written, and that in the mean time he has been continually in search of a style, trying one after the other, with varied but never eminent success. Again he has to tell of the reception, within the Romanised communities, of a great leader from the outside barbarians, whose strength enables him to break through all social difficulties. The Normans, as Sir Francis happily teaches us, became the most Frenchified of the French, and in their courtly polish cast off entirely the slough of the pirate Northman. But neither in the days of Rollo, nor in those of his son, had this metamorphosis been accomplished. Sir Francis has to tell how socially detestable was William of the long sword in the midst of his power, and he does so in this fashion:—

“Never are our fiendish passions more diabolically roused than when we can single out the one man as the representative of the masses whom we hate; and all the hatred which the French bore to the Danish nation at large, was accumulated upon the head of ‘The Captain of the Pirates.’

“Fear often seeks to protect herself by contempt, a cruel instrument of revenge; and this opprobrious appellation, ‘Captain of the Pirates,’ habitual among the French, and coming naturally into their mouths, equally fomented and betokened their aversion and their terror, ‘Captain of the Pirates,’—a degrading name, suggestive of loathsome sensuous ideas and odious moral feelings, offensive to the nose, hideous to the eyes, hateful to the mind—filth and foulness, soiled garb, and bloody hands. The character thereby conveyed was engrained—the impression indelible. What mattered the worship rendered by King Louis to Duke Guillaume, Queen Gerberga’s smiling courtesy—the spiritual affinity contracted at the font—the exalted rank appertaining to the seigneur, duke and

patrician of Rouen and the Terra Normannorum, the lord and suzerain of Brittany and the Armorican Marches? Opinion was unchanged—opinion could not be changed. From the lowest to the highest, from the greasy scullion sweating in the sooty kitchen, to the stately usher stalking before the council-door, from the frowsy stable varlet to the peer in the council, or the chancellor at the foot of the throne, there was not a Frenchman who spoke of Guillaume Longue-épée, or who thought of Guillaume Longue-épée, otherwise than as the rascal buccaneer—the Captain of the Pirates.

“Guillaume, departing from the royal chamber, might have chanced to receive the listener’s proverbial meed, had he lingered on the landing. We know how Louis and Gerberga scoffed at the pirate, his base discarded brat, and his dishonoured trull. Guillaume—who is he? What is he? Another Ragnar Lodbrok, strutting about in that ducal mantle which his father filched from the royal wardrobe; but the miscreant cannot hide his shaggy breeks—faugh!—he leaves a whiff of tar behind him.”—(II. 271-273.)

This is a sufficient contrast to the stately periods of the Gibbon style, but it is not more natural to the author, being merely an affectation in a new direction. Like all over-painting, it obscures the truth beneath, instead of rendering it more emphatic. When we remember what the Normans became within a century afterwards, a simple account, in plain language illustrated by incidents, of their social condition after they established themselves in France, and the progressive changes which made them the leaders of the French, as of all other nations, in courtesy and conventional civilisation, would, from the pen of one so intimately acquainted with the subject, have been extremely valuable. But he must needs follow a popular school of authorship, which decorates and illustrates everything by a reference to modern London life. We are taught to understand how the heathen leader of the Danish colonists was received at the Latinised Christian court of the Carolingian, by supposing a blackguard pirate skipper’s reception in a Belgravian mansion. But the comparison is not drawn with the accuracy of an artist practised in that kind of work, and, like the productions of the secondary

pupils of the school, the picture is taken, not from real London life, but from the conventional imitations of it presented on the boards of the theatres. Other instances might be cited as more correct and chaste adaptations of the school we refer to, since they seem to be more direct imitations of the manner of its master—Dickens. Such an event as the temporary reconstruction of the empire under Charles the Fat was probably never before told in the following manner:—

“Charles the Emperor, King of Lombardy, King of Alemannia, was unanimously invoked by the Germans as their protector and defender. Let him proceed in re-establishing the integrity of the empire; let Italy and Germany again be protected by the might of one supreme sovereign. The Lombards joined his standard with alacrity. Equally successful was Charles north of the Alps.—Kaiser Karl is coming!—he was greeted at Worms with exuberant joy.—Kaiser Karl is coming! Bavarians, Saxons, Franks, Thuringians, and Alemanni mustered to his support, and all Germany gladly obeyed him.”—(I. 387-388.)

But the passage following is a far more brilliant example of the style which deals in exaggerated descriptions of minute particulars. It refers to an extremely interesting epoch in history, which probably no one has ever investigated with the same careful criticism. There are three great powers in France—the successor of Charlemagne, Louis d’Outre Mer, nominally the king; the Duke of France, who is gradually crushing him out to found the Capetian dynasty; and the Danish colony in Normandy, whose prince is an infant. The King and the Duke of France have agreed together to suppress the Danes—to seize Normandy, and divide it between them. Louis went to take possession, and was permitted so quietly to enter and occupy Normandy, that he repented of his bargain, and declined to allow his accomplice any share in the acquisition. But the Normans only pretended to submit while strengthening themselves for a deadly contest, and the monarch who had entered as a conqueror remained as a prisoner. We have this account of his entrance into Rouen:—

"All that Bernard promised to Louis concerning the hearty welcome he should receive at Rouen, was fully realised to eye and ear. When Rouen was scarcely discernible in the far distance, Louis received his merry greeting, spoken from every church and chapel-tower which boasted of a bell. And when Louis drew nearer, then arose the full-toned solemn chant, swelling in the air as he rode along the road; and when, ambling through the pleasant meadows, he came close upon the *Porte Beauvoisine*, he was prevented by the long processions of the clergy, robed according to their order and degree—archbishop and canons in their richly brodered copes, holy banners borne aloft, and gold and silver censers swinging; and lastly, thicker and denser as he advanced, but most of all after passing beneath the well-known archway, he entered the narrow street, the vast crowd hailing him as king. A blessing on their honest voices!—had they dared, they would have toppled him into the *Seine*, rushing with delight to the river's banks, enraptured with the sport of seeing and hearing him fall splash into the water, struggling, sinking, shrieking, drowning: and truly if Louis, according to the popular code of retribution, had to be punished for his inward thoughts, this treatment would have served him right—he was just as eager for their destruction."—(II. 435-436.)

But the reader will be much mistaken if he suppose these specimens to exemplify the pervading style of the book. It is as impossible to exemplify its pervading style as to pin the "*borealis race*" to the spot. In the restless activity of his search after the means of writing popularly, the author is in perpetual change, and he cannot change without the tone of some known author shining through his sentences. The reader will judge for himself if the following, a remarkable enough specimen certainly, is likely ever to have been written if Macaulay had not written too:—

"Internal enemies and external enemies; enemies known, enemies unknown; enemies provoked, enemies unprovoked; enemies from the east, enemies from the west; enemies from the south, enemies from the north; from the seas, the rivers, and the hills. Our sailors box the compass, improving Charlemagne's lessons. Charlemagne began to give the compound names by which the rhombs of the mariner's card are known; and from every circling point of the horizon the wind wafted an

enemy. Christians and half-Christians, Mahommedans and idolators, diverse races and diverse tongues—worshippers of Thor and Odin, Promo, Chrodo, Jutebog, Zernebog, Belbog, Zutebor, and lion-visaged Radegast, Swantowit with four heads, triple-headed Triglaw, and genial Siewa, the many-breasted teeming Siewa, with the bunch of grapes in her hand; Gascon, Vascon, or Escalduanac Celt or Breyzad, Jute, Norsk and Dansker; Ishmaelite, Moor, Saracen; Sorb, Wend, and Obotrite; Lech, Zech and Magyar—all conjoined with the infatuated Carolingian princes, and their more infatuated subjects, in effecting the empire's destruction. Alas for Charlemagne's victories, Charlemagne's conquests, Charlemagne's wisdom, cultivation, and knowledge!—all come to naught—turned to confusion."—(I. 409-410.)

Although this is an example of but one of the many styles which this indefatigable author grasps at, it is an illustration of a propensity pervading whatever he writes—a propensity to indulge in learning at the expense of clearness. It is quite possible that some readers of this passage may be so profoundly ignorant as not to enjoy a familiar acquaintance with Promo, Chrodo, Jutebog, and Radegast, respected deities as they were in their own circle of worshippers. Some one may not even have heard of a person so deservedly popular as genial Siewa, or may have heard evil rumours of her under the vulgar designation of Seva. Such a person might thank Sir Francis for an introduction to these friends of his—an introduction making him acquainted with them in an easy and simple manner; the same person will feel rather offended by his off-hand reference to so many great names with which every one worth knowing should be familiar. None of us readily forgive those who make us feel our ignorance; and were we to be subjected by the Civil Service Commissioners to an examination on the departments any of us profess to be best acquainted with, it makes one tremble to think what the result might be. It is good for a historian to presume on a considerable amount of ignorance. If you tell people what they happen to know already, your excuse is, that while you could not venture to doubt

their full acquaintance with it, it is necessary to the completeness of the narrative that it should be stated, and the reader's attention called to it. An investigator deep in the mysteries of his own investigations, is apt to forget that the most accomplished of his readers may have come from studies in some other department of knowledge, and is not quite familiar at the moment with all the recondite nomenclature, and all the abstruse knowledge, with which the adept has saturated his mind. A great fault in all Palgrave's historical works is, that in many places he speaks to the adept only—not to the vulgar. This kind of pedantic display of erudition is signally unworthy of a man so gifted. It would go far to persuade a stranger to his merits that he was a shallow scholar who had read up to the occasion, and who requires to display all that is in him. The careless scattering about of learning acquired at the moment, as if it were old well-digested knowledge long familiar to the thoughts, is one of the poor arts of every petty writer who desires to astonish the groundlings. With rapid anxiety he turns over indexes, encyclopedias, and dictionaries of quotations, and having found what seems to serve his purpose, issues it with careless ease, as an illustration drawn from the rich magazine of his own learning. To be sure, if an author reads up until he is able to scatter about him so profuse a quantity of learning as Palgrave's books contain, he has achieved by that act alone the character of a learned man. But should this suffice him? Is it not possible, on the one hand, to drench the world with incoherent masses of learning, and on the other to enlighten the world with learning drawn into a focus. To our notion, the best literary use of extensive learning is by giving a writer a comprehensive view of all knowledge, to enable him to restrain himself to the portion proper to his own immediate object. It is not, therefore, thrown away. The story will be the better told that the writer knows a world of knowledge beyond it, on which he has not required to draw.

We take it to be another worthy function of a great scholar to write

in simple English, and to avoid—unless, indeed, where established technicalities have to be used—words which cannot be understood without a knowledge of languages other than the vernacular. When, in speaking of Herbert of Vermandois, Sir Francis says, "It is extremely difficult to trace this consummate intriguer through the doubles and dodges of his tortuous course," he is intelligible to many people whose reading has not passed beyond the London school of literature. He is also very intelligible when he says, "It seems impossible that any relatives in those times could live without a quarrel; quarrelling was meat and drink to them." But those who will easiest understand and most readily admire these expressions, will probably be puzzled by a few other words scattered in their neighbourhood, such as "scabrous difficulties," "prepotence," "the inamovable protector of the monarchy," "military movements so comminuted that it is difficult to take note of them," "dangers pallulating after dangers," and "woods essarted."

We have said a good deal to express our appreciation of the value of the matter contained in the two new volumes issued by Sir Francis Palgrave. We could not well say too much in commendation of the service he has thus done in clearing up difficulties and throwing out apt suggestions. And we would not willingly have it supposed, from the remarks which we have just made, that we consider the volumes from their style and method as dull and unreadable. They are, in our estimation, far otherwise. They are in this respect a great improvement on their author's previous efforts. Since he abandoned that "dignity of history" in the austere restraints of which he was wont to abide a quarter of a century ago, and has taken in his mature age to the frolicksome style of which we have given some specimens, he has certainly become a far more agreeable literary companion. A pleasant excitement has attended the perusal of the volumes. If they dragged at any time rather heavily through tough inquiries, one was sure to reach some enlivening climax, in which the author, conscious, perhaps, that he

had been for some time prosaic and earnest, would plume his feathers, flap his wings, and make one of his great efforts to attract attention. His irregularities and eccentricities, varied over so many hundreds of octavo pages, seem to have at last become a sort of nature; and in the third volume they will probably settle down into a style pretty uniformly checkered. We have said that they make the book interesting and readable; but the interest derived from this feature of it is not an interest founded entirely on admiration. Speeches have occasionally been delivered, which have contributed to the amusement of an auditory for reasons which it would not gratify the orator to know. There are books which contribute to our enjoyment from the same illegitimate source, but these are more rare, and they must, like Palgrave, have material merits to justify their perusal, otherwise the task would not be undertaken; for people cannot sometimes help hearing speeches, but they may avoid reading books, and books which have nothing but eccentricity to recommend them are generally avoided.

Nor can a man of great ability—it would not be far wrong to say a man of genius—let himself loose in this manner without saying many things happily—some perhaps brilliantly. From these two volumes it would not be very difficult to collect a small “ana,” which would read like the sayings of a man incapable of pedantries and eccentricities. The term is, we think, a peculiarly happy one, where he speaks of the younger Pepin as “one of the many who have missed celebrity for want of a minstrel.” What man has not been tried by reiterations, either in its original form or in clumsy translations of the classical allusion thus freshened up?

We cannot help thinking that the following description of the rapid movements of the Danes on the coast of France, before, as Normans, they became absorbed among the Romanised inhabitants, is both apt and lively:—

“Like a stage procession winding in and out, disappearing and returning,

their numbers were magnified by their activity. If it so happened that they were in danger of being hit, they evaded the blow; when their stores were exhausted, they departed till the next harvest, or sought a harvest elsewhere. They considered themselves as landlords to whom a periodical rent ought to be rendered: when the rent was due, they came and distrained.”

The vestiges of the progress of ancient races left to the present day in the old names of places, naturally came under our author's critical eye. There are few branches of antiquarianism in which there is more quackery. This is, we admit, a hardy expression, but who is there who has not met with some etymologist having a craze, and along with it a capacity, to find that every name of place and person he encounters has sprung from his favourite root, Celtic, Teutonic, or otherwise. Sir Francis notices the scanty number and ductile character of the very few names now known in Norway having any claim to a Teutonic origin, and characterises the whole question concerning them in this very apt illustration: “In the detritus of languages covering the Northern Gauls, the crystals are so rounded and smoothed that it is very difficult to pronounce with absolute precision on their primitive form.”

It may or may not be the reader's opinion that the law of nations and the principles of the balance of power are of little avail to a community, unless it be strong in itself, or has some strong power to support it at the conference-table; but whether agreeing in this opinion or not, he will perhaps be pleased to find it expressed in the following quaint shape:—

“The oracular volumes of the *jus gentium* are not less complaisant than the vaticinations of the Sybil, hardly ever failing to afford a response by which the wishes of the querent may be gratified. It is the apophthegm of our English Tribonian that execution is the life of the law; but if execution be the life of our common law, it is the very ‘law of nations’ itself. The last reason of kings always ranks first in the quarreller's cogitations, be he autocrat, be he democrat. Had the lamb stood where the wolf stood, he would have found as a legitimate *casus belli*, as the wolf found,

—could he, the lamb, have dared.”—(II. 357.)

Having spoken of Sir Francis as one who is evidently ambitious of the fame of a fine writer, and having so spoken in a tone calculated perhaps to convey a doubt whether he has achieved the object of his ambition, it may be considered only fair that we should lay before the reader some passages in which his genius has fuller scope than it can find in the quaint fragments just quoted. We think we can meet this demand on our critical candour. The following is, we think, a very beautiful passage ;—it reminds us of Sir Thomas Browne, and, by the way, is not unlike that beautiful little forgery of the lost passage about the sphynx, which imposed on the editor of the last edition of Browne's works, and was amply quoted as one of the finest things which the author of the *Vulgar Errors* had ever written—and so full of his inimitable genius :

“It is a marvellous history that of Armorica, reminiscences of truth and traditions of fable inextricably intermingled. The huge rocks piled on the borders of the gloomy Morbihan will not answer your interrogatories. Celtic history, so interesting, so affecting, so noble, has been rendered the meaningless vacuity of literature by the unbounded speculations of the learned. When will Druidical archaeologists be convinced that menzhir and peul-ven, cromlech and kistvaen, tell us nothing ; and from nothing nothing comes. You can no more judge of their age than the eye can estimate the height of the clouds : these shapeless masses impart but one lesson, the impossibility of recovering by induction any knowledge of the speechless past. Waste not your oil. Give it up—that speechless past ; whether fact or chronology, doctrine or mythology ; whether in Europe or Asia, Africa or America ;—at Thebes or Palenque, on Lycian shore or Salisbury Plain : lost is lost ; gone is gone for ever.”—(I. 469-470.)

We are surely not mistaken in deeming this a fine passage. And yet the important morsel of antiquarian criticism conveyed in it would have been more truly announced had the author not advanced it so ambitiously. The quantity of false science which has been piled up through wide inductions from the

very narrow basis afforded by the monuments to which he refers, is a nuisance in literature. It makes us slightly sickish to read in measured sentences of the worship performed by the Druids within their Druidical circles ; of barrows and cromlechs which were no doubt dedicated to Thor and Odin, &c. About the age of all this class of monuments, and the people who raised or used them, we are yet in total ignorance. As Sir Francis well says, we “can no more judge of their age than the eye can estimate the height of the clouds.” But are we therefore to give up the question in despair, as one which the human intellect is radically incapable of solving ? It ill befits one who has done so much to attain what seemed the unattainable in antiquarian induction to promulgate so faint-hearted a doctrine. This sort of desolate musing is not the proper function of an active and acute inquirer, who is ever endeavouring to add to the stock of human knowledge. It comes far more genially from one like the philosopher of Malmsbury, whose proper habit it is to muse in sceptical credulity. To give the reader an immediate opportunity of comparing Sir Francis, with the author whom we hold to be the great master in the English language of that kind of writing, we are tempted to quote a few lines of Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, in which he muses over the burnt bones found in some cinerary urns :

“What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietors of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism, not to be resolved by men, nor easily perhaps by spirits, unless we consult the provisional guardians or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes ! which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have formed unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanity, antidotes

against pride, vain-glory, and maddening vices."

Let the beauty of this passage prove a palliative, if we have very inappropriately introduced it. We have endeavoured, so far as the space at our disposal would permit, to give a fair character of Sir Francis Palgrave's writings, and allowed the justice of our estimate to be tested by examples. We cannot help, however, entertaining a misgiving that the task is not quite practicable—that while we have made superficial defects plain enough, the great merits that lie beneath them cannot be so easily appreciated or explained. Not unconscious of this reproach, we can but say that we will count the reader who should urge it very strongly a participator in the offence, if he do not satisfy himself by a perusal of *The History of Normandy and of England*. We can assure him that he will be well repaid; and if he take to the task a patient and tolerant spirit, he may arise "a wiser and a better man."

From such a remarkable example of unpopular authorship—we fear we must say also of unappreciated merit—a valuable lesson may perhaps be learned about the proper distribution of literary functions. It affords a broad hint for keeping the archæologist and the historian separate, as men who are pursuing distinct paths towards intellectual fame. The perfectness of workmanship demanded in scientific departments by the fastidiousness of the age, is perpetually subdividing intellectual labour. Of old, a man might be eminent in natural history, but now he must take his department—mammalogy, ichthyology, entomology, conchology, botany, or geology. One may be a mineralogist, but not a geologist; and there is room for totally separate eminence in the palæozoic, as separated from the other departments of geology. History and antiquarianism used to be pleasant pursuits in the interval of more serious labours. Smollett went over British history in a few months, and made a very readable book. Goldsmith was ready to write a book on natural science, or a history of any nation, ancient or modern, at any time.

Brady, whose great knowledge of ancient writs and Anglo-Saxon lore raised for him a reputation not unlike Palgrave's, was a historian, an archæologist, and an eminent practising physician.

It would be melancholy to witness the present minute partition of the field of intellect, if we did not remember that it refers to labour, not to knowledge. An author should be ripe in the knowledge of as many departments as possible, but he will do well to work within prescribed limits. For the historian, the more he knows the better, provided he be not affected with an itch to display all he knows in his history. With whatever has been learned about the time and land of which he writes he should be absolutely saturated. Nothing that can afford him a particle of knowledge about events, or characters, or customs, should be omitted by him; and the less that he recalls his knowledge to the reader in his smooth narrative, the better will his work be done. But he will do wisely, in dealing of ancient times, rather to look at what is found for him by the archæologist, than to take the spade and mattock into his own hands. Not that he should entirely eschew archæology or antiquarianism—the pursuit is congenial to the historian, and occasional indulgence in it shows him the nature of his materials. But that very love of the minute and the individual which stimulates antiquarian zeal to discovery, is calculated to blur and spot historical composition. We are apt to attribute too much importance to the specimens we ourselves dig up, and an impartial estimate and adjustment of things according to their value is essential to a well-written history. For all that has been said about noting the manners of the times, and making ourselves acquainted with the progress of the people, as well as with the adventures of kings and warriors, still history should be a narrative, carrying the reader smoothly on its surface. True, it is impossible to tell all history with the dogmatic brevity of certain knowledge. Doubts must occasionally have their due weight—it must be admitted

that questions of historical evidence have two sides. But the historian should never enter into those wrangling controversies, which are the soul of archaeological inquiry. Let him decorate his statement with such rhetorical art as he possesses ; but his art will best be displayed in so moulding his narrative as to bring out the leading events clear, emphatic, and prominent, so that even the careless reader does not lose their continuity. Learned materials, profusely scattered over the page as evidence how laboriously their discoverer has been digging, gratify that discoverer alone : the general reader hates them, because they require him to unravel the narrative for himself, instead of being guided easily through it.

Perhaps the desire to unite the two pursuits may have been fostered by a vulgar prejudice, which, classing histories among works of genius and philosophy, treats the function of the antiquarian or archæologist as that of the humble drudge who gathers materials for the artist. There has been a great deal of stupid, vapid, childish antiquarianism in the world, but there has also been a deal of shallow false history-writing. There is no necessity for entering on a precise estimate of the relative dignity of the two pursuits. Intellect knows no established table of official precedence. If the historian should think fit to treat the archæologist as a harmless drudge, who unconsciously collects the raw materials out of which men of genius and philosophy weave a beautiful and symmetrical fabric, he may easily take his revenge by representing himself as the man of real science and investigation, whose skilful labours are appropriated to the purposes of the humble compiler. Not to speak of the present age, archæology counts among the priests dedicated exclusively to her altar such names as Ducange, Montfaucon, Camden, Anderson, Champolion, and Young. Niebuhr's strength lay in this science—he was but a poor historian, though a mighty archæologist, and in this respect, indeed, he in some measure resembles Palgrave. It may be questioned if he would have earned

so great a fame had he been an Englishman or a Scotsman. It was his fortune to write for a people who love prolixity and profusion—who hate brevity and count clearness the equivalent of shallowness ; and his fame was wafted over to us fully inflated with his native air.

It is certain that the muse of history is utterly helpless, if archæology has not prepared the way for her. And this is done, not by merely finding the materials, but by scientifically adjusting them to each other. Unenlightened antiquarianism, which knows nothing but the cairn, or coffin, or urn before its eyes, and gloats over it because it is dirty and decayed, conjecturing that it belonged to the Druids, or some other ancient heathen people, affords no help to history. But antiquities—whether they be written records, or relics of early art and industry, in the hand of the scientific investigator who can give them their proper place in the archæology of all times and countries—give us the means of knowing the habits and way of life, the civilisation and the genius, of some race or people who are otherwise merely a vague name ; or enable us to endow with vitality some leader or lawgiver who, in the chronicles of his time, has merely a line telling his name and his death. To the ignorant, a square tower is but a square tower ; but to the adept it may show that the Roman eagles have nestled on the spot, or that the Normans penetrated thither ; or may prove the mark of civil broil and turbulence existing in the surrounding district after the time when happier communities did not require to make castles of their houses—all as the shape of the doorway, or the character of certain mouldings, or the general method of the masonry may testify. The history of the spread of early Christianity is told in stone crosses, and little stone sheds that might pass for pigsties. The progress of Romanism superseding the earlier simplicity is told in the architecture borrowed from Rome, and leading away to the Gothic. In these, and in many other departments, we say it with thankfulness, that the antiquary, the archæologist, or whatever he may

be termed, has accomplished important and enduring triumphs.

But the very men who have performed these services in the most effective manner, are the most apt to go astray when they attempt to generalise their knowledge into history. Their ruling hobbies are useful in their own legitimate pursuit, by leading in the direction in which they can work most effectually; but in a general survey, the same propensities lead them not only to monstrous exaggerations of the relative importance of their favourite topics, but to a total misunderstanding of historical truth wherever these are concerned. We remember once an inquirer, who had devoted himself to Egyptian hieroglyphics, being requested to deliver a course of lectures on universal history. The first lecture brought down the history of mankind to the epoch of Rameses. Four lectures were then bestowed on Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in the one lecture which remained, the history of mankind was brought down to the nineteenth century. Archæologists are a very combative class—as witness those mortal feuds of Pinkerton, Chalmers, and Ritson, about the Picts and Scots and Welsh, feuds in which the vocabulary of vituperation was exhausted for expressions of scorn, contempt, and hatred. It is out of these wrangles that the truth is discovered, as it is in the conflicts between learned counsel before a jury. But the conjoined habits of minuteness and one-sidedness are obviously unfavourable to the construction of a complete and impartial narrative. Sir Francis has a good stock of hobbies, and there is one of them which must not be passed over. He has in the course of his researches excavated much interesting and instructive matter relating to the early connection of England and Scotland. But merely to produce and elucidate this material does not content him, and he must needs revive from it the old silly fable of the feudal dependence of the Scottish kingdom. We propose to glance for a moment at his treatment of this subject, without a particle of indignation. There was a time, indeed, when no Scot could hear it referred to without feeling his blood

boil, for it was done to taunt him with past oppression, and to notify to him the coming of more. Thus, in the critical period between the affair of Darien and the Union—after Scotland was cast forth as an alien nation, not entitled to participate in the English trade by one act, while by another the crown of Scotland was transferred to the House of Hanover without the Scottish Parliament being consulted—a period when Scotland, aggravated by these and other insults, had armed her borders, and virtually declared war against England, though both were under the same crown—a certain William Atwood published a book called “The Superiority and Direct Dominion of the Imperial Crown and Kingdom of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland.” The nation was in a fury; Atwood’s book was, by the order of Parliament, burned by the hangman: he might have suffered as evil a fate himself if he had crossed the Border. Tranquillity was only restored by the prompt publication of an answer by Anderson, who proved that the documents cited by Atwood were forged. There can neither be wrath nor exultation connected with the matter now, and thus it is with that kindly but impatient tolerance with which one meets a worthy man on his inveterate hobby, that we encounter in the present volumes such a passage as the following, entirely out of its place:—

“Edmund the Magnificent seemed destined to effect a complete renovation of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth. Mercia wholly subdued, the happy contingency of Olave’s death had not merely restored Northumbria, but given to the Basileus the whole of England; and at the same time, the Scottish kings having acknowledged the supremacy of the English crown, Edmund’s imperial authority extended over the whole island.”—(II. 487-488.)

The reader will be at a loss, perhaps, to see the precise meaning of a passage so little akin to the old story about the King of Scots doing homage to the King of England. But we who have by long reiteration become familiar with our worthy friend’s hobbies and eccentricities, have had reason to know well

the object of his cabalistic expressions. A great portion of the two quarto volumes published in 1832 bears down on this subject. In 1837 a heavy octavo appeared, containing "Documents and Records illustrating the History of Scotland, and the Transactions between the Crowns of Scotland and England." Nearly half the volume is introductory essay; it ranks as Vol. I., and is not by any means the only instance where Sir Francis has left in the world a Volume I. unfollowed by its promised successors.

For these labours every true Scot is infinitely obliged to Sir Francis. His deep-digging brings us to the bottom of all difficulties. We see not only that the assertion of a feudal superiority was an insolent fraud, but we are shown how those who maintained it—and for that matter, those who impugned it too—must have been ignorant of a state of national relations which rendered it preposterous. It was a feudal fiction such as could only have existed where feudality had advanced to its most technical perfection, and yet was said to have existed at the time when there was no feudality to give life to it. The great stimulus to Palgrave's zeal has been a desire to find both parties in the wrong—a leading propensity of his. The English were wrong in supposing that there was a proper feudal supremacy over Scotland, as of superior over vassal; the Scots were wrong in maintaining that their nation was not dependent on the crown of England. Sir Francis is brought to this, his own peculiar and previously unoccupied ground, by his theory about the propensity of the Roman empire to reconstruct itself by the establishment of a central government presiding over surrounding states. The theory is a useful one—it will hold a great deal, but it may be overstretched. He finds that the head of the Saxon Heptarchy—the Bretwalda—calls himself a Basileus, an imperial title—a title so exclusively imperial, that even Charlemagne, according to a passage already quoted, had not ventured to assume it. As he finds that this Basileus is a sort of president or chairman of the Saxon kings, some very small incidents suffice to convince him that the

king of Scots joined in acknowledging the presidency or elective supremacy. It seems to be of little consequence whether he is borne out in this or not. A federation of states, with the monarch of one selected as the president or head, is something very different from the feudal vassalage of one state to another. It would be as fair to argue that Beveland and Brabant are dependencies of North Holland because the government of the United Provinces is conducted in Amsterdam, as that England was a dependency upon Scotland, because the head chosen by all the confederate sovereigns lived in London. It would be as justifiable, indeed, on the same grounds, to maintain that Scotland is still a dependency. If the theory of Sir Francis were fully admitted, London, after all, was the capital, not of Saxon England, but of Essex. This throws the whole question into "a hodgepot," as English lawyers call it, whence it would be difficult indeed to extract two nations, the one a dependency on the other.

But it is after the Norman Conquest and the growth of feudality that the question, under the new views thrown on it by Sir Francis, assumes its most remarkable aspect. We are now to suppose that Scotland, intimately united with the old Saxon community, becomes the representative of the Saxon principle after the Norman has subdued Saxon England. All the communities which formed that great Saxon commonwealth have not been subdued; Scotland, the most northerly and inaccessible, still remains—the stronghold of Saxon principles, the refuge of the Saxon princes and persecuted people. If the descendants of Norman William have any claim on Scotland, it is not the right of conquest; it is the right to conquer—a right never yet acknowledged; the right to conquer Scotland, because England has been conquered. So far indeed does Sir Francis carry his theory of Scotland being the great rallying-point of Saxon antagonism to the Norman rule, that he charges King David with a design to head the Saxon party in England, and gain the English crown for himself, as the true

representative of the old Saxon kings. And Sir Francis ingeniously shows that the mysterious Battle of the Standard was the attempted execution of this enterprise. He says—

“The English yearned for ‘The Right Royal line.’ Conspiring against their royal masters, they sought to place themselves beneath the dominion of a sovereign who seemed to be the truest representative of the ancient dynasty. David, an Englishman by education and feeling, and married to the daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, whom the English considered as a martyr to the national cause, was invited by ‘the factions,’ in order that he might expel the Normans and ascend the throne. Immediately after this overture, we find that he invaded England, seeking to ‘win the country;’ and the ancient banner of Wessex, the golden dragon, cast down for so many ages, now waved amidst the host of the Scoto-Saxon king.”—(*English Commonwealth*, i. 610.)

Sir Francis has an English antiquary’s veneration for records—these things which Prynne found so “ravishing,” that in their perusal he would forget whether he had dined or not; and with a failing common to his class, Sir Francis thinks they prove what they say, instead of remembering that they are often made to say what they do for the purpose of supplying evidence of a falsehood. He has brought to light a set of documents of this kind which only prove

how earnestly and systematically the Norman monarchs and their subtle scribes had been organising an apparatus of evidence, to prove their legitimate right to rule over Scotland whenever their arms had prepared the way for the assertion. Documents without collateral facts are but frail foundations for great historical theories. In the one charter supposed to be conclusive of the King of Scots’ admission that he held Scotland of the King of England, the portion which bears this import has been proved to have been written on an erasure—on a portion of the parchment on which the passage it originally contained had been scraped out.

Nor does it at all affect the question that, as Sir Francis profusely proves, the candidates for the crown willingly admitted the supremacy of Edward. They were, though connected by blood with the race of Scottish kings, followers of his own, seeking a boon from him. They were brought up in the notions of feudality at the Norman court, and it is little reproach to them to say that they could have scant sympathy with the national independence of Scotland, and little temptation to assert it. And now, in extreme good-humour with Sir Francis Palgrave, we bid adieu to him and his designs on our liberties and national dignity.

STEWART'S PRACTICAL ANGLER.

INDUSTRY—an admirable thing in itself—depends upon various conditions. Primarily it is stimulated and kept alive by positive want; and it is only through work, and hard work too, that the great majority of mankind can obtain their daily bread, beef, bacon, and beer, besides keeping a weather-tight roof above their heads, with a fire on the hearth, and a sufficiency of blankets on the bed. But beyond that, luxury, avarice, and ambition do greatly minister to industry, jogging us on the elbow whenever we are prone to slumber, and holding forth some inviting object as the reward of augmented labour. And yet, despite these influences, there is a fund of laziness in human nature which it is very hard to overcome. There are moments when we envy the tranquil repose of the setter on the rug, or the cat in the basket, animals which have, in some respects, the advantage of us, inasmuch as it is by our labour that they are fed and maintained without the necessity of any kind of exertion. And we often think how delightful it must be to dwell in Otaheite, or some such island, where equivalents to hot breakfast-rolls may be gathered from the trees, where work is but wholesome exercise, and life a perpetual siesta. Doubtless, were we in Otaheite, we should so succumb; and, by dint of nutritious feeding and torpid repose, add some stones to our weight, if not cubits to our stature. But we are not in Otaheite, but in Scotland, where, especially in such a season as this, work, for its own sake, becomes an indispensable necessary of existence.

It is now very near the middle of May—a month which the older poets delighted to celebrate, and we presume they had reason for doing so—and yet there is no burst of verdure on the trees, not as much as will give shelter to the wretched branchers of the rookeries, who have come

into this cold world of ours far too soon, and who seem to be proclaiming, with melancholy caws, the misery of their young existence. Thousands of lambs, dropped when the snow was on the hills, gave but a feeble bleat and perished. Not a scrap of apple or pear blossom is yet visible; and as for hawthorns, lilacs, and laburnums, it will be well if they are able to put forth their flowers any time between this and July. An obdurate, cold, dry east wind has the monopoly of the compass, reddening the noses, ruffling the skins, irritating the throats, and destroying the tempers of her Majesty's liege subjects of Edinburgh, who are cooped up in their beleaguered city by that uncivil enemy, the weather. Where are they to fly to? Moffat, if the account of two shivering explorers can be believed, is still as cheerless as Spitzbergen. All that you can do at Melrose is to cower over the fire, and read railway novels. We can see from afar that the Highland hills are yet streaked with snow—nor need we wonder at that, for there, even as we write, comes a blash of unmistakable sleet against the window, warning us that, if we sally forth this day, it must be in a greatcoat and comforter. So what else can we do but work? What should take us to the country? Fishing is manifestly out of the question, because there is little water in the rivers, no insects on the wing, and the trouts have too much sense to expose themselves in such wretched weather as this. Even if they were ready to rise, we see no advantage in laying in a stock of rheumatism sufficient to last us for the remainder of our life; so in the helplessness, but we trust also the proper spirit of resignation, we put more coals on the fire, and address ourselves to work as the only means of filling up the vacuum between breakfast and dinner, without altogether abandoning the hope that spring or its substitute

may yet arrive, and afford us our wonted holiday by the waterside, when the woods are fresh and green, and there is a smile on the face of the heavens.

But work is of various kinds, and should be suited to the immediate mood of mind of the artisan, if, happily, he is allowed a choice. At this moment we could as soon suggest an improvement on the spinning-jenny, as fabricate a tolerable stanza. We have, it is true, an unconcluded romance in hand ; but the scene of the next chapter to be written lies in the tropics, and we really cannot force ourselves just now to perpetrate fictions about palm-trees. For politics we are too sulky ; besides, there is nothing stirring in the political world which calls for criticism or remark. A work upon the arctic regions might serve for a review ; yet we had as lieve not think at the present time either of icebergs or the frosty Caucasus. Rather let us, by that spiritual leger-de-main, which alone can render life endurable while Eurys is venting his spleen, believe that with the morrow the zephyrs will return, and that under the influence of mild showers and fitful sunshine the grass will spring, and the flowers open, and the broom bud, and the trees put on their gay apparel, and that the linnet on the bush, the blackbird in the brake, the chaffinch in the apple-tree, and the lark poised midway between earth and cloud, will all exert their jocund voices to greet the welcome spring. And then we shall sally forth, leaving care behind us, and put Industry upon board wages for the period of a fortnight or so, until we have become habituated to the murmur of the streams, and until our first floral ardour has subsided into a tranquil and enduring love.

In the mean time, we must devote ourselves for a brief period to study of a congenial kind ; nor can we find a fitter subject than the *Practical Angler*, by Mr Stewart, a gentleman who comes forward with especial claim upon our notice.

It is a vast mistake to suppose that anglers are a peculiarly affectionate brotherhood. Our experience rather leads us to the opposite con-

clusion ; for we declare that we have seen as much meanness and fraud practised on the waterside, as is exhibited by the late revelations touching the Royal British Bank. We have known instances of men, who considered themselves patterns of honour, taking long circuits and skulking behind hedges, in order to arrive before us at streams which they knew we were desirous to fish. We have heard them, with unblushing countenances, recommend yokels and other strangers to proceed to imaginary lochs and streams, stored with fictitious trout, "just a little way yonder over the hill," in order to get quit of them for the day. Ask an angler whom you casually meet, which is the fly best adapted for that particular river, and the odds are ten to one that he exhibits to you, as perfectly infallible, some bunch of feather and hackle which never stirred a fin. Knew ye ever the man generous enough to confide even to the friend of the bosom the secret lurking-place of the minnow shoal in a district where that bait was scarce ? Lives he of whom you could safely predicate that he will not rise up surreptitiously in the morning, while you are in the arms of Morpheus, and glide by stealth from the chamber for the purpose of appropriating and monopolising the only boat on the loch, albeit overnight he had tacitly indicated his willingness to share it with you ? And of what angler can it truly be said that his bosom has not burned with envy at the sight of a heavier basket than his own ? We admit that of an evening, at the Trysting inn, anglers are excellent company ; nor do they, over their whisky-toddy, stand much upon punctilio ; and many a roaring night we have had, in the season of our youth, with blades upon whose faces we never set eyes again. Confidential we all became, and large-hearted, until, under the magic influence of John Barley-corn, we romanced like Gascons about our individual prowess, and swore a rondo of eternal friendship ; but for all that, we should as soon have trusted a tiger in a tripe-shop as have placed any dependence in our temporary comrades between the

hour of breakfast and that of nocturnal relaxation. There is no record in ancient lore to entitle us to suppose that Orestes and Pylades, or Theseus and Pirithous, ever went fishing in company. And if you read Walton, you will at once see that the bond which held together Piscator and his pupil was not one of common taste, but depended upon their unequal accomplishment. For if Venator, after the experience of a day or two, had been able to kill more fish than Piscator, their partnership would straightway have been dissolved; and the associates, who prattle together so lovingly, kindly, and delightfully in the book, would have applied to each other, covertly, if not openly, the endearing appellations of coxcomb and impostor.

Then again it is worthy of note, that though the number of the professing brotherhood of the angle is immense, the real adepts are but few. In May, when that month will admit of out-of-doors recreation, but certainly in June and July, you will find the banks of every stream in the south of Scotland dotted with youths who are diligently flogging the pools; but very seldom indeed can you discover them, like Tobias the son of Tobit, in actual struggle with a fish. For their lack of success, however, they are at no loss to assign reasons. Either the day is too hot, or it is too cold, or it is too cloudy, or it is too bright, or there is thunder in the air, or the water is too low, or it is too much swollen. They are wondrously philosophical and ingenious in their explanations of failure; but somehow ill-luck seems to cleave to them like a garment, for whatever may be the complexion of the day or the state of the river, their baskets are equally empty.

Mr Stewart has the reputation of being a most successful angler, and his fame is on many waters. Therefore, holding the views which we have already expressed touching the general selfishness of the fraternity, we cannot too much admire his single-heartedness in compiling a work, which, if attended to, must transmute the veriest tyro into a tolerably prosperous fisherman. We suspect that some who now rank as his rivals,

will barely thank him for his revelations, on the score that it is not expedient either to multiply the number of rods, or to divulge secrets which must tend to a considerable thinning of the streams. They, the adepts, believe themselves to constitute a high and worshipful piscatory lodge, with mysteries peculiar to their degree, and they may not altogether approve of the extreme liberality of their excellent brother in opening the eyes of the uninitiated. However, they may comfort themselves with the reflection that darkness rather than light is the deliberate choice of the million. The best teaching in the world is thrown away upon stupidity and self-conceit; and that not only in ethics, but in such practical matters as angling. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this should be the case, else the higher walks in every department would be overcrowded. Wisdom, from the most ancient times, has been represented as calling aloud in the streets, without attracting an audience; and although we venture to prophesy that Mr Stewart will not lack audience, we are by no means confident that his efforts to improve the system hitherto pursued by the majority of anglers will be crowned with triumphant success. Bad habits, early contracted, will overcome conviction; and men and boys, during their summer holiday, will continue to saunter as heretofore by the pleasant banks of the Tweed and Gala, without materially augmenting the customary contents of their creels.

But there is no denying that Mr Stewart knows full well what he is about, for he inculcates a doctrine which is equally simple and true. He does not set himself up as a discoverer; nor does he undervalue the practice and precept of those who have gone before him. He takes his stand upon the admitted and notorious fact that, of late years, owing to the spread of cultivation and the enormous increase of drainage even in the hill pastures, the character of the streams in the south of Scotland, to which his remarks are principally applicable, has undergone a material change; and he argues that the change requires a different and more careful method of angling than was

practised by our forefathers, or than is necessary even yet in the remoter districts of the Highlands. He introduces his subject thus :—

“During the last twenty years a great decrease has taken place in the quantity of trout in our southern streams, and any angler who has been in the habit of frequenting regularly a particular stream during that time, must have noticed an almost annual diminution in the number, and still more in the size of its finny inhabitants. This is an alarming fact, and well worthy of the attention of the angling community, as some of the most fruitful causes of this disastrous result might be stopped. Some of them, however, there is no help for, and the most prejudicial of these is the drainage of the land, more particularly of the hill pastures for sheep. So long as drainage was confined to the rivers' banks, its effects were not so observable; but now that it has extended to the recesses of the mountains, whence most of our rivers receive nine-tenths of their water, and every hill, glen, and moor, is drained, it tells severely upon the streams and their inhabitants. The water which used to find its way to the rivers gradually, keeping them large and full for a considerable time, is now conducted to them very soon after the rain falls, and runs off in a day or two, leaving them clear and dwindled till the next flood.

“Several old residents on Tweedside have assured us, that fifty years ago, when there was a flood, Tweed continued the dark porter colour, so highly prized by anglers, for a week or more, and then ran clear but pretty full. Now, the flood is very heavy for the first day or two, and then falls rapidly, in three or four days becoming quite clear, and for weeks scarcely half the size of what it used to be when at its smallest.

“It is supposed that the heavy floods we now have shift the gravel, and carry off a large quantity of the spawn of the trout, and also of the eggs of aquatic insects. Then, again, when the waters are very small, the eggs of aquatic insects are left dry, and their vitality destroyed, so that the number of insects upon which trout feed is materially lessened, and at the same time the number and size of trout, which, as has just been stated, depends in a great measure upon the quantity of food.”

The diminished size of the rivers has another bad effect in rendering netting more easy; and netting is

practised to an extent which is almost incredible. We know of streams in Dumfriesshire, tributaries of the Nith, which have been absolutely harried by cairds and tinkers, who find a ready market for their spoil in the nearest town; and upon those the angler will exert his science in vain. When the waters are low in summer, immense quantities of fish may be taken either with the net, or with such a clumsy substitute as an old blanket; and detection is almost impossible. Mr Stewart is quite within the mark when he says, “It is not by the dozen, nor yet by the basketful that net-fishers count their spoils, but by the hundredweight; and this, of course, must speedily thin the trout in any stream, however prolific it may be.” Moreover, it is evident that the multiplicity of anglers, the natural consequence of the facilities afforded by railway communication, renders the fish more wary if not more scarce than formerly. In rivers or lochs which are little frequented, neither much dexterity nor extreme caution is required. The fish, being unacquainted with the dangerous nature of lures, rise at or seize them almost recklessly; so that, in such places, provided the weather is favourable, even an indifferent angler is certain to meet with success. But not so in such clear and well-fished streams as the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Annan, and the Nith. Therein almost every fish of any size has been disturbed by the hourly apparition of anglers, and has, moreover, by experience, been taught that there is a certain connection between the singular biped on the bank and the spruce imitations of insects which come floating down the stream. Most of them have been pricked in the mouth; and it is wonderful how long the effect of such an admonition lasts. Many years ago, while cruising about the Lake of Constance on a hot summer's day, we, in a dreamy mood, with half-shut eyes, raised to our mouth a glass of right Bavarian beer, and at the first inbreath took in a wasp. Before we could eject the yellow pest, he caught us on the lip, so that, for six hours afterwards, a statuary might have selected us as a fit model for a Sambo, and from that

day to this, even in the depth of winter, we never indulge in malt without a careful survey of the tumbler, lest haply there should be a hornet there. And we cannot doubt that fish are quite as acute as men; whom probably, after one introduction, they regard as reckless dentists, and avoid with an instinct similar to that which makes all of us recoil in horror from the bare apparition of the forceps.

Putting all these things together, Mr Stewart maintains that, in order to fish successfully, we must adapt ourselves to the altered circumstances; and he advocates, in the first place, much more scrupulous attention than has hitherto been paid by the majority of anglers to the quality of their tackle; and, secondly, a mode of procedure at the water-side founded upon a close observation of the habits, appetites, and seasonable dispositions of the fish. Upon each of these points we have a few remarks to offer.

When we recall to memory the days of our boyhood, we see before us a resurrection of sundry sticks, warped and curved, which we then, believing in Best and other writers, supposed to be efficient rods. We imagine that they were heirlooms from our grandfather, who flourished or fished far back in the last century; but bad as they were—and it was impossible to make them cast a respectable line—we must give them the preference to the hop-poles which we subsequently have seen employed in France, Germany, and Switzerland. Not long ago, on rummaging a drawer, we laid hands on our earliest pocket-book, fabricated from the cover of an old almanac, of which the moths had kept possession probably from the date of the Reform Bill, so that fur and feather had been remorselessly gnawed away. But there, though sorely rusted, were the hooks which, in the days of other years, we pitched into the Almond and the Linnhouse water—heavy, clumsy bits of steel, the smallest of which might serve for a capture of an adult pike. Then there was gut, selected evidently on account of its supposed strength, about as thick as isinglass or vermicelli, and quite as brittle as the

latter. Also there were coils of a mysterious article, called, we believe, Indian grass, which was popularly believed to be proof against fracture—and cobblers' wax wrapped up in the fragment of an old glove—and silk that would not pass through the eye of any ordinary needle—and finally, a twisted and knotted mass of flies, bait-hooks, and minnow-tackle, so inextricably mingled that Penelope herself could scarce have disentangled it during the period of the Trojan war. That deposit, like the markings on the Old Red Sandstone, indicated a remote angling era; and we could not help wondering how it was that our boyhood had been blessed with the capture of a rational trout. Not that we captured many; nor, in all human probability, were our victims very large; though now, seen through the mist of time, they loom in the dimensions of leviathans. But shortly after that, a change came over the spirit of our dream. About the same period when we made the discovery that a round jacket patched at the elbow, corduroys, rig-and-fur stockings, and cuddy-heeled shoes did not form sufficient adornment for our person, we threw aside the ancient tackle, and by some means or other achieved possession of a rod, bright with brass, rustling with rings, and tapered like the feelers of a lobster. It was so lithe, that it bent over before the faintest breath of zephyr, but, though very pretty to look on, it cast but an indifferent line, and was perpetually snapping at the joints. Since the days of our hobble-de-hoyhood we have had a variety of rods, but none of the dandy description; and the implement which we presently use for trout-fishing is just such a one as you may see in the hands of a Galashiels weaver, who, amphibious as an otter, is also as destructive to the race that inhabits the streams.

But with regard to tackle, we have long ago arrived at the same conclusion with Mr Stewart, that it is impossible to be too particular about the fineness and quality of the gut, the lightness of the hooks, and the structure of the flies. If, indeed, the water is discoloured, trout, if inclined

to rise at all, are not fastidious as to the lure, their keenness of vision being then impeded by the opacity of the element. But the problem is how to capture trout when the streams are small and the weather clear, and then the immense advantage of fine tackle becomes apparent. "Whipping" the water will never answer. The splash of a heavy knotted line, and the descent of three artificial bum-bees, will fright the boldest trout that ever swam out of his propriety; yet, although most anglers are aware that coarseness is an error, they do not always take the pains of providing themselves with tackle of sufficient fineness. No gut, therefore, should be used for trouting unless it is very thin; and there is some difficulty in procuring such, for, as Mr Stewart justly remarks, nine hanks out of ten of the gut usually proffered for sale, are totally unfit for fine trouting purposes, and even the very finest hanks seldom contain more than twenty threads fit for dressing flies. So much store do we set by fineness of tackle, that we once made the experiment of having our flies dressed upon single horse-hair, but the result was not satisfactory, as the material was too weak. We believe that a good angler should be able in clear water, with a single hair, to manage any fish under the weight of a pound, but that requires time; besides, if one of the other hooks catches ever so slightly upon a stick, stone, or bit of turf, the line is sure to part. After several mischances of this sort, and the loss of a considerable number of flies, we abandoned the idea of using hair as a substitute for gut, and have ever since contented ourselves with the fine-drawn entrails of the silk-worm. Some old anglers have a prejudice against staining gut, but we are decidedly of opinion that it is a material improvement, inasmuch as it takes away from the line that glitter which must be very apparent to a trout. For the same reason, bright brass ferules on a rod are decidedly objectionable, as is everything about the person of the angler which is calculated to flash or sparkle in the sun.

Hooks, especially for baiting in clear waters, should be light and small, and not encumbered with a superfluity of dressing. It is very difficult to make young anglers believe this, so impressed are they with the notion that the bigger the lure the more attractive it must be to the trout, whom they consider in the light of aquatic aldermen, indifferent to kickshaws, but ravenous after solid food. They may convince themselves of the fallacy of that idea, by the simple process of opening the stomach of the first trout they catch, when they will find that he has been feeding, for the most part, upon infinitesimally small insects, bearing about the same proportion to his bulk that shrimps would to that of a corpulent member of Common Council. In reality, trouts are very fastidious. They loathe large baits, and will turn in disgust from a large worm when they would readily seize a small one. In regard to artificial flies, it should be remembered that, with their size, the chances of detection are increased. Even in loch-fishing, which is much easier than angling in streams, most sportsmen use larger flies than are at all necessary. We own to having for a long time persevered in this error; until one day, having by accident nothing but moderately-sized river-flies in our pocket-book, we tried these on Loch Awe, and were astonished at the result. Loch flies, no doubt, should always be larger than those used in shallow streams, inasmuch as most lochs, besides their depth, contain an infusion of peaty or colouring matter; but it is a vast mistake to use heavy flies, while angling for trout, except in windy weather; and at most tackle-shops, even in Edinburgh, the gear which is recommended for loch-fishing is by much too large and ponderous. But we really must not forget ourselves so far as to convert a light commendatory article into an elaborate treatise on angling. Let those who require information on the subject of tackle—a very important branch, indeed, of the piscatorial economy, consult the pages either of Stoddart or Stewart, and they cannot possibly go far astray.

The chief merit of Mr Stewart's

book lies in his minute and anxious directions as to the best method of fishing a stream. Notwithstanding the diminution in the numbers of the trout, arising from the causes to which we have already referred, he says, somewhat positively, that "there are not three days, perhaps not even a single day, from May till October, in which an angler, thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the craft, should not kill at least twelve pounds' weight of trout in any county in the south of Scotland, not excepting Edinburghshire itself." With great submission, we demur to this statement; and we think that very few anglers indeed, if any, will back up Mr Stewart in his assertion. In certain waters such a feat, continued day after day, may be possible, but we do not think so; and we should like to see the experiment tested by some of the regular Tweed fishermen, who are probably the best in the country. If any one of these men, knowing his own river thoroughly, and having the choice of his hours, can capture with rod and line *every day*, Sundays of course excepted, a minimum weight of twelve pounds of trout, we shall esteem that the most marvellous angling feat which ever has been achieved; and yet such a feat would be short of Mr Stewart's range. For he is not speaking of the Tweed alone, but of the rivers generally of the south of Scotland; and in saying this we cannot help thinking that he passes utterly beyond bounds. We never knew the angler yet who would undertake to kill throughout the season, without discrimination of days, twelve pounds *per diem on the average*, which, taking the ordinary run of trout at the estimate, high for streams, of four to the pound, would be equivalent to a daily slaughter of four dozen. Now, four dozen of trout constitute by no means a bad day's fishing. We regard the man who can extract that number and weight on an ordinary day, out of any unpreserved water in Mid-Lothian, as singularly lucky; and certainly we should not like, before starting, to offer a heavy bet upon our chances of doing so. That the thing may be done occasionally we know, but not often; and there are many more days

than three in the season, when no angler, even if he had the persuasive powers of St Anthony of Padua, who made the fishes listen to his preaching, could hope to put a couple of pounds into his creel. Without "guddling," a noble but recondite science to which we were once much addicted, we hold the alleged or rather asserted feat to be impossible; nor shall we alter our opinion until we have satisfactory evidence that any angler in the south of Scotland, not restricting his operations to one river, has captured each successive lawful day, three only excepted, during four months of the year, not less than twelve pounds' weight of trout.

So much by way of "snubsky" to Mr Stewart, who, we are sure, upon reflection, will see that he has gone too far. But it is a fine boast, arising from a noble enthusiasm, and we let it lightly go by.

The chief point upon which Mr Stewart insists, is the superior advantage of fishing "up stream" instead of "down stream," which latter is the practice of the great majority of anglers. There certainly must be some fascination in the wrong method, for we have repeatedly observed men—fair anglers too—whose way lay up a river, proceeding directly to the top of each stream, and then fishing it down, which, as a matter of course, involved an unnecessary loss of time. That, however, was of minor consequence; for by the water-side we are apt to take little note of time, and the shades of evening find the loiterer and the galliard alike standing by the pool. Indeed, we are rather of opinion that the indifferent angler, who makes sporting his pretext for enjoying the sights and sounds of nature, which nowhere are more pleasant and sweet than by the banks of a running stream—who can lie for an hour at a stretch upon the sward in a dreamy reverie, watching the shadows of the clouds chasing each other along the slopes of the opposite hill, inhaling the fragrance of the thyme and yellow whin, or listening to the notes of the linnet—experiences a more intense and unalloyed delight than does his active companion, who strides onward through ford and shallow, nor inter-

mits the waving of his wand. But the keen angler, though by no means insensible to the charm of surrounding objects, regards the capture of fish as the chief end of his being, and would feel as much mortified and ashamed if compelled to return home with an empty basket, as a cateran of yore who had failed in the driving of a creach. To the aspirants after piscatory renown Mr Stewart addresses himself; and albeit he speaks, as is common with him, magisterially, we opine that there is much wisdom in his words.

"The great error of fly-fishing as usually practised, and as recommended to be practised by books, is, that the angler fishes down stream, whereas he should fish up.

"We believe we are not beyond the mark in stating, that ninety-nine anglers out of a hundred fish down with the artificial fly; they never think of fishing in any other way, and never dream of attributing their want of success to it. Yet we are prepared to prove, both in theory and practice, that this is the greatest reason of their want of success in clear waters. In all our angling excursions, we have only met one or two amateurs, and a few professionals, who fished up stream with the fly, and used it in a really artistic manner. If the wind is blowing up, anglers will occasionally fish up the pools—as for fishing up a strong stream, they never think of it—but even then they do not do it properly, and meet with little better success than if they had followed their usual method. They will also, if going to some place up a river, walk up, not fish up to it, their plan being to go to the top of a pool, and then fish it down, never casting their line above them at all.

"We shall now mention in detail the advantages of fishing up, in order to show its superiority over the old method.

"The first and greatest advantage is, that the angler is unseen by the trout. Trout, as is well known, keep their heads up stream; they cannot remain stationary in any other position. This being the case, they see objects above and on both sides of them, but cannot discern anything behind them, so that the angler fishing down will be seen by them twenty yards off; whereas the angler fishing up will be unseen, although he be but a few yards in their rear. The advantages of this it is impossible to over-estimate. No creatures are more easily scared than trout; if they see any

object moving on the river's bank, they run into deep water, or beneath banks and stones, from which they will not stir for some time. A bird flying across the water or the shadow of a rod will sometimes alarm them; and nothing connected with angling is more certain than this, that if the trout see the angler, they will not take his lure. He may ply his minnow in the most captivating manner, may throw his worm with consummate skill, or make his flies light softly as a gossamer, all will be unavailing if he is seen by the trout.

"The next advantage of fishing up we shall notice, is the much greater probability of hooking a trout when it rises. In angling down stream, if a trout rises and the angler strikes, he runs a great risk of pulling the flies straight out of its mouth; whereas in fishing up, its back is to him, and he has every chance of bringing the hook into contact with its jaws. This, although it may not seem of great importance to the uninitiated, tells considerably when the contents of the basket come to be examined at the close of the day's sport; indeed, no angler would believe the difference unless he himself proved it.

"Another advantage of fishing up is, that it does not disturb the water so much. Let us suppose the angler is fishing down a fine pool; he of course commences at the top, the place where the best trout, and those most inclined to feed, invariably lie. After a few casts he hooks one, which immediately runs down, and by its vagaries, leaping in the air, and plunging in all directions, alarms all its neighbours, and it is ten to one if he gets another rise in the pool. Fishing up saves all this; the angler commences at the foot, and when he hooks a trout, pulls it down, and the remaining portions of the pool are undisturbed. This is a matter of some importance; and we have frequently, in small streams, taken a dozen trout out of a pool from which, had we been fishing down, we could not possibly have got more than two or three.

"The last advantage of fishing up is, that by it the angler can much better adapt the motions of his flies to those of the natural insect. And here it may be mentioned as a rule, that the nearer the motions of the artificial flies resemble those of the natural ones under similar circumstances, the greater will be the prospects of success. Whatever trout take the artificial fly for, it is obvious they are much more likely to be deceived by a natural than by an unnatural motion."

One special recommendation of this book, as an angling treatise, is the clearness with which Mr Stewart lays down his positions, and the care which he has bestowed on the proof. He does not content himself with merely giving directions: he explains, and always lucidly, *why* such directions are given. With regard to the point under consideration, we hold him to be perfectly sound—indeed, it would be very difficult, with any show of reason, to maintain the opposite argument; and although this is no new discovery, our author is entitled to praise for having so strenuously advocated that method of angling which, being formed upon close observation of the peculiar habits of the fish, must necessarily be, and is, superior to any other. There is plenty of scope for variety of opinion in minor matters. For example, many may dissent, and with good show of reason, from Mr Stewart's notions touching the length and elasticity of rods, and also as to the inutility of a varied stock of flies. In such matters men will be guided by predilection and experience; but the question as to the best mode of fishing a stream, under certain given conditions, involves a principle to which the author has most properly given minute and deliberate attention.

We would also, at this season of the year, recommend to the angler's attention the chapter on fishing with the May-fly, or rather stone-fly, which is the Scottish equivalent for the green drake. Every one who has frequented the waters in the earlier part of the month of June, must have observed among stone beds near streams, or shingle on the margin of lochs, an ill-favoured insect, rather black than yellow, bearing a close resemblance to an exaggerated earwig, which scuttles about with extreme celerity, and which is not inviting to touch. That is the stone-fly, just developing into maturity; and while it lasts, no more deadly bait can be employed for the capture of trout. Strange to say, it has hitherto been very little used by our Scottish anglers, who as a body seem to despise the natural fly, though probably the difficulty of collecting and keeping

these insects may account for this neglect. For that reason we have never essayed this kind of fishing seriously, though we have occasionally, out of curiosity, made a cast with a stray creeper, and been rewarded by the capture of a good trout. We are now, however, persuaded that we have been in the wrong, and we intend, upon the very first occasion, to give the stone-fly a deliberate trial. Maggots we detest, as also does Mr Stewart, and we are not inclined to disagree with him in his general strictures upon the use of salmon-roe.

We think, however, that he is wrong in maintaining that trout are not attracted from any considerable distances by the smell or taste of salmon-roe in the water, as stated by Mr Stoddart in his *Angler's Companion*. That gentleman, who is second to none in piscatory accomplishment and experience, states two instances in which, without moving from the spot, he made extraordinary captures with the roe: and he gives a distinct, and, to us, satisfactory reason for his belief that the fish were so attracted. Here are Mr Stoddart's words:—

"I commenced angling precisely at eight o'clock A. M., and left off, my bait being wholly exhausted, at ten minutes before one, the whole period of time occupied by me extending to nearly five hours. The number of trout captured was in all two hundred and twelve, several of them weighing a pound and a half. I hooked and played also two bull-trout, or large whitlings, but, owing to the undersize of my hooks, or some other cause, they made their escape. As on the former occasion, the fish, when I was compelled for want of bait to abandon the sport, were still in feeding humour—more eager, indeed, and ravenous than during any other portion of the forenoon. The spot I occupied on the above-mentioned day lies at a distance of three hundred yards from the junction of the Teviot with Tweed, and as the two varieties of the common or parr trout inhabiting the two rivers are quite distinct the one from the other in external appearance, I was at no loss to specify and assort them. I came, accordingly, to the conclusion that, at the fewest, two-thirds of the fish captured by me belonged to Tweed, and that these, owing to the attractive qualities of the salmon-roe, had traced their way up to the bait, some of them, I have no doubt,

out of Maxwheel pool, situated at the distance of half a mile from the spot in question."

To this conclusion Mr Stewart objects, and starts the hypothesis, "that on the occasions alluded to by Mr Stoddart, he captured the trout, which belonged to a part of the river so much below where he was, not because they had been attracted all that distance by the smell of the roe, but because, when a flood begins to subside in the fall of the year, they travel upwards in search of spawning-ground." But the peculiarity of Mr Stoddart's statement is this, that two-thirds of the common trout which he then caught belonged, as was evident from their distinctive markings, not to the Teviot, in which river he was fishing, but to the Tweed. Now, although it is impossible to speak with certainty upon a subject so beset with doubt and difficulty as the movements of fish, almost all naturalists and anglers agree in thinking that the common trout do not shift their ground, or pass, at least in considerable quantities, from one river into another. Their spawning-grounds lie in the river in which they were bred; and therefore we regard Mr Stewart's hypothesis as being *ex facie* much less probable than the conclusion at which Mr Stoddart arrived. Besides, we can testify from our own experience that trout are attracted, and from considerable distances, by the odour or taste of salmon-roë in the water. Some years ago, in early spring, when fish are not on the move for spawning, we tried salmon-roë in the Talla, a small tributary of the Tweed. The water was then swollen with rain, and for the first half-hour we had but little sport. Gradually, however, the fish became more numerous and larger, and finally we succeeded in filling our basket, leaving off simply on account of the bait failing us. Now the Talla is by no means overstocked with trout, and we cannot account for the number killed on that occasion otherwise than by supposing that they were allured from streams much lower down the water by the flavour of the roë. Again, shortly after

Mr Stoddart's work appeared, we made an experiment with the roë in the upper part of the Esk in Dumfriesshire, in order, if possible, to test the soundness of his views. The water was then low and clear, the time being the latter part of August, and hardly a trout was to be seen. We threw into a long slow-running reach, where the current was not strong enough to carry them down, several pellets of roë; and after watching for a time in ambushment, we saw the trout coming up in considerable numbers from a lower stream, as also eels, of which there are great numbers in the Esk. They swam slowly upwards, questing, as it were, for something which they expected to find above, until they reached the pellets, which they seized and devoured. We hold this to be proof positive that the taint of the roë is very strong in the water, and that it will attract fish from a much greater distance than Mr Stewart is willing to allow—a fact which by implication shows the utility of the artificial spawning-beds or ponds lately formed on the Tay, in which the ova of the salmon are safely preserved from the glutinous ravages of the trout.

But a truce to these disquisitions—for, oh joy of joys, the wind has gone round to the west! there have been soft showers, and now the sun, as Ossian phrases it, is riding in his azure fields, and the leaves are impetuously rushing forth, and the dandelion is bedizening the grass with its yellow stars. Who would tarry in the town when lambs are frisking on the turf, and the cuckoo is vocal on the hill-side? Not we! Bound are we by a solemn pledge, on the first apparition of spring, to meet with the friend of our bosom on the banks of Loch Awe; and not for all the lands that ever called a son of Diarmid master, will we break the troth we have plighted to him of the sporting-jacket. So then, let us give this book of Mr Stewart a place on the shelf of our library which contains the works of Walton, Stoddart, and other acknowledged masters of the gentle craft, and in that honoured company let it rest. And now for an inspection of our gear.

MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES.

THE enthusiasm of the nation is appealed to, and ought to be aroused, by the rich treasures here brought together, to allure the senses and inform the intellect. If the end of art be high enjoyment, then, the present Exhibition is a grand success. All that can minister to delight in an interior at once architectural and pictorial, decorated and adorned with works of poetic beauty ; all that can feast the eye with lovely forms, or delight the ear by pleasant sounds, here seeks to minister to the refined epicurean sense of high civilisation. It is not, however, because this Exhibition is a gorgeous spectacle, but rather because it is an educational museum that it now merits our special notice. It is educational because at once chronological, historical, and international. It is chronological in the arrangement of the schools—historical as including a series of works more consecutively complete than the world has yet seen under one roof in any one city. In the art of painting, for example, it extends from Duccio and Cimabue, in the latter end of the thirteenth century, down to our own times in the second half of the nineteenth. Thus extending over time it becomes historical ; by the wide sweep it takes over space it is no less international. The national arts of India, China, Byzantium, Italy, Spain, Germany, France, Holland, and lastly of our own country, are here brought together for mutual comparison or contrast. Under this one roof, within the survey of a few hours, are collected the arts of hostile races and nationalities, of rival civilisations or barbarisms, of diverse or repellant faiths—Pagan and Christian, Roman and Protestant ; all these arts here peacefully—shall we not say beneficently—meet together, offering for our present instruction all the beauty and the truth which has given to each an immortality of fame. The language of art through the eye differs in this from the language of the tongue, that it has never suffered division by the confusion of Babel. Thus do we find in this

building the diverse nations of the earth brought together, each speaking the same tongue, to all alike intelligible and eloquent—the one common language of art expression. It is true that this language has fallen into diverse dialects and idioms, according to the wants and the ideas of varied peoples ; yet however modulated, and in some instances corrupted, this universal art-language does, especially in an Exhibition like the present, still attest the essential unity of humanity, and confirm the truth that God made of one flesh all the dwellers upon earth.

In what sense, then, is this collection educational ? Because it teaches by that example which is stronger than precept. The public have heard much of pre-Raphaelitism and post-Raphaelitism, and have probably formed no very definite idea of the meaning of the terms. Let them come here, then, and reduce the vagueness of words to the positive evidence of their senses. They have heard of the ideal beauty of Italian art, and of the literal truth of the early German ; let them come to the saloon where these two nationalities are on opposite walls contrasted, and then determine the character and the value of the qualities which, in the works themselves, have thus been the subject of praise or censure. They may have been told that our English school of portraiture is too much under the sway of Vandyck—too little under the influence of Holbein. Let them cross over, then, to the English gallery ; examine well the characteristics of our portraits, and returning to Holbein, judge whether, and in what degree, this painter is entitled to be our present instructor. Lastly, they may have heard some few years since, that the influence of the Carracci school in this country was too great ; that it was still extending, and ought to be diminished. Let them, then, now put this hearsay charge to the more certain test of ocular demonstration. This Exhibition, therefore, if rightly used, ought to disabuse the public

mind of much false specious teaching. Criticism in the fine arts is perhaps necessarily vague and subject to fallacy, and the evil is the more specially inevitable, because the language of words shadows forth but indefinitely the objects of vision. Here, then, are the objects themselves, which, if rightly used by the thousands who crowd the Exhibition, may yet do more for art-education in this country than the establishing of a professor's chair, or the publication of a pretended *Novum Organum*.

Such an exhibition is, so to say, specially vital, and what belongs to the dead past, must, as much as possible, be vivified into the living present. Its assigned local habitation is Manchester, and therefore the world has the greater right to expect that this grand movement and concourse in the arts should conduce to some practical results. For this end we want no recondite dissertations on the schools; no German-like scrutiny into dates and authenticity; no auction-mart estimate of monied value; but we need to be shown what relation the art of former days holds to the necessities of our own times, that so what in us is false may, by the voice of history, stand reproved, and that which is true receive the sanction of authority. Such a collection as the present might thus become the instructor of our national school of art, which seeking, like the school of the Eclectics in Bologna, to combine existing and approved excellences, might form an English art epoch suited to the wants and commensurate with the knowledge of this nineteenth century, as the school of the Carracci was representative of the collective art-tendencies in the sixteenth. Vital and self-originating as our national art essentially is, still in its onward advance, not in its decay, it need not dread the term eclectic. For us that word does not mean servile compilation or adaptation; it implies nothing more than the using as educators those art-treasures which we possess, teaching us how best we may study nature, and in what method we may more surely and fully mature in still higher

works the national genius with which we are endowed.

If it be desirable that the models for our imitation be thus selected by a wise eclecticism, still more needful is it that our taste be expanded to a wide catholicity. To appreciate, and in order to profit, from the diversified treasures here brought together, we must free the mind from all narrow art-sectarianism, and make our perceptions wide in their inclusive sweep as the collection itself is extended in scale. We do not say that every object in this building merits unexceptional admiration, yet we may fairly assert that no work is wholly destitute of merit, or devoid of instruction. It will be our object, therefore, in that catholic spirit which has prompted the selection of these art-treasures, to point out in some the distinguishing and saving merits, in others to signalise the defects as warnings, that so we may contribute, according to the measure of our knowledge, towards those educational ends which the Exhibition, as we have said, should primarily be made to subserve.

Before entering on a more detailed examination, it is perhaps desirable that we should give a concise view of the general aspect and contents of the building. On entering, it is at once evident that the structure approaches to greater architectural correctness than the so-called palaces of iron and glass which have preceded it. There are few diagonal ties, or breaking and disturbing lines of construction: the general effect is light, and the proportions harmonious. In dimensions it is not too large to be seen in its unity, not too vast for the physical powers of walking, nor so complex in its parts and arrangements as to involve mental confusion. The skill and good taste thus shown in construction are not less apparent in the colouring. The interior is rightly treated, not as in itself a picture, but as a suitable reception for pictures. Hence the too obtrusive system of positive colour-decoration is rightly abandoned, for that of subdued neutrals which afford an equally fitting background adjunct to the paintings, the national flags, and the ladies' dresses. Thus

the general effect is that of unostentatious harmony and good keeping ; the small picked-out bits of positive colour giving vivacity, without breaking the subdued concord. So perfect, indeed, is the balance, that the presence of colour is almost forgotten. This is a great triumph ; it is equally, we rejoice to say, a defeat of that flaunting manner of obtrusive decoration with which this country is now threatened—a manner worthy only of shops and casinos. The statues ranged on either side of the nave, are the lightest objects in the building ; they are, indeed, the only points which reflect white light ; yet in no way crude or cold, they maintain an aspect pure and ideal, fitted specially to the elevated forms of an ideal art. We have rejoiced in the success of neutral colours in the architecture ; we no less exult in the equal success of no colour in the statues. It is not enough to say, that by colour their effect would be wholly changed ; their special purity and beauty would be, indeed, destroyed. The number of statues, however, is comparatively small, sufficient for decoration, but making no claim to a collective gallery. They are almost exclusively examples of our English modern school. We recognise among them, however, the once notorious "Greek Slave," which now, no longer thrown out by draped background, or turned on a swivel, as in London, is in danger of prematurely falling into that comparative oblivion which may yet await it in posterity.

In lighting, the building is not less fortunate than in colouring. Having in its construction more of metal and brick, with less of glass than in accustomed crystal-palace architecture, the light enters only at appointed and befitting apertures. Thus cross and conflicting lights are avoided, and the building becomes eminently fitted for a picture-gallery. Accordingly every painting is comparatively in good light, and the difficulty of constructing a national picture-gallery is at once solved. The pictures themselves are hung after the manner adopted in the French exhibitions. The small works which demand close inspection are placed lowest, yet not degraded by proximity to the floor ; while the larger works, painted for

greater distance, are placed at the top, seldom, however, beyond the third rank, and thus at least are spared the unenviable pre-eminence of a ceiling apotheosis.

The general aspect of the nave on entering, especially as we advance towards the mounted armour, is effective, yet the effect is that of unobtrusive merit. It has less of the accustomed bazaar and shop-front display, and more of the aspect of the studio and the museum. The walls of the open aisles to the nave are hung with the remarkable historic series constituting the "British Portrait-Gallery," which gives to the receding background a furnished completeness without, by a too obtrusive standing out, breaking the good keeping of the architectural effect. In front of this portrait-gallery, and on either side of the wide promenade which occupies the centre of the nave, are ranged cases enclosing the "Museum of Ornamental Art," which for beauty, extent, and value, can scarcely be surpassed by the far-famed Green Vaults of Dresden. Here we have watches which have become historic, antique jewellery, ancient and curious locks, rich caskets, cameo and intaglio rings, work in the precious metals, sumptuous cases of massive plate ; Raphael and Palissy ware ; oriental, Sèvres, and English china, carvings in ivory, objects from the Bernal Collection, furniture from the Soulages, and armour from the Meyrick. These, with a separate saloon for India, China, and the East, constitute the rich museum of ornamental art. Ascending to the south gallery are hung, in frames, a collection of engravings which, we are told by Mr Holmes, is the first attempt ever made in the history of engraving "to show to the public generally, at one view, a complete chronological series of prints from the commencement of the art up to the present time." In the opposite gallery is a valuable collection of photographs. Lastly, the pictures, ancient and modern, distemper, oil, and water, which constitute, in fact, the strength and paramount attraction of the Exhibition, are arranged, firstly, on either side of the nave, where, as we have said, is hung the British Portrait-Gallery. Then reach-

ing the transepts, and turning to the left, we enter the series of saloons devoted to the old masters, Italian and German, which, as a southern wing, adjoins and runs parallel with the nave in its entire length. Arriving at the termination of this gallery of old masters, we once again enter the nave near the entrance from whence we started, and cross over into the British School of modern and living painters. This great gallery occupies the entire north wing, equal in extent, and occupying the corresponding though opposite position, with the series of ancient works. We once again, at the termination of the English School, enter the transept, on the opposite side of which, and immediately before us, is the doorway leading to "The Oriental Museum," and in the corresponding position, on the further arm of the transept, lies "The Hertford Gallery." Lastly, behind the orchestra and organ, which occupy the position of the choir in a church, are the galleries, extending along the entire width of the building, exclusively devoted to water-colour drawings. Such is the general summary of contents of the Manchester Exhibition, and we think no one will deny that a collection, so rich and extensive, merits to be called "The Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom."

As the larger and more important portion of the building is devoted to pictures, and as, in fact, these pictures constitute the chief attraction of the Exhibition, it is to this department that we shall chiefly direct our attention. The series commences with the early schools of Italy, and as the pre-Raphaelite controversy, which has raged in this country for some years, takes these works as their authority and origin, we shall endeavour to determine what position such early productions are entitled to occupy. This collection, which, with some surprise and much delight, we found so consecutive and complete, will enable the public, for the first time, to judge for themselves, of the historic merits of this great pre-Raphaelite controversy.

We feel confident that the uninitiated—those who have not by travel acquired tastes which suppress natural instincts—will look on these earliest Italian works with no other feeling than that of curiosity, astonishment, and some degree of repugnance. The paintings of Duccio and Cimabue here exhibited, are indeed neither nature nor art; they are to be regarded merely as antiquarian records and remains; of great value, as showing the low estate of Christian art in the thirteenth century; most important, as being the generic root from which springs the subsequent growth of middle-age revival; but wholly valueless as actual examples of the true and the beautiful. We believe that the general verdict of the public, on the whole series up to Raphael, including the works of Botticelli, Crivelli, and Roselli, will be, that they are repugnant to our tastes, foreign to our wants, and irrelevant to the present art-interests of this country. This popular voice, though too dogmatic and sweeping, might certainly appeal for support to several of the works here exhibited. Take, for example, the large altarpiece by Cosimo Roselli, "the Sacrifice of the Mass" (62).^{*} In the centre of the picture, surrounded by kneeling saints and evangelists, and flying angels and cherubs, is a draped doll-like Christ, robed in black, yet bedizened with gold, at once crucified and crowned; hung on the cross, yet standing on the sacramental cup; suffering the passion for our sins, yet looking vacantly, without expression either of pain or resignation. Now this picture, by a master rarely found even in Italy, is of much historical value, leading to conjectures and conclusions it might be profitable to pursue; but as an example for imitation, it is not merely worthless, but mischievous. Then, again, there are other works which, by their ultra pre-Raphaelite peculiarities, are ill fitted to become models for a modern art-revival. Take "the Madonna and Child enthroned," by Crivelli (191), as an example of elaborated

^{*} The numbers of reference throughout this article are necessarily taken from the "Provisional" catalogue, and will probably, to some extent, be subsequently modified.

draperies, heavy in material, gold embroidered, and set with jewels, keys of gold, and crosiers almost standing in substantial relief, all wrought into a picture which resembles patchwork tapestry, or figures cut out of tin or cardboard. This school, the English pre-Raphaelites, as seen by examples in the modern saloons of the Exhibition, have emulated with success. Then proceed to a small "Pietà" (192), also by Crivelli, in which the classic Greek observance of placidity, and our own rule of moderation, are wholly violated, grief is carried to repulsive intensity, and weeping degenerating into caricature and abhorrent grimace, provokes its opposite—laughter. In such works, character is sought in the annihilation of beauty. We regret to say that this also is a school of art which the modern pre-Raphaelites have practised with success. In these and other of the Italian works, such as "the Death of the Virgin" (18), attributed to Giotto, the outlines are hard, the colours are forced up to the intensity of crudeness, unity and harmony dependent on subordination of parts, and on the subjugating power of a common and concentrating chiaroscuro, are wholly wanting; while stiff, angular, and uncouth attitudes are at the same time painfully present. These art-attributes the public likewise will not fail in recognising as having been faithfully imitated by our pre-Raphaelite brethren.

Should the general voice, however, be raised in too strong condemnation of these early Italian works, it would not be difficult to adduce rare extenuating merits in their justification. Take, for instance, "The Last Judgment," by Fra Angelico (36); look at the pure spirituality of many of the heads; turn heavenwards, and see beings of beatific joy and rapture, clothed in bright raiment, and tasting of a peace which passeth understanding. The English pre-Raphaelites, we regret to say, have not attained to this spiritual art. They have chosen the materialism of Crivelli, the naturalism of Masaccio, all that might be won by industry of hand, precision of eye, and keen observation of character; but they

have not yet obtained entrance into that inner and upper spirit-world, whence descended upon the art of the Italian pre-Raphaelites an affluence of the divine. Yet it is just this unction, this impress of soul, this merging of matter into spirit, which makes the hardness, the stiffness, and the immaturity of these early works pardonable, and in some sort acceptable. For the sake of these high redeeming qualities, we receive with reverence such pictures as "The Virgin and the Child enthroned," by Perugino (75), "St Roch," and "The Baptism," by Francia (306 and 307). In like manner that early work of "The Crucifixion," by Raphael (159), hard in outline, wholly wanting in unity of light and shade, and in composition of colour, is sanctified by this same spirituality and inward life of goodness, which, as we have said, is the one saving attribute of the early Italian works. Yet, notwithstanding these high redeeming merits, we call upon the public, who will flock through this most valuable series, to judge for themselves whether these early works do merit to be set up as models for our present specific imitation. Let them judge, likewise, from the pictures by the English pre-Raphaelites here exhibited, whether the imitation which has been attempted is not rather a caricature of more obvious defects, than a vital adoption of those spiritual graces, which are indeed too subtle for manual transcribing. Let this school, then, be content to stand on its own acknowledged individual merits. Its truth to nature, and its honesty of purpose, constitute its strength; let it increasingly rely on these pre-eminently English qualities, and it will prosper; but if, in caricature, it continue to produce anachronisms on these Italian works, it may astonish for a time, but must assuredly ere long sink into neglect.

On the opposite side of this saloon are hung a series of early German pictures, cotemporaneous with the early Italian. The early art of all nations, the first faltering expression of every people, have indeed a remarkable similarity; yet in these two sister lands the agreement is less striking than the contrast. Italian

art is subjective, German objective; Italian is generic, German individual; Italian is under the spell of ideal beauty, German under the dictation of literal truth. Looking, however, at either side of this saloon, whether to the Italian on the one hand, or to the German on the other, we are forcibly struck with the conclusions to which both alike conspire, that the greatest results have often the most insignificant beginnings.

We are here at the fountain-head of the first small stream, which, after struggling through impeding obstacles, at length swells into the flooding tide. It is true that, on entering the German frontier, we at once come upon the grand altar-piece of Van Eyck (475), which, as a great lake, rather than a precarious stream, stretches in wide expanse over the land, and gives parentage to the minor rivulets which thread their humbler way through the German territories. German art, indeed, throughout its entire course, remained still the rivulet, never the full, free, flowing river. Instead of Raphael it had but its Albert Durer (462), intended, it is true, for noblest grandeur, but circumscribed by nationalities which he never cast aside. Thus this first series of German works terminates without any grand results; and instead of masterpieces by Raphael, we have the misers of Quentin Matsys, and the portrait of Henry VIII. by Holbein.

In looking at these earliest works, both Italian and German, we may well be thankful for what our much-abused academies now save us from. We are told that our village schools and our national education tend to reduce the grand inequalities of humanity down to one dead level; still we cannot but think it a legitimate boast that the village scholar can now solve questions which once would have puzzled Aristotle. So likewise is it some cause of gratulation, that the pupil in the school of design, the tyro in our academies, could expose in these early masters the blind errors of unconscious ignorance. Yet the greatness of genius, never without a witness, is here likewise among the early Germans indubitably manifest in the hard struggle

they maintained for mastery over difficulties; and their genius, though still in fetters, is yet as a giant struggling to be free. Take, for example, the figures of St John, of the Virgin, and of the Choristers, in the great picture of Van Eyck (475), an old but indifferent copy of which here serves as an introduction to the German series — what meaning, purpose, depth of soul, is there in these heads and figures, giving a grandeur and largeness of manner, as of a mighty thought heaving and struggling in the throes of imperfect hesitating utterance, subdued at length into calm? We have just boasted of Academies, but there is here something which Academies cannot communicate — genius. In these early works thought came first and art after, as a consequence. The artist seems first to have learnt to think, and then to paint, using his art as a language for expression; at best an imperfect instrument, which could not convey the full burden of his meaning. Hence these early works, especially in the elaboration and highly-wrought character of the heads and hands, their chief organs of expression, are overcharged with a meaning and thought, yet fettered as was the eloquence of Demosthenes ere he went to the sea-shore to gain an utterance. Take individual heads and figures anywhere on this wall in confirmation of the statement. We find indeed that thought became in fact at length stereotyped; and what at first was the spontaneous offspring of genius, became at length, through repetition, the vested right of commonplace. The central picture on this wall, "The Adoration of the Kings" (517), by Mabuse, with the works by which it is more immediately surrounded, may be taken as the most favourable examples here afforded of the special characteristics of the entire school. In this painting we find great knowledge of nature in its detail, but the want of that art which is needful to reduce nature into a homogeneous picture. In this individuality of detail it is wonderful, the heads are wrought out with the utmost care and elaboration; the time lavished on the draperies and the kings' offerings exceeds belief; and

yet, after all, the picture, as an entire work, to be tested by the rules of art, is a painful failure. In general effect it is scattered; it is indeed without effect; the lights and the shadows, the warm and the cool colours, are thrown together without law or knowledge; the severe outlines want merging into the background; the details have no massing into generals, and the individual parts, thus without relative subordination, fail in pictorial unity of idea and subject. It is, in fact, a picture painted on the English pre-Raphaelite principles; the academy rules of art being then obviously unknown. These early Germans, however, had at least this excuse, that they knew no better. Mabuse, in the picture before us, elaborated brick buildings with the same assiduity as the jewelled crown of the king, and manifests just as much affection and reverence for the dog which sits in the foreground as for the angels which float in the sky,—but then he did his best, and knew no better; and the work is not only a curiosity and a marvel in itself, but becomes an important historic document in the progress of art; attesting the mental condition of a people, their earnest, untiring effort to satisfy their art-instincts, and to offer the sacrifice of their time, labour, and talents to the service of Heaven and the glory of their Church. Such apologies justify a work of the sixteenth century; they cannot be urged in defence of a picture painted in the nineteenth. There is something appealing to our generous commiseration and our sympathy in the simple unconsciousness with which an early artist, in ignorance yet with honesty, pursued his strenuous purpose. It is true that, instead of aiding our devotion, he may provoke our smile; but still we reverence the earnest effort, and ascribe the comparative failure, not to perversity, but to misfortune. But it is manifest that men enjoying the knowledge of the present day cannot claim the same consideration.

It must, in conclusion, be admitted, that the early German, the early Italian, and our own modern English pre-Raphaelites, have at least some qualities in common. They each and

all honestly, steadfastly, and industriously strive after the object they have set before them, whether that object be a saint, a wall, or a weed. They attain, in consequence, to a certain truth, although, in reaching that truth, they oftentimes miss the beauty and the poetry which ought to have given greater value and fascination to their works. These pictures, then, whether ancient or modern, although open to hostile criticism, afford, it must be admitted, instruction, and give some delight; however misdirected, they at least manifest mental qualities which merit a better and more catholic success.

It has been stated that the art-*riches* of the United Kingdom in the possession of private individuals exceed in interest and value those of any other country. To this assertion we rejoice to subjoin the statement, that the Manchester Committee has so judiciously drawn upon these resources, that the present Exhibition is more complete in the chronological history of painting than any one collection in the world. Having made, then, this admission, we may now be allowed to point out some important deficiencies. Thus, whilst ready to acknowledge the value of the early German series now in Manchester, we are bound, at the same time, to point out the fact, that some of the greatest names in the German school are here most inadequately represented. The collection, of course, bears no comparison with the famed Boisserée Museum in Munich. Of Van Eyck, for example, we have little besides an indifferent copy of his great work, "The Adoration of the Lamb." Memling, again, whose paintings in Bruges and Munich are scarcely inferior to those of his immediate predecessor Van Eyck, is, by the small "Madonna and Child" (488), about as adequately indicated as was the house whose owner carried a brick from its walls as a sample of its merits. Again, that third and perhaps greatest name in German art, Albert Durer, whose grandeur of soul, like the genius of the great Italians, tended to a boundless universality, has here in the small portrait of his father (462), like the unfortunate Memling, but

one brick to attest the magnificence of the art-structure which he raised. Still further, on the Italian side, we presume that no one would venture to judge of the vast and varied powers of Giotto, from the works here exhibited. Of Orcagna, again, the next great originating genius in the history of Italian art, there are here, almost of necessity, no examples. The spiritual school of Siena can be fully understood only in the city of its origin, and therefore, to demand its presence here were unreasonable. Again, of the great Masaccio, whose works in the Carmine of Florence ushered in the full and final glory of Italian art, we are rather surprised to find here four simple heads, though, it must be confessed, they most inadequately indicate his position in the history of Italian art. Of the two Ghirlandajos, whose works in Florence form an epoch in the art of painting, Ridolfo is alone here present, and that only by one portrait. We should be guilty of ingratitude to the Manchester Committee did we in malice point out these wide gaps in their valuable historic compilation; but as the series rightly lays claim to an education-vocation, we have held ourselves bound in the cause of that same education to guard the public from being misled. However, notwithstanding the deficiencies now pointed out; notwithstanding the well-known fact that the greatest Italian works are fresco, and therefore scarcely capable of removal, it is yet readily admitted that this collection will enable the untravelled Englishman to acquire a general knowledge which otherwise might never have come within his reach. But at the same time, we protest against the assumption that the public can estimate, from the comparatively few works here collected, the extent and the glory of that early Italian art of which he here finds little more than indications.

The breaks in the early historic chain are of necessity not less numerous and important as that chain mounts up towards the culminating point in Italian art. Of the genius of Leonardo, of Raphael, and of Michael Angelo, it is indeed diffi-

cult rightly to judge from any examples with which we are acquainted in this country. Among the various works attributed in the Catalogue to Leonardo, we have not succeeded in finding one upon the walls that worthily expresses the greatness of his powers. Again, "The Holy Family" (100), attributed as an early work to Michael Angelo, bears marks of his manner, but necessarily in no degree gives the extent or the height of his genius. Raphael is perhaps more fortunate than either of his compeers. The Catalogue indeed enumerates no less than thirty-three works by his hand, many of which are certainly of great importance. Yet they in no degree enable the English student to account for the supremacy assigned to this master; they in no adequate degree indicate the variety and the dramatic power of that genius which, in the art of painting, stands without a rival; they do not even fully illustrate the three manners through which Raphael successively passed, nor enable the public to decide the long-agitated question whether Raphael did, or did not, in his later years and manner, suffer a degenerate fall. They are sufficient, indeed, to teach much, but not all, that we require to know. Of the three manners, his first is, however, well shown in the large "Crucifixion" (159), painted at the age of seventeen. It is dry, severe, and formal—might be mistaken for his master Perugino, and will not, we imagine, beget much enthusiasm for this his earliest style, or for the pre-Raphaelite masters to which it is so immediately allied. Of his second or Florentine manner, touching in the last works upon the confines of his third or Roman, there are here three examples (136, 137, 140), all small pictures of "The Madonna and Child," exquisite in simplicity, deep and unaffected in feeling, manifesting, in short, that delicate and refined sensibility, that tenderness and gentleness approaching even to timidity, with which Raphael at this period, treating nature in reverence, threw into her the pathos and simplicity of his own mind; thus sanctifying nature by taking her heavenwards, and so fitting her for

the service of religion. All these pure and spiritual qualities are sufficiently indicated by these three simple works. They do not tell in a crowd either of pictures or of people, they speak in a voice so gentle and low, that silence and solitude are needed for their communion. Of Raphael's third or Roman manner, there is here no adequate example. The duplicate of the celebrated Madrid "Perla" (139) is dark to blackness, with an unpleasing crudity in the lights, and will probably rather confirm than otherwise the doctrine that Raphael, in later days, sustained a fall; wanting the artless and winning simplicity of his earlier works, it yet affords no scope to that maturity of power, and extension of resource, which constitute the supremacy of his latest manner. This third, and, as we cannot but think, this greatest style, must indeed be judged, not by domestic holy families on earth, but, as in the San Sisto of Dresden, by glorified Madonnas in heaven—by works wherein the full force and resource of the painter are put forth, as in "The School of Athens," and "The Parnassus" of the Vatican. We have studied the greatest of Raphael's successive works, for the purpose of arriving at sound conclusions, and our opinion is, that, in common with other great men, his mind and works passed through progressive changes; that, in his later career, he necessarily left behind him some of the earlier simplicity and charm of youth; but that, notwithstanding, taken all in all, his subsequent works manifest, as a compensation, greater maturity and resource—are the expression of a mind embracing a wider range, with power better able to grapple with the difficulties and the greatness of a subject; and that thus, taking in a wider field of nature—giving to human nature a more varied dramatic expression, these latest works are his greatest. We find, however, among the pictures here exhibited, no sufficient example of this his closing manner.

This Exhibition, we have said, should teach us the widest catholicity; it should likewise inculcate a universal charity. The series of early Italian and German works are, we

have said, foreign to our sympathies; and, notwithstanding the appeal which our new English school is making in their favour, we trust they may ever thus remain antagonistic. Yet we cannot but admit the profundity of their thought, and the simplicity of their sincerity. Now, we would wish to find for the subsequent schools in the present historic series, some such charitable plea whereby they also may take an honourable position in the progressive development of art. The Venetian school, for example, has been called sensual, yet we find a redeeming nobility in Titian's master portrait of Ariosto (236). Likewise the adjoining music party (202), by Giorgione, has a gentleness and melancholy pathos which evince a refined sensibility to the harmonies of sound, and the beauties of nature. In this second saloon we find, indeed, that a great change has come over the face of art. We have said that the early schools are distant from our sympathies. In this second gallery, on the contrary, among the works of the Venetians, the Carracci, and the Netherlands, there arises a new element in art, that of popularity. In oratory, heavy thought without charm of delivery; in writing, dry thought without the gift of skilful composition; in painting, severe thought without the fascination of art-treatment, must all necessarily be unpopular. So is it with the earliest works of art. To appreciate them demands a student-knowledge. But there came at length, in the progress of art, schools with thought less severe and recondite, with, at the same time, a delivery and expression more fluent and telling; and the result was, that pictures thenceforth became more popular in style, and art, as said of philosophy, was at length from heaven brought to earth within the ready reach of man. We believe that this consummation arose chiefly from the development of art, as art. The early men knew not of the distinction between art and nature; hence their works are a violation of both. The first elements in painting which they matured, were essentially the most intellectual—form, and the composition of forms. These

being the highest elements in art, and being found in greatest perfection in Raphael and the Roman school, that master and that school necessarily take the first position. But inasmuch as form, and composition of form, are specially intellectual, and as thought, without fascination in its delivery, taxes too severely both auditor and spectator, this, the highest art, can never be the most popular. Now, it cannot be questioned that the plan of the Carracci was a happy one, whereby the thought of the poet was to gain the fascination of the rhetorician. This indeed is that junction of two rare gifts, high thought with expression, which in painting would constitute the perfect artist; in speaking, the perfect orator;—a junction, in truth, so improbable, that in either art this condition to perfection is all but impossible. Wanting and awaiting, then, this happy coincidence, we receive, in the mean time, with gladness, such scattered elements of unattained perfection as the history of art may from time to time afford. This is the basis of our charity—the same in art as in human character—that perfection, the complete union of all excellencies, not being attainable; that imperfection, existing in all works and in all people, we are necessarily driven to a universal charity, an inclusive toleration. Yes, we can tolerate in this Exhibition the coarse pictures of Rubens and the low types of Rembrandt, because, as with coarse low people, we recognise in these works qualities which do honour to human nature.

We have said that the works in the second and subsequent saloons are eminently popular as compared with those in the first, and the cause of this popularity is, that the laws of art are no longer violated. The laws of colour, light and shade, and especially that paramount law, pictorial unity, give to these works a power of elocution, a definiteness of expression and intention, which makes them in no degrading sense eminently popular. We have said that form, and the composition of forms, are essentially intellectual; we would not thence infer that these other art-elements are incapable of mental expression; on the contrary, the moving effect

wrought by these later works upon the mind, sufficiently proves that colour, light, shade, and pictorial unity, are each and all the language of expression. The difference perhaps is, after all, one of epoch, rather than of instruments. The period had arrived in the onward development of art, when pictorial effects were reduced to rule—when a picture could be produced by receipt—when the pupil was taught that he must put in a blue dress to balance an orange robe—when, finally, the laws of unity had become subject to academic precept; hence effective pictures were the necessary result, and a beggar, under the treatment of Murillo, became more popular than a St Catherine by Raphael.

Accordingly, perhaps, the most popular picture in this Exhibition—at tested by the crowd which usually gathers round it—is that of “The Dead Christ and the Three Marys,” by Annibale Carracci (327). In this painting the drawing and the forms, as for example, in the hands, are not so refined and delicately studied as in the works of Raphael and Leonardo. The type of countenance, again, is not comparable with the lofty spiritual heads found in the earlier Italian school; and the expression of grief, though intense, and above all, intelligible to the multitude, has none of those finer touches and subtleties found in the school of Florence. Yet we doubt whether, in the entire collection, there is another work which, taken for all in all, exerts so intense, and, we may say, so elevating an effect upon the mind. And why? Simply because it observes all the conditions essential to art-effect and expression. Thus the composition of the lines, as indeed the treatment of the entire work, may, by analysis, be referred to well-understood laws. The base line is bold and determined; the dead Christ, the drapery on which the body lies, the mother fainting in the arms of the woman who is immediately behind, are all in one long unbroken line, which seems indefinitely to repeat and add intensity to one long unbroken wail of woe. This bold monotony of line is as boldly varied by the two other Marys,

who, with outstretched hands, give the tragedy of action, as the lengthened line of the dead Christ was the tranquillity of repose and the desolation of death. Then, again, the colours are composed, we will not say according to art merely, but according to the laws of nature and of the human mind. The reds and yellows—the most intense colours in the picture—are concentrated in a large broad mass upon the most prominent figure, throwing out, with the force of contrast, the pale death of the dead Christ, and the cold white of the winding-sheet. This leading mass of warm colour is repeated and diffused by the hands and a smaller piece of drapery, and then again balanced and subdued by blues, neutral greens, and greys. Moreover, in the light and shade alone there is a tragedy, the sky is darkened, the background deep in gloom, telling of that darkness which covered the land, of the torn veil, and of the earthquake which rent the rocks. Hence does it become easy to understand why this picture is, and ought to be, in the highest sense popular. It is, in fact, a refutation of the doctrine, that nature must be painted just as she is without art or composition; here is, indeed, an art which adds to nature, yet the art itself is nature: an art which is another term for knowledge, the knowledge of nature's latent truths, whereby the promise and the possibility of a picture which nature gives, are brought actually on the canvass, affecting the mind potently, just in proportion as the physical truths of nature are moulded by the metaphysical laws of the human mind. Let the student submit other pictures, here exhibited by the Venetian, the Bolognese, or the Belgian schools, to the same analysis, and he will find that just in proportion as they create in the mind an ardour and enthusiasm, are they something more than a sincere, earnest, truthful transcript of nature; he will find that they are arranged on the same rules as those which govern the drama and poetic composition, in other words, according to the laws of the human mind. So long as the history of art, in a collection like the present, can point out such victorious results as these, the clamour raised

against academies, and the established rules of art, by presumptuous naturalism, receives its silent yet sufficient refutation. Academies and art-precepts cannot, it is evident, immortalise mediocrity; but neither when they give guidance to genius will they enslave it with chains. A Benjamin West (116) they could not convert into a Raphael; but, on the other hand, an Angelo or a Salvator is in no danger of being tamed into a Carlo Dolci (123).

The student may, in this Exhibition, trace the rise and growth of that ominous phenomenon, the secularisation of art. Among the Italian schools it will be found that the Venetian was the first to herald in this change. Thus, for example, we have the "Nine Muses," by Tintoretto (260), about the size of life, with that freedom from drapery which may be supposed to have been the privilege of the poetic age; likewise "a Musical Party" (202), by Giorgione, refined but not sacred; "The Rape of Europa" (231), by Titian, and "Leda" (265), by Tintoretto, neither refined nor sacred. By a curious coincidence, if not through the direct agency of cause and effect, the decline and virtual extinction of Italian art speedily followed upon this its secularisation. The ancient spirit was ebbing out, the sacred fire expiring; for that service which was not of God proved to be no service, and no sanctity, compatible, indeed, with mental levity and genius prostituted. Great works, nevertheless, were for a season still executed, as "The Three Marys" in this collection sufficiently attests, yet for the most part, as, indeed, exemplified by the present series, the accustomed unction was henceforth wanting. Albani, as in his "Cupids with Torches" (347), became playful and pretty; Guido, as in his "Cleopatra" (336), refined, cold, and languishing; Dominichino mechanical and soulless, as in the "St Agnes" (350); Sassoferrato and Carlo Dolci (188, 123), refined and delicate, but emasculated and sick unto death, until at length this grand series of great historic works fitly terminates with a "Magdalen," by Carlo Maratti (190), truly maudlin, more affected than Guido's worst affectation, more effeminate than

Dolci's weak effeminacy, showing that academies can no longer sustain a national art when genius is extinct and a people prostrated.

Having thus traced Italian art from its revival to its extinction, and shown what relation both the Italian and the German schools occupy in reference to questions which now agitate the public mind, our task henceforth becomes more simple, because in the approach to our own times fewer difficulties and anomalies demand explanation and removal. It is scarcely, for example, needful that we should dwell on the well-known characteristics of Rubens, so completely, by his numerous works, domesticated in England, and in the present collection illustrated with accustomed prodigality. His connection with our English school, as the master of Vandyck, and as one of the greatest among colourists, makes his works an important link in a historic series like the present, the various ramifications of which at length terminate with English art. Even in Rubens's choicest works, of which there are here examples, he is to our own school, and indeed to all schools, a warning. He serves as the most startling—we may indeed say the most flagrant—example of what colour, composition, tricks, and picture-making, can accomplish towards popularity in the bad sense, that word, which is now a bane and snare in literature and art, especially in a country like our own, which, enjoying "popular institutions," must submit to the decision of a mob.

Within the distance of a few steps, it is instructive to contrast the florid extravagances of this master with the bald rigidity of the earlier Italian and German schools. Such a comparison serves to show the wide expanse of the art-horizon. No one can ignore the genius of Rubens, no one deny the enthusiasm and the poetic ardour of his works, and no one we trust, on the other hand, can remain insensible to the high mental attributes of the earlier schools. To render, then, a collection like the present expansive to our art-teachings and practice, let the student seek to attain to this wide and comparative basis of criticism, embracing within his examination all schools here

brought together, however widely diversified and directly antagonistic, inquiring by virtue of what merits each school lived and now obtains immortality—thus seeking out the essential life and virtue dwelling within each style or master, that so finally he may assign to each its rightful rank in the commonwealth of Art.

As a further example of the universality and apparent incompatibility of the art here brought into juxtaposition, we adduce the Rembrandt school, of which master and manner, excepting in the Hague and Amsterdam, we have seldom seen better examples. This school has hardly one element common with the masters we have just examined. The early school was paramount in expression through form; the eclectic, academic: the schools of Venice and of Rubens were the glory of colour; and now, in the style of Rembrandt, we are plunged into an abyss of shadow. His was a darkness visible; an outer darkness with a lantern for light, vague forms looming out of chaos, a creation of art from the negation of nature. And out of this darkness, and this indefinite vagueness, first arose in the history of art the element of the mysterious and the unknown. At the present moment, when in our own school minute detail is more and more taken as the test of excellence, and a picture becomes successful on the Exhibition walls in proportion likewise as it is light in key, a wholesome lesson may be learned from these works of Rembrandt, dark and undefined, yet just in the same measure suggestive, grand, mysterious. Not that we uphold these pictures for direct imitation; they are too anomalous and individual for implicit adoption; arising in the history of art without antecedent, they stand alone in isolated originality, their defects being, in fact, not less striking than their merits. Yet, strange to say, a mind so plebeian, loving ugliness for its own sake, choosing darkness rather than light, nevertheless succeeds in painting pictures which, in some sense, are poems—affording another example, among the many to be found in this Exhibition, of the wide universality of art; art being, like that

other creation, nature, wondrously prolific, bringing into life, not only things of beauty, but forms uncouth and strange. Take, for instance, in this Exhibition, Rembrandt's "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" (676). The figure of Daniel is so short and thick-set, so unutterably Dutch, that we wonder how the king and his attendants preserve a judicial gravity; the only possible explanation being that they also are Dutch themselves. Yet the two creations, whether of nature or of art, take due care to redeem, by compensating merit, defects which otherwise must prove self-destructive; and thus this picture, in the strong demarcation of character, by the elaboration of expressive detail, by the rich harmony of its colour, and by unity in tone and chiaroscuro, is rescued from the contempt belonging to the ridiculous. When we come to the more special consideration of landscape-art—the comparison of the "large landscape" by Rembrandt (664), with the grand rainbow-picture by Rubens (21), in the Hertford portion of the Exhibition, will be not less instructive than the contrast between the historic works of these two masters. The rainbow in Rubens, which is indeed the key-note to the picture, involving the laws and art-management of prismatic colours, as contrasted with the solemn chiaroscuro in the Rembrandt, constitutes, in fact, the point of the comparison, showing, what we have already stated, that the genius of Rubens was colour, that of Rembrandt shadow.

The galleries devoted to the arts of Germany, of Holland, and of Belgium, find a fitting finale in Vandyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I., a work in which are so intimately associated the fame of the painter and the fate of the king. How far portraits of this high order throw around royalty a prestige and a halo, arousing or maintaining the enthusiasm or the sympathy of their subjects, it is not easy nor needful to determine. The unfortunate king was at least fortunate in obtaining such a painter. The genius of Vandyck seems to have been specially akin to the better character of Charles; their features even have something in common. Vandyck threw the type of

himself into his royal patron, and the king, in turn, seems to have become the artist's own ideal. He rejoiced to do his master honour. Right royally has he mounted the monarch on noble steed, and the adherents of the fallen dynasty had been fortunate could they have trusted the issue of their cause to the greatness of this work.

In this connection of the schools, their analogies and their contrasts, the Spanish style holds close relation with the English. Spanish pictures are undoubtedly more akin to the English character than the school of Italy. Less ideal, subtle, and recondite, Spanish art is at the same time more robust and naturalistic, and possesses pre-eminently that element which we have termed the popular. This school, examples of which are seldom seen in the galleries of Europe, is here in Manchester better represented than in any city out of Spain itself. We have examples of the rare Roelas (998), the robust Ribalta (1089), and the solemn and ascetic Zurburan. By the last master we would specially call attention to the full-length figure of St Francis (1003), broad in drapery, deep in shade, subdued in colour, in aspect and expression, the Mendicant, the Recluse, and the rapt Saint combined. Murillo, in his successive styles, the earlier hard and dry, the latter vaporous, is here represented by not less than thirty-one works, comprising Assumptions, Adorations, Holy Families, Infant St Johns, together with examples of his landscape art. Nowhere save in Seville and Madrid can his genius be so fully estimated. The "St Thomas" (2) in the Hertford department of the Exhibition, some of the figures in which are identical with those in the well-known picture of the same subject in Seville, is a striking example of that indescribable spell by which Murillo transmutes rags, disease, and poverty, into a charming and all but an elevating art. Over boyhood his mastery was unrivalled. This picture contains examples of his well-known beggar wretchedness in city life, or rather perhaps of that happiness in rags which belongs to the south of Europe; while in such gems as "St John with the Lamb," childhood becomes once

again refined and innocent, enjoying a pastoral life of happiness and health. The large picture of "Joseph carried by his Brethren to the mouth of the Well," corresponds in general effect and treatment to the grand picture of "Moses striking the Rock" in the Caridad at Seville. In colour and chiaroscuro it belongs to that vaporous and mellowed manner by which the commonest forms—Spanish beggar boys grown into men, serving for the brethren of Joseph—are so refined by the witcheries of art, that critical judgment is carried captive in the intoxication of the senses. The forms and figures of Murillo are essentially plebeian; his "Holy Families" are mere humble domestic groups; his "Madonnas," peasant girls; his "Assumptions," and "Immaculate Conceptions," commonplace women caught up into mid-air certainly, from no innate virtue or beauty of their own; yet does he throw around them so much of halo and of incense, such delicate harmony of colour, such dream-like vanishing and dissolving of actual form and hard outline, that commonplace is sanctified, and endowed at least for the multitude with a charm not recognised in the cold, hard manner of an Italian ideal. In these works of Murillo we have a further example of the universality of art, and of the incommunicable originality of genius. Thus Murillo, like Rembrandt, stands a fresh creation, an originating power, each constituting a distinct and anomalous phenomenon in the history of art. The relation which Murillo, Rembrandt, and such self-originating men, hold to anterior and subsequent epochs, is necessarily slight; but the relation they institute and open with a common and universal human nature, is important and vast. An Exhibition like the present indeed specially shows how great men, from time to time, came into the world—told mankind through their works of beauties not yet known—calling forth high sympathies and ennobling pleasures, which else had remained dormant; thus expanding the capabilities of human nature just in proportion as they enlarged the sphere of art.

Velasquez is another of the great men who stand out prominently in

the history of art,—one who served pre-eminently, indeed, to render the art of his country national and historic. To comprehend the greatness and the originality of his genius, it has hitherto been necessary to travel to Madrid; now, a visit to Manchester will answer sufficiently well. Here are examples of his rude, vigorous, peasant-life (1065), similar to the celebrated "Bebedores" of the Madrid Gallery; naturalism handled most naturally, the characteristic and telling points seized and transcribed by the most vigorous yet with the fewest possible strokes. Then we have the proud, black-draped, black-haired, deep-shadowed Spanish portrait (1056), something between the senatorial dignity of Titian and the bandit ruffianism of Salvator. Then, again, there is an example of his bold, spirited, equestrian portraits, "Duke Olivarez on Horseback" (1066)—the horse in power, fire, boldness of action, surpassing the Vandyck, as in Madrid the equestrian Velasquez has more of action and spirit than the corresponding Titian. Other pictures are there—sacred, mythological, and landscape—which will serve to show the limits and boundaries beyond which even the genius of Velasquez could not extend. Of that genius, power over the portrait was the key-stone. He painted nature as she was, Raphael as she should be. Putting the two opposite methods to the test of the works here exhibited, of these two masters we regret to say that naturalism under Velasquez has the best of it.

The art of portrait-painting, in which Velasquez reigns a king, was never elsewhere in the world's history so grandly and so universally represented. This doubtless arises in great measure from the fact that art-patronage in this country was for long exclusively that of portrait-ure. We need not tell the reader of the complete collection of miniatures here brought together, some of which are rare, many of which choice as works of art, all of which full of interest as portrait illustrations to the history of England. We have here three miniatures of Mary Queen of Scots in close proximity with her rival Elizabeth. There are several heads of Oliver Cromwell in the

midst of the men of the Commonwealth. Then we have Queen Anne, Madame de Maintenon, George I., Queen Charlotte, and Napoleon. It will thus be seen that, in historic toleration, the promoters of this Exhibition are not surpassed by their art catholicity. The "British Portrait Gallery" is equally with the miniatures bold in its contrasts, and inclusive in its characters. It opens with Henry IV., and closes with John Keats; Elizabeth is placed next to the Earl of Essex; and we were somewhat agreeably astonished that the hangers could so far surrender effect and contrast to the delicacy of loyal decorum as to forego the malice of placing Holbein's picture of Henry VIII. in the midst of his six wives. In this remarkable portrait-series we find the Chandos Shakespeare, Laud the archbishop, Hobbs the metaphysician, Blake the admiral, Harvey the doctor, Newton the philosopher, Tonson the bookseller, ending with a galaxy, among whom are Addison, Steele, Dryden, Johnson, Burns, and Scott. With the marked exception of the numerous works of Holbein and Vandyck, the series is valuable historically rather than pictorially. We have no great admiration for the Sir Peter Lely gallery of beauties, which may be aptly typified by his portrait of Nell Gwynne (197) in lowest dress, fondling a lamb, by way of anomalous contrast. The portraits by Kneller, which are likewise numerous, have more straightforwardness and vigour, and, in some examples, may rank as works of art. With Reynolds, at least, in this portrait gallery, we were disappointed, especially in the servile manner with which he approaches royalty. In his portraits of "George III." and "Queen Charlotte," he lays aside his innate simplicity and refinement, and, forgetful of the respect due to himself and to his art, sinks into a mere court-flatterer, and, as a consequence, paints two of the worst pictures in the Exhibition. Fortunately, other works vindicate his reputation. It is an instructive lesson to walk through the Exhibition and mark with what truth or with what adulation portraiture has dealt with royalty. We should suppose, for example, that Holbein could not flatter if he

would: there are no indications of the sycophant in his head of Henry VIII. Vandyck, on the contrary, probably was so well skilled in the delicate finesse of portrait flattery, that compliments from his hand might be received for truth. Then contrast this courtier art with the uncompromising Velasquez, too proud for sycophancy, who represented an idiot race as idiots, and took no pains by drapery to conceal the ill-shaped tottering leg, or the too lank figure. He would not, for his sitters, assume a virtue when they had it not.

We have already said that this Exhibition is a school for the portrait-painter. In it he may find almost every possible method of treating the human face; and from the varied examples here brought together, may be illustrated the rules, both mental and material, upon which portrait-painting as an art depends. It is indeed remarkable that what professes to be a literal transcript of the human face, can admit of treatment so widely diversified. Take for example the valuable series of Holbein's, chiefly in "The British Portrait-Gallery." Here we have a style (48-52) remarkable for its strongly-marked individuality of character, almost amounting to the grotesque, combining all the severity, ill-humour, and careworn age which photographs, in like manner, impose as the penalty of minutest accuracy. Contrast these works, or the somewhat analogous portrait by Albert Durer, of his father (462), with the large generalised manner of Raphael's "Joanna of Aragon" (135), or the duplicate here exhibited of Leonardo's celebrated portrait of "Mona Lisa" (88) in the Louvre. Then coming down to the Venetian school, look once more at Titian's "Portrait of Ariosto" (236), where a likeness becomes a luxury: no dry hard chronicle, but an enthusiastic glowing eulogy; flesh is here—not, as in Holbein, parchment, but full of warm passionate blood, life being indeed health and enjoyment. Again, turn to Rubens (586), where colour becomes intoxicated excess, and the red in the cheek is the wine from the glass. As a contrast, once more turn to Vandyck, whose faces are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," whose delicate hands, long and taper-

ing in the finger, lie in languid elegance without the nerve for action, the whole figure and bearing that of refined noble birth and accomplished dilettantism. Contrast again the Dutch and Rembrandt manner (672, 706, 712), wherein the sitters are made less of gentlemen—the Snob for the first time entering into art and portraiture. Here we have the city merchant swelling with the self-importance of suddenly-created wealth, somewhat of the bully and the brag, that well-to-do, prosperous, and withal honest man, out of whom in England we make the city alderman. The style of Vandyck was fitted for the royal Stuarts and the Cavaliers; that of Rembrandt and the Dutch for the Roundheads and the people. Velasquez, again, though allied to the Dutch rather than to Vandyck, differs from either; the spirit of Chivalry enters into his art even more than into that of the painter of Charles I.; his characters are señors and grandees, who emphatically carry a sword, to avenge with proud spirit their honour and dignity. Thus, in an Exhibition like the present, portrait-art becomes an illustrated biography, in which, as in written biography, we sometimes value the work for the sake of the hero, sometimes chiefly for the skill in its treatment: thus, in some of the examples adduced, the worth of the portrait lies in the importance of the sitter, in others, exclusively in the merit of the painter and his art.

The historical connection between the south gallery of old masters and the north gallery of English pictures is perhaps to be found chiefly in portrait-art. Vandyck may be taken as the connecting link; it is he who joins Italy to Belgium, and Belgium to England. In him is traced the influence of Raphael, of the Venetians, and of Rubens; and let us trust, therefore, that through him we likewise, as Englishmen, come in for the rich inheritance. It must be admitted, however, that the transition from the old masters to our English school is, in its first commencement, necessarily painful and humiliating. An infant art in its earlier days, with not sufficient time for growth into nationality, is here opposed to the collected riches of

schools the most renowned, of countries the most illustrious in the history of art. It is, therefore, not surprising, that in this unequal contest, West's historical pictures (113 and 116) should seem an abomination; that Northcote (117 and 122) should be coarse, dirty in colour, and wanting in knowledge; that Fuseli should be mannered and extravagant; and that Barry, in his Pandora (158), ambitious of the grand style, should, like the other men, prove unequal to the bold attempt. The English school at this early period of its growth was successful just in proportion as it consented to be simple and unpretending. Its promise, as sufficiently shown in this collection, was not in high and ambitious flights, not when it would connect itself in sacred and historic works with the gallery of great masters we have just quitted, but where, as in portrait and in landscape art, it simply and truthfully went to nature. Not indeed that, in these portrait or landscape works, it threw off allegiance to the past; fortunately the knowledge and the art which, as we have seen, had been the growth of centuries, was here again inherited; and thus arose an art which was at once national and international, connecting England with Europe, and originating a new and vital school out of the prolific growth of preceding ages. Thus do we find in the grand and beautiful landscapes of Wilson, in "The Niobe" (32), and in "The View on the Arno" (39), the link which connects Gaspar Poussin and Claude with that subsequent and present school of landscape-art, which, in some respects, is without equal in the experience of the world. In like manner the true historic relation between the old masters and the new-born English art was not in the unsuccessful attempts of West, Fuseli, and Barry, to rival the grand schools in subject, sacred and historic, but rather in the humbler walk of portrait-art, which Reynolds and Gainsborough, as heresee, practised with much marked success. Take, for instance, the three admirable works which stand at the head of the English Gallery: Reynolds's "Portrait of Mrs Anderson Pelham feeding Chickens" (155); Gainsbor-

ough's "Blue Boy" (156), "painted to disprove the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the predominance of blue in a picture is incompatible with a good effect of colour;" and, lastly, Gainsborough's "Portrait of Mrs Graham," which, perhaps, equally refutes the notion that the elaboration of satins and silks is irreconcilable with the highest walks of art. These three works, and others not inferior, serve in portrait-art, as the pictures of Wilson in landscape, to connect, as we have said, the older masters with the modern, the works of Vandyck, of Lely, and Kneller, with the existing school of portrait-art. Of that living school we have likewise in this Gallery illustrious examples. Gordon in his noble head of Professor Wilson (5); Knight in the portrait of "Rev. Mr Locke" (82), full of character; and Grant in his "Lord John Russell," all worthily bring down the history of portrait-art to the day in which we now live. The art of this country may not be ambitious, but it is at least sound, and its health and its truth are not a little dependent on the sure basis it has thus laid in portraiture. An artist who cannot execute a portrait cannot paint a history. It argued well, then, for the future of the English school, that it commenced truthfully, and comparatively humbly, with Gainsborough and Reynolds.

That future, and indeed the living present, here expands before us. After passing in review, then, the historic series of other nations, and examining the credentials of our earliest Academicians, we naturally inquire, on entering this more advanced English school of the nineteenth century, whence and how did it arise, to what masters does it owe dependence, how far is it of foreign origin, and to what extent indigenous? To Italy at least it would seem to claim little allegiance. At the outset we at once see, for example, that the modern pre-Raphaelite works, whatever be the theory of their origin, are practically, in their relation to past Italian art, a grotesque parody, evincing more self-will than humble historic teaching. Again, the school of West, Fuseli, and Barry, is fortunately extinct, and high art, so called, having in England under these men once failed, is now, with few exceptions, no

longer attempted. Thus the school of Rome, the art of the Sistine and of the Vatican has here not a single representative. But, on the other hand, the more decorative and seductive Venetian manner, nurtured by merchant princes, not cradled in the Church, was at once fostered and naturalised in our land of commerce. Accordingly Etty, ambitious in subject and in canvass, eschews the dark sky and the cold mists of northern Europe; and, disporting in the glowing palette of Veronese and Rubens, perpetuates the nude simplicity of Eden, and knows of no zone north of the tropics. With some such doubtful exceptions, we recognise in the present collection, as we have said, little or no allegiance to Italian art. Turner, it is true, in his earlier manner, of which there are here choice examples, fell for a time under the sway of Claude and Poussin, and then speedily, as is too well known, took a wayward course essentially his own. In like manner, Eastlake's picture of "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" (152), in character the most directly Italian painting in this English Gallery, seems the result of certain elevating reminiscences rather than of any very definite Italian teaching; and, accordingly, in his other works, he adopts a manner essentially his own. Our school of art, in fact, whenever brought in direct comparison with the works of other nations, whether ancient or modern, shows itself the transcript indeed of our national character, individual, independent, and, like our island, itself isolated from the continent of Europe. Thus, in the Paris Exposition, exclusively consisting of living masters, our national art was in a marked degree distinct from that of France, Germany, and Belgium. In most subjects, political, commercial, or social, we possess indeed that confident trust in our own powers, which gives to our people, in their manners and political career, a national and independent character. So is it likewise in our art. Thus does this historic series, commencing with the thirteenth century, suddenly break off at the commencement of the nineteenth, and this vast collection, brought together with so much assiduity, emphatically teaches and proclaims that, for the most part, with

the past our present art has now no connection. Our boasted Protestantism in great measure accounts for this revulsion. Throwing off all fetters, losing, indeed, all unity in origin, art became a wanderer up and down on the earth in search of a subject, and in want of an inspiration. What it lost in intensity it gained by compensation in extent. The entire world, as a vast art-domain, is now allotted out. Stanfield takes the sea; Turner the other elements; Landseer, the animal creation; and wherever and in whatever form beauty walks the earth, art comes and takes her captive. Man only, in his diviner aspects, in those high moods and moments when he holds special intercourse with heaven, receives from art no worship, and gives in return no exaltation.

But let us receive with gladness those good things which are here so bounteously set before us. We can at least, for example, turn with some sense of thankfulness to our indigenous school of water-colours. The present collection, in the importance of its masters, the number and the excellence of its examples, is indeed unrivalled. It contains upwards of eighty drawings by Turner, choice and numerous examples by Copley Fielding, with some of the best works of all our known artists, both living and deceased. The Cattermoles, for example, are numerous and good, including such subjects as "Macbeth and the Witches," "The Refectory," "Distant Music," and "The Giant of the Forest." David Cox, whose contributions of late years to the Old Water-Colour Exhibition, have been but a parody on his former self, is here again restored to original greatness, by works of tender delicacy in grey transitional colours, such as the "Hay Time" (486), or in drawings of mysterious grandeur, such as the "Welsh Funeral" (496.) William Hunt is equally strong, and equally unlike every one besides; among many other characteristic works we marked "The Stable Boy" (544), "Preparing for the Soiree" (521), "The Attack" and "The Defeat" (526 and 527). Of David Roberts, we have examples of his eastern sketches, and subjects taken from Spain and other countries.

And, lastly, among a multitude of works and masters, which at present we cannot further notice, is found that marvel of labour and art, "The Frank Encampment in the Desert," by Lewis. It is in some sense a censure upon our English school of oils, that the great Italian manner finds in us no disciples; but surely it is the special glory of this grand gallery of water-colour drawings that the art arose and was carried to perfection in Britain alone; that a collection like the present belongs historically to no past century, exists in none of those nations which, more directly modelling their style upon the accepted examples of high art, have possibly, in consequence, failed in that discursive originality which strikes out a new and a bold career. Here, then, let us find some compensation for our admitted deficiencies.

We may likewise, even among our oil pictures, find cause for reasonable satisfaction. The historic survey and comparison already made is indeed not wholly adverse to the claims of our national school. The grand picture of "Macbeth" (76), by MacIaie, for example, is in manner sufficiently novel and startling to create surprise and sensation in any gallery of historic works, and whatever be its defects, the other pictures, ancient or modern, here brought together, serve rather to increase than to diminish its power and originality. Again, Wilkie in his "Rent Day" (59), Webster in "The Playground" (119), and Faed in his "School" (4), show a refinement and a delicacy in the treatment of character which give to their works a higher social position than that of the Dutch masters. It will be seen likewise that Sir Edwin Landseer is at least different from, and in some respects superior to, Paul Potter. In like manner David Roberts, in his "Interior of Seville Cathedral" (143), has certainly no rival in the other schools; and in comparison with this great work, the Dutch Neefs is without colour, and destitute of space and dimensions. Again, the bold freedom, the dash and the weight of a Stanfield wave or storm, have, compared with Backhuysen, the grandeur and the swell of the Atlantic, as contrasted with the

chopped-water of the Zuyder Zee. Lastly, our landscape-art, while descended, as we have seen, from the history of the past, is yet at the same time essentially national and original : national in its supreme love of nature for her own sake, both in her details and her grandeur, and original in its ability to see and to seize new aspects of truth and new forms of beauty.

But whatever may be the comparative intrinsic merits of ancient and modern art, there can be little doubt as to which is most in harmony with our existent sympathies and our present mental condition. We may go to the early masters for instruction, we are drawn to the modern by enjoyment. The old masters are a history which is past ; the modern, a living history which is now enacting. Even if modern art treat of past days, the subject is adapted to our present times, infused with the thoughts, coloured by the feeling, of the passing hour. We walk along a gallery of old masters as through a cloister, reverently, and in pensive meditation, as among tombs ; in the modern, we talk with the living, one common life beats with strong pulse ; the art of the painter, and the thoughts and ways of the outer world, with the current of passing literature, are here all in unison. Ancient artis to the multitude a closed book in a dead tongue, requiring knowledge for its reading ; modern in subject, taken from the last campaign, or the popular novel, is read, understood, and enjoyed by all.

We are conscious that the shortness of the time, and the limits of the space at our command, have prevented our giving to the English school that detailed examination which it merits. This we propose to reserve for a subsequent occasion. In our present paper it has been our object in a general review to give a comparative historic estimate of the leading schools, and the salient works in this truly great Exhibition. We have endeavoured to educe from each historic and national epoch that instruction which its position and our pre-

sent wants seem to afford and to demand. We once again assert, that throughout Europe no one exhibition affords a like opportunity of testing each school, whether ancient and foreign, modern and domestic, by its comparative position in the world's history. In art such a test is specially required. In the organic kingdoms we have comparative anatomy ; in the physical, the connection of the sciences ; and it is no less needful, that in like manner the connection and the comparative philosophy of art should be carefully and fully elaborated. By the comparative history of nations we establish a political philosophy, draw our conclusions as to the efficiency of the varied forms of government ; and thus at length political knowledge, proverbially precarious and indefinite, can, through the experience of past success or failure, be matured to the approaching certainty of probability. By a corresponding process of inquiry, which, through this Exhibition, is now rendered feasible, the precarious uncertainty which proverbially besets all art teachings and philosophy, may in like manner be indefinitely diminished. We have here a standard of appeal, a broad basis for our deductions ; and thus not only may we build up a more complete and secure art-system, but, applying the knowledge thus matured to the wants and failings in our own living school, our practice no less than our theories will stand corrected. Thus may the inductive process of inquiry be directed to the arts, and with it will come an approaching certainty to our speculations, and a more definite and wider purpose in our practice. The critic and the artist may be thus alike instructed, and with the increase of knowledge we can promise enhanced delight. In an Exhibition like the present, knowledge is the condition to enjoyment, labour of reward ; and just in proportion as the visitor is prepared to work, not to idle in vacancy, will he receive reward, and with it ennobling pleasure, from this wide world of thought and beauty.

MAGA'S BIRTHDAY.

ÆTATIS, FIVE HUNDRED.

DEAR reader of MAGA, to whom it is given
 To feast on the Number for June, fifty-seven,—
 Cast your eye on the cover, and there you will see
 (On the title-page also) a mystical D.
 Right over the head of Buchanan the sage,
 Appears that astounding announcement of age ;
 Proclaiming that MAGA now dazzles the earth,
 For the FIVE-HUNDREDTH time since the hour of her birth !

Far back though the date of her origin be,
 Yet never an infant or nursling was she !
 Full-clad and accoutred she stepped on the plain,
 Like Minerva when springing from Jupiter's brain.
 For beauty, and wisdom, and strength were her dower,
 And a voice that was thrilling with passion and power :
 As Bradamant fearless, as Britomart bold,
 So rose the bright virgin in armour of gold !

She spoke—and her words were so witching and sweet,
 That thousands knelt down at her conquering feet.
 She sang—and her lay was so melting and clear,
 Like the nightingale's note when the morning is near,
 That the hearts of the sternest grew soften'd and mild,
 And they said, as they gazed on the wonderful child,
 "Was ever so peerless a paragon seen ?
 Let's crown her with laurel,—let MAGA be Queen !"

All things that were loathsome and guilty and vile,
 They quailed at her glance, and they shrunk from her smile,
 They fled from her sceptre in terror and fear,
 For its touch was like that of Ithuriel's spear.
 And Falsehood and Quackery, rampant till then,
 Scowled fiercely upon her and skulked to their den,
 And impotent Envy drew off to a side,
 As Maga swept by in her pomp and her pride.

Years passed ; but no wrinkle was writ on her brow,
 It was fair at her birth, it is beautiful now ;
 And round her was marshalled a generous band
 Of sages and poets, the first in the land,
 Of masters whose words, like the dew of the night,
 Brought healing, and comfort, and balm, and delight.
 O never since Arthur's Round Table was seen,
 Has so gallant a fellowship circled a Queen !

When blew the loud trump as the signal of war,
And MAGA in majesty came from afar,
Then dread and dismay smote the Radical clan,
For they knew the brave banner display'd in the van ;
And the Balaks of Whiggery, trembling and pale,
Sent messengers off by the post or the rail,
To bid their false prophets, their Balaams, or worse,
Essay to extinguish the maid with a curse.

But curses, like stones when they upwards are thrown,
Fall back on the heads of the casters alone ;
And sad was the plight of the self-stricken crew,
As battered and lame from the field they withdrew.
Still flaunted her banner, still first was it found,
When the eddies of battle were raging around ;
And the shafts of the foemen, though heavy as hail,
Ne'er lit on a rivet or chink of her mail.

When Pallas and Juno came down from the sky
For the guerdon of beauty with Venus to vie,
Like maids in their teens, though the years of the three
Were many, ere Tenedos rose from the sea—
So dazzled was Paris, he scarce could declare,
Which Deity bloomed most bewitchingly fair ;
But a different judgment that day there had been,
If MAGA, the peerless, had stepped on the green !

Then long may she flourish in beauty and worth,
The loved of the muses, the pride of the North !
Long, long may she shine in her bountiful light,
Like the ruddy Aurora that kindles the night !
And when she has doubled the span of her age,
With the vigour of youth ever stamped on her page,
May some minstrel in rapture and triumph declare,
That none can with MAGA, ONE THOUSAND, compare !

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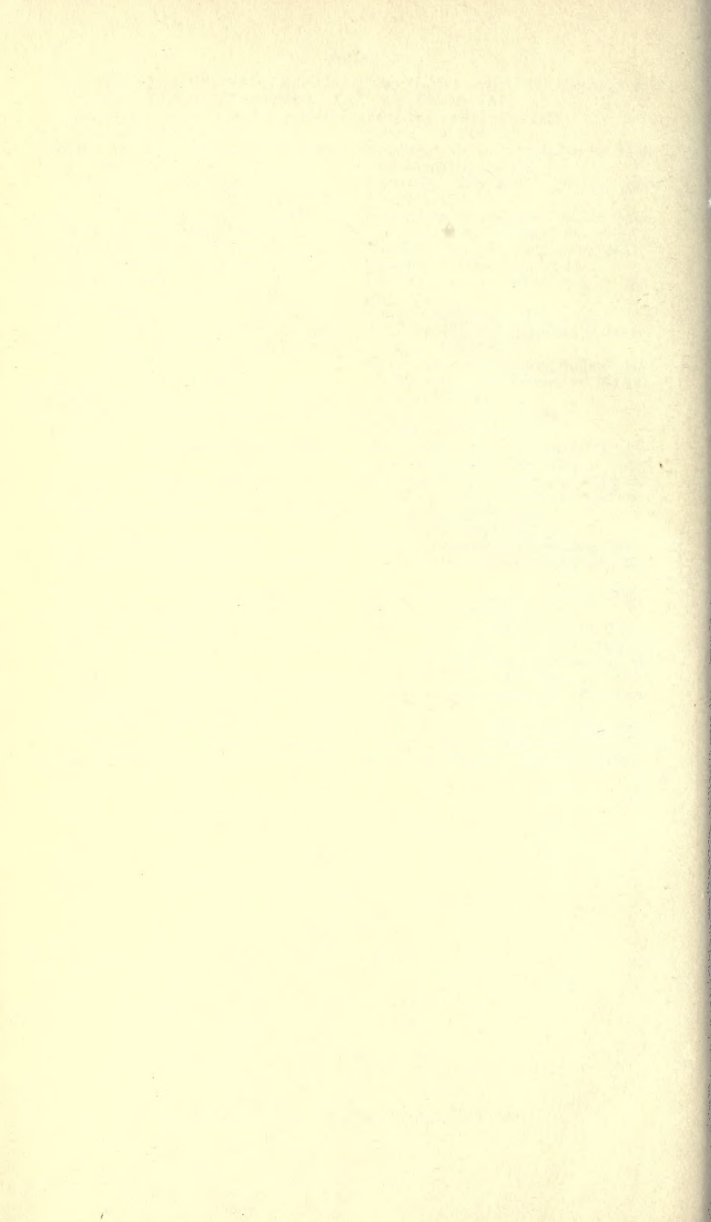
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